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The Literary Digest

INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

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✓ 1487

VOLUME I

December, 1922—November, 1923

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
354 TO 360 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

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The Literary Digest

INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

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The Literary Digest

INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

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The Literary Digest International Book Review is published monthly by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. London Office, 134 Salisbury Square. Printed in the United States of America.

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The Literary Digest
INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

Volume I, No. 1 | New York, December, 1922 | Whole Number 1

A Review of Reviewers

By Sinclair Lewis

A CARPENTER may be a very good carpenter and amiable to the children who try his best saws on the concrete curbing, yet a really kind and able man would not expect him to paint the house or to find the loose ignition wire in the car. Yet that is precisely what is done in book-reviewing.

It is true that there has been in the last fifteen years a comforting improvement in American book-pages. Before that, practically all reviewing was committed by testy old gentlemen who hated the sight of print, by eager young ladies who possest sweetness and adjectives, but no discrimination, or by assorted reporters assembled half an hour before the book-page was due. I have seen the police reporter hustling out a dogmatic verdict on Edith Wharton, and the less sober of the two copy-readers "doing" Robert Herrick in twenty minutes. But the most helpful sort of old-time reviewer was the Literary Lady. She was middle-aged and grim and full of principles. She had an earnest bang, and she drest with resolute and reproving modesty. She was the wife of the advertising manager or the cousin of the owner. Her name may be given as Mrs. Snooks.

As Mrs. Snooks was not paid for her reviews, neither could she be discharged, and as her friends —ladies who had been in Italy or who had given a reception for Sothern and Marlowe — always praised her, she came to have an opinion of her literary merits which caused the judicious to shudder. If she smiled, it was as with pain, and whenever she encountered flippancy she stared. Now nothing is so characteristic of professional writers as flippancy. It is a relief from the dull and secluded labor of literary composition—an occupation far less romantic than bookkeeping, because bookkeepers do have pretty stenographers to glance at and they do witness the ejection of oil-stock salesmen. It chanced that three or four times in her life Mrs. Snooks met writers of considerable reputation, who had come to her city to lecture. Beforehand, she hoped that at last she was to know a soul who would Talk Books and appreciate her authority. But when she was introduced to the captive lion she found him trying to escape from her confidences, she saw him being low and flirtatious with flappers, and she suspected him of having taken a drink with her husband—a good man, but unenlightened. In fact, she discovered that the trouble with literary persons is that they are not literary.

The reviews emanating, or rather oozing, from this worthy lady were long, moral, grammatical, and incomparably dull. She always told the "plot" of the tale. She would thus have described Miss Willa Cather's "One of Ours":

"This book opens with a family, the Wheeler family, which lives on a farm in Nebraska, and Claude, the young hero, goes on the first day to a circus where he meets a friend, Ernest Havel, and they talk over such problems as young men are interested in. He then goes back to the State University, where he is attending college, and meets many interesting people, tho some of them are Germans; however, this is before the war. His father buys a ranch out West, so it is necessary for Claude to return home to take charge of the home farm, which he does, and makes hay, plows, etc. He falls in love with a young girl of the neighborhood, Enid, and they are married, but the marriage is not entirely happy. It is perhaps difficult to tell just what moral the author meant to draw here, as when Enid does not find herself entirely happy with Claude, she does not flirt, etc., with other men—as she probably would have done in the vicious and depressing so-called 'realistic' novels now written by so many of the 'young generation of literary art-

"SHE WAS THE WIFE OF THE ADVERTISING MANAGER OR THE COUSIN OF THE OWNER"

ists' as these gentry are pleased to call themselves—but goes off to China to help her missionary sister who is not well. Then the War comes and Claude enlists, making a fine and inspiring record, enlisting as a mere private but soon getting his commission, etc. There are scenes with Our Boys on the transport where there is a great deal of interest. Then in France Claude goes to the front, but is killed. There are also many other incidents in the book which our space does not permit us to tell about here."

Mrs. Snooks is not yet dead, nor is the irritable elderly gentleman who, in his smoky cave decorated with Peruna bottles and forgotten overshoes, eyes biliously the new novels which the writers have produced for the one purpose of annoying him. (He eyes them biliously, but not long. For him, fifteen minutes is time enough to examine the most ponderous novel; and as for a history, a book of travels, or a manual on fertilizers for peonies, five minutes is more than enough, provided the volume has a good index and a lively jacket-note.) They are not dead but they are passing. Before I leave them let me note that it is my last desire to imply that all old gentlemen in smoky little rooms or all Mrs. Snookses are dull and scratchy. Here and there is a veteran who is more generous to youngsters than is youth itself; now and then a Mrs. Snooks has given an unappreciated treasure of vivacity and good taste. They will rejoice in the exit of their contemporaries who have assumed that age licenses spite and that Nice Ladyhood implies stupidity.

Everywhere there is mobilizing a hard-riding company of young or youngish raiders who take craftsmanship seriously, who know something of the traditions of literature, who write with diverting humanness, and who do not feel that it is altogether enough to outline the "plot" and to drag from its warm pink coverlet of sentimental narration the shivering little moral. They are not always tender. They can be more vicious than the angry old gentlemen, because they care more, because they have not yet worn out their curses. They can be more indignant than Mrs. Snooks, because they have more problems about which to be indignant. Where she was concerned only with the author's domestic morals and his style (which, to her, meant his approximation to the style of an Oxford don writing a playful essay for a low-church weekly), the youngsters dig furiously into his ability to make words roar and sing and murmur, into the psychology of his love scenes, into the courage of his observation of daily life, into the honesty of his ethnology, into the lucidity of his narration, into a hundred distressing things.

Indeed, these youngsters are rather proud to be known as ferocious. Actually, most of them are at heart sneakingly tender. When they find a sound book, they shout for it, they write letters about it, they plot and bribe and poison the wells that it may succeed. By the Mrs. Snookses they are invariably accused of "log-rolling" and "back-scratching," but they are as quick to acclaim books by men whose cocktails and manners they detest as to do justice to the bravos who lunch with them; and careless books by their barmates they lambaste with unusual joy.

This devastating new brigade consists not only of a few staff-officers in Chicago and along the Atlantic Coast, but, increasingly, of little known newspapermen and newspaperwomen, of college instructors and poetic bankers, in cities all over the land. Among the major-generals are H. L. Mencken, Heywood Broun, Ludwig Lewisohn, Henry Canby, John Macy, Wilson Follett, Carl Van Doren, Gilbert Seldes, Van Wyck Brooks, Francis Hackett, Burton Rascoe, Keith Preston, E. F. Edgett, Harry Hanson, Llewellyn Jones—but the list is too long. I have noted twenty-seven other names worthy to be added, names which it is absurd not to add. To make so great a list is like inviting too large a party—it is but feebly complimentary to those that are included and doubly infuriating to all that are omitted.

When one has said these polite things about the barons of criticism, he has but begun. For in a country which is beginning to produce so much interesting criticism there is no longer an excuse for the still larger amount of bad criticism, which saddens the righteous and causes the tired but canny Business Men to avoid literary columns and stick to the sporting page.

The chief principle of valid criticism is simple, obvious, and practically unknown. It has been elaborately studied by Croce, but naturally, the bad critics (who are not critics, however admirable they may be as aunts, golfers, and mowers of the lawn) have never heard of Croce. Briefly, every sane philosopher knows that it is the critic's business to inquire what was the purpose of the artist, and then to decide—to try to decide—how well he has carried out that purpose. This system is the last which the bad reviewer follows.

Has the author, say Donald Ogden Stewart or Louis Untermeyer, sought to produce a frivolous burlesque, to amuse himself and any one who happens to like it? Then the reviewer belabors him for not having written a pure study of psychoanalysis with assorted descriptions of slag-heaps and wash-lines. Has Mr. Frank, or Mr. Anderson, or Mrs. Scott, or Mr. Hecht sought to look deeper into the curious human mind and to release the English language from the respectable boarding-house into which the women's magazines have thrust it? Then the reviewer must order them to turn from their guilt and assemble a fable about a young female who adores a Center College halfback, thus ending it:

"She hesitated for a moment, but he begged, 'Come, Ann Elizabeth, see, it is your Peter waiting,' and she slowly moved into the shelter of his strong arms, conscious of the whimsical smile that played about his resolute mouth, and as his lips met hers in a clinging kiss she knew that, as the poet says, journeys end in lovers' meetings."

Have those fastidious and devout craftsmen, Mr. Cabell, Mrs. Gerould, Mrs. Wharton, and Mr. Hergesheimer, so precisely written that every word bears its burden, every scent and sound and touch is realized? Then must the conscientious bad reviewer warn them that the better second basemen and hardware clerks do not find their novels so diverting in lighter hours as are the desert-island stories in The Red Blooded Magazine. Equally, if the reviewer is not red-blooded, if she supports the Drama League and likes nothing noisier than Dorothy Richardson, she must rebuke Hugh Wiley, James Oliver Curwood, Octavus Cohen, Peter B. Kyne, and Edgar Rice Burroughs because they write portable movies to enable traveling salesmen and lecturing novelists and other unfortunates to endure the Pullmans.

A magnificent example of bad reviewing was an impertinence about Miss Rebecca West's novel "The Judge" which appeared in an intelligent and alert literary weekly that rarely makes such errors. The malefactor was himself an authoritative novelist, yet when he tried to evaluate Miss West's thousand-colored web, he raged, "Why, this isn't my sort of stuff!" and of this unquestionable but not very important fact he informed the grateful public. He reached a glory of absurdity in explaining that all stories dealing with Scotland must be short and rather surly, because a good many Scotsmen are curt and pretend to be surly.

But it is not greatly to be deplored that he should have failed. A seaman had been chosen to report on tapestry, and no one is competent to examine everything. It would be interesting to know Mr. Floyd Dell's opinions of the novels of Miss May Sinclair; it would be interesting to learn Mr. Carl Sandburg's views on Mr. Lindsay, Mr. Frost, and Mr. Masters—even, because of his oppositeness, on the rondeaus of Dobson and the disciplined delicacy of Elinor Wylie. But he would not be a sage editor who should set a Floyd Dell or a Carl Sandburg at reviewing a history of Abyssinia. Yet young ladies and gentlemen whose literary training has been on the high-school monthly and the Program Committee of the Epworth League are permitted to diagnose and treat every book that comes in, whether it deal with ichthyology, the Fascisti, or etiquette for taxi-drivers; whether it be Dreiser's pondering or Ring Lardner's most illuminating slang. It is timorously recommended to editors of book pages that they not only seek nimble reviewers, but that when the copy comes in,

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The Changing Genius of May Sinclair

By Gertrude Atherton

WHAT has happened to the women? Never, possibly, in the history of fiction have as many authors of prominence published as simultaneously as during the past autumn. Among them there is not one woman writer of the psychological novel, at least, whose work is comparable with that of the men: beginning with Sinclair Lewis and Hugh Walpole, and going straight through the list to the last two recruits, Heywood Broun and Charles Hanson Towne.

The story-novelists, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Kathleen Norris, Honoré Willsie, Sophie Kerr, are all up to their usual standard, *semper-virent*, but from the other group we have received a succession of painful shocks. Edith Wharton's "Glimpses of the Moon" is plain trash. The Willa Cather claque has gone into mourning. Rebecca West, to whom the cognoscenti confidently looked for a wise, penetrating, cynical, skeptical, neoteric performance, has given us two hundred thousand words of gorgeous writing and irresistible charm, but, for the rest, a virtuous but devastating Œdipus complex and a small group of characters dwarfed by the vast canvas and gradually lost to the author until they disappear in a vortex of melodrama; the whole drenched with sentimentalism. It is hard to grasp. Nevertheless, I am willing to lay a heavy wager that one of these days Miss West will be a great novelist. She has only to unlearn. No one else, with the exception of Shiela Kaye-Smith, has so rich and abundant a gift.

MAY SINCLAIR

And now comes May Sinclair in "Anne Severn and the Fieldings."* I was told by one who had read the manuscript that it was a return to her best manner, that she had recovered from her psychoanalysis obsession, and that the new book was equal to her finest novel, "The Three Sisters." One part of that statement is true: she has emerged from her acute attack of popular science, and is little the worse for it, save in a possibly increased morbidity; but she is still suffering from the Dorothy Richardson blight, and of the two obsessions this has done her the most harm.

Dorothy Richardson, whose inflence on the women writers of England, and on one or two Americans, is something to wonder at, is a woman with a distinguished gift for writing and nothing to write about. She has not a grain of imagination or of talent for fiction. But she sees everything, from a washbasin to a landscape, in word pictures, and, there being no market for vignettes *per se*, she strings them on a tenuous thread and writes, writes, writes. It is something that any one with the gift of words could do, but that never seems to have occurred to her admirers, who rate her as a great original genius; and women of real talent like May Sinclair, who should be too independent to imitate anybody, have nearly been ruined by her.

There was a time when Miss Sinclair got down to the business of her story with as little delay as any expert. Now she meanders through chapters and chapters about nothing, devoting all her art and skill to describing insignificance in polished phrases. She escaped for a moment in "Mr. Waddington of Wyck," but the new tendency was apparent even in that admirable scenario, "The Life and Death of Harriet Frean."

In "Anne Severn" she is remorseless. The first hundred pages are devoted to the childhood and adolescence of the younger group of characters. Now we all know that children and growing boys and girls are interesting only to their parents and maiden aunts; by outsiders they are regarded as negligible or as unmitigated nuisances. A writer takes a very great risk indeed when he devotes more than five or six pages to the raw product; and this space is justified only if his characters, when still callow, have revealing idiosyncrasies. Even so the flash-back method is more tactful because less trying to the reader. But what is to be said of a hundred or more pages of which this is a sample:

> He stood close beside her in his white flannels, straight and slender.
>
> He was looking at her, just as he looked at Colin.
>
> "Do you like him?" he said.
>
> "Who? Colin?"
>
> "No. Benjy."
>
> "I *love* him."
>
> "I'll give him to you if you'd like to have him."
>
> "For my own? To keep?"
>
> "Rather."
>
> "Don't you want him?"
>
> "Yes. But I'd like you to have him."
>
> "Oh, Jerrold."
>
> He took her into the wood to look for squirrels; he showed her the wild-flowers and told her their names; bugloss, and lady's smock and speedwell, king-cup, willow herb and meadow sweet, crane's bill and celandine.
>
> One day they found in the garden a tiny egg-shaped shell made of

*ANNE SEVERN AND THE FIELDINGS. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company.

gold-colored lattice work. When they put it under the microscope they saw inside it a thing like a green egg. Every day they watched it; it put out two green horns, and a ridge grew down the middle of it, and one morning they found the golden shell broken. A long elegant fly with slender wings crawled beside it.

When Benjy [a sentimentalized rabbit] died of eating too much lettuce Eliot was sorry Aunt Adeline said it was all put on and that he really wanted to cut him up and see what he was made of. But Eliot didn't. He said Benjy was sacred. That was because he knew they loved him. And he dug the grave and lined it with moss and told Aunt Adeline [his mother] to shut up when she said it ought to have been lettuce leaves.

Aunt Adeline complained that it was hard that Eliot couldn't be nicer to her when he was her favorite.

"Little Anne, little Anne, what have you done to my Eliot?" She was always saying things like that. Anne couldn't think what she meant until Jerrold told her she was the only kid that Eliot had ever looked at. The big Hawtry girl from Medlicote would have given her head to be in Anne's shoes.

Now this sort of thing may be interesting for a not too obscure reason to Miss Sinclair, but it hardly excites her readers. Not for pages on end.

I have always found May Sinclair peculiarly interesting, for the reason that she is one of the few women writers of fiction with intellect as well as talent; and it has diverted me to speculate on what she would have been if she had married and had a brood of flesh and blood children, or if she had elected to study life and men at first hand after the manner of Georges Sand and other gifted ladies rather more discreet but no less thorough.

I will venture to say that if she had spanked half a dozen youngsters, nursed them through measles and whooping-cough, washed their faces a dozen times a day, heard their prayers while thinking about something else, and, as they entered the wholly impossible age, groaned at the perpetual mess in the house, the noise, and their complete insensibility to any longing for peace and privacy on the part of their elders, she would have been only too glad to forget that such phases as childhood and adolescence existed when she was able to lose herself for a bit in imaginative composition.

True, Mr. Heywood Broun, who, as all the world knows, is the proud father of H. 3rd, has just written a short novel, fully one-half of which deals more or less with the hero's little son, deserted at the age of twelve days by his mother. But it is to be remembered that the hero of "The Boy Grew Older" is Peter, the father, a full-grown man on the first page, and it is his reactions to the child which make the theme of the book. One has only glimpses, and wholly charming glimpses, of the offspring; and when the boy arrives at the impossible age Peter tactfully goes to the war and takes the reader with him. When he returns the boy has turned into a temperament, and one is still permitted to concentrate one's interest on the father.

But the reactions in Miss Sinclair's story are all on the four children and on Anne Severn in particular. And Anne does not become old enough for any one to be interested in her reactions until the book enters on its third phase and she goes to the front.

It is not possible to say too much in commendation of Miss Sinclair's treatment of the war. It is a dangerous subject these days, and should not be even touched upon by any one whose knowledge is second-hand, and therefore more or less sentimental and romantic. No one who was in it feels the slightest temptation to idealize it; on the contrary, his war imagination is hopelessly blunted, and memory of it induces brevity, not embroidery. Miss Sinclair was not only in Belgium for some months, but close to the war in all its succeeding phases. No doubt she often heard the guns when comparatively safe in England. Therefore, as the war is necessary to the development of her story, she flings it across the background, and gives her heroine's active but brief part in it in a few vivid letters from the front. Then Anne returns to England and Wyck-on-the-Hill to care for one of the Fieldings, the shell-shocked Colin (married to a crude female who deserted him for the war); and for a long interval we read of her attempts to cure him and of her experiences as a farmer.

Briefly, the story is concerned with Anne and a small group of people who make up her sole interest in life—the Fieldings. There is Uncle Robert (who, unnecessarily, for all but the exigencies of the plot, dies of gastric ulcer; people harbor gastric ulcers, even with periodic hemorrhages, on into old age); there are Aunt Adeline, the most successful character in the book; Ernest, Jerrold, Anne, and her wholly negligible father. Queenie, the cave-woman, and Maisie the angel, are incidental characters that do not appear until the book is well under way.

At her mother's death Anne is taken by her father to the Fieldings' for a long visit, and, except when abroad at school, spends a part of every year at Wyck-on-the-Hill until circumstances compel her to settle there or in the neighborhood for good. She falls in love with Jerrold (thirteen) at the age of ten and is unswervingly faithful to her first love throughout the book. Jerrold does not reciprocate until too late; this fact furnishes the complication that enables the story to move on. Ernest is also in love with her, but as he is worth two of Jerrold he has no chance whatever. Jerrold has the gift of charm, and the charm is communicated to the reader, no easy feat in a story as sketchy as this. Of course, all go to the war, and Colin returns shortly after with the worst case of shell-shock in fiction. His mother escapes from the disagreeable necessity of nursing him by marrying Anne's father and moving to London. This leaves poor Anne alone with a screaming invalid, and as a grim reward she is accused by the neighbors of being his mistress: a chaperon apparently being unobtainable. Not that Anne ever thought of a chaperon. She is a noble, independent character, and, moreover, is too occupied with her distressing invalid and her intensive farming to know whether people are talking about her or not. Unfortunately, however, Jerrold knows it. His mother, when he comes home on his first leave after a year of war, carefully informs him of the gossip, adding her own acceptance of it as fact. "Aunt Adeline's" peculiar genius was in running her little world to suit herself, and in this case she did not want Anne to marry, lest she have Colin on her hands again.

Jerrold by this time has come to his senses. He loved Anne as a child, was indifferent in his early manhood, then, one night when she sits up with a sick cat he kisses her and goes to bed wanting "to kiss her close, pressing down on her mouth, deep into her sweet flesh; to hold her body tight, tight, crushed in his arms."

But alas! The very next day Uncle Robert has three hemorrhages, and Jerrold sees Anne beside him holding the third basin filled with foaming blood, blood flecks on her white sleeve, wiping blood-foam from the dying man's mouth. As the keynote of his character is hatred of the ugly facts of life, and believing that Anne forevermore will be associated in his mind with the ugly fact of death and its still uglier accompaniments, he runs away to India and remains there until the outbreak of the war. There he unconsciously encourages a girl of extreme prettiness and phenomenal sweetness, Maisie Durham, but, being entirely indifferent, is merely considerate when he discovers she is in love with him and has no thought of addressing her.

When he returns home on his first leave from the front it is to propose to Anne. Unfortunately, he calls on his mother first. After an interview with Anne, who is too ignorant of the gossip to set him right, and whose bedroom connects with that of her neurotic invalid, Jerrold runs off once more, and this time to the north and Maisie Durham. He expects to be killed as soon as he returns to France and thinks he might as well make some one happy before he goes. Ernest, who does not believe the gossip, begs Anne to marry him, but she prefers the man who has failed her, and, busy with her double task, bides her time. I leave the ultimate solution to the reader.

It will be seen that the story is of the slightest. Never, possibly, has a long novel been accomplished with such tenuous material. It is very interesting in spots, however, for when Miss

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A Belgian Critic's View of Swinburne

By Richard Le Gallienne

M. DE REUL says truly, and little enough, for himself, that this* is the most complete study of Swinburne's work yet written, and he says this after an intimate acquaintance with all previous writers on his subject: Messrs. Woodberry, Gosse, Watts-Dunton, Wratislaw, Thomas, Drinkwater, Welby, Wise, Hake, Rickett and Mrs. Disney Leith. No form of Swinburniana seems to have escaped him, English, French or German. None of these previous critics and biographers have, indeed, attempted any such complete presentation of Swinburne and his work, nor need such be attempted again. All that can be known or said about Swinburne, all about the poet himself, his history, his environment, his physiology, his psychology, his physical appearance, his various endowments, physical, spiritual and intellectual, his learning, and literary "origins" and influences, his habits, his friends; and all about his writings, every scrap of them, both from a technical point of view, and in their broader aspect as literature, also their bibliography—all is here. And, therefore, it need not be surprizing that M. De Reul's book is, as he says of Mr. James Douglas's life of Theodore Watts-Dunton, "*un gros volume.*" "*Un gros volume,*" indeed, it is, two inches thick, and containing 502 pages, nine inches by six in size. Formidable, certainly, at first sight, but not a dull, irrelevant, or padded page in it—which is to pay him no usual compliment.

A. C. SWINBURNE

After a painting by D. G. Rossetti

M. de Reul divides this vast, well-ordered work into two parts, the first in seven chapters, dealing with "Caractères généreux du Poète et de l'Homme," and the second in seven chapters, dealing with "L'Œuvre"—the last chapter treating of Swinburne's prose and his critical judgments. Tho, as he says, he addresses himself to a French public, he does not despair of being read in England, and hopes, indeed, that he may be able to clear up for them some misunderstandings on the subject of Swinburne, which still exist among his critics on the other side of the Channel: for, at a distance, he says, we are perhaps better able to grasp those broad lines of a writer which are apt to be hidden from his compatriots in details too familiar and near-at-hand. Swinburne, he says, in spite of the admiration of the English "élite," has never been a national glory. Even by some of his English admirers, men-of-letters superior to prejudice, M. De Reul complains, he is still regarded as "un peu étranger, *un-English.*" They still feel a little reserved and uncomfortable about him! M. Theodore Wratislaw is one of the critics whom M. de Reul quotes as holding this view: "The tone of the greatest part of Swinburne's work is curiously un-English." There is comfort, however, for M. de Reul in Mr. Drinkwater, who, it is true, he says, refutes that point of view—a point of view which M. de Reul deprecates as belittling English culture. That, he continues, is to reduce English culture to one of its phases, and to say to it: you shall go no further; to imprison it in a Puritan and bourgeois tradition, powerful indeed, and as tyrannical and intolerant as the classical tradition in France, but a tradition that men of genius always find the strength and will to break through. But M. De Reul contends that England has changed since Taine, with his "*tableau trop poussé,*" wrote about its literature, and "the reign of Tennyson is ended." "The old moral equilibrium has been upset, in a crisis of which the symptoms, at the opening of the twentieth century, were the decreasing respect for Kipling, the lucid criticism of Wells, the paradoxical plays of Bernard Shaw." In this new England, "born of the war," Swinburne seems less and less out of the picture. With his faith, as he himself wrote, in that "light and motion," which "England has not and France has," M. de Reul claims for Swinburne "a place by the side of Matthew Arnold, Meredith, Samuel Butler, and John Morley, and all those who guide their compatriots toward greater independence and intellectual precision." This opening chapter on "Swinburne and Contemporary England" is particularly admirable in its picturing Swinburne's historical environment, and illustrating by skilfully chosen detail how he was "born out of his due time"; but M. de Reul shows himself for the excellent critic that he is by the justice he does to that environment. He is no mere partizan of modernity, no prejudiced anti-Victorian, and, while he says "the reign of Tennyson is ended," he is none the less fair to that great poet. "It is glorious," he says, "for a bourgeois society to have produced a Tennyson; but"—and he proceeds with this unexaggerated tribute to Swinburne:

> It is no less glorious for English individualism to have brought into being, in a happy moment, a poet who enlarged its ideal, turned its comfortable morality upside down, shook off the yoke of so mild a régime, to bring to poetry once more the cry, the revolt, the blasphemy, the deep stir of the passions; but, at the same time, the highest aspirations, and superhuman dreams; a poet of such vast sympathies that his patriotism did not prevent his interesting himself in the political struggles of France and Italy; a poet who rebelled against

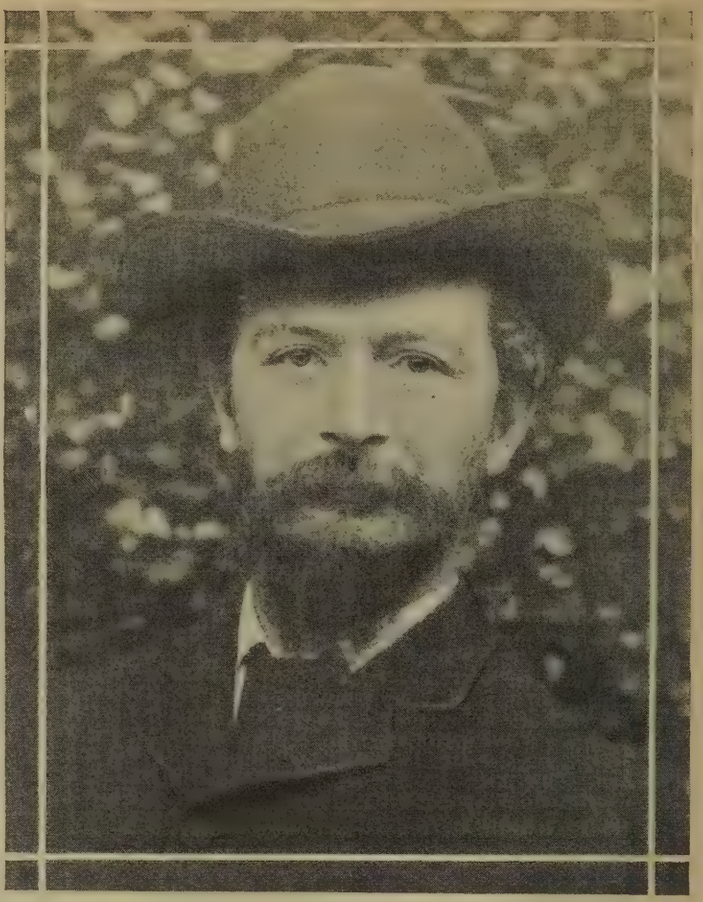
*L'Œuvre de Swinburne, par Paul de Reul. Les Editions Robert Sand. Bruxelles.

moral tyrannies, and did not believe that British liberty should be all the liberty allowed to mankind. Swinburne was that poet, and if we have no desire for all English poets to be like him, we value him because his stand was effective in asserting anew, forty years after Byron and Shelley, the freedom of the English muse. . . . With a respect many a time declared for the person and the morality of Christ, Swinburne offered the singular spectacle of an English poet completely detached from Christianity, without regret, without any hope of returning to it; judging it, like a stranger, from the outside, without that depth of tenderness which preserved to the religion of their childhood such poets of doubt as Clough and Matthew Arnold, and without that esthetic or medieval piety which survived in Dante Gabriel Rossetti. . . . In religion, in morality, in politics, Swinburne braved the national love for compromises and half-measures, and loved to mock the conservative spirit.

This is, of course, all true and well said, but, tho modern England has followed far in the revolutionary footsteps of Swinburne and others, for all that, I am not sure but that, judging him as a poet pure and simple, and *pace* Mr. Drinkwater and M. de Reul, Swinburne does not, to a considerable degree, remain "un-English," just as I can never feel that Rossetti also is quite an English poet. There is something essentially Latin in both of them, and it is pertinent to recall how, according to Mr. Gosse, "Maupassant was particularly struck—and this is very interesting as the criticism of a Frenchman—with the Latin character of Swinburne's mind."

The mystic sensuality and the perfervid passion, that hot confusion of the senses and the soul which marks their love-poetry in particular, is certainly not "English." Among moderns we perhaps find its nearest analog in the Italian temperament, in such a poet as D'Annunzio, for example. In that quality of "passion" as we find it in Swinburne, English poetry, indeed, is curiously lacking. The present writer once had the honor of talking with Mr. Swinburne himself on that very subject, *à propos* his "Tristram of Lyonesse," and I remember his running over the names of English poets, with regard to that quality, and concluding that in Marlowe alone, with Donne tentatively added, that particular quality of passion was present. After consideration, Mr. Swinburne reluctantly admitted its absence from Shakespeare. But this by the way. After his survey of Swinburne's relation to "contemporary England," M. de Reul proceeds to consider his work in general from various technical aspects, devoting successive chapters to "La Musique dans la Poésie," "L'Imagination," "L'Elocution," "Les Sentiments et les Idées," "La Culture et l'Inspiration," ending the first part of his study with a biographical and bibliographical chapter on "L'Homme et l'Œuvre." It is impossible here to do more than hint at the thoroughness and delicate particularity with which M. de Reul conducts this elaborate analysis of Swinburne's work. His chapter on "Musique et Poésie" is subdivided into two parts: (1) "Les Sons et les Rythmes," (2) "La Suggestion Musicale." He begins by saying that in English poetry, "that national art which more or less takes the place of music," Swinburne is the musician *par excellence*. "Before him, in spite of so many admirable singers, no one had suspected all the possibilities and lyrical resources of the language. Into that commonplace dough his genius infused a mysterious leaven which transformed it, and made it at the same time hardly recognizable and yet familiar. The incalculable action of the creative artist, the power of one man over his material, had never been shown in more revealing a manner." This power of Swinburne as a creative verbal musician goes, of course, without saying, and has long been gratefully admitted, tho English lovers of English poetry may well be unprepared to accept such a phrase as "commonplace dough"—"cette pâte banale"—for a language which, before it fell into Swinburne's hands, had been manipulated by Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Coleridge, Keats and Tennyson, to name no others, with a variety and delicacy of lyrical beauty which, if less showy than Swinburne's, was more profound, more subtle, and more exquisite. However, we must

(*Continued on page 71*)



A. C. SWINBURNE

THE SMALL HOUR IN THE 'SIXTIES, AT 16 CHEYNE WALK: ALGERNON READING "ANACTORIA" TO GABRIEL AND WILLIAM

From "Rossetti and His Circle," by Max Beerbohm

The Tale of an Expectant Father

By Christopher Morley

THIS seems to me a very honest book.* It is also a book of great and puzzling interest to the conscientious critic. It raises a long series of speculations, a few of which I will attempt to consider with the frankness the book deserves.

First, it is a novel entirely *sui generis*. In the familiar phrase, Mr. Broun has "put a great deal of himself" into the story. By this I do not mean anything so silly as to imply it is to be considered autobiography. I mean that it is an intensely personal book in the sense that its figures are all saturated with the personality of the author. Hardly any one else among our younger writers would have been simple enough or reckless enough to manage his theme in such an apparently artless, offhand, robust, unembarrassed and infectiously chaffing vein. There are, I suppose, two main sorts of fictioneering: the one, more violently creative, where the author breathes into his little parcels of dust some Eden-spark of individual vitality—his characters rise to their feet and walk away, independent of their artificer. The other sort of novelist more or less consciously edifies his creatures out of his own ribs; his own personality passes ineradicably into them, they are variously habited manikins of himself. I can not resist the suspicion that the element that constitutes this book's greatest charm—its clear transfusion of the author's idiosyncrasy—is perhaps, in the purely creative assessment, its greatest defect. In spite of Mr. Broun's desperate and deliciously naif maneuver late in the tale—introducing himself by name into the story, to dissuade the reader from identifying Peter Neale with the author—there is only too much danger of our seeing Mr. Broun himself not merely in his hero, but in almost all the characters. Even Vonnie, the delightful chorus girl, is just a little too much of a columnist, physically whittled down and petticoated—a kind of Brounette.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Perhaps that comment is unfair? Well, I don't know: I am honestly puzzled. I am trying, with full sincerity, to disengage the elements of general effectiveness in this book from those that inhere in a fraternal realization of how it came to be written. The story is so delightful to those who are more or less familiar with the world of journalistic and sporting shop, that I am hoping it may also carry into circles of readers quite apart from that life. As a "newspaper story" it is one of the few that command respect: there is no hokum and none of the traditional twaddle. The exhilarating world of sporting writers, the lively juvenile existence of managing editors playing lustily with their complicated toys and formulas, is brilliantly and humorously sketched. The portrait of Rufus Twice, the hustling Supervising Editor, is an affectionate etching burned brightly into the copper of truth.

Mr. Broun began his maturity first as a Harvard man and then as a sporting reporter. Of these two influences, evidently the sports room has been the more potent. I have always believed that the sporting desk is the ideal place for young journalists to begin: in that department of newspaper work there are comparatively few traditional formulæ to be observed; the life is exciting, amusing, and healthy; there is quick incentive for originality and wit. So we may perhaps lay it to the honor of sporting journalism that Mr. Broun has developed a manner so pungently simple and so richly humorous. You will look in vain for any traces of Harvard in his style. The book's really astonishing simplicity is one of the reasons for its unmistakable breath of life. It may startle Mr. Broun to hear us say that there is something very French in his approach to certain topics. For the legend is that Mr. Broun left Harvard prematurely because he could not master his Fraser and Squair's grammar. Now occasionally, I do think, Mr. Broun rubs us a little hard with his doctrine that propriety is one of the vices; but for the most part he deals with some natural topics in a spirit so shining and generously jocund that it challenges the French skill in this vein. More than once we thought of Murger or Bourget, for instance. It is well known that newspaper men are the most honest of all human beings when they are not writing; Broun has gone one step further, and been artlessly genuine even in print.

The sincerity of our admiration for Mr. Broun's talent may be gauged by a further consideration. So far, the sporting desk has been paramount over Harvard on his typewriter ribbon. The admirable simplicity and straightforwardness of his writing, and his command of unlabored pathos, are very appealing. But simplicity may be pushed into monotony—or rather, not to be misunderstood, call it penury. Occasionally one begins to hanker for a little generosity of lingo; for a little more conscious loveliness of phrase; the exact and cunningly chosen word; the flight and gusto of fancy—colors and quiddities. One wonders if the author has not schooled himself almost too rigorously to those simple tropes and rollicking shafts that readers of the *World* can understand. For in this book he is addressing, not the multitudes of Pulitzer newsprint, but the—alas!—comparatively few thousands who buy books. With these gracious readers, I contend, one can play happy tricks; and in a book where there is so much

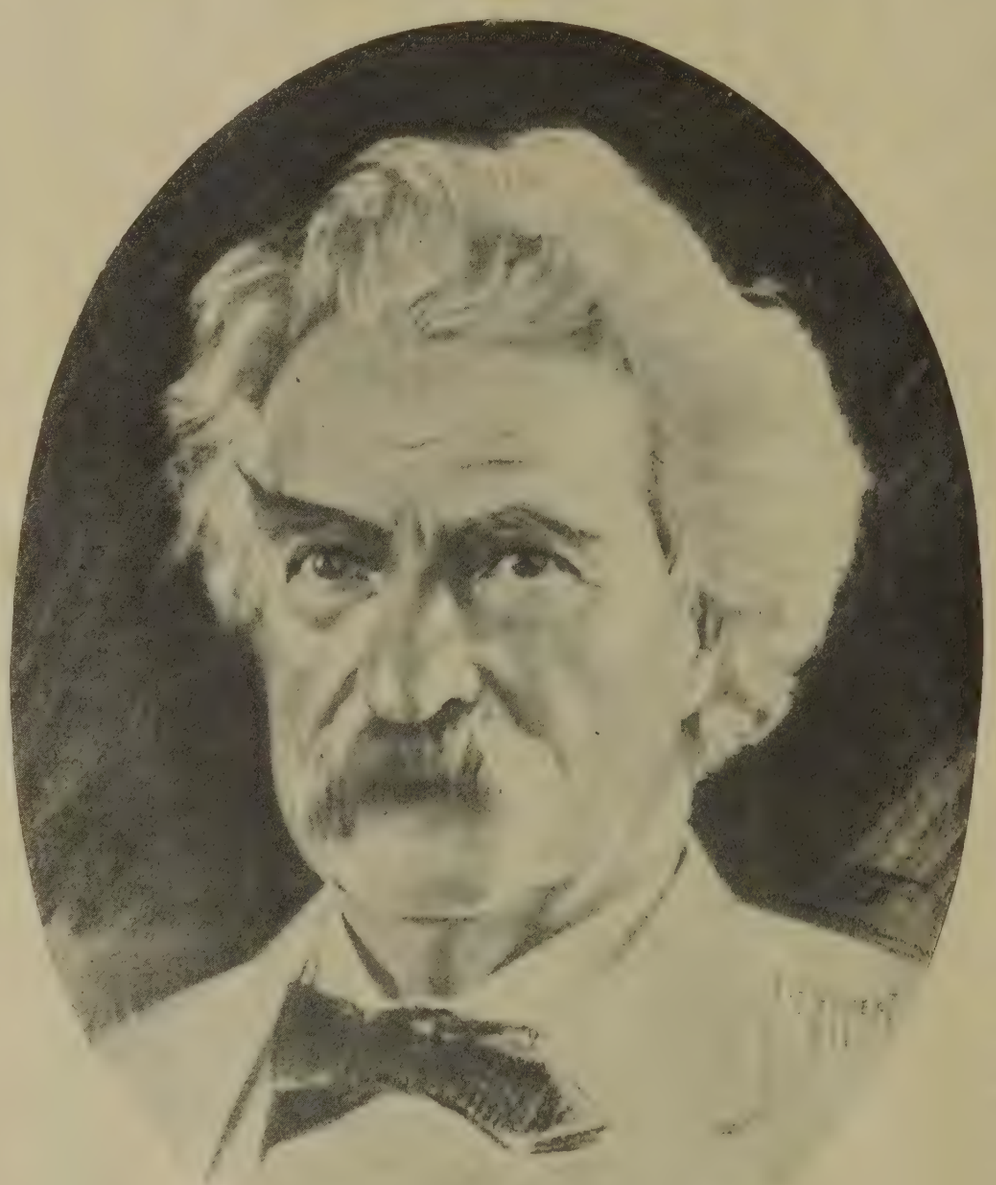
(*Continued on page 74*)

*THE BOY GREW OLDER. By Heywood Broun. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

When Mark Twain Was a "New" Writer

By George Barr McCutcheon

THE appearance of a new definitive edition of Mark Twain's works* revives in the breasts of all men of my generation, and the one preceding it, a no uncertain sense of satisfaction, in that it justifies beyond cavil or doubt the stanch tho perhaps unwitting faith they may have had in themselves as prophets. Back in the days when Mark Twain was looked upon as a "new" writer there were men who possest the hardihood to say that he would do great things, that his works would survive in a more or less unstable world of literature, that he would take his place among the outstanding stars in a thinly populated firmament. Even the young boy of the seventies and the eighties was a prophet. Unskilled, untrained, undeveloped, he was, notwithstanding, a creature of vision; in his young, searching and perhaps arrogant mind dwelt the priceless gift of appreciation if not the more mature sense of understanding. The boy of my day loved his Mark Twain; he read him with all the greed of youth and throve mightily on what he devoured. The boy of my time is a middle-aged man to-day; he may be forgiven if he boasts that back in the seventies he knew that Mark Twain was to become an immortal! The tide flows with youth and ebbs with age; we like to remember what came in with the flowing tide as we sit back and watch the ebb. As we learned our lessons in the spring of life, so we fashion our memories in the thoughtful days of winter. We will never forget what we knew when we were boys; we forget a great many things we are supposed to have learned as men. Therefore the boy of all ages is a prophet; within him lies the future of all things to come. And so the love for Mark Twain of the boy in the seventies and eighties was nothing less than a prophecy which has been fulfilled—and no one marvels.



From a Photograph © By Paul Thompson

Mark Twain

I was "brought up" on Mark Twain. "Tom Sawyer" was first published when I was about ten years old, and I read it at that time with more avidity perhaps than most lads of my time, for, curiously enough, the great classic for boys of all ages was to me merely another book by Mark Twain. Before I was ten I had read "Roughing It," and, I think, "Innocents Abroad." My reading was largely a matter of paternal selection. The dime novel was in full flower at that time, and fathers throughout the land were hard put to find for their young suitable as well as interesting reading to offset the pernicious influence of the attractive, enthralling "yellow-back." We were compelled at a very tender age to read Scott and Thackeray and Dickens, the last named being a greater favorite with boys, I daresay, than either of the others. My father soothed a rebellious soul by giving me Mark Twain to read. I could not have been more than nine when I read "Roughing It." This was followed by Stanley's wonderful history of the search for Livingstone in darkest Africa, and after that a long and equally thrilling account of an expedition in quest of the North Pole. These books, no doubt, were intended for grown-ups, but I venture to assert that they were read by boys with even keener zest and perhaps greater understanding! They will bear rereading, even in these days when all things appear to have been discovered and a blasé world looks with indifference upon the exploits of man.

*The Writings of Mark Twain, 35 vols., Definitive Edition. Gabriel Wells, New York.

A recent rereading of "Roughing It" was peculiarly enlightening in that it resulted in a rather startling discovery: one may read this fifty-year old narrative with infinitely greater pleasure than if it had been written to-day. It tells of bygone times, people and conditions in a manner as direct and as simple as that affected by the most modern of our present-day realists and with far greater fidelity. As Mr. Clemens himself said of this book, it is a "record of variegated vagabondizing, and its object is rather to help the resting reader while away an idle hour than afflict him with metaphysics or goad him with science!" No critic could have presented a truer estimate of the book.

I would speak particularly of his early books, for it is upon them that his fame was founded. They were no houses on the sand, these first books of his. They were stout and enduring. They were read by thousands upon thousands of people whose minds were not by way of being distracted by the rush and turmoil that exists to-day; read by men, women and children who could afford the time to take them in from cover to cover. And it is from those early, conscientious readers of the last century that countless readers of to-day inherit a love for Mark Twain that can not be shamed or disputed or diminished by familiarity. He was a man and he loved boys. Had this not been true he could not have compelled boys to love him as they found him in "Tom Sawyer," "Huck Finn," "The Prince and the Pauper," in the more fantastic "Connecticut Yankee," and even in "Pudd'nhead Wilson" and "The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg." And boys grown to men are boys again whey they turn their thoughts wistfully to the companions that he created.

Mark Twain's unsurpassed facility for recording facts as they appeared to him, his quaint manner of putting his experiences into readable form, and his unrivaled ability to cross realism with romanticism are employed to better advantage perhaps in "Roughing It" than in any other book he ever wrote. It is as fresh to-day as it was fifty years ago. As a chronicle of the vivid, scarcely known West that no longer exists except in the failing memory of our passing ancestors, it is matchless. In this book as in no other, with the possible exception of "Innocents Abroad" and "Life on the Mississippi," he reveals himself as a master of anecdote. Little if any of the subtly sardonic philistinism which marks many of his later works appears in the simple, genuine narrative of his travels and experiences under conditions far less agreeable but vastly more interesting than are to be encountered to-day by the most exacting of adventurers. In "Roughing It" he made friends who never shook his hand, who never stood face to face with him, yet walked with him for forty years and more through pleasant by-ways, and whose children and grandchildren, and their children after them, will know Mark Twain as old England knows her Dickens.

It only remains for me to add a few glancing words about the edition itself. The volumes present a most handsome appearance, and leave nothing to be desired, both as to the quality of the paper, the presswork, the symmetry of the page, and the chaste dignity of the binding. An interesting feature is the inclusion of an appreciation written especially for each of the main titles, by distinguished writers of England and America, as, E. V. Lucas, Hamlin Garland, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Booth Tarkington, Hugh Walpole, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Meredith Nicholson, William Allen White, Stephen Leacock, Gilbert K. Chesterton, Brander Matthews, and William Dean Howells.

And, most remarkable of all, this edition bears the original signature of MARK TWAIN, done, as attested by his literary executor, Albert Bigelow Paine, in 1906, in anticipation of this definitive edition of his works—an edition which will forever remain a monument to his literary achievement.

A Modern Jongleur's Message of Beauty

By Zona Gale

IN THE front of Richard Le Gallienne's new book of verse,* "A Jongleur Strayed," there is an amazing display. It is a list of his books—forty of them. And from "The Bookbills of Narcissus," to which Oliver Herford goes back in the touching humor of his cameo preface to the "Jongleur" of to-day, it is maintainable that none of the forty is without something to prove it the work of one who has had no need to steal fire from heaven. The poet has not always troubled to tend that fire. Sometimes he has employed pale flows of artificial brightness. But any honest appraisal of his work must reveal a constant partial functioning of a spectacular creative power. And this is true in "A Jongleur Strayed."

The title was the unwitting gift of a critic who said, in a review of a previous volume, that the author is a jongleur strayed from the days when poets were devoted to beauty; to which the accused returned a joyous "A jongleur strayed and glad am I," a confession of probable fact, paralleled by all poets, broadcast as they must be from some far topographical bit into our market gardens. To all this straying and singing we become accustomed as to any miracle. And so in this volume we again accept chords touched in a far country by one who for a quarter of a century and more has given glad news of it.

With indifference to the inhibitions of the modernists and alike to their freedoms, many of the poems move in Elizabethan measure. In:

> All beauty is but thee in echo shapes,
> No lovely thing but echoes some of thee,

and

> Deem not my love is only for the bloom
> The honey and the marble that is you,

and in such lines as

> For in the long adventure of your eyes,

with attendant mention of camels' bells and Hesperides. Few poets seem to be doing this in the old manner, the grand manner, and finding always new felicities.

But it is the grand manner with a difference, the difference of that light irony which runs through all, that musical mockery:

> Nay, 'tis the pious fervor of my eye
> That seeks thy face in every other face,

and

> . . . this deep immortal smart
> Shall still burn on when winds my ashes strew.

Even when indifference or sentimentality are on the pages, single lines stand out like little doors:

> . . . of myriad atoms stirring in their trance.
>
> . . . and still the seas shall shout for joy
> And swing the stars as in a glass.
>
> . . . each furred and winged one flies
> Wounded to lay its heart on thee.
>
> . . . the cresset of thine hair
> Furiously bright.
>
> Sweet-thoughted as a lover.

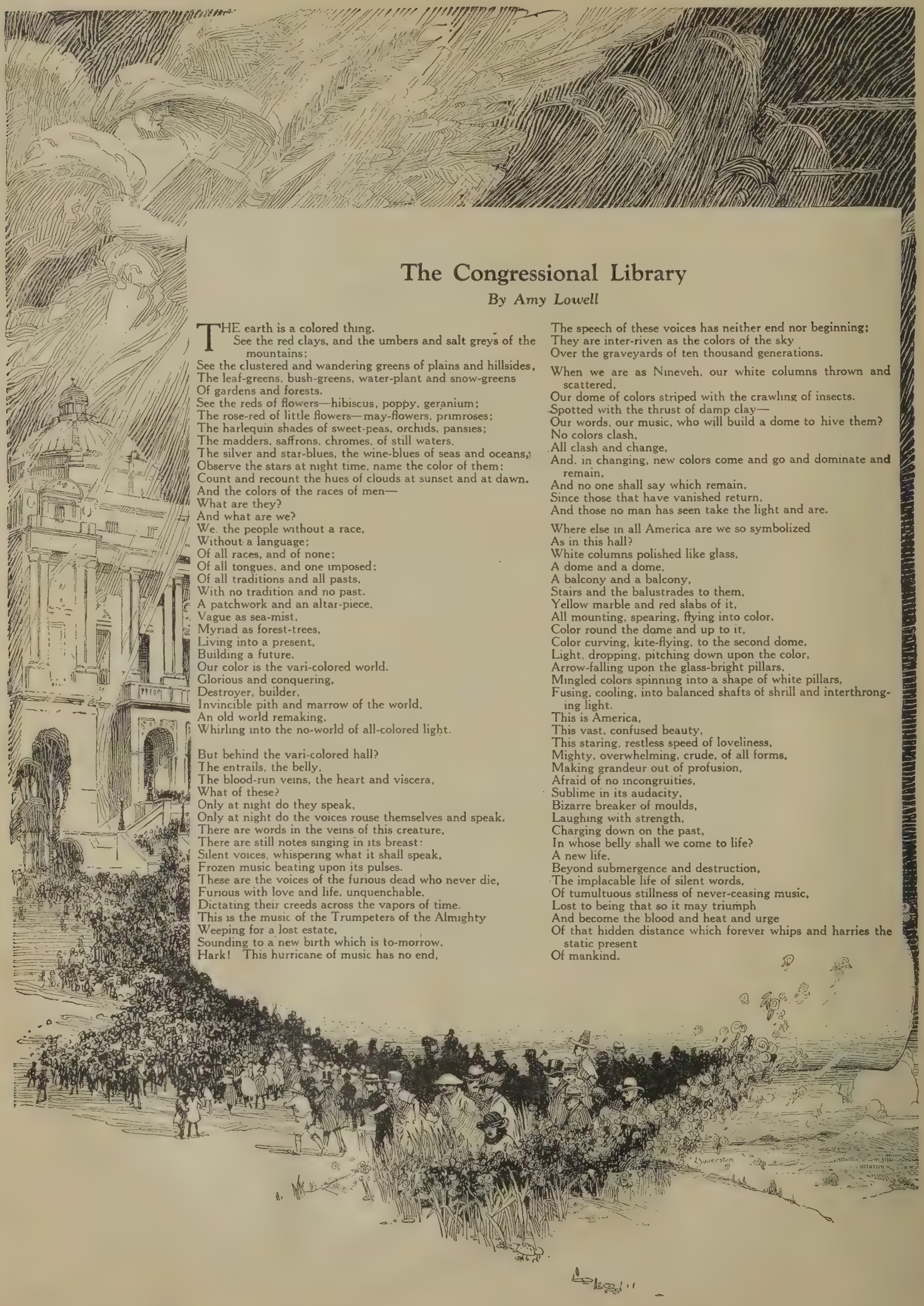
While in "Noon", and in "A Rainy Day," which has

> Made me forget the resolute blue
> And energetic gold of things,

in "Autumn" with

(*Continued on page 74.*)

*A Jongleur Strayed. By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.



The Congressional Library

By Amy Lowell

THE earth is a colored thing.
See the red clays, and the umbers and salt greys of the mountains;
See the clustered and wandering greens of plains and hillsides,
The leaf-greens, bush-greens, water-plant and snow-greens
Of gardens and forests.
See the reds of flowers—hibiscus, poppy, geranium;
The rose-red of little flowers—may-flowers, primroses;
The harlequin shades of sweet-peas, orchids, pansies;
The madders, saffrons, chromes, of still waters.
The silver and star-blues, the wine-blues of seas and oceans,
Observe the stars at night time, name the color of them;
Count and recount the hues of clouds at sunset and at dawn.
And the colors of the races of men—
What are they?
And what are we?
We, the people without a race,
Without a language;
Of all races, and of none;
Of all tongues, and one imposed;
Of all traditions and all pasts,
With no tradition and no past.
A patchwork and an altar-piece,
Vague as sea-mist,
Myriad as forest-trees,
Living into a present,
Building a future.
Our color is the vari-colored world.
Glorious and conquering,
Destroyer, builder,
Invincible pith and marrow of the world,
An old world remaking,
Whirling into the no-world of all-colored light.

But behind the vari-colored hall?
The entrails, the belly,
The blood-run veins, the heart and viscera,
What of these?
Only at night do they speak,
Only at night do the voices rouse themselves and speak.
There are words in the veins of this creature,
There are still notes singing in its breast:
Silent voices, whispering what it shall speak,
Frozen music beating upon its pulses.
These are the voices of the furious dead who never die,
Furious with love and life, unquenchable,
Dictating their creeds across the vapors of time.
This is the music of the Trumpeters of the Almighty
Weeping for a lost estate,
Sounding to a new birth which is to-morrow.
Hark! This hurricane of music has no end,
The speech of these voices has neither end nor beginning;
They are inter-riven as the colors of the sky
Over the graveyards of ten thousand generations.

When we are as Nineveh, our white columns thrown and scattered,
Our dome of colors striped with the crawling of insects,
Spotted with the thrust of damp clay—
Our words, our music, who will build a dome to hive them?
No colors clash,
All clash and change,
And, in changing, new colors come and go and dominate and remain,
And no one shall say which remain,
Since those that have vanished return,
And those no man has seen take the light and are.

Where else in all America are we so symbolized
As in this hall?
White columns polished like glass,
A dome and a dome,
A balcony and a balcony,
Stairs and the balustrades to them,
Yellow marble and red slabs of it,
All mounting, spearing, flying into color,
Color round the dome and up to it,
Color curving, kite-flying, to the second dome,
Light, dropping, pitching down upon the color,
Arrow-falling upon the glass-bright pillars,
Mingled colors spinning into a shape of white pillars,
Fusing, cooling, into balanced shafts of shrill and interthronging light.
This is America,
This vast, confused beauty,
This staring, restless speed of loveliness,
Mighty, overwhelming, crude, of all forms,
Making grandeur out of profusion,
Afraid of no incongruities,
Sublime in its audacity,
Bizarre breaker of moulds,
Laughing with strength,
Charging down on the past,
In whose belly shall we come to life?
A new life,
Beyond submergence and destruction,
The implacable life of silent words,
Of tumultuous stillness of never-ceasing music,
Lost to being that so it may triumph
And become the blood and heat and urge
Of that hidden distance which forever whips and harries the static present
Of mankind.

Mr. Bennett Exercises His Technique

By Heywood Broun

AS A RULE, the author who allows any great amount of sin to his heroine is careful to provide that she shall suffer dreadfully. There seems to be a feeling that in this way the moral standards of the community are preserved. Yet this is to put too crass an estimate on the emotions of mankind. Camille may have come to an unfortunate end, but it has been for all that enduringly glamorous. The moral implications of Arnold Bennett's "Lilian"* are quite different. Indeed we doubt whether or not he had any. He has simply observed life and recorded the fact that the punishment of the wrong-doer is not always exact and immediate. The wages of sin may be death, but occasionally a pay-day slips by.

ARNOLD BENNETT

Nevertheless, "Lilian" is not without a text of a sort. Probably it has crept in without any particular design on the part of the author, but there it is. Lilian walks open-eyed into an affair with a middle-aged man of wealth, and no dire disaster comes upon her. At any rate Mr. Bennett ends his novel before anything terrible has happened. Still, the impressionable reader of the novel is not likely to be much moved to set down the book and emulate Mr. Bennett's heroine, for tho Lilian does well enough, she is never glamorous. The author has succeeded in making vice a little dull by also making it respectable. Lilian lives out of wedlock and finds no mood which is not humdrum.

In one respect her lack of glamour is more the fault of Mr. Bennett than of the young lady herself. To this reviewer she is distinctly unprepossessing in appearance. The novelist has taken pains to insist again and again that he is writing of a lovely creature, and yet she never takes on any of the attributes with which he would endow her. Perhaps the trouble lies in the fact that his enthusiasm has betrayed him into the error of being specific about the looks of Lilian. We feel sure that this is a technical blunder. The author who simply states that his heroine is beautiful profits by the imagination of all his readers. Each one creates a different image and there are no insurgents. But we may not follow Lilian in any such blind fashion because Bennett has chosen to particularize. He has gone into details about his conception of beauty, and it is rather distressing to find that his standards put him back into the Black Crook era. The phrase "a fine woman" probably approximates what Mr. Bennett thinks of as beauty. One has the feeling that he inclines to the bouncing type. Indeed he has taken pains to indicate that Lilian "billowed."

> And in fact [writes Arnold Bennett] she had an established assurance of beauty. She knew a good deal about herself. Proudly she reflected, amid her blushes, upon the image of her face and hair—the eyes that matched her hair, the perfectly formed ears, the softness of the chin and the firmness of the nose, the unchallengeable complexion, the dazzling teeth. She was simple enough to be somewhat apologetic about the largeness of her mouth, unaware that a man of experience flees from a small rosebud mouth as from the devil, and that a large mouth is the certain sign of good-will and understanding in a woman. She was apologetic, too, about the scragginess of her neck, and with better reason. But the wrists and the ankles, the legs, the shoulders, the swelling of the hips, the truly astounding high, firm, and abundant bosom! Beyond criticism! And she walked beautifully, throwing back her shoulders and so emphasizing the line of the waist at the back. She walked with her legs and hips, and the body swam forward above them. She had observed the effect thousands of times in street mirrors. The girls all admitted that she walked uniquely. Then, further, she had a smile (rarely used) which would intensify in the most extraordinary way the beauty of her face, lighting it, electrifying the eyes, radiating a charm that enraptured. She knew that also.

After this picture, which comes early in the book, it is a little difficult to care tremendously about anything which may happen to Lilian, but it is not the author's intent that you should. After all, the whole point of the tale is that the heroine of the book moves through situations of the sort which have inspired the most florid writing in the world and remains calm and largely unperturbed. Lilian loses her job, runs away with the brother of the woman who employs her, enjoys life at Monte Carlo, watches her protector fall sick, marries him, sees him die and comes back to England to have a baby. She is now by virtue of his will the proprietor of the typewriting establishment from which she was once summarily dismissed. Several of these events enlist the emotions of Lilian, to be sure, but her range of sensation does not seem to be great. She is rather too dull a person to be persuasively wicked. Whether or not Bennett so intended it, his book seems to say, "There is a good deal of gray in purple patches after all."

Stronger than anything else in Lilian is her sense of respectability. Marriage could scarcely make her an honest woman. It could only make her a prig. The only poignant sense of shame which Lilian ever knew came when a little wanton at the gaming resort said to her, "I think us girls ought to stand by each other."

Even that shock did not persist. If a great red "A" had been put upon the back of Lilian it would not have disturbed her much. In a week's time she would have worn the letter as if it were a necessary and conventional decoration in the costume of any British matron.

"Lilian" is somewhat after the manner of "The Pretty Lady," but by no means as fine a book. It has speed, precision and movement, but it seems to us a little lacking in emotion. We are not deceived by its ease into believing that this was a week-end job upon the part of Arnold Bennett, but we do feel that he is merely taking his technique out for a little exercise in order to keep it in condition for more exacting tasks to come.

*LILIAN. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Co.

William Hohenzollern, Self-revealed

By Maurice Francis Egan

ONE must be polite, and therefore it is only proper to give to His Majesty, the King of Prussia, the title which he has arrogated to himself. Besides, he still remains Prussian to the core; and if, in the temporal sense, he is not acknowledged as a majesty, he remains unalterably true to the principles that Prussia upheld before the war and fought for during the war. Owing to conditions which we do not as yet understand—repentance and a firm purpose of amendment do not seem to be among these conditions—he has ceased to be King of all the other Germans.

There was some question as to the advisability of printing "The Kaiser's Memoirs"* in the United States while the book was appearing as a serial, but there can be no doubt of its value now. It has presented the late Kaiser in his true light. It has done for him what Thackeray did for Louis XIV. It has removed the peruke, the ermine, the gold-brocaded robes, and left him a shamefully shrunken figure. It has given one of the last blows to a system of government in which it was possible for one human being to be an autocrat over a whole nation. If the Germans read this book, it must settle forever the future of the Hohenzollerns for them. As to the personal character of the late Kaiser, it ought to leave him without a shred of self-respect. In it the late ruler of one of the most potent peoples on the face of the earth makes amazing assertions—at a moment when the world is eager for the truth—without the slightest documentary evidence to support him.

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WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN AS HE IS TO-DAY

He takes seriously the adage that a king can do no wrong; when he blunders, he coolly throws the blame on somebody else. At a time, before the war, when every well-informed diplomatist in Europe knew that Germany was watching Russia and preparing to attack her—and when everybody knew that Russia was expecting the attack—I asked one of the most level-headed envoys at the Court of Berlin: "Does the Emperor want war?" The answer was: "No, not at present; he is inclosed; he reads only what his satellites give to him; he reflects the opinion of his military *entourage*, but he knows that Germany has the finest army in the world, and he expects to use it when the time comes." This volume bears out the truth of the envoy's assertion. In it William declares that he desired peace, but it must be a German peace; Germany must have her way or there would be war. His confessions reveal the truth that the first idea in his mind was the army. We might accept his statement that the navy—which, owing to the parsimony of the Reichstag before 1900, he did not regard as entirely efficient—was intended merely to make safe his colonies and to protect his commerce. On page 227 one finds two of the mildest paragraphs of this lover of peace:

> I soon realized that the greatest possible improvement of our highly developed technical department was absolutely necessary and would save precious blood. Wherever possible, I worked toward the perfection of our armament and sought to place machinery in the service of our army.
>
> Among new creations, the very first place is taken by the heavy artillery of the army in the field. In bringing this into being I was obliged to overcome much opposition—particularly, strange to relate, in the ranks of the artillery itself. It is a source of great satisfaction to me that I put this matter through. It laid the foundation for the carrying out of operations on a large scale, and it was long before our foes could catch up with us in this direction.

And still he and the German Foreign Office, for which, as a military despot, he had a profound contempt, were taken by surprize when the war came! He tells us that the Foreign Office did not want to think a war possible. The deal for Heligoland, for which William must have as much credit as the successor of Bismarck, Caprivi, was one of the very few clever things done by him; it is one thing for which he is not obliged to apologize, and one of the very few stupid things for which Lord Salisbury is to be blamed. It would almost seem as if the rulers of Great Britain had never imagined that there could be a war with Germany; and it almost confirms the nearly impossible statement of the ex-Kaiser that the English Government was at times only too willing to make an alliance with Germany against Russia and France. But the rest of William's attempts to prove this point consist of rather fragile assertions.

It must be admitted that one of the most far-sighted proceedings on the part of Caprivi was the support he gave to his chief in bartering Zanzibar and Witu, in East Africa, for Heligoland. It saved the German fleet; it prevented an earlier ending of the war. It was, as William himself said, what the Bismarckian German press had called it, "a mere trousers button"; but it was "the one button that held the protective garments of the Empire together during the war."

Every well-informed man living in Europe knew that long before the year 1914 William was obsest with a great fear of

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*THE KAISER'S MEMOIRS. Wilhelm II, Emperor of Germany, 1888–1918. English translation by Thomas R. Ybarra. New York and London: Harper & Bros. $3.50.

Russia—a country separated from Germany, as he said himself, by "a few potato patches," and possessing unlimited man power. For this reason he tried to cajole Nicholas II, as Bismarck had tried to cajole his father, Alexander, by offering him Constantinople. This offer the wise old Tsar had scornfully refused. William had doubtful success with Nicholas II. In this connection, note the following paragraph from Page 313:

> With regard to Russia, I went to the utmost trouble. My letters, published in the meantime, were naturally never sent without the knowledge of the Imperial Chancellors, but always in agreement with them and largely at their desire. Russia would doubtless never have got into a war with Germany under Alexander III, for he was reliable. Tsar Nicholas was weak and vacillating; whoever had last been with him was right; and, naturally, it was impossible for me always to be that individual.

He is almost pathetic when he explains that he did all he could to please France. He is not so frank, however, in regard to all the attempts he made to separate France from Russia.

> We tried to attain this end by courtesy [he writes], which was partially resented. I recall the journey of my mother, the Empress Frederick, to Paris. We expected a tolerably good reception, since she was an English Princess and went, as an artist, to be the guest of French art. Twice I visited the Empress Eugénie—once from Aldershot at her castle of Farnborough, the other time aboard her yacht, in Norwegian waters, near Bergen. This was a piece of politeness that seemed to me perfectly natural, seeing that I happened to be very near her. When the French General Bonnal was in Berlin with several officers, these gentlemen dined with the Second Infantry Regiment. I was present and toasted the French Army—something that was still out of the ordinary, but was done with the best intentions. I brought French female and male artists to Germany. All this sort of thing, of course, was a trifle in the game of politics, but it at least showed our good will.

France is still unreasonably ungrateful for all the benefits that this disciple of world peace showered upon her!

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MR. WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN IS SHOWN HERE STILL LOOKING MERRY ALTHO HIS HAIR IS GRAY. NOTE HIS SHORT LEFT ARM

But it is as a patron of religion—in fact, as an arbiter of religion—that this exalted person shines brilliantly. He settles the orthodoxy of Harnack with a wave of his hand. He declares that the Christian religion needs a "form," especially in the bringing up of children, and that form is the Old Testament. Archeological, geographical, and historical research may disprove much of the Old Testament, and lower the position of the Chosen People in the eyes of the world, but its value will still remain. He is the enemy of dogmatic religion, except when he issues dogmas of his own. He tells us how good he has been to the Catholics in his dominions, and how grateful they ought to be, because, like Gambetta, he believed that the Catholic religion was an excellent form of worship for export. He caused a full-sized copy of the labarum of the Emperor Constantine the Great to be reproduced, and presented a copy of it to the Pope. He was very sympathetic with the Catholic Missions in the Holy Lands—a blow, by the way, at France. He frequently visited the Benedictine monastery at Monte Cassino and he gave the Benedictine monks permission to establish an abbey at Maria Laach. Nevertheless, he tells us that the Roman Catholic Church was a powerful enemy of the Empire. It could not be induced to accept the Imperial power in all things. The Centrists he hated until they became Imperialists and grew almost as subservient as his dear Evangelicals, whom he could not unite into one party—for the Evangelicals and the Reformists were as oil and water.

William would have us infer that he loved Pope Leo XIII. It is evident from these pages that he loved him almost as he loved Bismarck. Unhappily for the ex-Kaiser, the records of his famous visit to the Pope have not been destroyed. His colossal impudence, his truly Prussian rudeness on that occasion, excited even the hardly concealed resentment of the reigning King Humbert. In that act of insolence he was ably assisted by Herbert Bismarck. It seems impossible that any human being should be capable of deliberately falsifying history, in the face of well-known facts, as the writer of this volume does.

His attempt, in 1917, as it appears in his own narrative, to induce Pacelli, the Nuncio of the Pope, to help to bring about peace, is serio-comic. William means it to be sardonic, but with the calcium light full on his own white soul. He does not propose to limit his own ruthlessness, of which his own despised Foreign Office evidently disapproves; he will not restore Belgium, he will not withdraw his offerings to the Hun god Woden; he and his military party will make no concessions. Pacelli seems to be imprest; his chaplain, whom the Kaiser tried to get rid of, declares that the "piazza"—the Italian people—would have something to say:

> To this I replied that I was a Protestant [he continues], and hence a heretic in the chaplain's eyes, notwithstanding which I was obliged to point out that the Pope was designated the "Viceroy of Christ upon earth" by the Catholic Church and world; that I had, in studying the Holy Scriptures, occupied myself earnestly and carefully with the person of the Saviour and sought to immerse myself profoundly therein; that the Lord had never feared the "piazza," altho no fortresslike building, with guards and weapons, was at His disposal; that the Lord had always walked into the midst of the "piazza," spoken to it, and finally gone to His death on the Cross for the sake of this hostile "piazza."
>
> Was I now to believe, I asked, that His "Viceroy upon earth" was afraid of the possibility

THE KAISER'S RESIDENCE AT DOORN

(*Continued on page 75*)

The Literary Digest
INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW
PUBLISHED BY FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
ADAM W. WAGNALLS, PRES.; WILFRED J. FUNK, VICE-PRES.;
ROBERT J. CUDDIHY, TREAS.; WILLIAM NEISEL, SEC'Y.
354-360 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
DECEMBER, 1922.

An International Book Review

THIS is an age of books. The bald assertion may not pass unchallenged, for in certain minds there is, traditionally, something cloistered, contemplative about a book, while the age in which we live is generally conceived to be, by comparison with former ages, distinguished for its dynamic energy, its mastery of practical affairs, and quite the reverse of anything bookish. One hears much of the dominance of newspapers, of the movies, of radio, and the phonograph, rather than of books as leading factors in contemporary life. The supremacy of literature is vaguely supposed, by some, to belong to a so-called Classical Era in the past, when, curiously enough, books were comparative rarities, accessible only to the professed scholar or to the well-to-do amateur of letters. With the passing, however, of those days of illuminated parchments and chained libraries, there followed a period when books came within the reach of all, thus achieving a democratization of literature that has become a vital force in the shaping of civilization.

THIS growing importance of the book in modern life is sufficiently evident in the wide-spread discussion that follows the appearance of such novels as "Babbitt" and "This Freedom," or, of even greater significance, the recent furore aroused by certain significant works of history and science that have more than satisfied the popular fondness for controversy. The poets, novelists, scientists, historians of to-day—their books, if vitalized by a genuine human theme, are assured of an appreciative reception seldom accorded in the past. Books, indeed, if they reach the full stature of their literary heritage, are, as never before, "in the news." They are there, not as the changing chronicle of a day, but as the permanent record of some phase of humanity's intellectual progress. At one time it was thought that the war would react disastrously on literature. The reverse of this has proved to be true. The war, altho it may not have been followed by any one supreme literary masterpiece, has in effect stimulated the reading of books, sharpened the critical faculty with which books are regarded, and enlarged the domain that they formerly occupied in human experience. It may not be susceptible of proof that the war has directly caused this transformation, but at least it is true that in the post-war period in which we are living the interest in books is immeasurably increased, deepened, and that the public generally is looking to the makers of books for the authentic message that will render war forever impossible.

JUST as Christianity is based on a Book, it may well be that the future conquest of the Empire of Peace will find in a good book, a book impregnated with the immortality of truth, a more effective ally than a thousand battle-ships or any of the destructive agencies created by human ingenuity. History, indeed, is one long attestation of the supremacy of the printed page. The glory of England shines more fully in a certain marvelous Book of Plays, obscurely published just three centuries ago, than in her fleets and merchant marine; Greece lives in Homer and Plato long after the Parthenon has crumbled in ruins; and their respective countries have no prouder, more enduring monuments to bequeath posterity than those upon which are emblazoned such names as Dante, Cervantes, Molière, Balzac, Goethe, Ibsen, Tolstoy. After all, and in spite of the mechanical marvels of modern science, the printing-press remains the driving force of civilization.

IN THIS Battle—and Triumph—of the Books, with its greatly enlarged horizon of interests and activities, the problems of literary criticism, the sifting of the genuine from the spurious, are correspondingly increased. Undoubtedly that terse, quaint and excellent rule laid down by Bacon centuries ago is still worthy to be followed in our reading: "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention." In Bacon's era, however, the necessarily restricted field of reading open to the cultivated European gave but a limited application to this admirable counsel. Where literature was almost local in character, there was less need for the careful selection of books that have become so essential to an intelligent, comprehensive course of reading to-day. Men and women are no longer content to remain in ignorance of the intellectual tastes and aspirations that prevail on the far side of their respective boundaries. It is through a mutual knowledge of each other's literatures that nations are beginning to look for the surest approach to the longed-for goal of world-solidarity. Books are the passports to international friendships, and it is the recognition of this fact that is giving force to the growing demand for an international literature, a literature broad enough to overlook the ordinary restrictions of language and racial differences in the search for those deeper likenesses that underlie all humanity. But for this there needs a widening of the old phylacteries of literary criticism, a new application of the familiar Baconian appraisal of literature, not merely in the recognition and reviewing of foreign books, but in the generous, broad-minded spirit in which all books, native as well as foreign, are approached and critically considered.

ONE hears frequently of some organ of criticism, that it belongs to this or that "school," or "movement," of writers; that it is dominated by the "new" or the "old," the radical or the reactionary, in literature—all of which means that this particular organ of criticism is considering books from a biased, a local standpoint, and not from the standpoint of their intrinsic, or news value. For, it is this that counts: it is what we call the news value of a book, and not its relation to some dogmatic literary cult, that must determine whether it is "to be read only in parts," or "to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention." Putting it in other words, it is the news value of a book that gives the measure of its vitality, its relation to humanity; and rightly to estimate this value one needs what we may call the international as distinguished from the local method of approach. Impartially to give the news of books the world over; to recognize appreciatively such reality of interest as may lie beneath whatever foreign guise, whether of language or literary method, these books may assume, is the province that belongs to the critical literary journal for which there has been an increasing demand. And it is in whole-hearted, enthusiastic recognition of the validity of this demand that the International Book Review commences its career.

CLIFFORD SMYTH.

The Genius of W. H. Hudson

By Edward Garnett

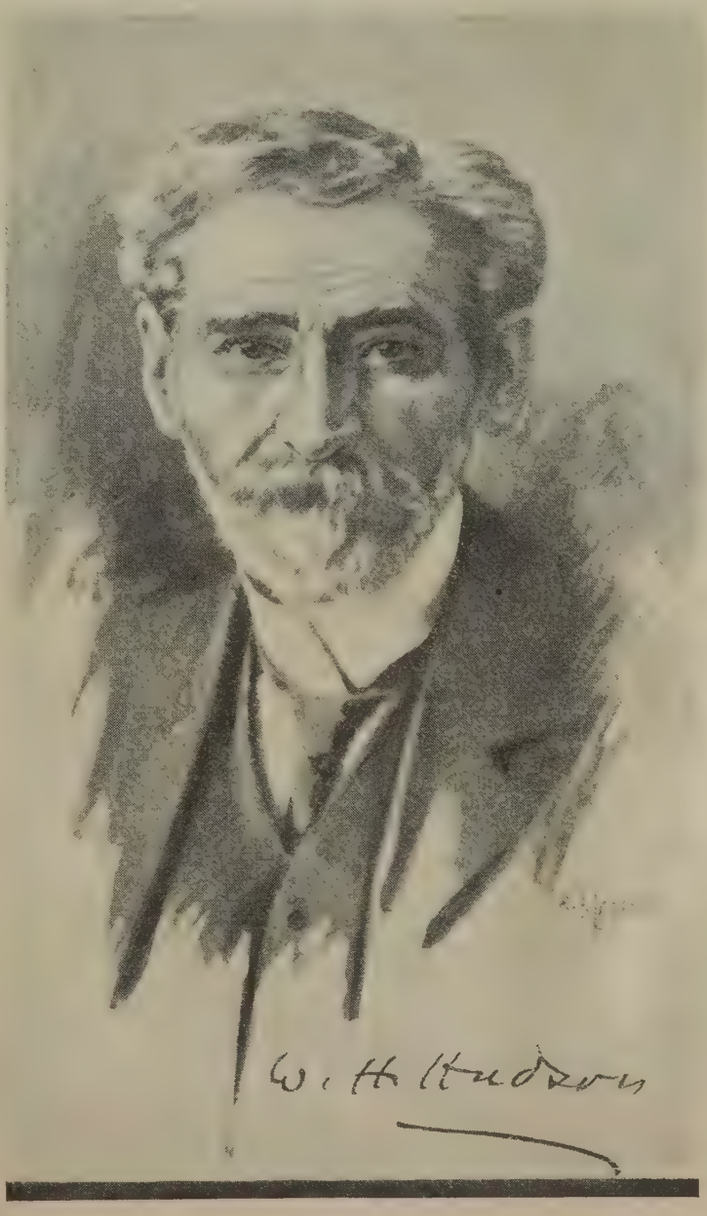
WHEN, after Hudson's death, I looked down upon his face as he lay on his bed in the shadowed room, I saw before me the calm death-mask of a strong chieftain. All the chiseled, wavy lines of his wide brow, the brooding mournfulness and glowing fire of his face had been smoothed out. He was lying like some old chief of the Bronze Age, who, through long years of good and ill, had led his tribe. And now for him only remained the ancient rites, the purging fire, the cairn on the hillside, and the eternity of the stars, the wind, the sun.

Yes, Hudson was a chief among his fellows, but the tribes over whom he threw the mantle of his understanding, of his passionate love, for whom he had spoken and fought all his life, were not human, but the vast tribes of Nature's wild creatures, especially of the bird kingdom, the tribes preyed on, destroyed and extirpated by man.

Yet, tho all wild Nature's life was Hudson's province and his passion, tho he often profest scant interest in the "petty interests" of his fellows, his heart was the most deeply human of all the men I have known.

The very source and center of Hudson's genius was the inner fire of lurking passion, of emotions of love and wrath and tender pity which broke through the crust when he branded men's unfeeling brutality, and were ever flashing to light up his eyes, in his response to beauty, whether of nature or of woman, whether of birds or plants or trees or skies or of the mother earth.

It was this unfailing well-spring of feeling that made Hudson the most fascinating of all companions. I knew and loved him intimately as a friend, and I never remember a moment of tiredness, of dullness, of disappointment in his company. From the well-springs of his mind ever gushed fresh, limpid waters. I never heard him repeat himself in over twenty years. It was because his spirit was so large, so vitally rich, so fresh in its response to Nature and life's drama; because his spirit had renewed itself perennially in the river of Nature's fecundity; because, least of all men, were his sympathies deflected by the clamor and troubles of the self. Of all the writers I have known Hudson was the least concerned with fame or reputation. He had suffered bitterly in years gone by from poverty and isolation in London, and deep in his mind lay the memory of his frustrations when his essays and articles could scarcely earn him a chimney-sweeper's wage.



How many Victorian mediocrities, now in the dust, were then acclaimed to the skies! But when success came, tho his books still earned him little, he remained the least affected by applause. The following passage from one of his letters to me, dated October 11, 1910, is typical of his attitude:

> You said so much in praise of "A Shepherd's Life" I had to wait and get cool before replying. But you are always too generous to me. The reason of it is that you are to some extent under an illusion. A man is so much better than his books!—Take the best thing you have done—don't you feel how little of all the best in you it contains—and that little how poorly exprest? I don't like even to look at a book of mine, after it is finished. I suppose when you know a man intimately and have an affection for him, you get into the way of expecting to find him—something worthy of him—in his book. Hence the illusion. I think Sully explains it all in his book "Illusion." But that's enough about the book.

How like Hudson to deprecate "A Shepherd's Life"! that rich intimate web, so strongly woven, that truthful tapestry of the ways, facts, manners and character of the life of the old-world people of the Wiltshire Downs, a book which he had constructed out of many sojournings and wanderings in Salisbury plain. And yet what Hudson says in his letters is true of himself. Hudson was much fuller and deeper than his books; in each of which, successively, he mirrored fresh features of "the earth life" he loved, fresh sides of himself as naturalist, poet and artist. His fecundity one could not plumb. At our meetings I must have heard from his lips hundreds of little human dramas, moving, racy, arresting, characteristic stories of people he had met or heard of, life stories of the kind of which he has set down charming examples in "Afoot in England." All over the counties of southern England he had traversed he made many friends, chiefly in humble life, and in his letters to me he often regrets in revisiting villages those old friends whose faces had vanished. He made friends easily with anybody he wished. His tall, dark figure, the brusk charm of his talk, his rich, deep voice, magnetic eyes, the spice of mystery in his coming and going, something abrupt and unforeseen in his attitude captivated his listeners. In his last years, when all the relatives and friends of his youth, and even the wild character and fauna and bird life of the pampas had passed away, his spirit seemed to dwell much in sorrowful, tragic episodes and life's frustrations: but even this "rebellious despondency" could

(*Continued on page 77*)

Fiction at the Parting of the Ways

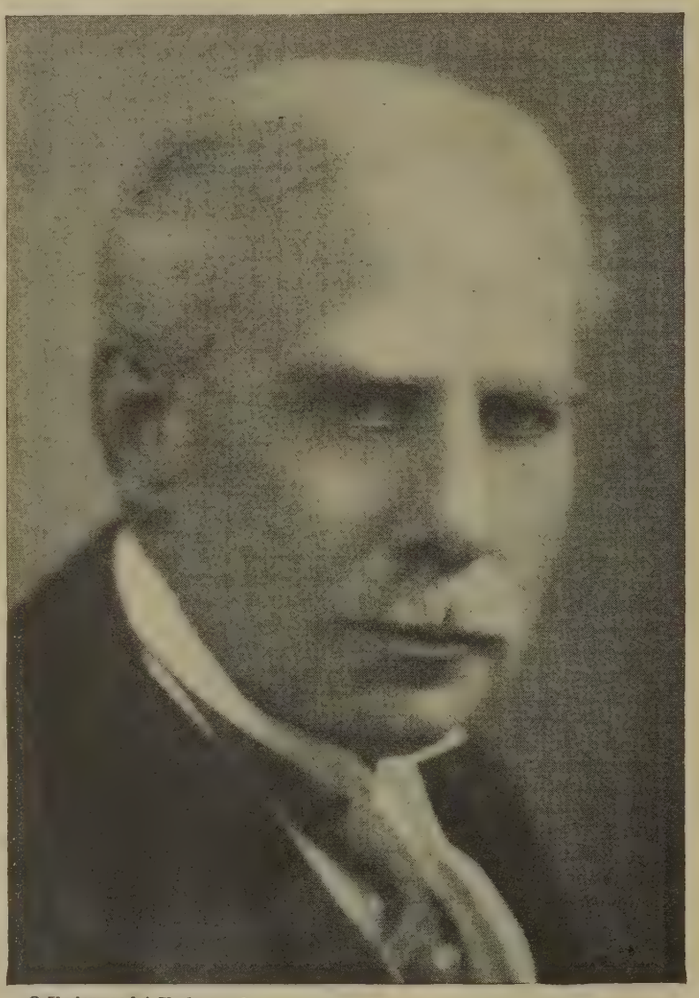
By Irving Bacheller

IT WAS Benjamin Franklin who shifted the main source of human motives from the abdomen to the head. For ages man had been mostly and indecently an abdomen with head and feet and hands to serve it. His belt was a kind of secondary horizon. The human intellect had been like an ill-fed dog in the house of life, not well broken, and asleep most of the time.

When England came under the domination of George the Third and his friends, the dog was kicked out of doors. The kingdom was governed by a number of enlarged and busy abdomens—chiefly those of the House of Bedford. Their intellects were like a dog at the heel, afraid of his master. The dog followed instead of leading the body.

Witness the words of Sir Otto Trevelyan when he speaks of the Bedfords. "They cared not what happened so long as they had three thousand pounds a year each and three thousand bottles of champagne." Witness also what he says of the daily life of Rigby, the eminent parliamentarian.

The American Revolution was a decisive contest between the flesh and the spirit of man as to which should rule the new world. There were the children of the spirit in Europe, and notably in England, but those of the flesh had all the guns and ammunition. Now in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the massive and triumphant human body had been a little careless. Numbers of the children of the spirit had fled from its tyranny. Beyond three thousand miles of sea they built churches and schools, the teaching in which had not been dictated by any crowned abdomen. There these people had prospered and multiplied, and in the course of a hundred and fifty years had grown numerous, rugged and formidable. A good part of them had had to hunt and fight for a living. They were provided with guns and ammunition. They had learned how to make and use them. They were, therefore, to be reckoned with. When the fight began the equatorial zone of the human body was doomed as a center of power and influence. Not soon again was it to force its motives on the world. The Constitution of the United States was said by Mr. Gladstone to be the greatest single product of the human mind. That, we may infer, is because it signalized a new faith in the intellect and spirit of humanity. That faith was warranted. Its fruit the world knows and will not soon forget: the homes of the old East, the pioneer homes of the new West, and the giants who came out of them. I assert with no fear of contradiction that the world had never seen the like of that product in a single century in all its kingdoms. It had paid to trust the intellect and spirit of humanity. Their example was a shining light.



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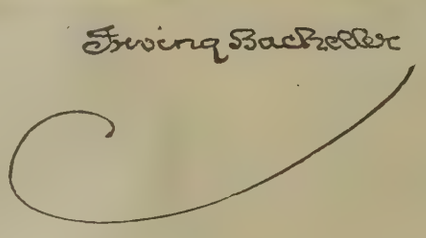

In 1914 the human abdomen, with no motive save that of swinish greed, renewed its effort to dominate the world. The children of the flesh allied with the bloody and unspeakable Turk and his neighbors set out to possess themselves of the territory and property of other peoples. Unser Gott, we now know, was the god of the belly, and the sleeves of his cohorts were soon red to the shoulder with the blood of the helpless. Having failed with sword the worshipers of this pagan deity are now trying to conquer us with a mightier weapon—the pen. His spirit is still abroad. One would think that we had had enough of the god of the belly. But he is, after all, a most interesting and persuasive god. His appeal to youth is almost irresistible. He is the god of the flowing bowl and the tenderloin steak and the terrapin stew. He is the god of passion and luxury and adventure. Some of our young men and women have joined his literary priesthood.

Now Youth is a beautiful thing in its way, but its way is short. Youth is a good companion, but a bad leader. Youth and I had a high time together. I haven't got over it yet. I know him well. He was a foolish fellow. I put him out of the house at last! Now and then he returns and raps at the door. Sometimes I let him in and he sits down by the fire with me and talks in the wise and engaging manner of old. I smile at him now. He knows that I do not take him seriously.

Life with me has been largely a process of getting rid of the wisdom of my youth so as to make room for something better. Life is so with all men, or it is a failure. The first step toward great success is to overcome the conceit of one's youth. The main question about every man is—has he or has he not? If not, he will never get far; and, unfortunately, most men have not. Folly has its uses. There is, for instance, the sorrow of the morning after. A man who has not been a fool at least once is apt to possess no wisdom worth having. That is why youth is a necessary and tolerable institution. But any one who can be a fool without a sense of guilt is placed for life. In his young manhood Mark

(*Continued on page 78*)

Ibáñez and Bernhardt in Paris Bookshops

By Thomas R. Ybarra

Paris, Nov. 5.

PARIS is a great place for the literary browser. He can find anything and everything spread out on those tempting counters—so much more attractive than show-windows—which Parisian booksellers range along the sidewalks outside their shops, right in the path of the passers-by. Only a will of iron can keep you from dawdling in front of those sidewalk book-counters. And you need not deprive yourself of that pleasure even if your pocketbook is without a penny, for the Parisian bookseller doesn't care if you spend hours fingering his sidewalk wares and go away at last without making a purchase.

And the variety of his literary wares! One American visitor to Paris strolled out of his hotel, was ensnared promptly by an alluring sidewalk book-counter, and found himself, a few minutes later, in possession of a new novel by Sarah Bernhardt. He didn't even know that Sarah Bernhardt was a novelist—which is probably just what the owner of the bookshop guessed when he displayed that book temptingly in the path of that American.

PARIS BOOK STALLS ALONG THE SEINE

Thereupon the aforesaid American turned a corner, walked a few blocks, and was brought suddenly to a stop by another book counter, on which he saw the latest novel by Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, "La Tierra de Todos"—in its original Spanish, for the Parisian bookseller knows perfectly well what a crowd of Spaniards and Spanish-Americans throng the streets of his city. So the American bought the book, decided that he had enough literature for the nonce, purchased a copy of a newspaper to learn what was going on in the world, and found, to his amazement, an unpublished story by no less a celebrity than Honoré de Balzac, which had only just been dug out of oblivion by a Parisian booklover. Bernhardt, Blasco Ibáñez, Balzac—all in the course of one aimless stroll covering less than half a mile! Yes, Paris is a great place for the literary browser!

As has been observed, the aforesaid American browser did not even know that Sarah Bernhardt was a novelist. Well, having read her novel, he is firmly convinced that she isn't. It is her second novel, he has been told, but the information has utterly failed to shake his conviction. The great French actress may write novels, yet she remains simply a great actress.

"Joli Sosie," the novel by her which is now displayed temptingly all over Paris, is a very bad novel indeed. It seems impossible that one who can act so superlatively well can write such a superlatively bad book. It depicts a life that is impossible, introduces a lot of characters who are ludicrously unlike real people. Incidentally, the heroine is described as an American, but, if there ever was an American like her in all the length and breadth of America, she has managed to conceal herself so far from everybody except Madame Sarah Bernhardt.

The heroine's name is Elly Gordon-Hope. She is, of course, dreadfully rich. She is so sweetly perfect, so perfectly sweet, that the most sugary novel-writer in the sugariest period of the Victorian era would have scorned to create her. She falls in love with a Frenchman equally perfect and almost equally sweet, who could never have survived a week in the Paris of reality. Why, the timidest "midinette" could have held him up on a crowded boulevard and relieved him of all his valuables by merely shaking her finger at him!

Elly falls in love with this paragon, and, after a succession of chapters which vie with each other in vacuity, eventually marries him. But the reader feels no pity for her nor for her sugary sweetheart. Both deserve fully their fate. They are a dreadful pair, they move in the midst of a dreadful crowd of relatives and friends, and it is a dreadful pity that Sarah Bernhardt ever wrote about them.

Can it be that stage folk are doomed to see a world as unreal as that in which they move when they look across the footlights into the world peopled by their audiences? Maybe. Anyhow, that is the kind of world which Sarah Bernhardt sees, when she closes the stage door behind her and steps into the world of Paris—if "Joli Sosie" is to be taken seriously. Oh, it is a dreadful book! The American browser in Paris laid it down with the conviction that its author would have made a wonderful confectioner.

And oh! what a hymn of thanksgiving he intoned as he dipt deeper and deeper into "La Tierra de Todos."

The latest novel of Blasco Ibáñez also has Paris for the scene of its first chapters. But Paris serves only as a prelude to what is coming. We are introduced to the Marquis Torrebianca, an Italian nobleman, and to Elena, his Russian wife, beautiful and extravagant, thinking only of herself, her pleasures and the means of gratifying them. Into their lives comes Robledo, a Spaniard, an intimate friend of Torrebianca years before, who has made money as an engineer in Patagonia. Soon Elena's extravagance and Torrebianca's weakness and lack of business capacity bring the latter to ruin; in a moment they are swept from the luxurious life of the Parisian idle rich to the depths of poverty.

Torrebianca, in despair, talks of suicide. But Robledo poohpoohs such cowardice. There is something far better, he tells his friend—a new life in a new land, where everybody starts with an equal chance, where there is freedom far away from the worries

(*Continued on page 80*)

Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement

By Norman H. Davis

THE Paris Peace Conference has brought forth many books. Some of these give instructive accounts of how the Conference was organized, how it functioned and how the Treaty was formulated by the various technical commissions. Others deal with some particular aspect of the Treaty, but many of them have been written to satisfy some grouch, advance some pet theory, or show how someone else could have done better.

Mr. Ray Stannard Baker is the first to give a comprehensive survey of the Conference, the difficulties under which it labored, the many problems with which it had to deal, the conflicting national interests and ambitions which had to be composed, and the principles which America sought to apply in the settlements to be effected. This was an ambitious undertaking, but Mr. Baker was equal to the task. In his three volumes entitled "Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement,"* he has been able to lay hold of and to analyze the intangible forces and cross-currents of purpose and interest which were such potent factors in the making of the Treaty of Versailles, and he has produced a work which will be of inestimable value in the future.

Mr. Baker has rendered a valuable service by presenting documentary evidence which should refute many of the misrepresentations and dispel erroneous impressions about what took place at Paris. He also brings to the reader's consideration important questions which remain unsettled and are of concern to America.

A REMARKABLE OFFICIAL PAINTING OF THE SIGNING OF THE VERSAILLES PEACE TREATY, BY MAJOR SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A. EACH FACE IS AN INDIVIDUAL PORTRAIT

The German delegate is portrayed as affixing his signature, while on the opposite side of the table, left to right, are: Gen. Tasker H. Bliss, Col. E. M. House, Henry White, then Secretary of State Robert Lansing, President Wilson, Premier Clemenceau, Premier Lloyd George, Bonar Law and Arthur James Balfour

The United States can not possibly escape responsibility or involvement in matters which are a source of future international conflicts, and the sooner we realize this and can act with a unity of view and purpose, the better it will be for us and for the rest of the world. It is therefore important that we should have accurate information regarding the various problems and principles as to which we shall inevitably be called upon to take action.

Whether or not one agrees with the point of view from which Mr. Baker approaches consideration of the vital problems dealt with at the Conference, and the conclusions which he reaches, it is evident that he has made a most conscientious and scholarly attempt to get at the facts and to present them with impartiality. In a few instances he may have wandered from the record to give his own views about mistakes of omission or commission, but in the main he presents documentary evidence to sustain facts and conclusions which can not be successfully challenged.

Some of Mr. Wilson's most ardent admirers may feel that Mr. Baker has been somewhat critical of him in that he has not given due consideration to all the obstacles with which Mr. Wilson contended. Likewise, some of those whose attitude toward Mr. Wilson is hostile or those who may not believe in the principles which he advocated, may feel that Mr. Baker has not been sufficiently critical. Some may feel that he has been too critical of other individuals. Nevertheless, it can not be denied that this history gives a remarkably clear and accurate description of the various forces and counter-forces at Paris and carries one into the very atmosphere of the

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*WOODROW WILSON AND WORLD SETTLEMENT. By Ray Stannard Baker. 2 vols. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Lloyd George—A Study in Contrasts

By Robert Wilberforce

IT IS a commonplace to say that the war forms a barrier between our pre-war selves and ourselves of to-day, but commonplaces have a way of becoming obscured, and such books as that of Mr. Raymond* have the value of making one realize how great this barrier really is. We have traveled a long way during the last decade, particularly in England, and when we look toward the new country through which we are still destined to travel we find it is obscured by mists, and nothing but the dim outline of distant objects is visible. Everything seems strange and uncertain. That is very much what one feels after reading Mr. Raymond's book. The greatest praise which can be given to him is that he rescues, almost mysteriously, from the past, conjures up and makes live again, the early Lloyd George. He does this by contrasting, even tho unconsciously, the personality of Mr. Lloyd George in pre-war and post-war days. His book is a further revelation of the truth that no person is complete viewed apart from circumstances.

From photograph © Harris & Ewing

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

That such a constructively critical work is produced so near the events which it records is a reflection by no means uncomplimentary to the speed of modern life. It would be impossible, for instance, to imagine a life of William Pitt, while he was still Prime Minister, written with the same analytical detachment. Such an idea would run counter to everything which we know of the eighteenth century. Yet, in the present century, so quickly do we move, so determined are we not only to perform in our own life the actions which go to make up history but also to enjoy the historical judgment of those actions, that we are producing a school of writers endowed with the special quality of judging their contemporaries in the cold light of history. In the present case, altho it is true that none of us will live to know the actual verdict passed by history on Mr. Lloyd George, yet no one who wants to obtain a good, well-proportioned, and at the same time original picture of the man should fail to read this book. It is not the sort of book which is produced every day. The author will probably be accused of too critical a tone, but this is a fault on the right side. There is a humorous cynicism of tone which may detract from the value of some of the judgments. Motives are, moreover, freely imputed, effects are dogmatically assigned to causes. In short, means are employed when necessary to give complete, well-rounded pictures, but these means are not obvious and their skill rather adds than otherwise to the charm of the style. The book, besides its value as an original work, is a most useful commentary upon much contemporary biography.

The early struggles of great men always have their romantic side, and the reader of this biography will find enough romance in the early chapters. The more general interest of the book begins with Mr. Lloyd George as Chancellor of the Exchequer, waging his fight for what was known at the time as the People's Budget. That most criticized measure was the pinnacle of his success as a Peace Minister, just as unity of command was later to become the pinnacle of his success as War Minister. In both cases Mr. Raymond shows that the indomitable determination of the man was the chief reason for his success. In both, different as the circumstances were, we feel instinctively the value of that early training, that personal struggle against adverse circumstances which has been the strongest element in the formation of Mr. Lloyd George's character. He has certainly never lacked courage, tho his loyalties may have sometimes been short-lived. In fact, courage in the greatest discouragement, optimism in face of imminent failure, almost produce the self-hypnotism that he alone can carry a thing through to a successful conclusion. We must not fail to allow for this characteristic in considering the quarrel with Mr. Asquith. Opinions will differ as to how conscious Mr. Lloyd George may have been of disloyalty. Mr. Raymond in discussing the matter seems to think that he was never particularly eager to succeed Mr. Asquith as Prime Minister so long as he could otherwise obtain the substance of power. It is a question not easy to answer, but there is no doubt that Mr. Lloyd George was sincerely convinced, with a conviction which came very near to an inspiration,

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*Mr. Lloyd George. By E. T. Raymond. New York: George H. Doran Co.

The Problem of Sense and Censorship

By George MacAdam

A NEW word has been coined — nonsenseorship. It made its first public appearance as the title of a recent volume.* It may be defined as follows: The nonsensical attempt on the part of the censorious, to suppress whatever they, the censorious, think is bad.

The editor of this book has written an introduction. In the

HEYWOOD BROUN FINDS AMERICA SUFFERING FROM A DEARTH OF FOLLY

first paragraph of it, we are given to understand that this pernicious nosiness, known as nonsenseorship, affects both liquor and literature, producing "bootliquor" and the "booklegger." He goes on to tell us that invitations were extended to "a group of not-too-serious thinkers to set down their views regarding nonsenseorships in general and any pet prohibitions in particular." The volume is optimistically described as "a levititious literary escapade."

As a matter of fact, tho there is considerable evidence that light humor has been striven after, very little has been achieved. A few exceptions must be noted. The poem, "Owed to Volstead," contributed by Wallace Irwin, is genuinely amusing; so also are the verses by George S. Chappell, and "Reformers: A Hymn of Hate" by Dorothy Parker. Frank Swinnerton has something to say on prohibition, and he says it entertainingly. This, perhaps, is also true of Alexander Woollcott, whose topic is decency and the stage.

Taken as a whole, the book's interest lies in the fact that it gives us a slant on the character of thought that thus far has been the main influence in shaping public opinion on a matter of grave importance. This is the question as to whether or not writers and publishers are to be allowed to exploit pruriency.

As yet, the thinking public has not faced this question with clear vision. Let there be an effort to stop the sale of any book and immediately the cry of "Censorship" is raised. In a country that values free speech and a free press, there is and always has been a very proper repugnance to any form of censorship. Just at the present time this feeling of repugnance is particularly strong because of the rather wide-spread antipathy to prohibition. Censorship and prohibition are regarded as alike in essence—both "forms of suppression," both born of the same spirit of intolerant interdiction. And so the cry of "Censorship" has acted as a smoke screen, obscuring the real facts.

Let us begin by seeing what sort of picture is drawn of the censor.

A censor . . . believes that he can hold back the mighty traffic of life with a tin whistle and a raised right hand.—HEYWOOD BROUN.

FREDERICK O'BRIEN FINDS THE SOUTH SEAS PURIFIED AND BEAUTIFIED BY THE MISSIONARIES

* NONSENSEORSHIP: Sundry Observations Concerning Prohibition, Inhibitions and Illegalities. By Heywood Broun, George Chappell, Wallace Irwin, Ruth Hale, Ben Hecht, Helen Bullitt Lowry, Dorothy Parker, Frederick O'Brien, and others. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE PERISCOPE OF THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRRORS OF WASHINGTON IS TURNED TOWARD THE GREAT NEGATIVE ORACLE

They (the censors) are the custodians of the public morals, meaning the protectors of the huge trick mirror out of which the complexes, neurasthenias, and morbid fears of the public stare back at it in the guise of Virtue, Honor, Decency and Love.—BEN HECHT

All the energies of the censorship are bent toward the prohibition of thought. . . . The net result then is that we are fast abandoning any attempt to think for ourselves.—ROBERT KEABLE.

A mighty figure, this censor that is pictured in "Nonsenseorship," and Broun, Hecht, Keable, et al, would be doughty warriors for the public weal were they not doing battle with a figment of their imagination. For apply the acid of fact to the mighty figure and it shrivels down to one John S. Sumner, the man who succeeded Anthony Comstock as Executive Secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. There is only one other active organization of this kind in the country, the Watch and Ward Society of Boston. Moreover, almost 80 per cent. of the published matter circulated in the nation has its source in New York. Sumner is the man that tries to sit on the lid. He is the man at whom our "young intellectuals" aim their shafts, occasionally mentioning either him or his society by name as they make their jabs at censorship.

In a recent conversation Mr. Sumner told me: "Out of 524 cases prosecuted in the past four years, only 14 had to do with book publications and therein only 8 separate books were involved." It may be that I am old and my brain is soggy and I don't appreciate literature, particularly present-day literature, at its true value; but I must confess that Mr. Sumner's activity does not look like a very vicious attempt "to hold back the mighty traffic of life," the way Mr. Broun describes it.

Let us go a little further in the matter of these "eight separate books." In only two cases did Mr. Sumner secure convictions that held; in one case the publisher compromised by extracting a number of pages; and in the five remaining cases the decision went against Mr. Sumner.

And this brings us down to the hard, cold fact that the executive secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice is in no wise a censor. A censor has the power to judge and to prohibit or suppress publication. Mr. Sumner neither has nor does he attempt to exercise such power. There is a law forbidding the publication or sale of obscene matter. It is this law that Mr. Sumner invokes, and he invokes it just as any other citizen has the right to invoke it. If he finds obscene pictures or other articles of whose illegality there can be no question, he usually acts summarily, exercising the same power of arrest that every citizen has. If Mr. Sumner finds a book that impresses him as being obscene, he submits it to a City Magistrate or to a Grand Jury, and that Magistrate or Jury decides if the law has been violated and a warrant shall be issued or an indictment found. Trial is had either in Special Sessions before three judges, or in General Sessions before a judge and jury. The only real book censorship is exercised by the duly constituted legal authorities, and the only test is whether the law has been violated.

The suppression (temporary, it so happens) of a certain book, brought down upon Mr. Sumner's head an assorted lot of wrath and ridicule. It is interesting to learn just what happened in this case. The book was called to his attention by a paragraph in one of the leading New York newspapers, the paragrapher saying that the author of the book was "getting away with murder." Mr. Sumner read the book and agreed with the paragrapher. Selected portions were read to the Grand Jury, and these twenty-three men, representing various walks of life, concluded that the book was not fit for publication and indicted the publisher. This was the only act of censorship so far as this book was concerned,

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ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT RESCUING THE PLAYWRIGHT FROM THE AWFUL SHEARS OF THE CENSOR

Popular Science from Unfamiliar Sources

By Vilhjalmur Stefansson

THE object of this article is to call attention to a few books of a class that is worthy of much attention and is getting almost none, because the publishers of these books (like Bobs in Kipling's poem) do not advertise. That they do not may be admirable, but it is also unfortunate.

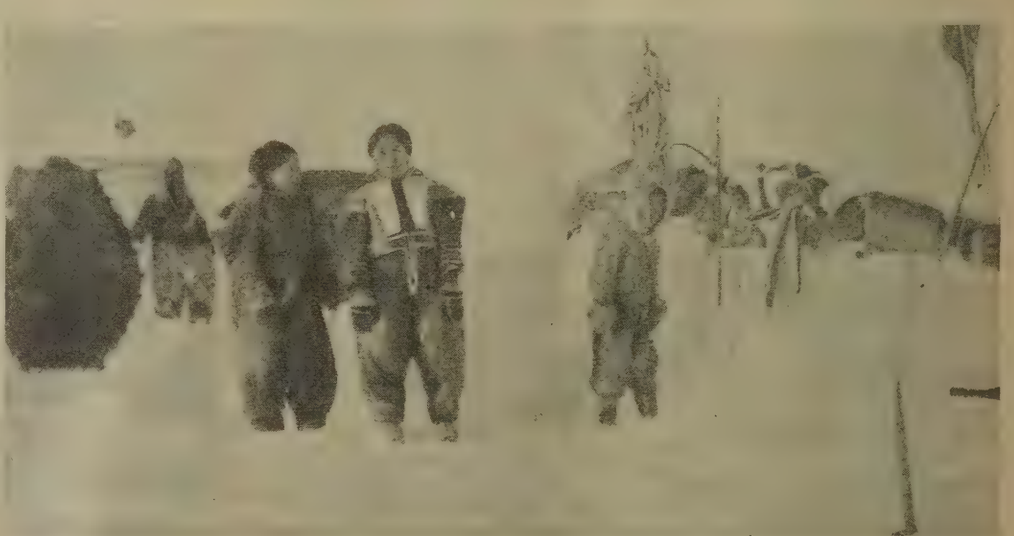
When Agassiz and his co-workers some decades ago first proposed the ice-age key to those of their contemporaries who delighted in exploring every recess of the past, they met the skepticism of the orthodox. In the nature of the case it is bound to to be true that the weight of contemporary authority is in favor of any view that is being challenged. A new view can have nothing in its favor except the facts. When fact after fact insisted on turning up to confute the authorities, it was gradually accepted that the traces of past glaciations threw much light on the—geologically speaking—recent development of our earth. At first most of the light reflected from the various ice ages was thrown upon the history of plants and that of the so-called lower animals, as well as upon the careers and tragedies of lakes and rivers that had been born through one movement of the ice and obscured or obliterated by another. Because of the profound bias of religious chronologies, we were not at first inclined to expect that human history would profit greatly by the new knowledge, for all human history was assumed to have been subsequent to even the most recent glaciation. Then gradually the evidence began to accumulate that man's past had extended back to the "last ice age" and then back of several of the others. With an entirely explicable curiosity about ourselves, even laymen began to be interested in the relation of the ice periods to human history.

WAITING FOR THE BREAKFAST CALL—MOORE ISLANDS

When graceful carvings of extinct mammals were found in ancient caves, and the bones and handiwork of man in the river gravels, we began to dispute about their antiquity. All such opinions have been frankly estimates, dealing in round numbers with thousands or tens of thousands of years. To most people it has not occurred that any time could be dated to the year, if it lay farther back than the invention of writing. Certainly it was thought that exactness of chronology would never extend beyond the devising of the earliest human calendars.

But recently a chronology accurate to the year, tho independent of human calendars or records, has been found in the rings that are produced annually (or at some other regular intervals) in the growth of trees. With a cross-cut saw we can make a section of a redwood in California and stick pins into the rings which developed during the years of Thermopylæ, Hastings and Waterloo. It is generally agreed that these trees give us a chronology reaching back three thousand years. Thus much has been done by the botanists and the climatologists, of whom A. E. Douglass is one of the most eminent. More recently the geologists have been accomplishing like results by the study of annual layers of clay deposits in beds of fresh water.

Among the many scholarly productions of the American Geographical Society of New York there has appeared a book of outstanding importance, "The Recession of the Last Ice Sheet from New England," which presents a new and very remarkable method of study. We are all familiar with the statement that some round numbers of thousands of years ago the great ice sheet retreated from the region that it had so long occupied. Very few people realize upon what such a statement rests. In fact, not a few shrewd laymen believe that estimates of age dealing with an event so remote as the ice sheet represent merely the solemn guesses of the wiseacres. As a matter of fact, they have not been guesses, but estimates. It is known that the gorge of Niagara Falls was cut since the retreat of the ice. By observing



DRYING SKINS IN SPRING

[1] THE RECESSION OF THE LAST ICE SHEET FROM NEW ENGLAND. By Ernst Antevs. American Geographical Society, New York, 1922.

the present rate of the cutting and dividing it into the length of the gorge, we arrive at a figure in the neighborhood of twenty-five thousand years. Naturally, this presupposes that the rate

COPPER ESKIMOS OF CORONATION GULF

of cutting was uniform throughout; or, if not uniform, that one can take into account the forces that may have slowed down the cutting or hastened it.

A good many years ago Baron de Geer, of the University of Stockholm, developed the idea that the tiny layers of clay deposited in fresh water near the front of the ice when it lay over the country each represented a single year. It would take too long to tell how he finally proved this case. It is enough to say that his studies were extended over so wide an area and were so refined in method that he was eventually able to draw lines on the Scandinavian Peninsula to show in what position the ice stood five thousand, eight thousand, and thirteen thousand years ago.

A brilliant student of this subject in the University of Stockholm was an assistant of Baron de Geer named Ernst Antevs. He came to this country in 1921 and began to study the clay deposits of the Connecticut and Hudson valleys. In the book just cited Dr. Antevs gives us a map on which are shown the positions of the ice front for four thousand years, the length of time it took for the ice to retreat from Hartford, Conn., to St. Johnsbury, Vt. From one clay pit to another Dr. Antevs was able to carry the line of his measurements and to locate without a break the entire series of yearly changes which the ice front underwent in its great battle with the climatic forces opposed to it. In the preface to the volume by Professor Goldthwait of Dartmouth College we are told that:

> Dr. Antevs' study of the recession of the last ice sheet from New England is something new and significant. The student will discover in this study an amazing array of conclusions. . . . An investigation so precise in method and execution and so suggestive will give fresh impulse to our studies of Pleistocene glaciation. There is scarcely a problem of the history of this curious and interesting period that Dr. Antevs' work does not touch.

Dr. Antevs' application of Baron de Geer's methods has taken the question of the rate of the retreat of the ice out of the realm of theory, estimates and guesses, into the realm of determined fact. Most important of all, it has given us a sure foothold on which further investigations can be conducted northward to the very heart of the region (perhaps in Labrador) whence emanated the ice in ages long since closed. When that study is completed it may be possible to connect the waning stages of ice retreat with the annual rings produced in the earliest periods of growth of the big trees of California, which, as we have said, reach backward in unbroken sequence from our day some three thousand years.[2]

If once we can connect the clay layers that give us the chronology of the retreat of the "Ice Age" with the growth of rings that

COPPER ESKIMO WOMAN SEWING

tell the age of the California redwoods (and it is likely to be done), we shall have "tied up" geological and historic time. Prehistoric events can then be dated more exactly to the nearest year than we can now date them to the nearest thousand years. Within a decade or two from now we may become able to date the skeleton of some stone-age ancestor of ours as accurately as the mummy of an Egyptian Pharaoh. Such facts are likely in the near future to become material for another Wells (or possibly our own H. G.) with which he can build up a best-seller history of the infancy and adolescence of our race. Meantime those of us who like to be forehanded need not wait for a popularizer such as

YOUNG OVIBUS (MUSKOXEN) IN NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

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[2] CLIMATIC CYCLES AND TREE-GROWTH: A Study of the Annual Rings of Trees in Relation to Climate and Solar Activity. By A. E. Douglass. Carnegie Institution, Washington, D. C., 1919.

Diverse Moods in Current Poetry

By Lloyd Morris

ONE cannot read widely in contemporary poetry without being imprest by its vitality, without feeling that into the perpetual quest for beauty the poet of to-day is putting a somewhat extraordinary energy and eagerness. At its worst, much recent poetry seems to reduce to energy and eagerness, and very little else, the expression of a wistful desire unschooled by discipline but none the less naïvely courageous. At its best that enthusiasm has enlivened the practise of the art by making it, if less austere, at least more spontaneous.

The group of volumes under review reveals some of the more notable effects of that energy, as it also serves to discover how various are the moods in which it quickens to incandescence. This diversity of mood is perhaps the most significant quality which contemporary poetry offers to an optimistic hope for a period of fresh and enduring creativeness in the art. Such periods have their origin in profound mutations of thought and feeling, and surely the fact that thought and feeling are finding new channels of expression must, in the long run, prove advantageous.

THE WIND BLOWETH
By Donn Byrne. (*Century.*)

Mr. Erskine's "Collected Poems"[1] brings together much of the best of his work during the past fifteen years. It is, for many reasons, an important book; it reveals an art strongly entrenched in experience but none the less nobly imaginative. If one were asked what Mr. Erskine's art presaged in our poetry, the question from one point of view could be readily answered by saying that it indicates a cleavage with the romantic tradition that experience is wholly a private and individual matter and that life is, for each of us, a fresh discovery, a new and unique variation of a familiar theme. It indicates a return to the sane conviction of the Greeks that the material of art is to be found in what is common and enduring in the experience of men, and to the notion that the importance of individual life is its illustration of human fortunes and destiny in the largest sense. Such an art would deal by preference with the eternal things of life rather than its casual accidents, it would neither despise the body nor humiliate the spirit, it would be profoundly integrated in those primary emotions which unify life. It is art of this kind which distinguishes Mr. Erskine's poetry.

He began, one can see from "Actaeon," as a lover of beauty; and so recent a poem as "Achilles and the Maiden," a sequence of pictures of physical loveliness, testifies both to its perpetual charm for him and his own capacity to interpret it. To many readers, quite probably, "Achilles and the Maiden," because it is purely a picture of beauty loved and exquisitely set down for its own sake, will seem one of the finest things in Mr. Erskine's volume. The poem begins with the appeals of the Greeks to Achilles to leave his tent and join the battle; it proceeds to the meeting of Achilles and Penthesileia and their duel. Here is Achilles' sight of the maiden:

> And he casually marked against the grove
> Of slender cypress that behind her rose
> Her helmet crested, her corselet glittering,
> Her belted sword, the two spears in her hand,
> Twin javelins, light as a hunter's dart,
> All gleaming against the shadowy green.
> Illusive radiance on that vivid form—
> Smoothness to sight and touch, the enchanted sheen
> Of jade or porphyry—the gold sunbeams threw;
> Caught from this world she seemed and wrought in art,
> Cut marble or ivory cameo.

The poem continues with the death of the maiden by Achilles' spear, and his vision of the beauty of her face and body as she lies in death. Then, having given us a picture of ideal loveliness, the poet must bring us back to actuality: he does so by showing us Achilles' return to his tent:

> He that had killed her, found it ill to leave
> The fragile danger he had laid in dust;
> Not well to stay, but hard to turn at last
> To thread his journey through the evening camp,
> Through cheerful noises around supper-fires,
> Through laughter of soldiers at their lucky day,
> With joke and ribald song. He heard one say
> How he would use his safety after war—
> What sort of woman, and what kind of wine.

After the sequence of ascending revelations of beauty the effect of the closing picture is one of irony; the contrast of actuality and the dream. And it is this capacity for irony, itself a mode of the contemporary spirit, which differentiates Mr. Erskine's later from his earlier poems.

His art is responsive to other things than beauty, although it is through beauty that it chiefly moves us. A poet who would interpret experience completely cannot wholly neglect its intel-

(*Continued on page 88*)

[1] COLLECTED POEMS. By John Erskine. Duffield and Co.

W. D. Howells, Novelist and Literary Artist

By Brander Matthews

MR. COOKE'S study of William Dean Howells is a good book; and it is welcome, since its subject has not hitherto received adequate consideration. It is exactly what its title-page declares it to be.* It is not a biography—that remains to be written with the aid of the ample material Howells himself provided, and from his letters, which are now being collected and selected by his daughter. It is not a eulogy; it is a criticism, sympathetic and yet frank, naught extenuating and naught setting down in malice. It is, in fact, the kind of book which Howells himself would have been glad to read—and perhaps even to review. Of course he might not have agreed with all the opinions exprest by his critic; but he would have appreciated the courtesy with which they are here exprest. He could not but recognize that an honest effort to evaluate his work as a whole would not fail to assist in the restoration of his reputation as a novelist to the high position which it had attained thirty years before his death and from which it unaccountably declined in the last years of his life.

It is a lamentable fact that Howells survived his popularity. His public fell away from him; his later stories were not waited for as eagerly as we had awaited the successive instalments of the "Rise of Silas Lapham," of "A Modern Instance," and of the "Hazard of New Fortunes." The complete edition of his works was abandoned after six volumes had been published. The studies of contemporary novelists contributed to the North American Review have not yet been gathered into a volume. His old admirers were dying off, and the younger generation was making its own idols in its own image. No doubt Howells saw this—his eyes were always clear; and quite possibly what he saw cast a shadow over the declining days of his full and ample life, rich in varied achievement and for a while at least rich in the appreciation of all true lovers of literature. He had to the end the high regard of his own generation, the contemporaries who knew him best and who knew how benignant he was and how gracious. Those who have scorned him of late, and even insulted him, never came within the influence of his winsome and wholesome personality.

© Van der Wyde, New York

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

But it is not the man to whom Mr. Cooke has devoted this study, it is the writer, the literary artist, the adroit craftsman in fiction, the militant critic, the hesitating poet, the engaging fellow-traveler. For his purpose Mr. Cooke's volume is excellently organized. He has devoted his opening chapter to Howells "the Man"; and in successive chapters he deals with Howells's "Conception of Criticism"; with his "Ideals of Literature"; with his "Literary Method"; with his "Poetry and Travels" (somewhat incongruously conjoined); and finally with his fiction under two heads, "Transcripts of Life" and "Studies in Ethics." There is a useful bibliography and an adequate index. This is the satisfactory plan of Mr. Cooke's book, and the execution is—in the main—equally satisfactory.

When I began to read this study I marked the opening paragraph for quotation; and I wonder now whether I should not have been better advised if I had used this paragraph to open my review. Since I was led astray, I can not do better than to transcribe here the carefully considered sentences which reveal once for all the spirit of Mr. Cooke's undertaking:

> Criticism has been reluctant to associate with William Dean Howells those human qualities he most prized or to identify the informing spirit of his art with the spirit of democratic living upon which he was most insistent. He will presently be established in the critical consciousness as a literary leader, as a social historian, and as an unrivaled technician. In the mind of the student of letters, he will emerge from the great artistic evolution that was consciously forming in the world literature of his time—the realistic movement, as we loosely style it—the most conspicuous figure on this side of the Atlantic. Many of less exclusive interests will look to him with astonishment at the accuracy of his methods and at the length and singleness of his devotion, as an indispensable recorder of the national life. And his perfection in all that relates to literary handling ought to become a still more compelling source of refreshment and renewal to the fellows of his craft. But these valuations of his worth all point to a writer of yesterday. In one way or another they commit him to the shadows of literary history, while all that he valued in literature was an essence that is timeless. He was content to rest his title to immortality on qualities of spirit that were to Chaucer and to Cervantes.

That is a succinct and exact statement of the thesis of this book; and it was high time that some one, speaking with the authority conferred by culture and by conviction, should proclaim the elevated position which Howells is certain to hold in any evaluation of the American literature of the past half-century. As I have already said, Mr. Cooke is not an enthusiastic eulogist but a conscientious critic, noting one by one the casual defects of Howells's qualities and the occasional inconsistencies of his successive attitudes. And it is because Mr. Cooke is as keen-eyed as he is open-minded that this study of the work and of all the works of a great artist in letters is likely to hasten the day when the abiding value of Howells's contribution shall be more widely recognized and more solidly supported.

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*WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS: A Critical Study. By Delmar Gross Cooke. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 279 pp. $3.

It was my good fortune to follow Howells's development as a novelist book by book, from the lightly limned characters of "Suburban Sketches" and the travel fiction of "Their Wedding Journey"—a timid adventure into story-telling, but none the less charming—to the robust and assured construction of "Silas Lapham" and the "Hazard of New Fortunes," the two pillars on which Howells might rest his claims to a place beside the great novelists of our language. Perhaps I should set beside these two piercing interpretations of American life and character two other and later stories, the "Landlord at Lion's Head" and the "Son of Royal Langbrith," which the author himself cherished above the earlier novels.

MR. HOWELLS IN HIS HOME

From out the mass and welter of Howells's books, outnumbering even those of Anthony Trollope, Time will make its unerring selection. It may choose the four I have just named, a quadrilateral within which his fame could defend itself, or it may refuse to preserve more than three or two or even one. Defoe is now known by a single masterpiece; and Defoe was even more prolific than Trollope, having left us half a dozen stories only inferior to the immortal "Robinson Crusoe." No doubt Time will have no easy task in making its choice, since the average of Howells's work is unfailingly high. He never "scamped his work"; he did his best always; he had the gift of spontaneous creation of accusable characters; and his style is ever the delight and the despair of his fellow-craftsmen. No author of our time is easier to read. His style is as pellucid as Hawthorne's and as individual as Thackeray's. It has effortless ease; and it never calls attention to itself.

But Mark Twain has said with his customary precision and with his customary emphasis all that needs to be said about Howells as a stylist, as a master of English, as a weaver of verbal patterns. Mr. Cooke does not accept Mark's praise, or, to be more exact, he does not accept it unreservedly. And, altho I have rarely found myself in disagreement with Mr. Cooke, I can not accept his reservations. He thinks that Howells "can not be held up to the highest standard of artistry"—and he seems to think that this highest standard of artistry is attained by Walter Pater, whose style is sophisticated and self-conscious. Mr. Cooke says that Howells's "staggering output is sufficient warrant that he did not conceive art as a long patience"; and he thereby seems to imply that the greatest writers have conceived art as a long patience. But when we recall the staggering output of Sophocles and Shakespeare and Molière we can not help seeing that in their eyes and with their native endowment art did not demand the long patience imposed on Pater and Flaubert by their lack of affluence and spontaneity.

Mr. Cooke dismisses as mistakes Howells's two attempts at drama—"Out of the Question," written for the stage but, so far as I know, never produced, and "A Counterfeit Presentment," acted intermittently for a season or two by Lawrence Barrett. It was for Barrett that both plays had been conceived; and their vicissitudes supplied the suggestion for the later novel, the "Story of a Play," one of the best of theatrical tales, revealing a tolerant understanding of the caprices of the histrionic temperament. It was for Barrett again that Howells prepared "Yorick's Love," an adaptation of "Un Drama Nuevo" by Estebañez—a striking play which Coquelin had intended to produce in Paris and which would well bear resuscitation to-day. Mr. Cooke fails to mention the "American Claimant," written in collaboration with Mark Twain and acted ingloriously for a few disappointing weeks. Mr. Cooke also omits the adroit dramatization of "A Foregone Conclusion," which Howells made at the request of A. M. Palmer, and which was well received, partly because of the superb interpretation of the priest by Alexander Salvini.

For the score of comediettas which began with "A Parlor Car," in 1876, and which ended with "Parting Friends," in 1911, Mr. Cooke has nothing but praise, more cordial perhaps than any to be found elsewhere in his pages. And this praise is deserved, for there are half a dozen of these "farces" (as Howells overmodestly termed them) which are little masterpieces of the most delicate comedy. Mr. Cooke likens them to the delicious artificialities of Marivaux, but I should prefer to set them by the side of the best of Meilhac and Halévy's lively miniatures of Parisian manners; they would withstand the comparison triumphantly. Yet I have noted with surprize that they have been neglected by the recent editors of the frequent collections of one-act plays. Their time will come; and the Little Theaters, so prevalent nowadays and so sporadic, may presently find their profit in reviving these effervescent ebullitions of Howells's humor, essentially American and yet fundamentally cosmopolitan. Mr. Cooke does well to cite the commendation evoked from Mr. George Bernard Shaw when one of them was brought out in London.

With one more quotation I must leave this admirable study of an author whom I have admired from my youth up and whose friendship I enjoyed for two-score years. I take the passage I am about to copy out from Mr. Cooke's illuminating comparison of Howells with Henry James:

"Henry James had not and never acquired a humanity capable of inspiring in him an affection for the commonplace. He and his father before him were exiles in their native land, precisely because it was crude and common. Howells and his father before him were firmly rooted, making the crudeness and commonness gladly their portion because it was alive, human and real. Howells felt the spell of the Old World, just as did James, but it never had the effect of making the New World in his eyes flat and profitless. . . . His early environment was wholly fortunate since it was supplemented by cosmopolitan experience, in reinforcing an inherited temperament which made for an estimate of modern life comparatively free from illusion." (pp. 153-4.)

The Season's Books as Christmas Gifts

By Hildegarde Hawthorne

THIS article is for people who want to give away books, and want to know a little about the books they give. Mention of each must be brief; I can but hope that it will be illuminating enough to serve the holiday needs of book-lovers.

Since travel is dear to most, I will start by traveling. There is a wonderful opportunity to go "Through Spain and Portugal," with Ernest Peixotto (Scribner). Merely to turn these pages, where the pictures and the text are both by the same hand, is to step into enchantment. People and places live for you, the colorful life floods the very room where you sit, the beautiful book is a spell and has you bewitched.

More magic lies in "Atolls of the Sun," Frederick O'Brien's latest treasure-trove from the South Seas. The Dangerous Archipelago is the alluring locality where he lived and from which he writes these pages. We meet here again old friends, like Exploding Eggs and Mahupi. But Mahupi is dead. And Père Siméon, Stevenson's friend, is here. And there is a chapter on Gauguin. (Century.)

"Old Morocco," by C. E. Andrews (Doran), is another curiously fascinating travel book telling of an expedition into the ancient capital of that country and on through the Atlas Mountains. It is the personal note struck in these books, the vivid life of the natives that is flung into the text, the movement and the enthusiasm of the authors that makes them so good, so romantic. They are truly the best of reading. In the same category comes D. H. Lawrence's "Sardinia and the Sea," with its astonishingly successful pictures in color by Jan Juta. Mr. Lawrence might prove a difficult travel companion, but he is a most amusing and awakening recorder of travels. The book came out last year, too late for Christmas, and is being offered again now, as a very special gift book. (Seltzer.)

"From Berlin to Bagdad" is the posthumous book of travel by that great writer on South America, Dr. J. A. Zahm. It is more than a travel book. It recreates the Near East, it tells its history, it throbs with life. The work of a savant, it is yet the most humanly thrilling and readable of volumes. (Appleton.)

Nearer afield are two American travelers' tales. "Seeing the Eastern Shore," by John T. Faris, who is well known for this type of book, will please your eastern and western friends alike. It takes you from Maine to Pennsylvania, and a beautiful way it is. "Delaware and the Eastern Shore," by Edward Noble Vallandigham, is more of a historic study, an anecdotal tale full of description, by a man who knows and loves the peninsula intimately. A fascinating book. (Both Lippincott, each $5.)

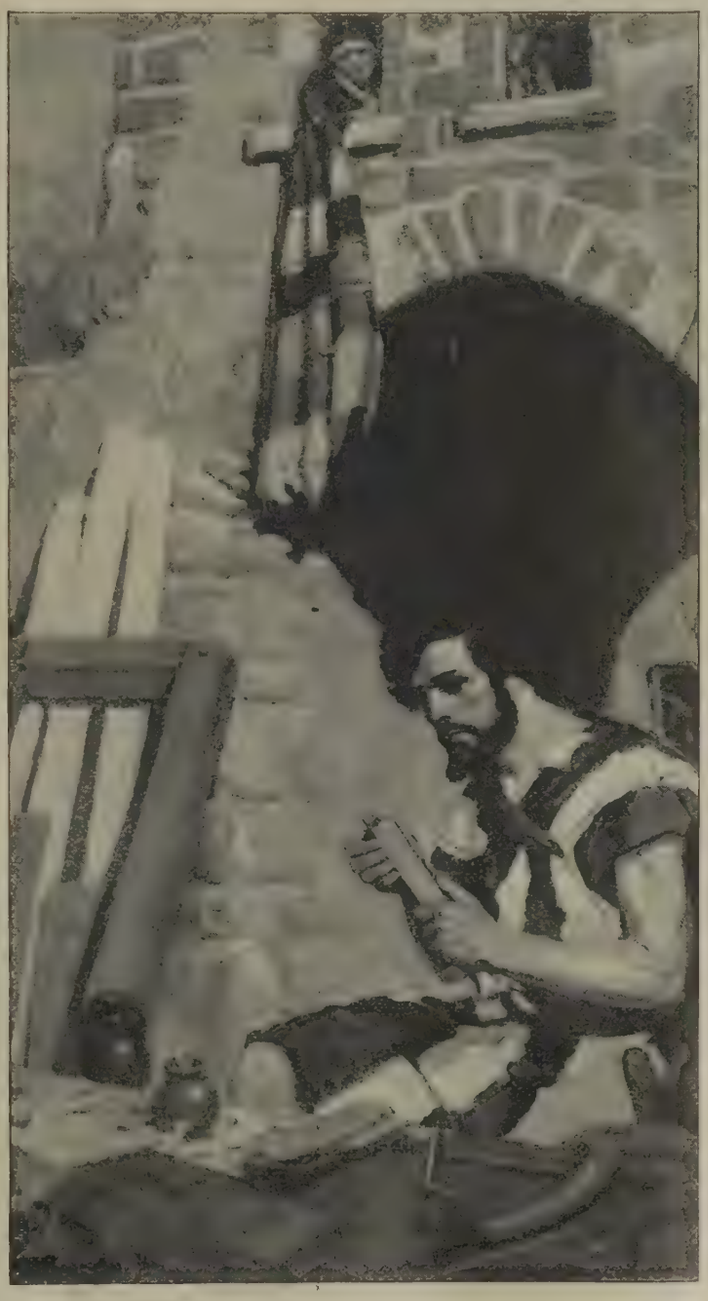


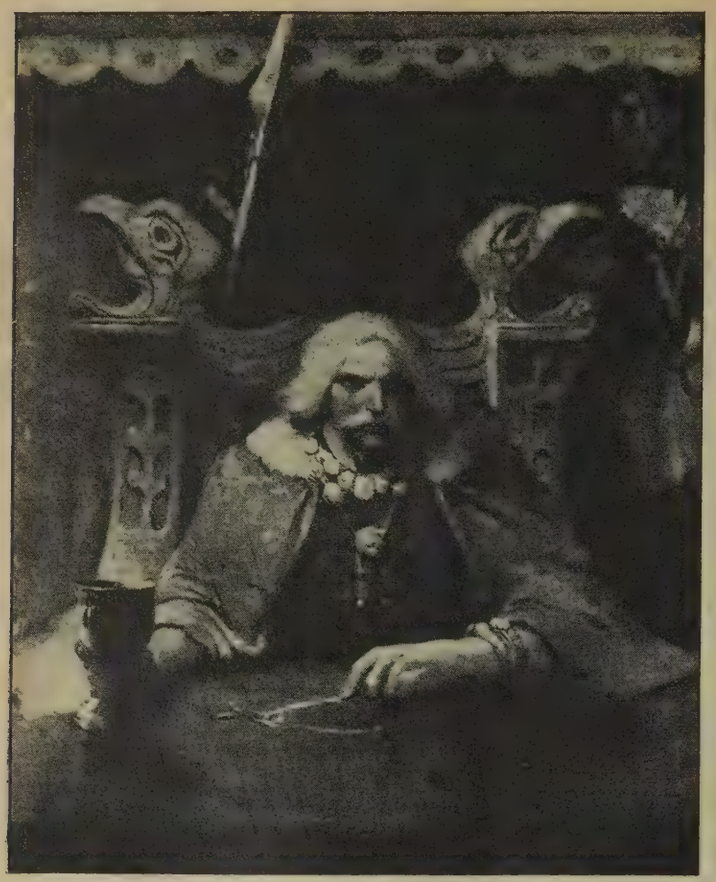
ILLUSTRATION BY REMINGTON SCHUYLER

From "Jesus of Nazareth," by John Mark (Appleton)

In a similar vein is "The Book of Washington," by Robert Shackelton (Penn Pub. Co.), where the city is not only thoroughly described, but where story, legend, history and personal anecdote give color and life as well as value to the volume. It may be added that the illustrations in all these books are an important part of their attractive make-up.

After countries and cities, men and women. "My Life," by Emma Calvé (Appleton), is an autobiography not to be missed by music-lovers, life-lovers, lovers of spirit and fancy and adventure. A great tale told by a great Diva with the same originality and individuality with which she sings and acts. No pausing for tiresome explanations, just the thing itself. Another musicians' book is William Armstrong's "The Romantic World of Music." (Dutton.) The author writes from a lifetime of intimate contact and friendship with all the great singers of two generations, and he does it with feeling, humor and verity. Then there is the "Enrico Caruso," which his brother has called the *only* book about the great tenor (Little, Brown), written by Pierre V. Key. A life indeed that reads like a romance, a magic tale of wonderful success, of hardest work, of great friendships, of fun and love and beauty and ambition. Still connected with the world of music is "The Letters of James Gibbons Huneker," collected and edited by Mrs. Huneker. This is perhaps the most delightful of all the Huneker books, for it holds so much of him, and so much of the whole literary and art life of his generation and ours. Needless to say that these books are all full of fine pictures.

Two books that will interest lovers of the theater are John Drew's "My Years on Stage" (Dutton) and "The Print of My Remembrance," by Augustus Thomas, a fat volume of recollections of everything and every one (Scribner, $4.00). Drew has been close to the stage all his life, and tells of its people and its incidents from an inside observation of fifty years, and with that grace, that humor, that finish which have long since made him



FROM "IVANHOE"

Illustration by Frank E. Schoonover (Harper)

one of the most distinguished figures of the theatrical world. Thomas began as a railway worker and tried almost anything but writing before he finally got down to making plays. And there is no one he hasn't met. He writes with a fluency, color and wit that are unequaled, fills his book with unusual photographs, and packs it with amusing yarns.

Politics have not been passed over in the grist of biographical works. There is the particularly timely and engrossing study by E. T. Raymond, "Mr. Lloyd George." (Doran, $3.00.) Raymond goes for the great war minister with his sleeves rolled up, but with a complete understanding and sympathy. The book is brilliant, entertaining and informative, and builds up an unforgetable picture of an extraordinary life.

Francesco Nitti's "The Wreck of Europe" is another book to give to the politically minded. (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50.) In this Italian statesman's summing-up of conditions since the war one observes the same convictions that found expression in Keynes's frantically discust book. It is a work that will be studied with care by those who want to get the point of view of a keen and clever diplomat who understands his people.

Do you want to see Lisbon, Berlin, Rome, Peking and a dozen other capitals through the alert eyes of an Englishwoman who is the wife of a famous diplomat? Then get "Indiscretions of Lady Susan," by Lady Susan Townley (Appleton, $5.00), and enjoy the informal pictures of a life passed in the heart of events, and the revelation of a personality of charm and vigor. There are a lot of amusing stories about the late imperial family of Germany that make no effort to be flattering.

A part of America lives in "The Letters of Franklin K. Lane," (Houghton Mifflin, $5.00). The writer's interests were wide, he was a fluent correspondent who gave himself in his letters, and whose comment on public events as seen from the inside is of peculiar value to all of us.

Among the personal recollections with which the year is rich, Henry Morgenthau's "All in a Life-Time," written in collaboration with French Strother, stands out nobly. The book tells not only the story of a remarkable life, but it shows us the making of modern New York. There are chapters on the War and the Peace, on Turkey, of course, and a deal of gossip about important persons that makes spirited and delightful reading.

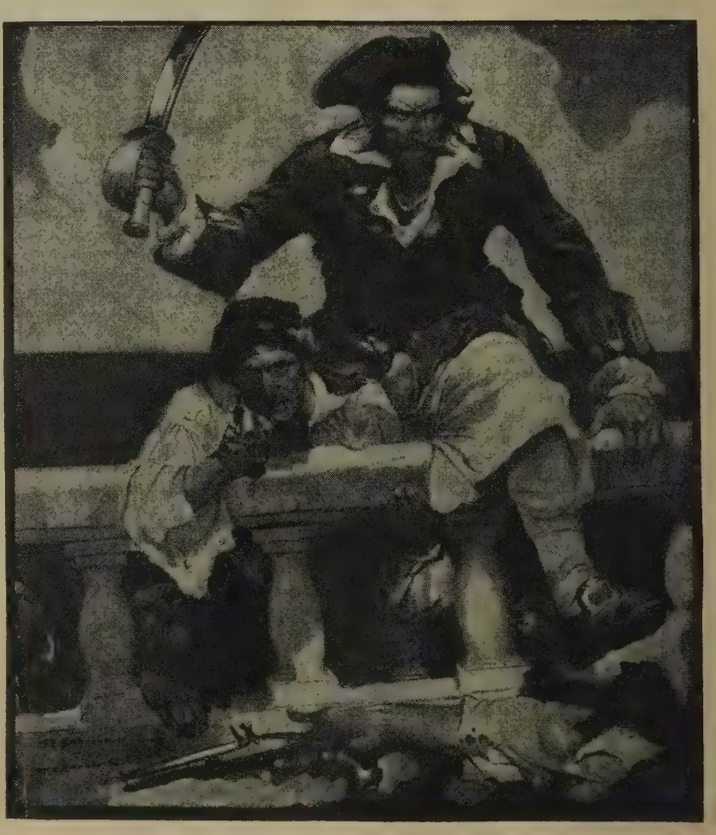
"The Adventure of Living," by John St. Loe Strachey, for forty years associated with The Spectator and one of the great figures of London, is a book to interest Americans quite as much as the English. It takes in the years between 1860 and to-day, and touches constantly upon this side of the Atlantic. The Spectator was on the side of the North during the Civil War here, and the chapter telling of that stand is remarkable reading. A beautifully written, wise and genial book. (Putnam.)

Of a decidedly literary flavor is the next group. There is A. M. W. Stirling's "William de Morgan and His Wife," a truly wonderful picture of two lovable geniuses who lived unusual and harmonious lives, told in a style as easy and winning as the flow of a clear river, and enlivened with plenty of pictures, facsimile letters and reproductions of quaint drawings. (Henry Holt.) There is "Romain Rolland," by Stefan Zweig (Seltzer, $4.00), the only English biography of this strange genius, which covers the ground completely, presenting the man and his work, his reactions to the events of his time, his tragedy and his triumph. A beautiful story, beautifully told.

Marcus Dickey follows his first volume on Riley with another, "The Maturity of James Whitcomb Riley." This is the story, told with plenty of detail, of the poet's last half of life. It is a thoroughly American story, a happy story, and it is told most sympathetically, with a full recognition of its inherent drama and strong human value.

In another mood is Delmar Gross Cooke's critical study of "William Dean Howells." (Dutton, $3.00.) This is a keen and measured analysis of Howells's literary value as well as a valuable appreciation of Howells the man. Howells makes his appearance in another book, the fascinating "Memories of a Hostess," by M. A. DeWolfe Howe (Atlantic Monthly Press, $4.00). Mrs. James T. Field, wife of the great publisher, is the hostess, and much of the material is drawn from her diaries. For sixty years her house was the Mecca of the literary world and the center of Boston's art life. The book reflects a full and varied life current.

Informal and informing, witty and casual, are "Some Impressions of My Elders," by St. John G. Ervine (Macmillan, $2.25). These entertaining studies of eight literary stars in the British



FROM "BLACKBEARD, BUCCANEER"

By Ralph D. Paine. (Penn Publishing Company)

skies appeared in the North American Review a year or so ago. Shrewd are the estimates here given, lively the pen-pictures drawn, and the book should be a popular one to give and to keep.

"Ocean Echoes" is the life story of a sailor man, Arthur Mason, and a tale it is to stir the blood and set the heart throbbing. Here is a man's life, told with a most winning simplicity, and touching all the seven seas and the lands about them. (Holt, $1.75.) A romance, a wonder, and the stark truth to boot.

Another story of strange adventure, that is also true, is Ferdinand Ossendowski's relation of his amazing escape from the Bolsheviks, who were seeking to kill him, in the terrible cold of a northern winter through pathless forests. "Beasts, Men and Gods" is the fitting title (Dutton). Here is a book you can not lay down unfinished.

More historic is the handsome volume by Eugene S. Bagger, "Eminent Europeans," with its crisp, even sharp studies of such persons as Queen Marie of Roumania, Venizelos, Horthy, Paderewski (as a statesman), Karolyi, and others. You may not agree with all Mr. Bagger's estimates, but you will be thoroughly entertained and stirred up by him. (Putnam, $2.50.) In the same genre may be put Philip Guedalla's vivid volume on "The Second Empire" (Putnam). The period and its chief figure, as well as a host of major and minor characters, are presented in a manner that is amusing, clarifying and masterly. It is a really tip-top book, brilliant to gaiety, learned without a hint of pedantry, amazingly interesting.

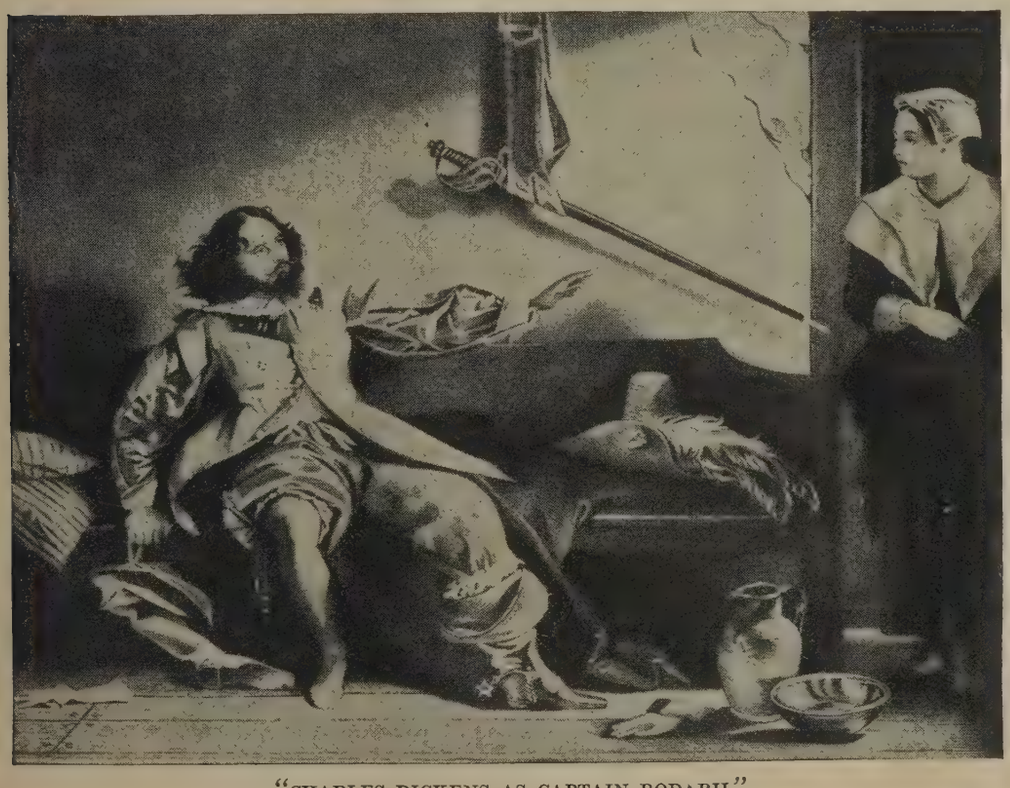
THE REDOUBTABLE CAPTAIN IN ACTION

From "Captain Blood," by Rafael Sabatini (Houghton Mifflin)

Bertrand Russell is a name known everywhere. A book by him is an event, and his newest volume, "The Problem of China," will be a favorite gift. (Century, $2.00.) Americans will find it keenly awake to matters that touch us no less than the rest of the world. Japan is quite as thoroughly discussed as China in the course of the study, and there is an interesting chapter on the Washington Conference.

A book that I think every one of us should read, and which will prove the most absorbing reading to us all, is Owen Wister's "Neighbors Henceforth" (Macmillan, $2.00), a series of chapters on our men in France, drawn from personal contacts of a most varied type, of their effect on France, and of the meaning of the whole thing. Wister is a wise and far-seeing writer, and the point he makes is eminently worth while. The book is as colorful as any of his loved cowboy stories, it burns with the flame of true patriotism, and it holds a lesson of vital importance.

I end this group with mention of a book out of which I have taken sheer delight, G. K. Chesterton's "What I Saw in America." (Dodd, Mead, $3.00.) Memorable papers, these, touching upon an astonishing number of affairs in this our land, illuminating much to our own eyes, kindly, full of that special Chesterton flavor whose tang is utterly individual. Paradox, of course, but serious thought, too, nobility and faith will you find in this book, much to agree with, some things with which you will disagree.



"CHARLES DICKENS AS CAPTAIN BODABIL"

From a painting by C. R. Leslie in "Companionable Books," by Henry Van Dyke (Scribners)

And now, how about a little fun? Donald Ogden Stewart is with us again, and he gives us a new parody outline, "Perfect Behaviour" (Doran, $2.00), which is perhaps no funnier than the common variety of etiquette books, but could there be higher praise than to say it is fully the equal of the finest of these? It is! There is a chapter on Etiquette for Dry Agents which alone would make the book a success. Ralph Barton is the successful illustrator. Another parody is "Euclid's Outline of Sex," compiled by Wilbur P. Birdwood, with fantastic drawings by Herb Roth. Euclid is at last seen in his right colors, and Freud becomes a back number. We find why he harped on triangles, Euclid, that is, and understand him for the first time. This book is a real lark. (Holt.)

George Ade returns this year with a book called "Single Blessedness and Other

Observations." These observations vary from the Tortures of Touring to Babies, from remarks upon the Hoosier State to Mark Twain, or Christmas in London, or Broadway or anything else that came into the author's mind. Good stuff, and not so simple as it seems in the reading. You can give this to a great many people and please each one, boy, girl, man or woman. (Doubleday, Page, $1.50.)

Most of us want an Oliver Herford book a year, and this season there is "Neither Here nor There," to satisfy that want. For all its apparent airy nonsense it is packed with real wisdom, it is exquisitely written, and while you laugh you'll think too.

Robert Benchley can be trusted to raise merriment whenever he sets himself to do so. "Love Conquers All" (Holt, $2.00) will get a laugh from anybody who looks into it. Some of us will be more delighted with "Zane Grey's Movie," and "Suppressing 'Jurgen'," others with "Trout-Fishing," "Watching Baseball," "Do Insects Think?" Benchley is a satirist, as is Herford, and these books reflect the life of our day, throw a lance against its absurdities and hypocrisies, and draw a sword for the right.

Four small but beautiful books that will make charming gifts at a slight cost, for each is a dollar or less, will please varying tastes. There is Henry W. Nevinson's "Farewell to America," that roused a stir when it was cabled back from England. It holds a lot in its small compass. And a folk-tale translated from the Russian by Arthur Ransome, "The Soldier and Death," has a grim humor mixed with its fantasy, a real folk quality that has lost nothing in the fine telling of Ransome. Third is the discourse on "Jean Jacques Rousseau," delivered at Geneva in 1878 by Henri-Frederic Amiel at the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Rousseau's death. It has been felicitously translated by Van Wyck Brooks, and is a classic. Last of the four is Bertrand Russell's Conway Memorial Lecture, "Free Thought and Official Propaganda." Russell is always immensely worth listening to, whether or not you agree with him. This is very Russellish. (Huebsch, all four.)

THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA

From Hawthorne's Wonder Book. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. (*Doran*)

Every woman golfer will want "Golf," by Cecil Leitch. Miss Leitch knows the game thoroughly, can instruct by the written word to a remarkable extent, and has much to say of a general character about links, experiences as a player and teacher and other matters, while the illustrations are both helpful and frequent. (Lippincott, $3.00.)

A book for men is the next volume, but the women will grasp at it. "The Stag Cook Book," collected and edited by C. MacSheridan, with an Introduction by R. H. Davis, is a collection of delectable recipes given by men, men known to all of us by fame at least, for far other triumphs than those of the culinary art. But taste Otis Skinner's artichokes, Mister Antonio, Charley Towne's corn pudding, Doug Fairbanks's bread tart. Taste any of these noble dishes contributed by a hundred noble contributors, and you will confess that these stars of literature, the stage, politics, etc., are potential *cordons bleus*. (Doran.)

Play-goers will enjoy two books by Alexander Woollcott, "Shouts and Murmurs" (Century, $2), and "Mr. Dickens Goes to the Play" (Putnam). The first is a series of papers on all sorts of matters pertaining to plays, play-writers, actors, first nights, critics and what not, entertaining stuff admirably done, the second a study of Dickens in his relation to the theater, which was enthusiastic and life-long, if unsuccessful. Woollcott is a Dickens lover, and the book reflects his delight in his subject.

For book-lovers there is Maurice Francis Egan's "Confessions of a Book-Lover" (Doubleday, Page, $2.50), and "Companionable Books," by Henry Van Dyke (Scribner's). Dr. Egan begins with a fascinating chapter about his boyhood reading, discusses poetry later on, moves to certain novelists, where he finds Mark Twain coarse, and writes an interesting passage to prove his contention, and winds up with such moderns as Heywood Broun and Mencken. A book this whose every page is awakening. Dr. Van Dyke talks over the books that last, and that remain friends throughout life. He writes with force and charm and a sense of values that gives his essays lasting worth.

A handful of miscellaneous books must be quickly noted. There is a new edition of the Morley translation of Voltaire's "Candide" (Dutton), a beautifully printed quarto with illustrations and decorations by Alan Odle, that young modern Doré, a man of a weird imagination and exquisite facility in his art. There is the first novel by the remarkable Frenchman, Marcel Proust, to be translated into English, "Swann's Way" (Holt, $5). This is the first book in his series, "Remembrance of Things Past," a great work, and it has been fortunately given to C. K. Scott Montcrieff, a master of English as well as French. Next comes Jane Austen's childhood novel, "Love & Freindship," ushered in by a magnificent preface by Chesterton, and published with all its faults of spelling. A story told in letters, a satire, a burlesque, and an unadulterated joy. (Stokes.)

"A Homesteader's Portfolio," by Alice Day Pratt, is the lively account of how the author took up a homestead in Oregon, what she did there, what happened, and all about the folks near by (Macmillan, $2). A human document full of the out-of-doors. Another story of the making of a home is Alice Van Leer Carrick's "The Next to Nothing House" (Atlantic Monthly Press, $2.50), where we are told, in the charming style she possesses, of the fun she has had in furnishing and decorating the famous old Daniel Webster cottage in New Hampshire both suitably and comfortably. There is a wealth of information in this simple, amusing book.

Now for a very brief glance at some of the fiction ready to brighten Christmas for you and your friends. There is room for a mere hint to each book. Hugh Walpole's "The Cathedral" is the magnificent, compassionate study of the tragedy of a good

(*Continued on page 70*)

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Concerning James Branch Cabell's Human Comedy

By Edwin Björkman

THE "Jurgen" episode is ended. The nature of its end ought to be highly satisfactory to the author for more than one reason. He may now point to the court's verdict in proof not only of the respectability of his work, but of its "unusual literary merit." This should assure for "Jurgen" the niche properly belonging to it. With Mr. Cabell's art thus replaced in its natural light, it may be possible to demand something like due appreciation for a literary achievement which, as a whole, is held by many to be in certain respects unique.

It is the ever dominating regard for the possibility of beauty in the written word that, more than anything else, distinguishes Mr. Cabell from the vast majority of American writers of fiction now living. A few of these possess the same regard, tho hardly in the same degree, and strive earnestly to be guided by it, tho rarely with the same success. The greater number seem totally to lack it, or else to scorn it as beneath attention. And too many are impelled or swayed by the fashions of the day rather than by any authentic promptings from within their own natures. In all such respects Mr. Cabell forms a most striking and reassuring contrast. Incessantly he returns to "writing perfectly of beautiful happenings" as the literary workman's passion and creed, and incessantly, without regard for time or labor or external considerations of any kind, he applies this creed to his own work. As one reads one luminous page after another, one is struck not only by the felicity of phrase and aptness of imagery that vitalize his most casual writings, but with what might be called the architectural immaculateness of the total work as well as of its minor and major component parts. Every word and sentence and passage stands subordinated to a carefully preconceived scheme that leaves no detail unattended and no ends hanging loose.

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

From his poetic beginnings Mr. Cabell has carried into prose sundry telling devices, among which the refrain must be placed foremost. In every one of his works one encounters recurring expressions that are woven into the text like so many Wagnerian leit-motifs, and every recurrence adds another link to the narrative or argumentative chain. They serve also to establish certain objective points so firmly that it becomes impossible to miss them or forget them. No modern advertiser esteems more keenly than Mr. Cabell the value of judicious repetition, but he knows in addition the trick of getting esthetic as well as utilitarian returns on that value. In illustration may be mentioned his use of the term *jeune premier* and the phrase of "pretending to be what seems expected" in his highly dramatic portrait of Richard Sheridan in "Beyond Life." These two expressions confine one of the most astonishing careers recorded in modern history. By skilfully ringing the changes on them, Mr. Cabell carries us breathlessly from the first resplendent entry at Bath to the anti-climactic exit, with its amusingly convincing characterization of the completed career as "an extravaganza such as no thoughtful artist would care to perpetrate."

* * *

In spite of his insistent championship of the literary tendency which he chooses to name Romantic, and which he places in sharp juxtaposition to a much detested and reviled Realism, Mr. Cabell himself is rather a Classicist, both in style and structure—and, of course, there is nothing more antipodal to the true Romanticist.

The most casual analysis of Mr. Cabell's books—any or all of them—discloses at once a rigidly perfected scheme of construction. Plot and style are equally subjected to this discipline from within. Typical are the poems contained in "From the Hidden Way," said to have been written by Mr. Cabell in his teens as a preparation to his subsequent prose compositions. The metrical schemes of these poems are almost invariably derived from the intricate rigidity of form which allowed the poetry of the troubadours to fill a disciplinary purpose in literature somewhat akin to that which Scholasticism served in philosophy. The inventors of so many poetic patterns that to-day have little more than historic interest were above all practitioners in perfection. And that is just what Mr. Cabell is, first and last, whether he write verse or prose, on themes derived from Lichfield or from Poictesme.

* * *

The closeness of thought and composition that mark his charming, but comparatively negligible poems, may be traced through any one of his prose works, "Jurgen" not excluded. There, however, they are accompanied by a richness of thought and fluent grace of form that prevent the underlying, carefully conceived pattern from obtruding itself. If, in this connection, there be any suggestion of adverse criticism at all conceivable, it is that the coruscating incisiveness of Mr. Cabell's style tends a little to divert the reader's attention from the very thought

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Concerning James Branch Cabell's Human Comedy

(*Continued from page 40*)

its aptness serves so well. Yet one could not wish it different in any way, for unchanged, it furnishes a never failing source of pleasure, ever filling the reader with the peculiar sense of contentment that, like a divine aura, emanates from all perfect things.

* * *

The most plausible explanation of certain resistances that have been shown to Mr. Cabell's work almost from the start, and that still crop out astonishingly, lies probably in the note of irony that pervades everything he has written. This tendency to view everything and everybody a little from above, but with a faint wry smile, as an aged tho still human sage may view the doings of a lot of clamorous children, must be held a typical coloring of his style as well as choice of material. Sometimes his irony moves on the surface, as when he says in "Beyond Life" that "many of the most applauded public speakers conserve an appreciable degree of intelligence for private life." More frequently it strikes at the very root of "established" things, as when in the same work he asserts that "all religious precepts, when closely considered, can have no bearing whatever on any future life, and would seem to be purely utilitarian figments of romance, as variously contrived with a view of improving the coherence and comeliness of life here."

Nor does his irony confine its general pervasiveness to the phrase alone. It determines whole situations, often without being openly voiced, as in the story named "A Brown Woman," when the illustrious but physically unfortunate Mr. Pope masters his own desire in order to make a maid happy, and then suddenly learns that his magnanimous self-sacrifice has been the indirect means of luring both the maid and her swain to a premature and cruel death. In either case, however—whether his irony be merely verbal or built right into the structure of his story—its pretended paradoxes never fail to carry a large burden of truth.

Mr. Cabell never smiles his wry smile merely to show his own superiority. Nor does he ever use his wonderful control of our language for the vulgar purpose of appearing clever. While he would be quick to refute and resent any attempt at ascribing to his art an ethical purpose, it is hard to escape the conclusion that back of all his writing lies a firmly held and carefully reasoned conviction bearing on the essential wrongness of men and things "as they are," or on their essential rightness "as they ought to be."

* * *

In his long struggle not only for recognition but for a chance to write freely in accordance with his natural bent, Mr. Cabell has had to face numerous vicissitudes. Yet he has never been able to deviate from the chosen path except in vain attempts at complete denial of it. One hears of strange and futile business ventures, and there is an unusually long gap in the sequence of his creative production between 1909 and 1913. Much earlier occurred a brief period of newspaper reporting on the New York *Herald*, when he must have been farther removed from his proper element than any other experience ever took him.

Through all difficulties, and through all temptations, of which there must have been some, he stuck to his own purpose with a faith and a persistency that balked at no kind of sacrifice. Glancing through his books with an eye to the life-story back of them, one catches more than one unmistakable glimpse of such sacrifices, and some of these may have been severe enough to leave behind wounds that will never heal. It is in this fact, perhaps, one must seek the explanation of a strange wistfulness that runs through so much of Mr. Cabell's work, coming to the surface unexpectedly even in moments of mischievous playfulness.

Finally a haven was reached, however, and since 1915 there has been no break in the constant stream of his production. His failure to publish anything in 1918 is explained by the appearance in a single year, 1919, of two such volumes as "Beyond Life" and "Jurgen." It may or may not be significant that these last few years have witnessed Mr. Cabell's decisive turning to the vein of pure fancy which to me embodies his highest and most typical form of expression. Yet the vein of "Jurgen" and "Figures of Earth" is palpably made manifest in the little "Fable of the Foolish Prince" contained in one of his earliest works, "The Cords of Vanity."

He has now been writing for more than twenty years, according to his own statement in "The Lineage of Lichfield," where he says that some of the stories included in "The Line of Love" were produced in 1901. But if it be true, as reported, that the verse collected in "From the Hidden Way" dates back to his nineteenth year, then the better part of another decade must have been devoted to preparation and experimentation. The likelihood of this is also suggested by the remarkable unity of plan that binds all his imaginative works into a vast harmonious whole, symmetrically arranged and consistent in its minutest details. In the course of time this plan has been perfected and developed through various revisions, but in a somewhat vaguer form it must have been present almost from the start as a determinant of his plots.

Even his first youthful novel, "The Eagle's Shadow," published in 1904, deals with such familiar Lichfield characters as Felix Kennaston, who later holds the center of the stage in "The Cream of the Jest." A typical instance of the unity just mentioned may be sought in the fact that the ten poets around whom are built the equal number of stories in "The Certain Hour" recur in "The Lineage of Lichfield" as the ten figures of clay said to have been fashioned by Dom Manuel in "Figures of Earth" and later vitalized by Queen Freydis. The "Lineage" itself is an afterthought, I suppose, but as such it would have been impossible but for its unformulated presence in the author's mind some fifteen or twenty years ago.

* * *

By this time Mr. Cabell's total production bulks quite large, embracing—apart from several minor but far from unimportant items classed as "scholia"—seven novels, four collections of short stories, one volume of verse, and a long esthetic-philosophic dissertation, "Beyond Life," which serves both as an introduction to and a summary of the rest of his work. He has also compiled three volumes of authentic genealogy, but with these we are not concerned here.

His novels and stories fall naturally into three groups that may be designated, respectively, as contemporary, historic and mythical. The first group includes four novels, all of them laid in Lichfield—a name that, without much indiscretion, may be translated into Richmond, Virginia, where Mr. Cabell was born, where he has lived most of his life, and where several generations of his ancestors had their center of existence if not actual habitation. The second group is made up of four volumes of short stories, but one of these, "Gallantry," displays such a continuity of cast and action that it may almost be counted a novel. The action of all but a very few of his four "dizains" of stories is placed in France and England between the years 1268 and 1805. A single story, "The Lady of All Our Dreams" in "The Certain Hour," takes the reader into our own country during the early nineties. It is, as far as I know, the one short story written by Mr. Cabell around a theme that may be called contemporary.

The mythical works consist of three novels, but one of these, "Domnei," which was first published in 1913 under the title of "The Soul of Melicent," combines with two short stories out of "The Line of Love" in forming a semi-historical transition between the legendary doings in the land of Poictesme and the

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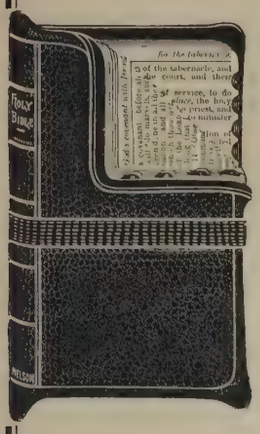

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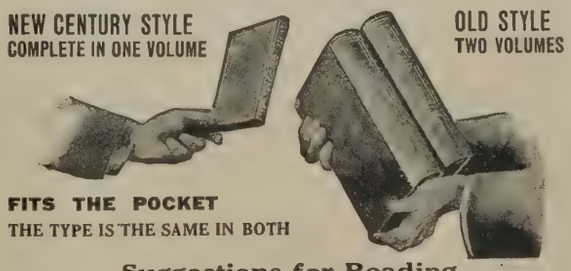

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Concerning James Branch Cabell's Human Comedy

(*Continued from page 42*)

stories set on firm historic ground. By the "Lineage" the time covered by "Figures of Earth," "Domnei" and "Jurgen" may be calculated with minute accuracy as extending from the year 1233, when Dom Manuel encountered Miramon Lluagor at the pool of Haranton, to the year 1277, when Jurgen made his unex ampled retrospective excursion into sundry known, unknown and otherwise indiscoverable regions. As myth and history are mixed in "Domnei," so past and present meet in "The Cream of the Jest," where the central character of Felix Bulmer Kennaston lives his daily life quietly and unobtrusively as becomes a respectable citizen, while at night, when released from the fettering conventions of ordinary life, he roams through recorded and unrecorded human history, not at will indeed, but nevertheless with an exultant sense of being Horvendile, the demiurgic author within whose mind the supposedly "real" drama of life is plotted and enacted as a mere play of fancy.

* * *

A survey of this body of work, taking into account not only its scheme of construction but also the material out of which it is built, can not fail to suggest a comparison with Balzac's "Human Comedy." The difference in quantity may be left aside at once, as Mr. Cabell is only in his forty-fourth year and already reported at work on a new volume. Nor have I the least intention of sitting in judgment on the respective artistic merits of two writers so different in temperament. As one of them has been dead some seventy and odd years, while the other one is still among us, such a task would be no less perilous than laborious. I am now merely concerned with their similar schemes of producing a vast fictional structure giving through individual portraiture a collective picture of a considerable section of mankind. Seen from this limited view-point, I am inclined to think that, even as it stands to-day with many important parts still missing, Mr. Cabell's achievement has the better claim to the ambitious title employed by the accredited father of modern Realism (De Foe and Fielding being classed as grandfathers, I suppose).

The scheme of Balzac, however noble and imposing in its execution, was confined to his own day and country. He tried—and nearly succeeded—to present a complete picture of a modern society, with all its component parts shown as functioning in their proper relationship. The world's literature knows no other panorama of such gigantic proportions, so teeming with life, so crammed with figures rendered familiar by repeated encounters. And yet that panorama is on the whole static and, one might almost say, provincial; while the one produced by Mr. Cabell is above all kinetic and for this very reason more universal. Tho made on a smaller scale, it allows us to follow the kaleidoscopic movements, not only of men, but of a whole race, and not only during a quickly passing period, but through many ages. It is an epic chronorama, if the coining of a word be pardonable for the purpose of defining what nearly amounts to a new literary category.

Starting from his own day and the immediate surroundings of his own youth, Mr. Cabell has set himself the task of tracing the roots of a social group in all their ramifications through space and time. In the pursuit of this immense task he has produced a series of intensely dramatic and psychologically convincing screen flashes of numerous interrelated human destinies, which, when studied in their proper order, give us a surprizingly complete line of hereditary development from the days of the troubadours to the eve of "Main Street." Every scene presented to us is startlingly vivid and minutely accurate. Each one gives a cross section of life at a clearly indicated time and place.

The thread that unites the entire sequence of stories and novels into an organic whole is family history, and it connects unmistakably with Mr. Cabell's genealogical preoccupations. Without any intimation of his to that effect, one might be tempted into concluding that he has traced his own ancestry through the ages and across many countries until the long line is lost in a haze of legend and myth. He says himself, in his dedicatory epistle to the "Lineage," that the general method used in the stories composing "The Line of Love" and later observed in all his subsequent works, has been "to depict a decisive passage in the lives of two persons, then a similar untying of knots in the life of a child of that couple, and yet afterward in one of the grandchildren's life-history."

But while the dominant figures of all his pictures belong to the "Lineage of Lichfield," those figures are introduced with a richness of environmental detail that makes us live over again not only such more conspicuous individual lives, but the collective existence of a whole period. And Mr. Cabell knows a great deal about men and things as they used to be. I dare not lay claim to any vast store of historic information, but I have scraped up enough in the course of long and varied reading to know how hard it must be to rival Mr. Cabell's intimate knowledge of manners, personalities and events in France and England and our own country, not to speak of Poictesme and Noumaria, Cocaigne and Leukê, during the seven centuries covered by the lineage of romance tying Robert Etheridge Townsend, Felix Bulmer Kennaston and Col. Rudolph Musgrave, all of Lichfield, to Manuel the Redeemer and Jurgen the pawnbroker.

Mr. Cabell puts all his fiction under the head of biography, because, as he explains in the "Lineage," all his heroes and heroines merely represent the extended lives of Dom Manuel and Jurgen, the two germ characters whose juxtaposition remains fixt through the ages wherever one set of men do things without wasting much thought on cause or reason, while another set of men spend their time doing nothing but wondering why this or that thing should be done. Thus the biography produced by Mr. Cabell is not only individual but human, not only personal but universally symbolic. It is mankind itself, with its unvarying double dualism of sex and temperament, that we follow through seven centuries of loving and losing, of doing and dreaming. And this protracted serial includes not only his own life story, but ours and that of all other human beings, for in the last instance all of us are men or women, doers or dreamers.

In view of repeated declarations on the part of Mr. Cabell that "first-class art never reproduces its own surroundings," one can not help chuckling a little at the zest as well as success with which he has reproduced the exact atmosphere of Lichfield and the exact mingling of vice and virtue in its inhabitants of both sexes. Unbiased people tell me that no more truthful pictures of the new South are to be found anywhere. And placing the large legendary figures of Dom Manuel and Jurgen *hors concours*, his modern portraits seem to me the best in his collection.

As far as I know, Mr. Cabell is the only one of our living literary artists in this country who has worked out something like a truly philosophic conception of human existence. With him this conception is developed in a rather whimsical mood, but with the infinite care bestowed on his sentences. It is no priggishly academic system, with hidebound categories and a pretense at confining the whole living universe within its narrow pigeon-holes. Mr. Cabell has simply been pondering the life he observed so closely for artistic purposes with the result that gradually he has come to suspect some sort of inner consistency beneath all the shifting lines and colors of the surface. Out of his continued musings developed in the end a very vague and plastic mind picture, to which he would be the last to apply any such pretentious term as philosophic theory. Yet it furnishes a sort of cosmogonic diagram, and as such it is the more interesting because it rests almost exclusively on esthetic considerations. It is as if Mr. Cabell had set out to explain to himself the secret laws of his own

(*Continued on page 51*)

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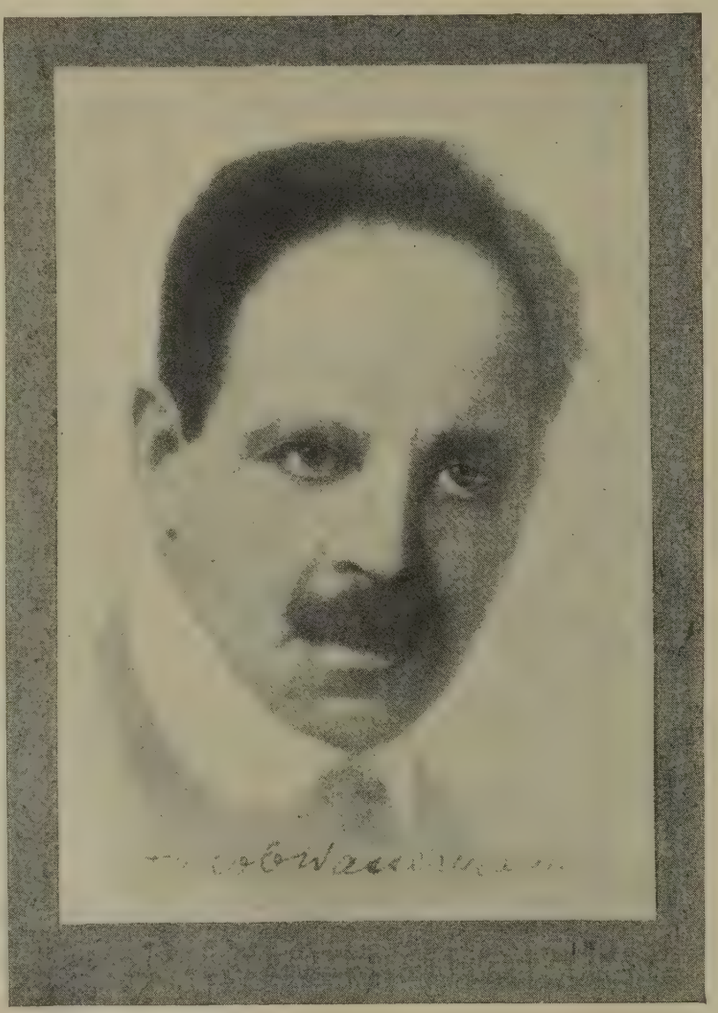
When Genius and Society Are at War

A Study of Wassermann's New Novel

ONE of the distinctive qualities of Wassermann's "The World's Illusion" was the prodigal expression of its author's imaginative powers; readers found in its two closely packed volumes the potential seeds of an entire series of novels. The impression of prodigality of imaginative creation is reinforced by "The Goose Man,"* the second of Wassermann's novels to be translated into English, which, tho more compactly unified than its predecessor in a central interest, shares with it a panoramic inclusiveness of vision.

"The Goose Man" takes its title from the famous statue of that name which for four hundred years and more has provided a fountain for the old market square in Nuremberg. It deals specifically with the relations of genius to society; symbolically, and perhaps more importantly, it questions the attitude of the creative artist toward the world of humanity and actuality in which he lives, and to which his art gives expression. From this point of view "The Goose Man" is a novel of unusual significance, not only by virtue of its analytic insight into the psychology of the creative process of art, but because it represents what seems necessarily to be both the credo and the confession of its author.



J. WASSERMANN

The principal character, Daniel Nothafft, is a musician of genius, and the story concerns his life from boyhood until he reaches his fiftieth birthday. Like Wassermann himself, Daniel is the son of a small merchant and manufacturer who fails in business; forced to earn his own living from early youth, Daniel experiences poverty, misunderstanding, loneliness and the most abject misery for a long period of years. In so far as external things are concerned he acquires nothing, receives nothing, and achieves nothing during this period of his career. But spiritually he has unlimited acquisitive capacity; he absorbs with an almost casual ferocity the devotion of a man of great intellectual force who becomes his friend, and the love of two women. From them he draws the emotional stimulus which he transfers to his musical compositions; compositions which he is unwilling to have performed because he wishes to retain the isolation, the proud incorruptibility of his spirit. Around his feelings and about his soul Daniel draws an impenetrable armor of seclusion, resisting, so far as he is able, the impact of the world and its common experience upon him. And the world of actuality takes revenge by destroying his ivory tower and crashing it down in ruins about him.

In the successive episodes of Daniel's career there is not only a powerfully conceived story of the tragedy of an individual character, but a profound symbolism of the genesis and life of the creative spirit. In Daniel's youth a woman of the streets offers herself to him because she loves him. He sees no beauty in her; the episode translates itself into melody, and, unmindful of the living need, he leaves her. Later her body is found in the river. A sculptor who knew her makes a death mask which reveals her beauty, and this finally comes into Daniel's hands. This mask, unequivocal in its loveliness, takes possession of his spirit; into it goes all the love and the understanding of which he is capable. He has, somewhat later, a brief moment of animal passion, and to the girl who satisfies his physical hunger a child is born. This, too, leaves him indifferent; the responsibility does not touch him until many years later, when he learns to love his illegitimate daughter, only to learn also that she has vanished from his life.

Meanwhile he marries a girl whose emotions have been awakened by his music; his volatile egoism destroys her capacity for passion, and only maternal solicitude remains. The episode ends in a tragedy. A lyric interlude succeeds it; the episode of Daniel's love for his wife's sister. In the magically beautiful, spring-like Eleanor Daniel believes that happiness has at last come to him, but this too ends in defeat; long abstention from life has deprived him of the capacity for living humanly. He has taken always, without giving; and now the Devil begins to live with him. The Devil takes the form of his half-witted, vindictive and misshapen cousin Phillipina; from her also he takes without giving, and to her the final ruin that overtakes him is largely due. His third marriage, well along in maturity, to a vicious and superficial girl, like the plaster mask with which he first fell in love, proves to be the climactic misfortune which precedes his inevitable collapse into the abyss.

* * *

The moral symbolism of the story is perhaps sufficiently clear; it is that the artist who would interpret life must first meet life on its own terms—that he must be a human being, and live as one before he can become a creator. "Turn away from your phantom and become a human being—and then you can become a creator," says the Goose Man to Daniel. "If you once become human, really human, it may be that you will not need the work, symphony or whatever else you choose to call it. It may be that power and glory will radiate from you yourself. For are not all works merely the roundabout

*THE GOOSE MAN. By J. Wassermann. Translated by Allen W. Porterfield. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co.

ways, the detours of the man himself, merely man's imperfect attempts to reveal himself? Did you not love a mask of plaster more than the countenances that shone upon you, the faces that wept about you? Did you not allow another mask, a thing of the mirror, to get control over you, and so to besmirch your soul and strike your spirit with paralysis? How can a man be a creator if he deceives, stunts and abbreviates the humanity that is in him? It is not a question of ability, Daniel Nothafft, it is a question of being, living, being!" And another bit of the dialog between the Goose Man and Daniel may be quoted, since it reveals what the author feels to be the fatal and intolerable temptation of the creative spirit. "If you only had not lived in the ivory tower!" says the Goose Man to Daniel. "If you had only been more sensitive and not so well protected! If you had only lived, lived, lived, really and truly, and near to life, like a naked man in a thicket of thorns! Life would have got the best of you, but your love would have been real, the hate you have experienced real, your misfortunes real, the lies, ridicule and betrayal all real, and the shadows of those who have died from you would have taken on reality. And the poison of the Nessus shirt would not merely have burned your skin; it would have penetrated to your very blood, it would have found its way to the deepest, most secret recesses of your heart. Your work would have been carried on and out, not in a struggle against your darkness and your limited torments of soul, a slave before men and God. Eliminate from your mind now, forever and completely, the delusion that you have borne the sufferings of the world! You have merely borne your own sufferings, loving-loveless, altruistic-egoist, monster, man without a country that you are!"

A word was said at the beginning of this review concerning the panoramic inclusiveness of vision that "The Goose Man" shares with "The World's Illusion." In "The Goose Man" Wassermann again paints upon an ample canvas; a multitude of characters surrounds Daniel, each of them an individual with an individual's experience of life, and they are each revealed in terms of that experience and its logic. Out of the interaction of these characters is created the central story of genius and its inevitable conflict with society which gives the book its dignity as a reading of life. The stage which Herr Wassermann sets before us has all the quality of a Rembrandt painting; its golden shadows, its incisive draughtsmanship, its superbly marshaled mass of individuals, each faithfully rendered, each built up from within through relentless psychological insight. The novel stands foursquare, firmly integrated in experience, a picture and an interpretation of life.

Inevitably a comparison suggests itself, because of the content as well as the attitude of the novel, with the "Jean-Cristophe" of Romain Rolland. But such a comparison would at best mean little to a reader unacquainted with Herr Wassermann's novel, and may therefore be most profitably left to the individual reader. It is not, however, excessive praise to say that for sheer artistic power, as well as for philosophic significance, "The Goose Man" is among the most vital and important contemporary novels.

Hauptmann Writing an Epic

GERHARDT HAUPTMANN, who is generally regarded in his own country as the greatest living German, is concentrating his poetic genius upon what he regards as his real life work, an epic poem entitled "The Great Dream," cast in Dantean terms, and covering intimately the rise and fall of the German Empire and the rise of the German Republic. Hauptmann began this work in the second year of the World War, when he was deeply stirred by the horrors of the conflict. About half of the poem has now been written, and he hopes to complete it soon, but he told a New York *Times* correspondent at Berlin that he probably would not allow it to be published during his lifetime.

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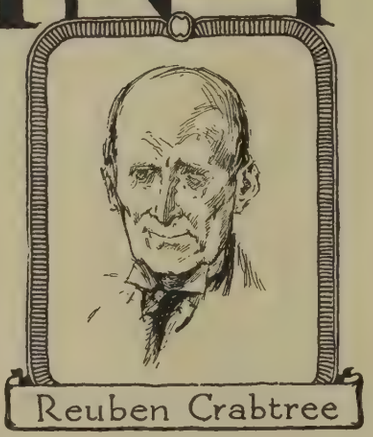
THERE is no hero. In real life there are many people who do

A novel of real life

CERTAIN PEOPLE

Victoria Brewer



Reuben Crabtree

May Brewer

" . . . AND FOR the first time in her life she really prayed. 'Oh, God, there *must* be something that gives you things, when they're not wrong—and you want them so—and you—and you mean to be good.' "

* * *

THERE *was* something to give things to Victoria Brewer. It was her own force of character. In her parents' home petty deceit and conventional obtuseness went hand in hand with much kindliness; yet Vicky could be neither blinded nor disillusioned.

Life sang in her veins and, when love came, would not be denied. Revolting against all that was false, she won a man's passionate devotion and that opportunity to serve which to her *was* life.

"REUBEN was not important in his children's lives, and he was shrewd enough to see it, and wise enough not to resent it. He became a silent, dry, chuckling old man only really animated when the conversation was carried back some thirty or forty years."

* * *

HIS SONS and daughters were always preparing against the day when he should die. Not that they were without feeling: he was old and feeble; one must expect the worst, you see. And, naturally, when the property was divided, each would have his own interests to consider.

But Reuben Crabtree lived on year after year, grimly guarding the secret of his skeleton-closet; preparing, too, in his own hidden way, for the time when his will should be read. Life had been something to be lived once, lived to the full. Now it was a passing spectacle, a pageant of petty joys and pettier sorrows.

"'OH, GIRLS, you see it now, don't you—you see why Mama worries and watches, now, don't you? We are old-fashioned . . . and it seems hard and dull and fussy . . . but it is because we know how wicked the world is, how easy it is for a bad, unscrupulous man to wreck a girl's life!' "

* * *

SCHEMING to marry her girls off well, scheming to keep the family business in her husband's hands, always briskly and cheerfully scheming, May Brewer was none the less honest even in her deceit. For she was true to her beliefs. If hers was a world of appearances, those appearances were very real to her. Else she would never have sought to throttle the natural impulses of her children.

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heroic deeds, but there are few heroes. And this is a book of real life. For the same reason we find no heroine, no villain. Mrs. Norris has throughout remained true to her high ideal. She has glossed over neither the weakness of good men and women nor the saving qualities of the selfish.

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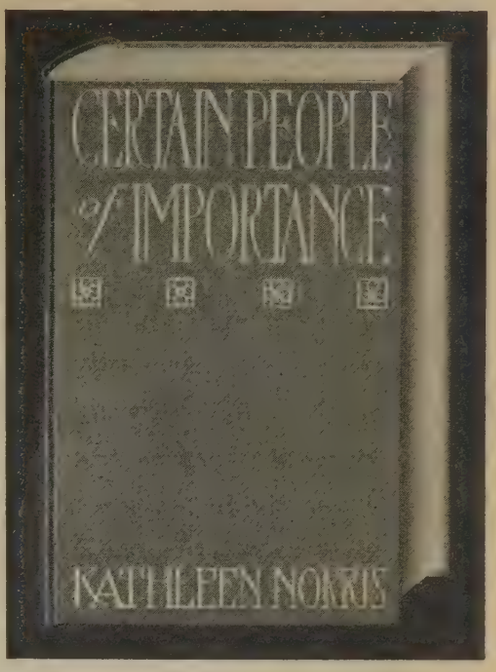


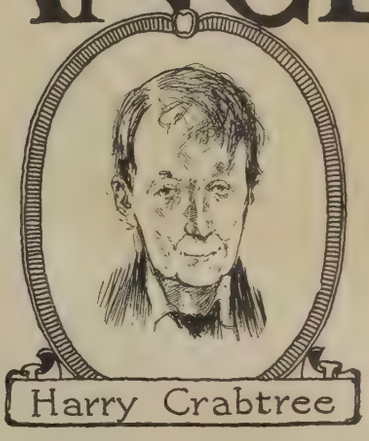
"It Is So Real."—*N. Y. Herald*

by KATHLEEN NORRIS

OF IMPORTANCE

Albert Brewer

Lola Espinosa


Harry Crabtree

"TO THE SOUTH, beyond the bay, San Francisco lay in a tangle of smoke and of sun dazzle, on roof-covered hills. 'Funny, isn't it?' Bertie mused; 'I remember coming here to Ruy de Sa's funeral——'

'I remember coming here for a walk with Rudy and Nelly and Vick and Davy, before any of them were married,' said his sister.

For a few minutes they were silent; then Bertie said again: 'It's funny. I mean the way life goes,' he added hastily. 'I remember seeing Lola that day. But I was in love with somebody else then.'"

* * *

LIFE was something that stood outside and apart from Albert Brewer, a stream that caught him up and whirled him about in its eddies. Yet in the end he mastered, if not life, himself.

"SHE NIBBLED cakes in bed, all afternoon. . . . At five she would be beautifully dressed, down in the odorous old parlor, rippling operatic gems. Dinner was supposedly at seven, but there was no time in Lola's scheme of things.

She always breakfasted in bed. Before he left, Bertie would stoop over to kiss her, and the soft olive arm would come up to catch him in a strangling embrace. 'Ah, he was her darling—her dove—the heart of her heart—the little drop of blood of Mary's Son,' she would murmur in passionate Spanish."

* * *

TO LOLA ESPINOSA, life meant sleep and warmth, cakes and kisses, and the world's admiration. Could America assimilate her? Could husband and baby change her lazy but violent nature? Or would she remain a little exotic hothouse plant to the very end?

"HARRY was, of old Reuben's four children, the one most like him. . . . But power and success had given Reuben a firmer jaw and a readier twinkle, and years of indecision and gentleness and failure had stamped Harry with a certain anxious timidity. . . . He had been faithfully and soberly clerking in one office or another for twenty-three years."

* * *

TO DEMAND nothing of life, to accept what fell to his lot with quiet happiness or stoical resignation—this was the sum of Harry Crabtree's simple, unformulated philosophy. He was the family failure. Yet who shall say that his was not a better, nobler life than most men who pitied him knew how to live?

Garden City, N. Y.

$2 at bookstores

The Journalistic Adventures of Mr. Strachey

By Joseph Collins

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, browsing among the second-hand book-shops of Shaftesbury Avenue, my attention was arrested by a somber volume entitled "From Grave to Gay," by J. St. Loe Strachey. Until then I had not heard of Mr. Strachey, and tho I admit it with reluctance, I had not even heard of his famous cousin, Henry Strachey, who was private secretary to Lord Clive. But the subtitle of his book: "Concerned with Certain Subjects of Serious Interest, with the Puritans, with Literature and with the Humors of Life, Now for the First Time Collected and Arranged," intrigued me. Those were the very subjects, I had convinced myself, with which I was concerned, for did not they give spice to life and make for surcease of its burdens? "Now for the First Time Collected and Arranged" I construed to be a belief on the part of the writer that from time to time he could substitute for the word "first" the other numerals in progressive order. Whether or not he has been able to do so, I have not determined, but every one knows that he became "editor and sole proprietor" of the London Spectator and has occupied a conspicuous place in journalism for the past quarter of a century. And now he recounts his life, or such parts of it as seem to him will permit others to understand how and why he has carried on, and he calls it "The Adventure of Living: A Subjective Autobiography," stressing "the influences that have affected my life and for good or evil made me what I am."* He emphasizes that the interesting thing about a human being is not what he is, but how he came to be what he is, which naturally includes what he does and why he does it.

J. ST. LOE STRACHEY
From a drawing by W. Rothenstein

Mr. Strachey came to be what he is from his heredity, aided and guided—after it had formulated itself in the organism to which a few months later the name John St. Loe was given—by Mrs. Salome Leaker, the family nurse. Once the reader gets her name out of the realm of risibility, he falls in love with her. A face radiant with a vivid intelligence, a nature eager and active, a fiery temper—reserved almost entirely for grown-ups—an appreciation for good literature and art, which, altho she had been brought up in illiteracy, she had developed by self-education and "threw quotations from the English classics around her in a kind of hailstorm," supplemented a genuine love of children and abounding common sense. "There was no nonsense in her nursery as to over-exciting our minds or emotions, or that sort of thing. She was quite prepared to read us to sleep with the witches in 'Macbeth' or the death scene in 'Othello.' I can see her now, with her wrinkled, brown face, her cap with white streamers awry over her black hair beginning to turn gray. In front of her was a book, propt up against the rim of a tin candlestick shaped like a small basin. In it was a dip candle with a pair of snuffers. That was how nursery light was provided in the later 'sixties and even in the 'seventies. As she sat bent forward, declaiming the most soul-shaking things in Shakespeare between nine and ten at night, we lay in our beds with our chins on the counterpane, silent, scared, but intensely happy. We loved every word and slept quite well when the play was over."

The pen picture of Mrs. Salome Leaker, and the photograph, are of the book's best. It is not unlikely that Mr. Strachey owes his worldly success and pleasure quite as much to his nurse as to "the famous men, and our fathers who begat us," of whom his father, "tho without a trace of anything approaching pride, was never tired of talking."

The story of one who for a third of a century has been in British journalism while the world was being recast and remolded must of necessity be rich in the raw material of "human interest" as well as of history and politics. But it is not this material which the author of the subjective autobiography has chosen to present. It is with the adventure of his own life that he would intrigue the reader. He says, "Every life is an adventure, and if a sense of this adventure can not become communicated to the reader, any one may feel sure that it is the fault of the writer, not of the facts." He quotes Sir Thomas Browne's advice to a son about to write an account of his travels in Hungary "not to trouble about methods of extracting iron and copper from the ores, or with a multitude of facts and statistics, but not to forget to give a full description of the 'Roman alabaster tomb in the barber's shop at Pesth.'" The alabaster tomb in the barber's shop, rather than high politics or even high literature, is the goal which he has set before him in writing this book. The test by which he invites judgment of it is the power to enthrall the imagination of the reader with the sense of adventure.

The "supreme good luck to be born the second son of a Somersetshire squire and to be brought up in a Somersetshire country-house" was reinforced by the influence of parents to whose qualities he pays tribute in a chapter devoted to memories of his parents and another to the stories told him as a child by his father. These stories serve to cloak the genealogical facts that

(*Continued on page 55*)

*THE ADVENTURE OF LIVING: A Subjective Autobiography. By John St. Loe Strachey, Editor of the Spectator. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1922.

Concerning James Branch Cabell's Human Comedy

(*Continued from page 44*)

art, and then suddenly discovered their practical identity with those of life itself.

At the center of his conception we find the idea of human life as an artistic plot extemporized by an "author," a great "demiurge of romance," whom, in "Jurgen," in "Figures of Earth," and above all in "The Cream of the Jest," we find personified as Horvendile. The double symbolism that merges Horvendile in Kennaston and connects James Branch Cabell with both those interrelated identities, is typically expressive of the manner in which his conception operates. For the principal tool used by the demiurge, the original "author," is art, poetry, romance, and in the wielding of this tool every human author—and more especially those within whom burns a spark of the fire from Audela, the land of beyond—becomes one of his deputies, pulling at the human puppet strings even as he does.

Nor does he work any more directly than they. With the help of romance, he creates a number of "dynamic illusions," as of love and honor, patriotism and respectability, beauty and common sense. Caught and moved by these, man will act as he would not otherwise, departing gradually from the ways of his original nature, until in the end that very nature seems changed. "For man alone of animals plays the ape to his dreams," says Mr. Cabell, and it is by these dreams and the aping of them that he becomes more and more a man.

There is a vast optimism in this truly Cabellian notion, which furnishes an antidote to the slightly wistful pessimism coloring practically everything he has written—an ironically sceptical pessimism that has more than its label in common with the spirit of Anatole France. Its ultimate consequence is the turning of art into one of the main evolutionary factors—which may be held a logical corollary to the current Neo-Lamarckian and Butlerian evolutionism.

The "author," the demiurge, Horvendile, is life itself, working arbitrarily, but within limits not imposed by himself, to bring his puppets to ever increasing efficiency and comeliness. That is the first object, but the second and more essential one is to establish the "author" as the controller of a universe to which symmetry and beauty are fundamentally foreign. "Kennaston," says Mr. Cabell, "grew to suspect that the existence of mankind upon earth was but an incident in the unending struggle of life to find a home in the universe. . . . For life was not a part of the universe, not a product of the universe at all, perhaps, but rather an intruder into the cosmic machinery which moved without any consideration of life's needs."

The picture we get here is stupendous. It has a cosmogonic suggestion, indeed, and a dualistic one that comprises the ubiquitous legend of two contending principles—God and the Devil, light and darkness, mind and matter. Furthermore, it makes man, the supposed puppet, a co-author of the drama. Even man's attempts at bungling or thwarting the "author's" plots are made to serve a general purpose by producing new situations unimagined by the "author" himself, "so that each generation of naturally inert mortals is propelled toward a higher sphere and manner of living, by the might of each generation's ignorance and prejudices and follies and stupidities, beneficently directed."

Among many strange and captivating shapes born of Mr. Cabell's whimsically acute fancy, that of Horvendile piques me most—perhaps because he comes straight out of Norse mythology, where he is said to have held a place corresponding to that of the Greek Ulysses. At first this mysterious stranger played a very minor part in Mr. Cabell's imaginary world, but every revision and addition has extended the scope and importance of that part. And it is he that takes us naturally into the mythical world of "Jurgen" and "Figures of Earth"—the world of true romance, where, in my opinion, Mr. Cabell has found his most original and most enduring inspirations.

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In This Month's Fiction Library

Current Novels and Stories

SYMBOLIZING the imposing, often beautiful structure of ecclesiasticism, with its age-old elaborations, its historical significance and power, the great body of "The Cathedral" looms before us in Hugh Walpole's new novel, dominating the book as it dominated the little town of Polchester and its inhabitants. The lives of all of them were influenced by the cathedral and what the cathedral stood for—the cathedral, which had become a god. "The Christian Church has made a golden calf of its dogmas. The calf is worshiped, the cathderal enshrines it," declares Wistons, the modernist, against whose ideas and spirit Adam Brandon fought with all his strength.

Tho Wistons personally appears but seldom in these pages, he is one of the three men, embodying three different types and points of view, who are the outstanding figures in the book; Canon Ronder, the opportunist, who craved power and used Wistons as a weapon with which to crush the man who held the power he wanted—only to be, as is clearly indicated, defeated in his turn by the new spirit—and Wistons, its embodiment; Wistons himself; and Adam Brandon, around whom the plot of the story is woven, who stands with the cathedral and by the cathedral, conservative to the core, hating any kind of change, happy in the influence given him, not only by his position as Archdeacon, but by his own magnificent presence and autocratic personality. They called him "the King of Polchester," and he never even dreamed that the majority of those about him did not enjoy his reign, never dreamed that, usually benevolent despot tho he was, those over whom he ruled chafed against that despotism, and would be far from regretting his dethronement.

The gradual crumbling away of his power under the varying assaults upon it, not only of deft Canon Ronder, in whom he quickly recognized an adversary, but of his own family, of the neighborhood which so quickly became a "whispering gallery" for the discussion of him and his affairs, of a democracy the ugliest side of which was shown him, and of the very spirit of the age itself, forms the principal part of the story. It was the close of the nineteenth century, "the end of the Victorian era for Church as well as State," and Adam Brandon, typical of his period, was among those "doomed, as it were, to die for their period." Tall and handsome and strong, proud and self-confident, naïve almost as a child in his belief in others' affectionate admiration, Brandon is a living human being, a man whom we may sometimes dislike but for whom we feel intensely sorry in his moment of utter and inevitable defeat. The far more subtle Ronder is just as real, and in some ways perhaps ever more interesting. He had no love of cruelty for its own sake, he did not want to hurt even "poor, dear Brandon"—only, he determined upon having his own way, and he could not have his way so long as Brandon was the ruling power in Polchester. Brandon had that pride which claims God as an ally; but Ronder too felt convinced that God was manifestly upon his side.

It is difficult to give in a few words any just idea of the breadth and scope of this very long and very interesting novel. The town of Polchester is a microcosm, but a microcosm typical of a great part of England as it was at the close of that great Victorian period, when the first breath of coming change disturbed the serene air, and the long dominance of the past was drawing to an end. In Mrs. Brandon's outward submission, in the little regard paid to lovable, intelligent Joan, who had the idea "then universally held in Polchester, that women were greatly inferior to men," we see the position of the average girl and woman of the period, a vision at once intensified and enlarged by glimpses of the various other female inhabitants of the place, their trivialities and narrow interests. The story, at once complicated and simple, with all its many threads woven presently into a fabric of rich and changeful color—color with much of the mellow quality of an English landscape—is unusually interesting. The people are real, and because they are real, because we recognize them as human beings of the same flesh and blood as ourselves, we care what becomes of them, care whether their ambitions, large or small, are attained or frustrated, whether they win love or lose it. Of the charm of Joan's young love story it is scarcely necessary to speak; that the book is well constructed, and well, often very beautifully written, will seem a matter of course to all who are familiar with Mr. Walpole's earlier work. And tho it deals with an era that is past, there is plenty of significance for our own day and generation in this impressive novel.

LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD.

THE CATHEDRAL. By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

* * *

Babel

IN THE Biblical story, it was the confusion of tongues that prevented the men of Babel from working together and building their tower so high that it would reach the heavens. A similar confusion, not of words but of ideas, has made it impossible for the peoples of the earth to cooperate and make the world a better place to live in. Not only do they speak different languages, but they think in different terms, and so long as they do that, there will be strife between individuals and war between nations. Some such idea as this seems to have been in the mind of John Cournos when he gave his latest novel the title of "Babel."

It is a strangely fascinating book, the story of a man defeated at every turn, yet fighting gallantly to win a foothold so that he can carry on the work for which he believes himself destined. John Gombarov is a Russian Jew by birth and an American by adoption. Coming, at the age of ten, to Philadelphia with his mother and stepfather, he has a hard struggle against poverty, but manages to work himself up to a position as subeditor on a periodical called *The New World*. It is what might be called a fairly good job. He earns enough to support himself and to enable him to assist the other members of his family, but he chafes at the restraint imposed by the policy of the paper on which he is employed. He feels that he is capable of better work, which he can never do unless he casts off his shackles and escapes from bondage.

When the story opens, he is traveling in Europe as a preliminary to settling down in London, where he hopes to make a place for himself in the literary world. His financial resources are pitifully small, and his only immediate means of augmenting them is by the sale of articles to American newspapers. In Paris he meets Winifred Gwynne, the girl to whom he had been engaged in Philadelphia. They had quarreled, and the engagement had been broken. Now they become reconciled, but from this time on John is never sure of her, nor is Winifred sure of herself. There are times when she loves John Gombarov with all the fervor of an intensely passionate nature, but there are other times when she thinks more of the good things of life which he can not give her than she does of him.

London impresses Gombarov as being a modern Babel. It is no longer an English city; it is international. Men of every race, of every creed, and of every shade of political opinion are gathered

together there. Particularly is this true in the realm of art. Painters, sculptors, musicians and writers have flocked thither from the ends of the earth, and their theories about life and art are as diverse as their nationalities. The new forms of artistic expression are utterly unintelligible to Gombarov. He senses a revolt from academic tradition, but he can not see that it leads anywhere. And yet he is strangely disturbed by it. Surely these men and women, apparently sane and thoroughly in earnest, must see something which he is unable to grasp. Everywhere there is unrest. He feels it in himself, and he knows that others feel it. Something is impending. But what? No one knows, and each one interprets the signs according to his own personal bias.

In order to obtain material for his newspaper articles, Gombarov interviews a number of celebrities. Their names are disguised, but some, at least, are easily identified. He is not, we are led to believe, an experienced interviewer, and he is successful only in those instances where the person interviewed is willing to meet him more than half way. One of them in particular becomes an intimate friend, and another puts him in the way of meeting a number of poets of the new school. They do not appeal to him as poets, but as individuals they are worthy of study. His hunger for human companionship leads him to make friends wherever he can. He even makes the acquaintance of women of the street merely for the sake of talking to them. His love for Winifred prevents these affairs from going on to their logical conclusion, tho on one occasion he is sorely tempted. But Winifred continues to be elusive.

Gombarov is a man at odds with himself. Within him are two natures striving for the mastery. He himself feels this, feels that if he could only let himself go, he might accomplish something. This is true both of his literary career and of his relations with Winifred. But something is always holding him back, preventing him from taking a decisive step. Will this conflict between Gombarov's dual personalities ever come to an end? Will he ever take the place in the world to which his talents entitle him? These questions can never be answered unless John Cournos writes a sequel to "Babel." ISAAC ANDERSON.

BABEL. By John Cournos. New York: Boni & Liveright.

* * *

Escape

THIS novel deals with the very modern theme of the individual's revolt against environment, or rather, against the stultifying influence of a particular environment; in this case it happens to be the lower middle-class social order of Ealing, a London suburb, and the proponent of revolt is the younger daughter of a veterinary surgeon, Emily Sinnock. It was from her father that she gained her first realization of Ealing's narrow limitations, its smug respectability, and of that happier life enjoyed by those whom the truth has set free. There came to be a division in the family, Emily and her father uniting against Mrs. Sinnock and the two other children, who represented all that was dull, respectable and commonplace. The family majority thought it a shameful thing that Mr. Sinnock should discuss evolution and world politics with the girl; it wasn't proper or befitting their station in life. On her young and plastic mind he had imprest a significant idea: the moral value of revolt. That vague discontent which she was herself unable to comprehend, he had stimulated and fanned to fever heat. All his own thwarted ambitions and aspirations were to be realized by the girl. Her success was to solace his own failure. And then he died, leaving her doubly bereaved, of father and friend.

Relief from intolerable conditions of home life came unexpectedly in marriage to a staid, kindly bank manager. He loved her calmly, stedfastly, but not passionately; for passion, according to Ealing conventions, was unclean. They had a son, and Emily, if not happy, was reasonably contented. She had an affection for her husband, she admired his virtues, yet at last she admitted

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to herself that he was a dull soul. Mr. Mepsted, having conscientiously done double duty as bank manager and special constable, easily succumbed during the last year of the war to an attack of pneumonia.

Fate had given Emily, still pretty and in her twenties, freedom and economic security. She had a small but sufficient income, a house in Ealing and a small capital. How she entered business in London, achieving success and a larger life in contact with cultivated and inquiring minds, must be left to the reader to discover. In that new world of barristers and journalists she found passion and finally love. Her ambition, which was centered on the acquisition of money, gradually underwent a change. Barty Scammel, the idealistic free-lance journalist, opened her mind to questioning and then comprehension of spiritual values never before understood. He made her realize that the materialistic point of view is at the root of society's ills; he made her see herself spiritually defeated and routed.

"Illusion! It had all been illusion: her zeal for her work, her paltry triumph over her family, her financial success, her transitory passion, her move from Ealing to London. A year ago these things had constituted her aspirations. She would have maintained that they were the outward signs of the freedom she desired and was about to seek. But she was learning the bitter lesson that for her they were no such thing. For she had glimpsed the truth—that freedom is of the spirit: glimpsed it and rejected it to follow false gods."

Mr. Jeffery has written a very fine novel, both from the craftsman's standpoint of construction, good character-drawing, apposite, meaty dialog, and also in the clever way he has incorporated discussions of the most compelling political and social problems which our *post bellum* world is endeavoring to solve. Even those who have little interest in these problems will not find "Escape" unduly didactic. DRAKE DE KAY.

ESCAPE. By Jeffery E. Jeffery. New York. Thomas Seltzer.

* * *

Mummers in Mufti

WHEN Arnold Bellsmith acts on the suggestion of his physician and purchases a musical comedy in order to give himself an interest in life, one may confidently anticipate startling developments. The young millionaire, in accordance with the best fictional traditions, has been for several years in a state of nervous depression verging on melancholia, for which his Puritanical Yankee heritage and temperamental dilettantism must be held jointly responsible. In the person of Tilly Marshall, soubrette, and, like himself, a nervous patient of Dr. MacVickar, he finds a kindred soul. She does not, like the majority, believe him an utter fool. Doubtless the author never intended him to be one, but—the truth must out—so he appears to the very last chapter.

"Mummers in Mufti" has all the earmarks of a first novel, and a most amateurish one. The dialog is hopelessly weak. The leading character, tho pure enough to satisfy even Mr. Sumner, is without moral value; not that he is allured by temptation, for he is never tempted. Bellsmith is in truth a characterless person with, as sole accomplishment, a certain facility in composing light opera scores, confessedly of no merit whatever. One gathers that he had a classical education: this is imprest by his frequent Latin quotations, of whose exactness he is never quite certain. Incidentally, we are informed he was the quietest man who ever spent four years at Yale. Never does he exhibit other than negative virtues, and his small triumphs are obviously attributable to unlimited capital and a paucity of brains. Apparently the theme of this tale is the not very original idea that no amount of money can make a man happy; congenial work is essential to a contented life.

If the reader anticipates being initiated into the private lives of actors and actresses, he will be disappointed, and one closes the book wondering why Mr. Curtiss should have called it "Mummers in Mufti." Aside from a birthday party given by a young

(*Continued on page 56*)

The Journalistic Adventures of Mr. Strachey

(*Continued from page 50*)

always flavor so keenly, to the adventurer himself, the zest of his adventure. In this case they leave the reader free to trace, should he possess a relish for such a trail, through the rattling rust of ancient armor, the spell of great country houses and other symbols of authority; one may also trace Mr. Strachey's hereditary urge for literature, for there was a certain ancestor who "almost certainly knew Shakespeare" and "had a considerable amount of book-writing to his credit," including "two or three pamphlets written by him and published as what we should now call 'Virginia Company propaganda.'" No light is thrown upon the heritage, guardian angel, or kind fate which was responsible for providing the adventurer at the outset of his journey with the most fortunate of all possessions, the temperament to "take the good the gods provide," and for relieving him of all encumbrances in the way of "inferiority" and other complexes, which have become so fashionable a part of the modern adventurer's equipment.

If, indeed, anything in the way of good fortune was wanting in the gifts of fate to the author of the autobiography he was more than compensated by a disposition which made it easy for him to appreciate the good qualities of others, even of his mother-in-law—that usually most unappreciated of all human relations—and to live in unimpaired serenity in her family. Of her we are told that "she was an admirable talker and full of clear and interesting memories. I had no sooner entered the Simpson house and family than I found that there were a hundred points of sympathy between us. She had known everybody in London who was worth knowing . . . and had visited most of the political country houses in England on the Whig side, and most of the neutral strongholds."

Aside from the chapters on his parents and old nurse, only a few glimpses are given of a normal and happy childhood passed in the good old days when ladies still had time to cultivate the art of correspondence—of which he says, "I have no time to dwell on my mother's most intimate friendship with Lady Waldegrave and with their habit of writing daily letters to each other." The salient point of his childhood seems to be that he was saturated with precosity and filial piety. He was not quite so strong as other boys and was not sent to public school, and "the irony of accident," he says, "had designed my mental equipment to be of a kind perfectly useless for the purposes of the preliminary Oxford examinations." Knowledge of literature, a power of writing, a not inconsiderable reading in modern history and a commendable grasp of mathematics were of no use whatever for the purpose of matriculation. So the youthful Strachey turned to Latin and Greek and finally entered Balliol as an unattached student. The first discord in the harmony of his relations to life was sounded when he became a student at Balliol, where he did not get on well with the Dons. "I can say truthfully that I never received a word of encouragement, of kindly direction, or of sympathy of any sort or kind from any of them in regard to work or anything else. The reason, I now feel sure, was that they believed that to take notice of me would have only made me more uppish."

SIR EDWARD STRACHEY IN THE HALL AT SUTTON COURT WITH HIS FAVORITE CAT

MRS. SALOME LEAKER, "THE FAMILY NURSE"

His recollections of Jowett, the Master of Balliol, are tempered by the successes and the good fortune that have come to him in the intervening forty years, but he remains convinced that "the Master of Balliol evidently felt the Stracheyphobia very strongly, or perhaps I should say felt it his duty to express it very strongly." The sarcasm that Jowett poured upon him on his return to Balliol after his first year as an unattached student still rankles. But in those early days there must have been an atmosphere of self-sufficiency, complacency, possibly one might be justified in saying conceit, that dissolved the testy Master's inhibitions.

Mr. Strachey is never tired of emphasizing the good fortune of his friendships. "I have no doubt I was considered odd by most of my contemporaries, but this oddness and also my inability to play football or cricket never seemed to create, as far as I could see, any prejudice. Indeed I think that my friends were quite discerning enough and quite free enough from convention to be amused and interested by a companion who was not built up in accordance with the sealed pattern." Nothing better illustrates his mental endowment and his cultural equipment as estimated by himself than this statement: "In my day we would talk about anything, from the Greek feeling about landscape to the principles the Romans would have taken as the basis of actuarial tables, if they had had them. We unsphered Plato, we speculated as to what Euripides would have thought of Henry

(*Continued on page 58*)

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(*Continued from page 54*)

man in the caste, at which every one present consumes too much punch, that aspect is dwelt upon in the most casual way. The title has the advantage of being pleasantly alliterative, but as applied to this particular novel it would seem to require explanation.

MUMMERS IN MUFTI. By Philip Curtiss. New York: The Century Company.

* * *

Edna Ferber's Gigolo

THAT peculiarly keen understanding of the average, commonplace American, so manifest in much of Miss Ferber's work, is evident in the new book of short stories entitled "Gigolo." She knows thoroughly both the male and female of that species, exprest by the familiar phrase, "the man in the street," the people who crowd our subways and moving-picture houses and excursion trains, who talk slang, chew gum, and deeply admire the Pollyanna school of fiction; honest, most of them; hard-working, many of them, with hopes and joys, defeats and sorrows, loves and hatreds, which Miss Ferber somehow contrives to make deeply interesting.

The eight short stories collected in the newly published volume are, of course, of different degrees of merit, descending from the skilful, appealing mixture of humor and pathos, the genuine homespun realism of "Old Man Minick" to the title story, "Gigolo," whose machinery even Miss Ferber's clever oiling can not prevent from creaking in an audible and somewhat disconcerting manner. Closely following "Old Man Minick" comes the—in a sense—companion story of "The Sudden Sixties," and the very clever "Home Girl," with the other tales trailing after at various distances. It is one of Miss Ferber's notable characteristics—admirably demonstrated, as many readers will remember, in that exceptional novel, "The Girls," that she can describe, understand and sympathize with different periods of life. Her old people are neither malign influences nor plaster saints, but human beings, with interests only slightly changed or impaired by advancing years, liking the society of their own kind as much as ever, and quite capable of enjoying the amusements which appeal to them. The account of the gatherings of the old men in the Park during the months of warm weather, when they discussed "The War? Peace? Disarmament? China? Free love? Mere conversational bubbles to be tossed in the air and disposed of in a burst of foam," or talked about spiritualism, politics and their relations, each holding forth as he chose, is delightfully done. "Old Man Minick" enjoyed the society of these contemporaries of his far more than he did that of his son's friends, just as Hannah Winter of "The Sudden Sixties" had her best times with her own elderly little group. Her daughter and son-in-law "insisted periodically on her going with them to the theater, or down-town for dinner. . . . This was known as 'taking mother out.'" But the truth was that "she much preferred a mild spree with one of her own cronies. . . . They could giggle and nudge and comment like girls together, and did. . . . They liked a double chocolate ice-cream soda as well as ever; a new gown; an interesting book." For zest of living does not inevitably end with the vanishing of youth, and this fact Miss Ferber realizes and presents to us vividly, and above all, humorously.

But she understands, too, many types of the young people of the present day, and with an admirably restrained irony shows us one or two of them in the satirical little study she calls "Home Girl." It is a tale of that district, here called Wilson avenue, but known, one may be fairly sure, to about every city in the United States, "where light housekeepers take their housekeeping too lightly," and most of the food comes from the delicatessen: "Vivid scarlet, orange, yellow, green. A strip of pimento here.

A mound of mayonnaise there. A green pepper stuffed with such burden of deceit as no honest green pepper ever was meant to hold." Not that Raymond and Cora Atwater started on Wilson avenue and delicatessen food. It took them twelve years to get there, years in which their rent increased as the size of the apartment they occupied diminished. What never did diminish was Cora's large store of satisfaction in herself and her qualities as a "Home Girl." The story of Ray and Cora is the story of a good many young couples, tho not all of the husbands are as slow as Ray was in discerning the facts of the case through the haze of phrases.

Of the other tales, "Not a Day Over Twenty-One," tells of a comedy actress, a woman with technique and training and talent, who went to Hollywood and into the "movies," only to learn that the one really important thing in that upside-down world was the single gift she lacked—youth. "Ain't Nature Wonderful!" is an amusing burlesque with much truth hidden beneath its fun-making. "The Afternoon of a Faun" is the not very convincing tale of a young mechanic whom all girls and women adored, thereby boring him almost to the point of desperation. "If I Should Ever Travel!" is a trifle dull compared with the majority of Miss Ferber's tales, but its climax is amusing. The title story, "Gigolo," tells how Gideon Gory, of the Winnebago (Wisconsin) Gorys, became a "gigolo," one of those "lean, sallow, expert and unwholesome creatures . . . who for ten francs . . . would dance with any woman wishing to dance on the crowded floors of public tea-rooms, dinner- or supper-rooms in the cafés, hotels and restaurants of France," during the "mad year" 1922. What brought about the descent to this level of Gideon Gory, once a member of the Lafayette Escardrille, the story relates. Also, how he was lifted up again, of course through the agency of the destined girl.

They are very human little stories, these of Miss Ferber's, with —at least in the best of them—the deftest mingling of laughter and tears. She sees clearly, and what she sees she reproduces accurately, in her delightfully individual, often pungent style. There are certain strata of American life, and especially of American city life, which she knows through and through, and these she expounds vividly and very interestingly, with all the charm of the born interpreter.

GIGOLO: By Edna Ferber. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Wind Bloweth

THERE are a few writers, men and women, who possess magic casements of their own through which they look, and then, returning, tell the rest of us something of the wonders they have seen. It is surely through such a casement that Donn Byrne must have gazed upon the lands and people of which he tells us in his new novel, "The Wind Bloweth." For tho many, perhaps all of the places he mentions, are to be found on various maps, the book is one of dreams and visions, and it is the romance, the sheer poetical quality of the narrative which is of paramount importance.

Shane Campbell of Connemara—wee Shane—was only a little boy when first he saw the vision of "Dancing Town," the place of beauty and light and joy, where "the green ran down to a white beach, and on the beach foamy waves curled like a man's beard." Then, when he was older, there came to him another and a different vision, the vision of a home, and of a woman waiting there for his return, who was a wanderer by land and sea. In his native Ireland he thought once that he had found her, the woman of his dreams. But it was not so. And then in Marseilles, packed with the romance that is history and the history that is romance, he met with one who was called "The Mouth of Honey," and who loved him greatly. But sorrow came, and he believed that with it he had learned wisdom. In Beirut he encountered many of the ancient, mysterious tribe of the Druses of Lebanon, and presently

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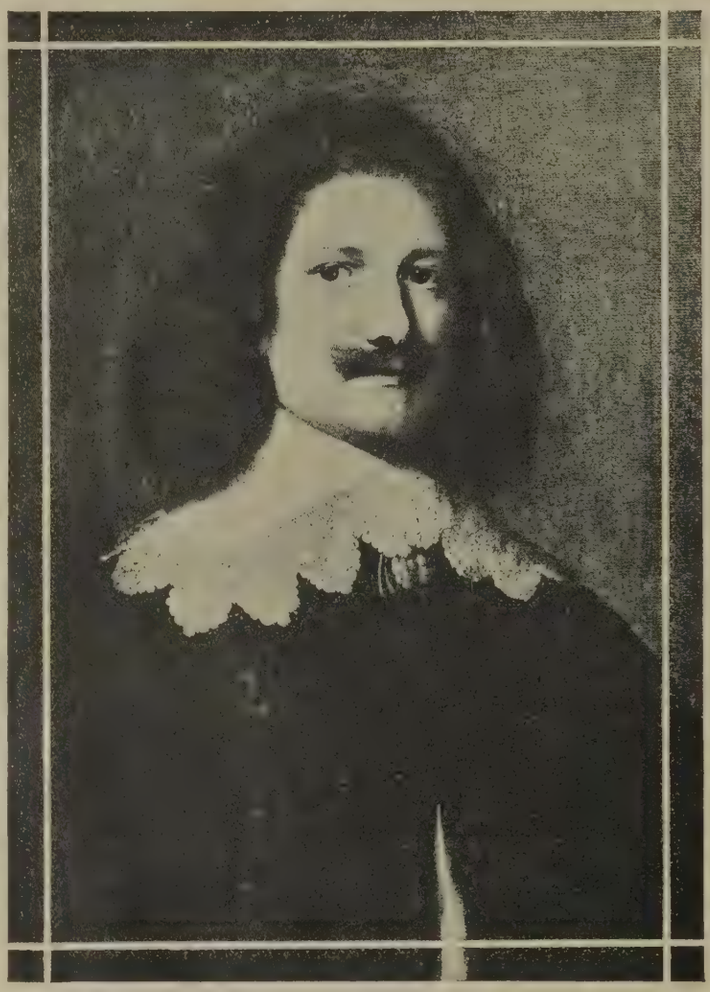
The Journalistic Adventures of Mr. Strachey

(*Continued from page 55*)

James, or whether Sophocles would have enjoyed Miss ——'s acting, and felt that it was of vital import to decide these matters." Good old days, indeed! We can imagine what the fate of the student at Harvard, let us say, would be to-day if he shaped his talk to indicate that "the most important thing in the world" was talk of this kind.

At an early age Mr. Strachey yielded to the urge of poetry writing, and even had a book of verses printed by a local publisher, of which he says: "The thing that strikes me most, on looking back at my little volume of verse, is its uncanny competence, not merely from the point of view of prosody, but of phraseology and what I may almost term scholarship." In spite of this, he felt no great desire to adopt poetry-making as his profession. "Possibly I thought the trade was a bad one for a second son who must support himself. It is more probable that I instinctively felt that altho it was so great a source of joy to me, poetry was not my true vocation. Perhaps, also, I had already begun to note the voice of pessimism raised by the poets of the seventies, and to feel that they did not believe in themselves."



JOHN STRACHEY, THE FRIEND OF LOCKE

"The pivot of my life has been The Spectator, and so The Spectator must be the pivot of my book." His connection with it began when he was about twenty-six, after he had settled in London to study for the Bar. The book opens with an account of the spectacular success of his first adventure of writing for this journal. Armed with a formal introduction from his father, who had been a friend of the joint editors, Mr. Hutton and Mr. Townsend, and a frequent contributor to the paper, Mr. Strachey called at The Spectator office in Wellington Street and listened to the well-worn story—no less true thirty years ago than it is to-day—of "more outside reviewers than they could possibly find work for," and received, out of friendship for his father alone, the choice of five volumes to notice. One of them was an edition of "Gulliver's Travels," and it was destined to play a leading rôle in the adventure of John St. Loe Strachey. Nothing daunted by the indifferent encouragement, he promptly despatched the completed reviews, and in due time again presented himself at the office for the sole purpose of returning the books. Great was his amazement when, instead of a lukewarm reception, he was immediately asked to select anything he would like to review from a new pile of books. When he protested that he had not come to ask for more books to review he learned that the position of the editors had been entirely changed by the review of "Gulliver's Travels," and "they hoped very much that I should be able to do regular work for The Spectator. I was actually hailed as 'a writer and critic of the first force.'" Even a stronger head might have been turned by such praise from such a source.

This, however, was only the first chapter of his successful adventure with The Spectator. Shortly afterward he received a letter from Mr. Hutton asking him to write a couple of leaders a week and some notes while Mr. Townsend was away for a holiday. His first leader brought a delighted response from Mr. Townsend, who requested him to remain as his assistant while Mr. Hutton was away, and soon afterward suggested, "with a swift generosity that still warms my heart, that if I liked to give up the Bar, for which I was still supposing myself to be reading, I could have a permanent place at The Spectator, and even, if I remember rightly, hinted that I might look forward to succeeding the first of the two partners who died or retired, and so to becoming joint editor or joint proprietor." His second political leader, entitled the "Privy Council and the Colonies," brought down even bigger game than the first. Fate, always the ally of Mr. Strachey, so arranged that Lord Granville, then Colonial Secretary, had been prevented by a fit of gout from preparing a speech which he was to deliver when he received the Agents-General of the self-governing Colonies, and he supplied the hiatus by beginning his speech with the words: "In a very remarkable article which appeared in this week's Spectator"—and then going on "to use the article as the foundation of his speech," with the result that Mr. Hutton was "greatly delighted, and almost said in so many words that it wasn't every day that the editors of The Spectator could draw Cabinet Ministers to advertise their paper."

So the "first two leaders had done the trick." Still, as the young adventurer was soon to learn, it was possible for an aspirant to success to get by both editors, and even a Cabinet Minister, and still fail of entire recognition from the most critical member of The Spectator staff. Even this distinction, however, Mr. Strachey was destined promptly to achieve. "The last, the complete rite of initiation at The Spectator office," occurred one day as he was talking over articles, when "a large, consequential, not to say stout black tom-cat slowly entered the room, walked around me, sniffed at my legs in a suspicious manner, and then, to my intense amazement and amusement, hurled himself from the floor with some difficulty and alighted upon my shoulder. . . . The sagacious beast had realized that there was a new element in the office, and had come to inspect it and see whether he could give it his approval. When that approval was given, it was conceded by all concerned that the appointment had received its consecration." And so, having received the unqualified endorsement of the office cat, the future "editor and sole proprietor" of The Spectator, within a few weeks of his introduction to the office, had his career mapped out for him. That Mr. Strachey has been content with that career this subjective autobiography is likely to convince the most skeptical.

Two chapters are devoted to an estimate of Meredith Townsend, who was successively his chief, his partner, and later—after Mr. Strachey became "sole proprietor, editor-in-chief"—merely leader writer for The Spectator. The sketch of Mr. Townsend, which will undoubtedly appeal more to British than to American

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wedded a Druse wife. Then again Fate intervened, and it was not until some years had passed, when he went back to his own country, that he found Granya.

Much of the book fairly glows with color, especially the Marseilles portion, and that one which tells of Shane's adventure with "The Wrestler from Aleppo," who came to Beirut. And then there are the great, seemingly endless spaces of the ocean, "the battles round the Horn . . . the swaying runs to China," and more wonderful even than these, the glories of the Mediterranean, where Sennacherib sailed, and the Phœnicians, and where "Sappho sang her songs like wine and honey, sharp wine and golden honey." Many were Shane's journeyings, and many his adventures, before "a foolish thing . . . brought him joy, where wisdom had brought sorrow," and through love and the claim of love for help and strength and courage he learned fully, deeply, to believe "that tho death should smite his body, he would not die." For it is on a profoundly religious note, a note of faith and hope, and even of exaltation, that the novel comes to an end.

THE WIND BLOWETH. By Donn Byrne. Illustrated. New York: The Century Company.

Quest

THE story of Helen R. Hull's "Quest" is concerned with Jean Winthrop's efforts to find herself, to learn the meaning of life, and to decide what she is to make of it. We see her first as an infant gradually wakening to consciousness of things about her. Her world is a small one. Mamma is always there. Papa comes and goes. Later there is a baby brother. Jean learns that there are some things she must not do. They are bad, and they bring unhappiness to her and to Mamma. Other things are good and make the world brighter for everybody. But sometimes Mamma is unhappy even when Jean is not conscious of having done anything that is bad. At such times she hears Papa and Mamma talk to each other in what she calls their "terrible voices." She does not understand the things they say, but they frighten her.

Jean's father is a professor in a small college. There is never enough money for the needs of the family, and that is one of the reasons for the frequent quarrels between husband and wife. He will insist upon buying books when the children need shoes. But there are other reasons, too. Jean's mother is jealous. She imagines, apparently without sufficient cause, that her husband is too attentive to other women. She nags at him continually, and he grows more and more sullen and resentful.

The family fortunes go from bad to worse. Mr. Winthrop loses one position after another. It is not that he is wanting in ability, but he lacks diplomacy. He antagonizes people to whom it would be to his interest to make himself agreeable. Finally he gives up teaching and goes into business, where he is even less successful. He begins to drink and to gamble, and his wife discovers that he has been unfaithful to her.

It is in such surroundings that Jean grows up. Life is a puzzle to her. Other girls speak to her of love and marriage as the ultimate goal, but to Jean marriage means poverty, wretchedness and constant bickering. She has seen nothing to lead her to believe that love plays any part in married life. She hears and reads things about the physical side of love which seem to her to be disgusting and degrading, and yet they fascinate her strangely. It is useless to question her father or her mother about these things. Their answers are vague, and she is made to feel she has done wrong in asking.

Boys do not interest her much. She is not at ease with them as other girls are. When she meets them at high-school dances and later at college, she does not know what to say to them. Nor do

(*Continued on page 61*)

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The Journalistic Adventures of Mr. Strachey

(*Continued from page 58*)

readers, is vivid and sympathetic, bringing into high relief the rather picturesque side of an altogether lovable and thoroughly practical personality—altho any weak points which he may have displayed as leader-writer are not blurred over. His fairness, both toward his junior partner and to those who differed with him, is emphasized, as well as his sound philosophy, his wit, his capacity for felicitous epigram and his mental directness and forcefulness.

Mr. Strachey has the same pleasure in recalling his early days with The Spectator that the aged courtesan is alleged to have in telling of her youthful amours. "When an occasion like this makes me turn back to my old articles, I am glad to say that my attitude, far from being one of shame, is more like that of the Duke of Wellington. When quite an old man, somebody brought him his Indian dispatches to look over. As he read, he is recorded to have muttered: 'Damned good! I don't know how the devil I ever managed to write 'em'."

When Mr. Strachey became "proprietor, editor, general manager, leader-writer and reviewer" of The Spectator he naturally asked himself, "What is the journalist's function in the State, and how am I to carry it out?" After reflection and deliberation he decided that the journalist must be the watch-dog of society, and this in full recognition of the fact that the watch-dog is generally disliked, often misunderstood, and is burdened with a disagreeable job, even with its compensations. He defends the watch-dog for barking "in a loud and raucous way, even for biting occasionally. It is good for the dog and it is good for the one who is barked at or bitten, tho the latter, like the boy who is being flogged for his good, neither sees it nor admits it. Mr. Strachey recites a specific instance of his watch-dog methods in dealing with Cecil Rhodes, whose methods of expanding the British Empire seemed to The Spectator dangerous and inconsistent with the sense of national honor and good faith. He therefore "warned the British public that Rhodes, if not watched, would secretly buy policies behind their backs and that the party machine, when in want of money, would with equal secrecy sell them. And I proved my point, incredible as it may seem."

Mr. Strachey says that he could, of course, mention other examples of the way in which this particular watch-dog gave trouble and got himself heartily disliked, but recounting them would touch living people. Mr. Strachey does not bow the knee to archaic conventions like "*nihil nisi de mortuis bonum.*"

Next to the watch-dog function of the journalist is that of publicity. Publicity is one of the pillars of society, and while this has long been recognized in America, Mr. Strachey says, it is only very recently that it has come to be thoroughly appreciated in his country. Publicity is as important a thing as the collection and preservation of evidence at a trial, but it is not the whole of journalism. Comment is an important part, and infinitely more important apparently in Britain than in this country. The journalism of comment may be divided into two parts: judicial and the journalism of advocacy. It is the former that Mr. Strachey has practised and that he has meant to practise.

On the ethics of newspaper proprietorship he thinks that it makes for soundness that newspaper proprietors should be peculiarly independent. It is also most important that they should be men whose money is derived from their newspaper and not from other sources. A great newspaper in the hands of a man who does not look to it for profit, but owns it for external reasons, is a source of danger. In view of this opinion, it is interesting to recall that the control of the greatest newspaper in the world has recently passed, in great part, into the hands of a man who possesses a considerable portion of one of America's greatest fortunes.

The chapters of Mr. Strachey's book which should have been most interesting are those entitled "Five Great Men," in which he discusses Lord Cromer, John Hay, Theodore Roosevelt, Cecil Rhodes and Joseph Chamberlain. Many will find them the most disappointing, particularly those who knew in the flesh any of these great men. They would be less disappointing, perhaps, if they were not so palpably self-laudatory. Mr. Strachey had a profound admiration for Lord Cromer and he shared it with thousands of his countrymen and Egyptian well-wishers the world over. Recalling a visit to Lord Cromer in Cairo, he says: "Inexperienced as I then was in public affairs, it was a matter of no small pleasure and of no small amount of pride to find my own special opinions, views and theories as to political action plainly endorsed by an authority so great. In not a single case was I disappointed or disillusioned either with what had been my own views or with what were Lord Cromer's." This reminds strangely of Mr. Strachey's opinion of the Dons in his youthful days at Oxford. Future biographers of Lord Cromer will have to note the fact that "he was, with the single exception of my cousin, Lytton Strachey, the most competent reviewer I ever had," and that "he wrote a review every week for The Spectator on some important book," also that "he took an immense amount of trouble to realize and understand The Spectator view, and to commit me to nothing which he thought I might dislike."

In the same way Mr. Strachey tells with great relish how he won the approval of Roosevelt with his tact and discretion when the President invited him to be present at one of his Cabinet meetings, and of Roosevelt's admiration when Mr. Strachey went with him in floods of rain for a ride on a dark November evening. In curious contrast to his statement that on this occasion he was mounted on a superb Kentucky horse procured from the cavalry barracks, "a creature whose strength and speed proved how well deserved is the reputation of that famous breed," is the photograph of Mr. Strachey on his pony at the end of the chapter, from which one would not readily gather that he had been selected by Mr. Roosevelt to accompany him "on these afternoon winter rides" as a test of men.

Mr. Strachey says that the bed-rock of his political opinions is a whole-hearted belief in the principles of democracy, and he defines his conception of democracy as being "not devotion to certain abstract principles or views of communal life which have the label 'democratic' placed upon them, but a belief in the justice, convenience and necessity of ascertaining and abiding by the lawfully and constitutionally exprest Will of the Majority of the People." He states his belief in the referendum "in order to free us from the evils of log-rolling and other exigencies of the kind which Walt Whitman grouped under the general formula of 'the insolence of elected persons.'" He admits, however, that a whole-hearted belief in the democratic principle need not prevent one from having strong views on special points of policy, and one of his special points of policy is in regard to Ireland. "I object to Home Rule as bad for the Empire, bad for the United Kingdom, and bad in an even extremer degree for Ireland herself. If, however, it should be determined that some measure of Home Rule must be passed, then the existence of the two Irelands must be recognized in any action which should be determined upon. When, therefore, the support which the Unionist Party decided on giving to Mr. Lloyd George at the end of the war made some form of Home Rule seem almost inevitable, I strongly advocated the division of Ireland as the only way of avoiding a civil war in which the merits would be with Northern Ireland."

One who comes to this delightful narrative as an admirer of the author, may feel, on taking leave of it, that what Mr. Strachey has said of a famous fellow editor, William T. Stead, might also be said of him: "Stead, tho a man of honest intent, and very great ability, was also a man of many failings, many ineptitudes, many prejudices and injustices. Further, there was an element of commonness in his mental attitude, as in his style." Yet this would not be quite fair or accurate. Mr. Strachey is a man of honest intent and very great ability, and there is no element of "commonness" in his mental attitude. His admirers would not admit that he is a man of many failings and many injustices. The word "some" should be substituted for "many," in any case. But then there are his pronunciamentos on Ireland and his recollections of Cecil Rhodes.

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they seem to be attracted by her. There are exceptions, of course. And there are times when Jean feels that she wants to be loved. But always she thinks of her father and mother, and the idea of marriage repels her.

Jean wants her own life to be different. But how can she make it worth living? That is her quest. The book ends with the quest still uncompleted, but Jean has at least decided what direction it is to take. And that is about as far as any of us ever get.

QUEST. By Helen R. Hull. 353 pages. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Roland Whately

IF ROLAND WHATELY, instead of going back to school by the three-thirty train from Waterloo, had waited for the slower four-eighteen, as the vast majority of schoolmates did, the whole course of his life would have been different, for in that case he would not have met Dolly, and if he had not met Dolly he would have remained at Fernhurst until he was ready to enter Oxford. Not that there was anything particularly disgraceful about the Dolly episode, but head masters and parents have a way of taking such things more seriously than they deserve. Furthermore, if Roland had continued at Fernhurst, he would never have had the chance to demonstrate to Mr. Marston his prowess as a cricketer. Now, a cricketer is just as highly regarded in England as a football hero is in the United States, and we all know how our great financial institutions are continually bidding against each other for the services of famous gridiron stars. What could be more natural, then, than that Mr. Marston should offer the boy who made the winning runs in a crucial game the post of foreign representative for his varnish firm? At any rate, that is what Mr. Marston did, and it is quite possible that Roland was right in attributing his good fortune to the fact that he had taken the three-thirty train. Chance, or what appears to be chance, does undoubtedly play an important part in the shaping of our careers.

But there was another factor which Roland failed to take into consideration. He was essentially selfish, not consciously or deliberately so, but fundamentally. He was incapable of considering what effect his actions would have on others, seeing only the immediate advantage to himself. In no other way can his treatment of the two women who loved him be explained. It was inevitable that he should make one of them unhappy, and when the book ends with his marriage to the other, it seems highly probable that she will live to regret it. There should be excellent material for another novel in the married life of these two.

Cricket plays an important part in Mr. Waugh's novel. The description of the game in which Roland distinguishes himself and incidentally convinces Mr. Marston of his ability to sell varnish is as unintelligible to the American reader as the detailed story of a baseball game would be to an Englishman. But it must have been a very exciting game, for the players became so intent upon finishing it before dark that they refused to stop for tea. Such self-denial may be heroic, but, surely, it isn't cricket.

ROLAND WHATELY. By Alec Waugh. 342 pages. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Homesteader's Portfolio

UNMARRIED women who are looking for solutions of the problem of how to satisfy their creative instincts within the range of accepted courses would do well to read "The Homesteader's Portfolio." This homesteader was a school-teacher who answered the question, "Quo vadis, old maid?" by filing a claim for 160 acres of Oregon land and then breaking the land herself.

(*Continued on page 63*)

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("Aguecheek") Foreword by Henry Garrity

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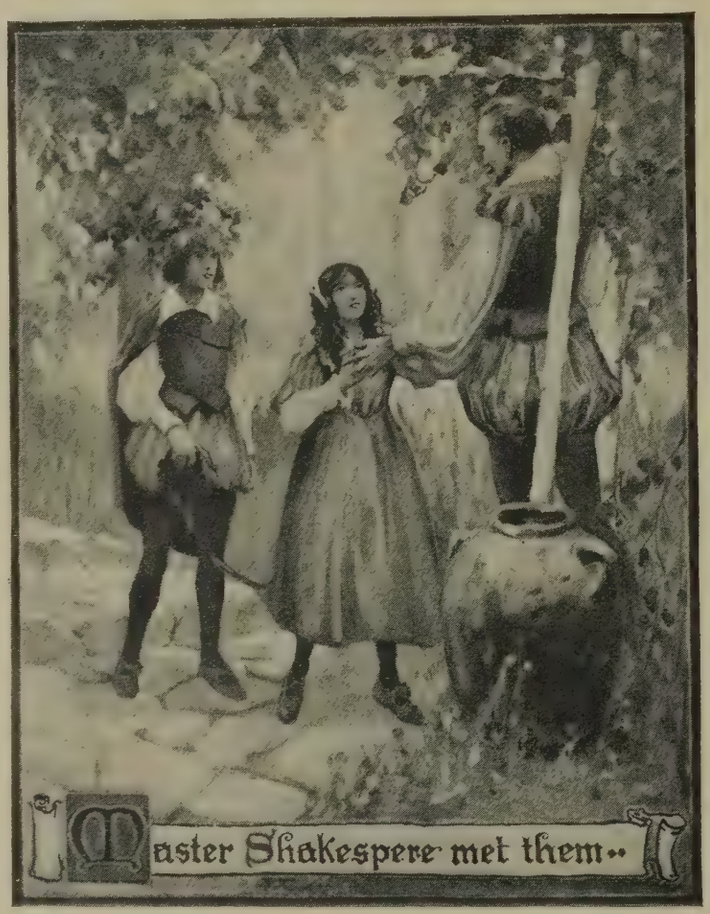
A Shelf of Christmas Books for Boys and Girls

By Herbert S. Gorman

THE difficulties in the way of providing the proper literary pabulum for children have, in some measure, been solved during recent years by the development of a steadily increasing group of writers who realize that the juvenile book is no less a serious undertaking than any other form of literary endeavor. Clever construction, admirable character-exposition, literary finish in point of style, all these things must be taken into consideration if the book is to be a success. Of course, there are certain well-defined types in which children's books may be classified. The boy's book of adventure, the school story, the fairy-tale, the educational volume—it is easy enough to note these types, but it is not easy to write them. It may be that the mentality of the child has progressed. More probable is the supposition that adults have at last realized that a child's book should not be a superficial book. Psychological study and analysis have illuminated the dusty places, and the old type of book has been emphatically damned. No longer is the child's immature mind fed with a moral or theological tract sugar-coated as a fairy-tale or narrative of juvenile adventures. The child is interested in beauty as beauty, fantasy as fantasy, adventure as adventure. And because this theory has at last percolated into the mind of the public we find many serious writers—with reputations fully established in other lines—busying themselves with books for children. The child's book has become a dignified creation, and they act accordingly.



FROM "MASTER SKYLARK," BY JOHN BENNETT
Illustrated by Henry Pitz. (*Century.*)

The current season is particularly rich in worth-while books for children. The list is bewilderingly large; hardly a publisher fails to offer one or more of genuine literary value. Before skimming rapidly over a sufficiently large number of titles to please the most catholic tastes, it may be worth while to consider the more important volumes at some length. Certain books stand out among juveniles just as they do in any other genre of literary endeavor. And in the very front rank of these books to receive the accolade of emphatic approval the writer would put Carl Sandburg's "Rootabaga Stories," Hugh Lofting's "The Voyages of Dr. Dolittle," Padraic Colum's "The Children Who Followed the Piper," Jean de Bosschère's "Weird Islands," William Bowen's "Solario the Tailor," Ralph Paine's "Blackbeard: Buccaneer," Waldemar Bonsel's "The Adventures of Maya the Bee," Parker Fillmore's "Mighty Mikko," and Sara Teasdale's "Rainbow Gold," an anthology of poems for children. Here is a variegated list, and it seems to touch all types of children. Not one of the foregoing volumes but is distinguished in point of literary merit, and the particular virtues which attach to them lift them a goodly distance above the accepted type of child's book. The writer does not mean to imply that other juveniles published this season do not stand equal to them as regards merit, but he can vouch for these books because of the actual pleasure they gave him. Mr. Sandburg, known heretofore

(*Continued on page 64*)

A HANDSOME PURSE FILLED WITH REAL MONEY
From "The Bird-Nest Boarding House," by Verbena Reed.
(*Dutton.*)

FROM "HENNY AND PENNY," BY BERTHA PARKER HALL
(*Dutton.*)

In This Month's Fiction Library

(*Continued from page 61*)

Her Portfolio is an interesting and vivid account of her experiences with the land, with her white leghorns, with her stock, and with the Oregonians. It is illustrated with photographs.

The animals by all means walk away with the book. Miss Pratt's feeling for animals is so strong that she is most successful in writing of them. Her white leghorn chicks, as soon as they have pipped, at once become individuals in her Portfolio. One feels a lump in the throat when Bingo of the shaggy, red brown coat has to be chloroformed, and the absurd and extreme devotion between Bossy and her son Psalmmy is a delightful story. The humans Miss Pratt writes of are pale in contrast, lacking entirely the clarity of outline which she gives to the animals.

After reading this book, certainly no one could question that one hundred and sixty acres of land in Oregon are quite capable of using up a large supply of creative instinct. Into the making of almost every man-made thing on that land went Miss Pratt's own manual labor, because, as she found, the Oregonian's easy promises of help are for a future time and never affect the present. In the early days, before she could afford a horse, she was her own beast of burden. In time, she says, her carrying power proved to be about forty pounds for the three and a half miles between the store and post-office and her own "Broadview."

There is a pleasant humor in the Portfolio, which is perhaps at its highest point where the Homesteader tells of sowing unassisted her forty acres with seed in the way of the patriarchs, straight from the shoulder. "Day after day," she writes, "I walked and scattered, thinking often of kindergarten training days when I had lightly sung and gestured: 'Shall we show you how the farmer, Shall we show you how the farmer, Shall we show you how the farmer sows his wheat in spring?' Just a trifle bitterly, perhaps, I recalled the lightness, with a touch of the laborer's resentment, when aching arms almost refused to move and knees cracked with excessive exercise."

The poems in the Portfolio are not up to the prose. While, scattered through, they serve to make it seem more like a real portfolio, it is regrettable that the book ends with one of them, and a very poor one at that.

THE HOMESTEADER'S PORTFOLIO. By Alice Day Pratt. New York: The Macmillan Company.

* * *

Valiant Dust

THE very great superiority of Katharine Fullerton Gerould, short story writer, to Katharine Fullerton Gerould, novelist, is again clearly and emphatically demonstrated by her new volume, "Valiant Dust." They are numerous, and more than a little varied, the short stories collected in this new book, but each is interesting, and though the author still occasionally maintains her old habit of buttonholing her reader and insisting that he notice how very subtle she is, they are quite exceptionally well-written. Several of them have a certain degree of timeliness; one at least gives a decidedly novel twist to a well-worn situation, while another sets forth an old problem in an interesting way. Nor does Mrs. Gerould shrink from making full use of the dramatic values of the gruesome and the abnormal; one of the tales, "Blue Bonnet," pictures the development of insanity and the pitiful cunning of the insane, while another, "East of Eden," tells of a passion, innocent enough, even exceptionally beautiful, so far as one knew or suspected at the beginning, which presently proved to be horribly unlawful.

The story which opens the book, "An Honest Man," is a tale which should be read by all parlor-Bolsheviki and drawing-room Revolutionaries. For it tells of what happened to one of them, Annette, Countess Chudenitz, born Annette Davidge and cousin of Mrs. Dollard, in whose drawing-room the Communist Radin

(*Continued on page 65*)

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A Shelf of Christmas Books for Boys and Girls

(*Continued from page 62*)

as a free-verse poet of the Middle West, has concocted a series of tales in which he uses corn-fairies and whimsical little figures which could be mistaken for nothing but creatures of an American imagination. "Rootabaga Stories" becomes nothing more or less than an addition to our native folk-lore tales. No introduction is needed to Dr. Dolittle. Hugh Lofting's quaint character was last season's biggest success among children's books, and while "The Voyages of Dr. Dolittle" is not as fine a bit of creation as the first book, it is yet one of the most delightful efforts of the current season. Padraic Colum's books for children have already established themselves as favorites. In "The Children Who Followed the Piper" he describes the marvelous adventures of those little ones who followed the Pied Piper out of Hamelin and into the Magic Forest. Jean de Bosschère's "Weird Islands" is a strange and delightful mélange of nonsense, with the added virtue of a large number of unusual drawings by the author. Like Mr. Colum's book, it is one that the adult will enjoy, for it is the work of a poet. William Bowen's new volume, "Solario the Tailor," is not as fine a creation as "The Old Tobacco Shop," but it is delightful for all that. The author's whimsical humor is no small part of his charm. In this book the reader will find an Arabian Nights construction, but the tales are all peculiar to Mr.

FROM "THE CHILDREN WHO FOLLOWED THE PIPER"
BY PADRAIC COLUM
(*Macmillan.*)

Bowen's fancy. "Blackbeard: Buccaneer," the work of Ralph Paine, is a book that no boy will be able to withstand. Any boy will succumb to its charm the moment it is placed in his hands, for it is beautifully illustrated and compact with the grim revels of the old pirates. Waldemar Bonsel's "The Adventures of Maya the Bee" is an epic in miniature. Here is the life-story of the bee told in the most absorbing fashion. Parker Fillmore has dipt into Finnish folk-lore for the tales that form his "Mighty Mikko." The result is a delight. As for Sara Teasdale's "Rainbow Gold," she has assuredly conceived the correct idea for a juvenile anthology of verse. Here will be found, not professional children's poetry with all its artificialities, but the sound work of Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, even Walter de la Mare, Ralph Hodgson and Padraic Colum. Miss Teasdale believes that good poetry should be given to children, not material that is written down to them. She is right.

It is, perhaps, wise to consider the bulk of children's books in classified groups. In that way the reader may turn to the classification in which he is most interested and note the various titles with which he purposes to make the small or large boy or girl happy on Christmas Day. First, of course, come the very small

FROM "THE CHILDREN WHO FOLLOWED THE PIPER"
BY PADRAIC COLUM
(*Macmillan.*)

children, tots for whom it is impossible to divide reading into boy or girl groups. They are just children. It is a noticeable fact

(*Continued on page 68*)

"NOW REMEMBER, JIMMY, DON'T GO ANY MORE THAN THIRTY MILES AN HOUR"
From "Kid Kartoons." (*Century.*)

In this Month's Fiction Library

(*Continued from page 63*)

had been invited to speak to a distinctly heterogeneous gathering. Annette believed herself a convert to Communist theories, admired the Russian Soviet Government, and warmly upheld its principles—until certain of them were applied to herself. The fault was not with Radin; the Communist leader had told her the truth from the very beginning, being in fact "An Honest Man." It was she who had instinctively diluted that truth, instinctively regarded herself as one who must necessarily be exempt from all its unpleasantnesses. Opening in a fashionable New York drawing-room, and closing in a small Hungarian village during the reign of the Soviet, the story has plenty of color and of contrast, besides being well developed and generally well done. "Habakkuk," which follows it, seems somewhat attenuated and unreal, but "Miss Marriott and The Faun" is unusual and very clever. Especially good is the picture of the spinster aunt, Miss Marriott, of whom Hoyting, who tells the story, declared that: "She had sat perfectly still in her own village for fifty years, and her only recreation had been to burst silently, one by one, her intellectual bonds," until at last she really had no prejudices, and could not be shocked even by the worst of Arabs. Like so many of Mrs. Gerould's tales, this one is told, as it were, from the outside—related by a comparatively disinterested spectator, who had been drawn into the affair through no fault or volition of his own.

This same method has been employed in "The Knight's Move," which brings up the not unfamiliar question as to whether a man whose life is of value to the world at large does right or wrong in sacrificing it to save that of some one who is entirely useless. The problem is set forth clearly and interestingly, but it is after all a somewhat academic one, since most people act on impulse in an emergency, and those who can weigh pros and cons in a flash of time, as did Mrs. Gerould's hero, are so very few as to be practically negligible.

Several of the other stories are also related from the point of view of a third person, but "The Penalties of Artemis," one of the best in the volume, is in the ordinary narrative form. One would suppose that every possible variation on the ancient theme of the man and the girl shipwrecked together on a desert island had long since been played, but Mrs. Gerould has found a new, interesting and very convincing one, besides creating in the man, Angier, a character that piques the reader's curiosity—and leaves it far from satisfied. "Sea-Green," another unusually interesting, though somewhat unreal tale, is also in ordinary narrative form. And then there is that very clever story of the supernatural, "Louquier's Third Act," with its admirably contrived effect of a steadily increasing horror, and totally unexpected climax. "Belshazzar's Letter" takes up the ouija-board and automatic writing craze, making of it a tense little drama. For Mrs. Gerould has a strong dramatic sense, though it is sometimes overcome by her even stronger tendency to split hairs until they have become so fine as to be completely invisible.

Clever, subtle, brilliant—these are the adjectives which come to one's mind on closing Mrs. Gerould's new book. All through there is a certain hard, even brittle quality; many of her characters are interesting, but not one of them is lovable, not even the innocent, unhappy young girl, Letitia Quayle, who met tragedy "East of Eden." The setting of the stories is varied in the extreme; they move from the Sahara to Winnipeg; from an island in the South Seas to "Martin's Hollow," where, as in "The Lost Valley," the natives had inter-married and degenerated until shiftlessness, insanity and crime were all-pervading; from an isolated country house to a huge, empty palace. They are very well written, very well constructed; many of the characters are real people, and the book has the merit, none too common, of appealing to the intelligence of the reader.

VALIANT DUST. By Katharine Fullerton Gerould. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

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Boston **LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY** Publishers

A Shelf of Christmas Books for Boys and Girls

(*Continued from page 64*)

that books for small children are generally about animals, pussy-cats and dogs being in the majority. David Corey, an industrious writer for small children, is represented this year by no less than three volumes, "Puss Junior and Robinson Crusoe," "Puss Junior and the Man in the Moon," and "Billy Bunny and His Friends." These "tomes for tiny tots," as a friend calls them, are very simple, easy language being used, colored pictures abounding, and the animals generally having the power of human speech. Other good books for very small children are "Toby and the Odd Beasts," by Netta Syrett; "The Pussy-cat Princess," by Edward Anthony; "The Mouse Story," by K. H. With; "Kari the Elephant," by Dhan Gopal Mukerji; "The Bird-Nest Boarding House," by Verbena Reed; "More Beasts for Worse Children," by Hilaire Belloc; and "Peter's Adventures in Bird-land," by Florence Smith Vincent. Still other books in this classification, not concerned with animals, are: "Half-Past-Seven Stories," by Robert Gordon Anderson; "David the Dreamer," by Ralph Bergengren; "Tales Told by the Gander," by Maud Radford Warren and Eve Davenport; "Still More Russian Tales," by Valery Carrick; and "The Land of Punch and Judy," by Mary Stewart.

When we come to children older than the "tiny tots" class, somehow it seems easier to get a book for a boy than for a girl. This is possibly because it is a simple matter to gage his taste, to discover whether he likes best of all adventure yarns, school stories, tales with historical backgrounds, or educational books. This season's supply of boys' books is unusually large and of excellent quality. So varied are they that one must go at the titles helter-skelter, with no attempt to put the best ones first or last. First of all should come school stories. These tales are generally laid in prep schools, altho now and then a high school tale may be discovered. They present school-life in an excellent fashion, and all of them introduce some type of athletics to lend excitement to the story. Ralph Henry Barbour appears to be the most important creator of this type of boy's book, and this year he is represented by no less than three volumes: "Coxswain of the Eight," "The Turner Twins," and "Right End Emerson." Other titles that should be noted are "At Hillside High," by Earl Reed Silvers; "David Ives," by Arthur Stanwood Pier; "Dick and Larry, Freshmen," by Francis Lynde; and "The Tides of Deal," by Latta Griswold.

The adventure story is more variegated. It stretches from tales with historical backgrounds to adventure pure and simple in strange parts of the world. Always there is a boy or a group of boys fighting against difficulties and winning after many exciting incidents. The secret of these books is rapid action and unfailing suspense. Not much attention is paid to characterization, but there must be "something doing" every minute. The list of such books is naturally long, for it embraces practically all the boys' fiction tales which are not school stories. The following titles are offered as a limited list that contains much of value, amusement, and thrills: "Fur Sign," by Hal G. Evarts; "Lige Mounts, Free Trapper," by Frank B. Linderman; "The Hill of Adventure," by Adair Aldon; "Three Sioux Scouts," by Elmer Russell Gregor; "The Trail of the Spanish Horse," by James Willard Schultz; "A Princeton Boy in the Revolution," by Paul G. Tomlinson; "Arnold Adair With the English Aces," by Laurence La Tourette; "Dan Quin of the Navy," by Edward L. Beach; "The Radio Detectives in the Jungle," and "The Radio Detectives Southward Bound," both by A. Hyatt Verrill; "The Black Phantom," by Leo E. Miller; "Og, Son of Fire," by Irving Crump; "Philip Derby, Reporter," by Willis J. Abbot; "Phantom Gold," by Kenneth Payson Kempton; "The Woods Rider," by Frank Lillie Pollock; "Scouting With Mad Anthony," by Everett Tomlinson; "Young Alaskans on the Missouri," by Emerson Hough; "The Mohawk Ranger," by D. Lange; "Black Wolf Pack," by Dan Beard; and "Boy Scouts at Crater Lake" by Walter Prichard Eaton. Surely here is enough fiction to please the most inveterate boy reader.

In no branch of juvenile writing has there been a wiser or better application of broad principles than in girls' books. Girls of a generation ago were fed such pap that it is difficult to conceive how even a little Victorian girl could possibly swallow it without shuddering. With the greatest care in the world, juvenile writers perpetrated books that meticulously veiled life from the girl's gaze. It was nearly always the case that these books of yesteryear were but a step removed from Sunday school lessons. But this has been changed. No longer need the healthy girl starve for lack of literary meat. A glance at the present season's list shows a preponderance of what may be denominated simply stories. Some of them may be dubbed school stories. For the most part, they narrate in a somewhat sprightly fashion the adventures of modern girls in modern environments, girls at school and college, in the city and the country, at home and in camp. And the writers are well aware of the change that has come over the feminine sex during the past decade. The heroines of these stories are far from being Victorian misses. They are sturdy, modern girls, capable of thinking for themselves and winning their way. Without more explanation, here is a list of selected titles: "Caroline at College," by Lela Horne Richards; "Debbie's Year," by Marguerite Curtis; "A Corner in William," by Fannie Kilbourne; "The Hop Pickers," by Flavia Canfield Fisher; "The Flower of Fortune," by E. B. and A. A. Knipe; "The Little Cockolorum," by Wallis Simkins; "Jeanne," by Alice Ross Colver; "Including Mother," by Margaret Ashmun; "Wisp: A Girl of Dublin," by Katherine Adams; "The Turned About Girls," by Beulah Marie Dix; "Georgina Finds Herself," by Shirley Watkins; "Leonore Lends a Hand," by Louisa S. Worthington; "Rosemary," by Josephine Lawrence; "Nobody's Girl," by Hector Malot; "Judy of York Hill," by Ethel Hume; "The Mystery at Number Six," by Augusta Huiell Seaman; "Winona On Her Own," by Margaret Widdemer; "Peggy Raymond's Way," by Harriet Lummis Smith; "The Madcap of the School," by Angela Brazil; "Red-Robin," by Jane Abbott; "A Modern Trio in an Old Town," by Katherine Haviland Taylor; "Becky," by Amy E. Blanchard; and "Wanted—a Mother," by Clarence Hawkes.

To the fairy stories already listed it will surely prove serviceable to add a few more names. Old favorites may be discovered in new guise, such as "Grimm's Fairy Tales," "Stories" by Miss Mulock, and "Stories" by Mrs. Molesworth. These are an accepted part of every child's book-shelf. Turning to the new volumes, there are such appetizing titles as "Korean Fairy Tales," by W. Elliot Griffis; "The Fortunate Days," by Ethel May Gate; "Fairy-Tales Up-To-Date," by Edward and Joseph Anthony; "The Danish Fairy Book," by Frederick H. Martens; "The Magical Land of Noom," by Johnny Gruelle; "The Grateful Heart," by T. L. Sappington; "Fairy Tales From Far and Near," by Katherine Pyle; "Kabumpo in Oz," by Ruth Plumly Thompson; "The Wonderful Adventures of Little Prince Toofat," by George Randolph Chester; "The Shadow Witch," by Gertrude Crownfield; "The Boy Who Found the King," by Raymond MacDonald Alden; "Through the Cloud Mountain," by Florence Scott Bernard; "The Norwegian Fairy Book," by Frederick H. Martens; and "Fairy Prince," by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott.

There can be no doubt that this season's outstanding juvenile feature is its fairy-stories—a group rich in a new whimsicality, a quaintness heightened by authentic literary merit. Writers have racked their fancies to render these books successful, and so admirably have they worked that their creations have the power to amuse and interest even the mature mind. In other words, they have written for the Eternal Child, who still exists, altho sometimes concealed, not far behind every adult mind. The era of the child in letters (it evinces itself in Children's Book Weeks and Newberry Medals, for instance) has arrived. Authors realize this, and because they do realize it they are developing and adding to a literature that is quite distinct, a literature that has bourgeoned most admirably this season.

The Changing Genius of May Sinclair

(*Continued from page 12*)

Sinclair gets down to sex unashamed she is always interesting. But the intervals are trying. Some of the condensation of "Harriet Frean" would be welcome.

As I intimated before, I have often wondered how Miss Sinclair would have treated sex, if, instead of being a woman of impeccable virtue, she had chosen to be a *dame gallante*. Writers of first-hand experience with the vital, but nevertheless commonplace, facts of life, generally avoid erotic scenes, partly because a suggestion and an appeal to the reader's imagination is more esthetic, partly because, their own curiosity satisfied, they have no repressions and inhibitions to gratify in the act of writing. The creative faculty takes a wider range. Sex plays its part in their work as in life. It is a mighty force, but it is not the whole thing. Therefore, I do not hesitate to believe that if Miss Sinclair were as adventurous personally as she is imaginatively, her striking talent would have a freer sweep and include drama and climax; possibly, also, humor, and its corresponding sense of proportion.

But in one respect Miss Sinclair shows great discretion. Solid pages of nothing in particular would be insufferable. The book would be closed on the second chapter of those child-trivialities. But she has the astuteness to break up her pages into many brief paragraphs, sometimes into a mere line. This encourages the eye and relieves the tax on the brain. It also enables one to run along rapidly and skip.

Here is a description of Anne, when she is just entering upon her beautiful womanhood. I will confess it leaves me puzzled as to what she really looked like:

> Anne's face and body had the same springtime look. In their very stillness they somehow suggested movement. Her young breasts sprang forward, sharp-pointed. Her eyes had no sidelong corner glances. He (Jerrold) was forever aware of Anne's face turning on its white neck to look at him straight and full, her black-brown eyes shining and darkening and shining under the *long black brushes of her eyebrows. Even her nose exprest movement, a sort of rhythm. It rose in a slender arch, raked straight forward, dipped delicately, and rose again in a delicately questing tilt. This tilt had the delightful air of catching up and shortening the curl of her upper lip.*
>
> The italics are mine.

There is one point on which this novel is worthy of careful study by budding authors. Miss Sinclair employs a method in presenting her characters, which, if followed by even mature (but not too resourceful) writers, would sharpen up their books and facilitate matters for the reader. Every character has a dominating trait, and to this trait the character remains securely pinned from first to last. Everything he or she does is the inevitable result of this personal idiosyncrasy. Anne connotes immolation of self. Ernest, stedfastness. Colin, congenital failure. Aunt Adeline, the concentrated essence of selfishness. Jerrold, self-inflicted myopia. Not if he can help it does he see anything he doesn't want to see. Uncle Robert is merely a kindly middle-aged gentleman until his untimely taking-off, and Father an elderly idiot. Maisie is unadulterated angel, and Queenie unadulterated devil. These character-motifs form the salient spokes of the wheel that revolves the machinery of the story.

The book is charmingly written, of course, with all Miss Sinclair's own personal sense of style. She should not use like for as, but at least she does not use the plural pronoun with anybody, any one, some one, or liable with the verb: sins that may be laid to the account of other distinguished British authors. And there are delightful phrases: "to meet lots of nice amusing people with demobilized minds who wouldn't talk to him about the war." . . . "He had his part in the profound and secret life of her blood and nerves and brain."

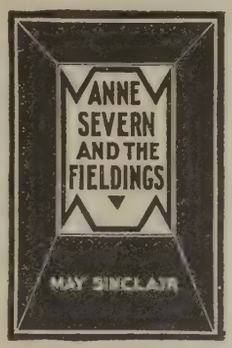
But Miss Sinclair is always welcome, whether we are forced to carp or not, and far better worth reading than writers who are entertaining and quickly forgotten. There is always the quality of intellectuality in her work, as well as moments of poignant feeling, and one day she may escape from the thralldom of Dorothy Richardson and give us another "Three Sisters."

FOUR NEW BOOKS *from* MACMILLAN'S LIST

Few living writers are endowed with such gifts of humanization and character portrayal.—CHICAGO HERALD.

ANNE SEVERN AND THE FIELDINGS

BY MAY SINCLAIR



It is uncanny, this power of Miss Sinclair's of transcribing the depth and sweep of emotion. She uses words not to describe feelings but to express them. Thus Anne Severn, her father and the five Fieldings are convincing characters, and their problems, doubts and hesitations become the reader's problems, doubts and hesitations. $2.00

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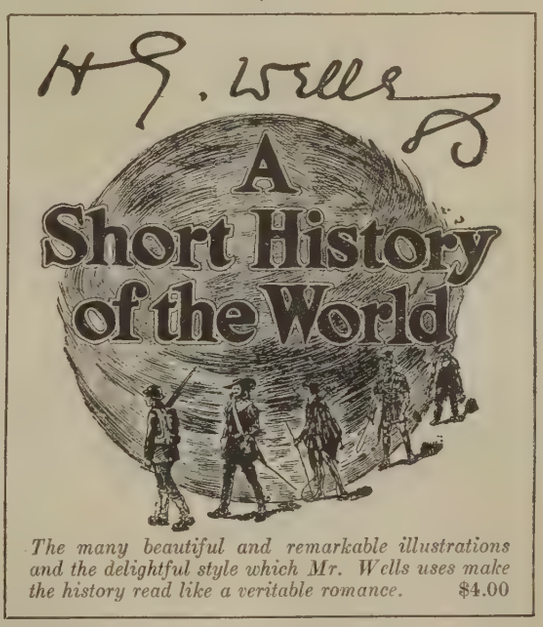

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◇

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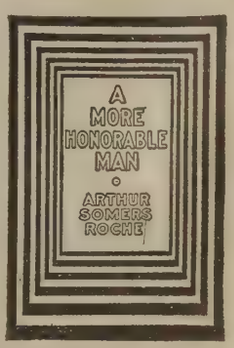

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The Season's Books as Christmas Gifts

(*Continued from page 38*)

but self-centered man who comes to ruin. "Her Unwelcome Husband," by W. L. George, is the story of a woman who takes a lover, who loses him gallantly, and who is persecuted by a beast of a husband. Clever and brilliant and hard. "The Judge," by Rebecca West, is the analysis of the relation of mother and son, and other matters. A poignant, a great book. "The Van Roon," by J. C. Snaith, is a study in values written with vigor and style, an absorbing novel, a shrewd depiction of human character. Frank Swinnerton's "The Three Lovers" shows a vain but likeable girl finding herself through the offered love of three very different men. One of the best things Swinnerton has yet done. "The Miracle," by E. Temple Thurston, is set in a little fishing village of Ireland, and concerns its people. Their faith in fairies and mysteries sways the current of the story, in which love and death are mingled. "Pippin," the new book by Archibald Marshall, tells of a young man who set out, with a pack on his back, to walk through the English country and meet the world. Nothing of Marshall's is more delightful than this story. W. B. Maxwell, in "Spinster of this Parish," is also at his best, and no one stands higher. The novel is the life story of a woman who lived in a free union with a man she could not marry, and of the consequences to herself and others. Then there is a reprint of the perennial "Crock of Gold," by James Stevens, especially for Christmas needs, with inimitable pictures and decorations in color by Wilfred Jones. A book by a writer new on this side, "Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard," Eleanor Farjeon, has something of the same strange strain of fantasy that marks Stevens. If you can see the light that never was shining, then this is the book for you. Myself, I loved it. Another fantasy is A. A. Milne's "Once on a Time," a fairy-tale for grown-ups. Read it, be happy, and join me in hoping that we'll get more like it.

"Sea Wrack," by Vere Hutchinson, is a curiously moving tale of two foster brothers and the sea and the wild north coast of England. For all are part of the plot. A book that sticks in the mind long after it is finished. Another story with the sea in it is McFee's new novel, "Command." Patriotism is the keynote, the scene is the Mediterranean, the spell is McFee's own. One more English novel not to be overlooked is E. M. Delafield's "The Optimist." Miss Delafield has drawn an English family, young people growing up with modern ideas, clashing with the older generation, meeting inhibitions with rebellion, or sinking under them. A tragic book in some ways, but fine and true.

America has a showing of novels for the happy reader that is not to be despised. There is Hergesheimer's "The Bright Shawl," that romance of Cuba during war times, where a splendid shawl is the flag of glory that folds a lovely dancer, and where danger and intrigue spin the wheel of chance, told in the magic Hergesheimer manner. There is Donn Byrne's tale of Irishmen and women and the sea and the old days of clipper ships, and strange happenings and stranger fancies, "The Wind Bloweth." Charles D. Stewart has a new book, after a long silence, telling how a lad seeks for his mother and his home, following clues slight as the pattern of a flower-bed or the song of a bird, and what comes of the seeking. A first book is "The Breath of Life," by Arthur Tuckerman, the characters being mostly from New York's younger set, the scene that city and a Caribbean island. A clever, promising tale. Then there is "The Chain," by Charles Hanson Towne, also a New York story, its hero a boy who comes to the city to make his way in literature, and who succeeds. There are splendid bits of character-drawing in the story, the spirit of youth is in it, a hint of poetry and vision, a sense of life.

Willa Cather is a name to conjure with, and her book, "One of Ours," is a fine achievement. The first portion dealing with farm life in Nebraska could not be matched by any one else now writing. The second part, in France and at the war, is more removed, but has its poignant beauty.

There are two novels of Cape Cod this season. One is by Joseph C. Lincoln, and will be welcomed with cheers by his many, many readers. It is called "Fair Harbor," and tells how an old and ruined sea captain is made head of a home for the destitute relicts and other female relations of vanished sailor men, and of what a peck of trouble—and fun—he fell into. The other is a ghost-story, "Five Nights at the Five Pines," by Avery Gaul. There is a haunted house, and in solving its mystery the mystery of a woman's life is also revealed. But it is a beautifully done thing, this story, and no mere clever handling of psychic miracles.

One of the fine novels of the season is Miss Alice Brown's "Old Crow." It is a study of after-the-war New England and one of New England's sons. A tragic, poignant and touching book, a real work of art that lays an unerring finger upon the human soul.

Stephen Vincent Benét has done his best work in "Young People's Pride," and all who like a modern story of the modern young person, male and female, will enjoy this amusing book. Then we have a new novel by Henry Kitchell Webster, "Joseph Greer and His Daughter." Here, too, is modern America, and a keen presentation of two powerful personalities, done richly against a varied background. This is a book that will be liked by both men and women, and for different reasons. Another American story that measures real with apparent success, and suggests the changing horizon that is coming to many, is "A More Honorable Man," by Arthur Somers Roche. The book moves swiftly, but it has depth and insight too.

A Review of Reviewers

(*Continued from page 10*)

it be examined as carefully as the account of the seventeenth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Joel McGee of 217 Washington Avenue, South Side.

With vigorous copyreading one might occasionally escape from the flivver-words which block most literary traffic. Even the once-luxurious but now rickety "distinguished" would be junked. Let us view a list of the most squeaking and offensive adjectives used in praise of books. They are taken from the reviews and advertisements in a literary periodical published in November, 1922. Readers are recommended to try this as a new parlor game—to see how many of these adjectives can be found in every page of book reviews or of book advertising. If it were not for the dignity which, of course, must characterize a literary article, I should announce the list as, "A mail course in book reviewing—takes only six weeks—fifteen minutes a day—no interference with present occupation. Become a critic—easy work—big pay—handsome illustrated circular FREE on request."

A Wall-Chart of Flivver Adjectives for Book Reviewers and Publishers' Advertising Managers

Delectable	Interesting	Compelling	Daring
Delightful	Readable	Dramatic	Sensational
Delicious	Entertaining	Gripping	Fascinating
Refreshing	Charming	Stirring	Significant
Sparkling	Amusing	Thrilling	Poignant
Whimsical	Witty	Exciting	Colorful
Enthralling	Popular	Vital	Baffling
Appealing	Unusual	Vivid	Wholesome
Brilliant	Thoughtful	Masterful	Amazing
Clever	Well-told	Masterly	Remarkable
Enjoyable	Notable	Profound	Inspiring
Absorbing	Clean	Powerful	Virile

Copyreading would cause an equal loss among the adjectives used in condemnation; among "careless," "cheap," "tedious," "morbid," and all their feeble sisterhood. No moral reviewer ought to be permitted to use "depressing" for more than seven "realistic" novels in any given week; and as for "realistic" itself, and "romantic," they may be deported without trial.

(*Continued on page 72*)

A Belgian Critic's View of Swinburne

(*Continued from page 14*)

allow "cette pâte banale" to M. de Reul's enthusiasm, and thank him for the patient, learned skill with which, illustrating his statements with innumerable examples, he analyzes Swinburne's prosody, of which Mr. Saintsbury, quoted by M. de Reul, says the truest thing when he describes him rather as an eclectic than an innovating singer; making "a record, not by innovation in the general principles of English versification, but a virtuosity which rehandles the materials and the means transmitted through seven centuries of the language and its literature, by twenty generations of English poets." To give only one instance of M. de Reul's thoroughgoing analysis, one may refer to Swinburne's prodigal use of alliteration, to illustrate which M. de Reul quotes lines containing three, four, five, alliterative words to the line, lines containing an adjective and a substantive, three adjectives, two adjectives and a substantive, a verb and a predicate, and so on; and of the general character of Swinburne's alliteration M. de Reul does good service in showing that it is not, as too often regarded, mere musical ornamentation, but organically vital to his meaning:

> The alliterations of Swinburne, as usually his interior rimes, sink themselves in, are based upon the general ensemble of his verse. His alliterations do not merely aim at force, but help to bring out all the refinements, the nuances, of expression. The arabesques of sound follow the caprices of his ideas. The form is one with the emotion. The harmonies of one verse with its fellow answer and call across to each other, and from this orchestration springs forth a tone original and unique, the voice of a singer whose thoughts run of themselves into the sonorous mold.

Of Swinburne's sometimes disputed gift of imagination, M. de Reul declares that it is rather atmospheric than concrete:

> Swinburne possessed imagination, or the poetic vision, in a larger and more general sense than pertains to the gift of imagery: that higher faculty of the poet, the gift of creating an atmosphere, of rebuilding with the real a world at once possible yet unreal, more beautiful, more sublime and more strange, which takes us out of ourselves, exalts us, and frees us. Such is the miracle wrought by the poetic atmosphere of "Atalanta" and "Tristram."

In his chapter on "Les Sentiments et les Idées," M. de Reul breaks a stalwart lance with those who, we may still hold, not without good reason, complain of his lack of "ideas," that "intellectualism of the professors of literature who demand in poetry ideas before all things." In this, he says, Swinburne is in much the same case as Victor Hugo; and he does not lose the opportunity of justifying Swinburne's intellect at Tennyson's expense.

> Swinburne [he says] brings us no ingenious and consecutive reasonings, nor ideas in great numbers: but he had all the same enough of intellectual vigor and sagacity to pierce through the pseudo-philosophy, the semi-Christianity, of "In Memoriam" and the "Higher Pantheism in a Nutshell." If he brought no new solution to the eternal contradictions, one can not deny to him a living and continuous sense of those high problems which overhang our existence, a passionate curiosity, a profound awe in the presence of the universe. . . . Hair-splitting critics murmur: "Vague poetry . . . the music allures us, the sense escapes us" . . . and they regret that so great an artist has no "message." But the meaning is not where they look for it, it passes them by; it emanates from the accent of the verse, it shoots forth like an arrow in the thrill of the strophe, it dawns like a halo, in the silence that follows. . . . Swinburne is an intellectual poet in that his thoughts and sensations are sublimated for him in the region of the abstract, in the world of pure idea.

M. de Reul follows up this general consideration of Swinburne's art with a particular examination of each of his works in succession, concluding that his essential genius is to be found in greatest measure in "Tristram," "Atalanta," and "Poems and Ballads," in which opinion lovers of Swinburne will, I suppose, agree.

One of the features of his book of most interest to the general reader will be the account M. de Reul gives of a visit to Swinburne, at The Pines, Putney, toward the end of his life. From this I quote the following vivid description of the poet:

(*Continued on page 75*)

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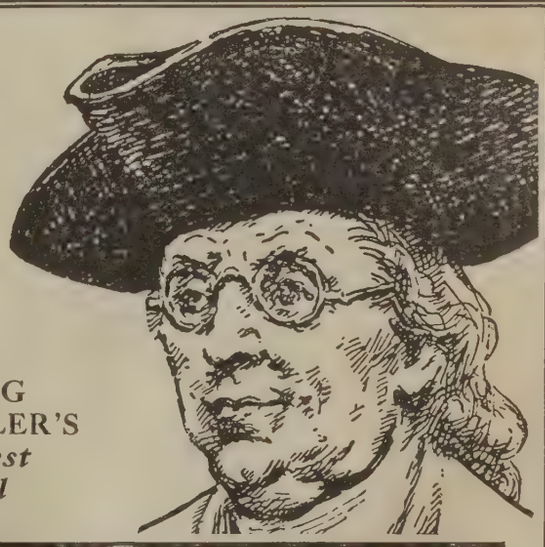

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A Review of Reviewers

(*Continued from page 70*)

What is realism? What is romanticism? The words had meanings before the Great Common Press laid hold on them, but now they are as nebulous as most other words ending in -ism. Mr. Christopher Morley's tale, "Where the Blue Begins," would be rated as romantic. It is a fantasy with dogs appearing as floorwalkers and as sea-captains. Yet nothing could be more factual, more *realistic*, than Mr. Morley's study of the rearing of suburban young. Mr. Wells's "Tono-Bungay" is called realistic, yet what lumbering crusader was ever so romantic as Uncle Ponderevo or the pioneering airman? With Mr. John Russell we seem sure of our romance, with Mr. Dreiser of realism, yet it is the verisimilitude of the characters which makes Mr. Russell's "Where the Pavement Ends" so solid in a mist of South Sea Island madness; and in "The Genius" it was the plaintive desire, the romantic desire, of Mr. Dreiser's protagonist for unknown beauty which caused that book to be honored. like "Jurgen," by the attentions of Mr. John Sumner.

Is Scott Fitzgerald realist or romanticist, with his alternate unbelievable and unquestionable? Not only does he follow "The Beautiful and the Damned" with such a fairy-tale as "The Diamond at the Ritz" in his new volume, "Tales of the Jazz Age," but in the one story he combines inherent impossibility with grave and beautiful certainty. What of the Zona Gale who wrote both "Friendship Village" and "Miss Lulu Bett" and "Birth?" What of Dos Passos, poet and abolitionist?

The tragedy is that the over-use of decent and honest words injures them more than it does the user. "Sparkling" competently indicates an aspect of liquids, but if it continues to be used by reviewers to describe any book less dull than a volume on physics, it will become as shabby as "genteel" and "nice." It is occasionally proper or even necessary to use banal adjectives, and such clumsy classifications as "romantic" and "realistic." In a feeble way, a conversational way, to state that Henry Kitchell Webster's novels are "honest realism" would give a hint of their nature. But it is the task, the austere and never quite successful task, of the critic quite as much as it is of the novelist and the poet to avoid the feeble way and to seek precision of expression. . . . As a preliminary to that seeking, it is well for the critic, as for the novelist, to have a hint of what he wants to say; to be sure, before he writes, whether he really means that a novel is gripping, compelling, dramatic, and refreshing; to estimate just how much he has been gript, and whether by the hair or the ear; to ascertain to what strange actions he has been compelled; and whether he has been more or less refreshed than he would have been by a cold tub.

The ideal in style, if not in sympathy, is the possibly mythical review attributed to the New York *Sun:* "This book weighs three pounds and is illustrated." The report may lack delicacy, but it does convey the reviewer's opinion.

Besides the adjectives there is an evil company of familiar phrases: "human interest" and "human appeal" and "strong appeal" and "local color" and "intellectual treat" and "intimate recollections" and "dramatic incident" and "foremost authority" and "widely discust" and "most talked of" and "witty dialog" and "breathless romance" and "popular author" and "can not be laid down till it is finished" and "hero comes to grips with reality," and forty forlorn little cousins. Here is a recent advertisement, which might as well have been a review. It was published in November and, except for the change of proper names and of the title, it is quite literal:

"Peter J. Bimple has written another novel in the series of strong, clean, virile romances of Lithuanian Africa which has made his name famous—'Johnson's Four Gallon Jug,' four illustrations, $2.00. In this singular story powerful emotions sway the characters and over all is the glamour and thrill of romance. It is a vigorous tale of lovely women and of strong men in a struggle for supremacy in love, business and politics. The swirling MGomba river, with its strong-thewed men who delight in a fair conflict, forms the picturesque background."

Here is an able review:

"A breeze from the open spaces blows through this strong and absorbing story. It deals with virile men and an adorable girl and is especially felicitous and graphic in its descriptions of the West. All readers who like a good yarn will find here a splendid story and faithful delineation of character. The scene of the story is laid in Cheyenne."

One flivver phrase outrattles all its bouncing brotherhood, and that is "photographic realism."

It is the one thing to say of any fable which does not end with wedding-bells, or with Little Wiggins and Dodo-dear returning from their pleasant stay among the Clock Fairies under the guidance of Micky Midnight. It means rather less than "gripping" or even "delectable." Such a thing as photographic observation (to say nothing of the expression of that observation in words) is impossible, because the sharpest investigator, were he a combination of Balzac, a tax assessor, and a village scandalmonger, would yet be able to see only the matters regarding which he had specialized information. An alert male dressmaker might be able to note a number of details regarding frocks at the opera, but if he had never before examined an airplane, his description of a Bristol Bullet would be worthless. While the photographic lens catches everything, impersonally, human observation catches only what it can interpret.

Less saddening but even more common than photographic realism" is the "In this day when" misfortune. It appears in variants: "At the present stage of American literature," and "In times like these, when," and "As one looks about and with alarm perceives the flood of," and "After having waded through a dozen volumes of." It may be used for either the highbrow or the lowbrow attack: "In this day when we are besieged by such a burst of neurotic, morbid, unpleasant, so-called realistic novels, it is a pleasure to pick up this wholesome and sunny little tale for normal folks," or, "In this day when most authors seem intent only on producing a machine-made and sickly sentimentality and in lining their pockets, it is refreshing to find this courageous and honest piece of writing."

Reviews, reviews by the thousand, and only once in a dozen times a review which is informed and supple; only once in a score, a review which does not endeavor to confirm the author's previous theories. He may be Socialist or Republican, Christian Scientist or Mormon or High-church Episcopalian, vegetarian or advocate of pneumonia serum or promoter of radio stocks, but every book, whether science or fiction or comic strips, is to be judged as it advocates or denies or ignores his creeds.

There is the editor of a very, very highbrow weekly who has a joyous faith that there are no competent fiction-writers in America. If less cultured reviewers find merit in any work, he furiously seeks in it such defects as will keep it from disturbing his theory. He is one of the most pioneering and tender advocates of all Russian authors who have been dead for at least twenty years. There is a jaunty old gentleman who, having once lunched with a Napoleonic vicomte in Paris, excommunicates every one who seems tinged with sympathy for the English, Italian, German, American or any other point of view except the French. And there are innumerable good souls who, not having themselves accomplished any of the literary miracles for which they had hoped, resent every one who receives either critical praise or the stigma of large sales.

But the Average Readers are turning from them to the reviewers who find in writing neither a greasy task nor an outlet for jealousy, but rather an adventure in life, and in these readers there is a remedy for reviewers who appraise books without the sordid toil of reading them; who, knowing themselves to be incapable of imagination or scholarship, yet feel altogether competent to judge and sentence a whole new world of fire and dreams.

A Belgian Critic's View of Swinburne

(*Continued from page 71*)

We were standing by the window when, by the opposite door, the master entered, his enormous brow, white as an albatross, all of a sudden lighting up the far end of the room. Two hands were immediately held out to us, and a "happy to see you," cordial, sonorous, in rather British French, bade us welcome. The two hands seated us, without letting go our own, upon a couch at the poet's side: then his brow clouded over, and with a plaintive knitting of his eyebrows he turned to us his least deaf ear and explained, in English, that it would be necessary for us to speak loud! The brow, wrinkled near the eyes, fleetingly recalled to us the portrait of Rembrandt as an old man, in the National Gallery. We looked at the man seated by us on a low chair, and found that Maupassant, Gosse and others, publishing their memories of him too late, had exaggerated his physical peculiarities. Neither the neck was so long, nor the shoulders so sloping, nor the chest so narrow as they had said. In place of a "febrile" agitation, we noticed only a light trembling of the fingers. The head, lengthened by the beard, seemed surely too big. The brow, beautifully modelled, made an Olympian dome for the gray or pale-blue eyes, a little haggard, but bright, luminous, young and clear; the noble ridge of the nose, the arch of the eyebrows, the bright flame of the hair, recalled an eagle, but the fulness of the brow, the kindness of the glance, dispelled that impression. No fastidiousness of costume: a black jacket and waistcoat, a turn-down collar, with a knotted black tie; gray trousers pulled up his short legs and revealing an arched foot, socks and slippers. What struck us at first sight was the aureole surrounding the temples, of remarkable hair, silken, discoloured, not so much orange as pink or green, and the white beard, through which ran some few tawny threads, the colour of light tobacco.

I regret that space forbids my quoting this, one of the most suggestive interviews with Swinburne on record, in its entirety, but one or two points must be noted. In thanking M. de Reul for an article of his on "Swinburne in France," the poet "with a modest and constrained air, as if fearing to hurt us," suggested that perhaps he had exaggerated the influence of Baudelaire on "Poems and Ballads." With this M. de Reul agreed, and then asked why that volume had remained unique among his works. "Because the impulse ceased," was Swinburne's answer. M. de Reul having remarked on the fact that Swinburne, compared with Ibsen and Tolstoi, in their old age, had so little recognition, "the poet listened, with a kindly expression, amused and curious, and shaking his silky aureole, called out in French, like a man sure of the future, 'Ça ne fait rien.'"

But a reference to a sentence from one of Mr. Gosse's articles stirred him up considerably, the sentence being: "His poetry can not be entirely acquitted of the charge of an animalism which wars against the higher issues of the spirit."

"Swinburne," says M. de Reul, "who then read this phrase for the first time, scribbled by us on a piece of paper, allowed himself a laugh—that of a god, or of a deaf man!—equally without restraint or bitterness, saying, 'O very good! very funny! I did not know of that!' and anew he added, 'Ça ne fait rien.'"

Mr. Watts-Dunton then entered, "la providence matérielle du poète," and comes in for somewhat ironical treatment. Prepared to be touched by Watts-Dunton's famous devotion to his friend, M. de Reul was rather surprized to find so much literary vanity in him, and a desire to talk about himself, which was in great contrast to Swinburne's simplicity. When his visitor spoke in admiration of the sonnets of Rossetti, Watts-Dunton promptly offered to read his own!

Francis Brett Young, novelist and poet, whose latest book, "The Red Knight," has recently been published in this country, is due to arrive in the United States within the next month. Whether he, like others of his literary countrymen, will succumb to the lure of the lecture platform is at present uncertain. John Masefield, recently writing of Mr. Brett Young's novels, praised him highly by saying that "he has the most beautiful mind among the young men now writing English . . . and an abundant sense of life; tho he is still a young man Mr. Brett Young has thought of a great variety of human life and the influence of many problems on a wide range of human character."

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The Tale of an Expectant Father

(*Continued from page 15*)

beauty of feeling I would gladly see more beauty of expression. In this I fear I speak old-fashionedly. Surely I would not urge Mr. Broun toward the insignificant esthetic jargon of some of the Young Intellectuals; but there is also a danger of some of our Young Roughnecks—in whom lies our chief hope of literary gusto, health and sanity—reacting to the other extreme. I am not yearning for purple patches; and yet Mr. Broun has permitted himself some bald spots that really do injustice to the subtlety and dignity of his tale. My idea is—probably foolishly put—let Harvard now begin to reassert herself a little in Mr. Broun's inkwell. He has long since emancipated himself from her dangers. It seems to me that he is rather too much afraid of "fine writing." But that is shabby only when it attempts to conceal vacuity of mind. Where there is fine thinking, as there is in "The Boy Grew Older," a little fine writing only strengthens and uplifts and delights.

As Mr. Broun has himself insisted, most of the talk about friendly writers boosting one another is rot: one is always likely to deal even too magisterially with one's confrères. But I should not want to enter any serious reservations in regard to "The Boy Grew Older," which deserves to be far more than the delight of a coterie. The theme, perhaps I should have explained, is that of the Expectant Father. The "expectancy" of fathers, of course, begins when that of mothers ends. No intelligent parent—certainly no father who faces honestly the perplexing accident of paternity—can read the book without twinges of applause. Mr. Broun's humor is charmingly his own: fecund, most risible and cathartic. He is courageously honest toward deep matters, prompt and lucid in narrative, tender and understanding in genuine sentiment. A book at once so enlightened in spirit and so unspoiled by sophistication is a remarkable achievement.

The struggle, the old, old struggle, of a newspaper man to be also something more durable, is a gallant one. To use one of our author's vigorous phrases, writing for a newspaper is like spitting into Niagara Falls. Mr. Broun particularly, by the amiability of his person and the general affection for his talent, is doubly constricted (like a vast plump Laocoon) in the coils of the press. I intend no impertinence, for I, myself, as ardent a lover of newspapers as any man, know something of the problem. The ephemeralist who burns also with the flame of more permanent creation treads no easy road. I don't remember Virgil accurately enough to recall whether Laocoon tamed the snake or not. But Mr. Broun, I feel sure, will. A man who can look into the heart of his daily stint and find there such vital human stuff not only enriches his chores, he also keeps them in their proper place.

A Modern Jongleur's Message of Beauty

(*Continued from page 17*).

Red leaves blown about the widowed sky,

and "Winter,"

. . . that hath few friends yet numbers those
Of spirit erect and delicate of eye,

and in "The Immortal Gods" ("the stars stream by their eyes like spray") the aroma of now one hour and now another hour is caught and briefly cloistered. And this is true of "To a Beautiful Old Lady,"

Bearing on each rare lineament the seal
Of being exquisite from hour to hour.

There are three fine diatribes against war—"Under Which King," "Man, the Destroyer," and "Satan: 1920"—who "meditates upon a fearful art, the swiftest way to slay his fellow men," an art to which "the climbing brain has won at last"; and to all destroyers the poet's cry of "Life! Is it sweet no more?" re-

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minds one of the passion in his "The Cry of the Little Peoples goes up to God in vain."

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Mr. Howells summed up this book also when once he said that "with Keats no longer alive, I take leave to be glad of the surpassing felicity of phrasing, the impassioned sense of beauty . . . which I find in Mr. Le Gallienne's poetry." As with any other poet, an anthology will be needed some day to get rid of the chaff.

Around Richard Le Gallienne tradition is likely to grow in time. They will repeat his aphorisms, such as "After all, we are not so sad as our eyes"; they will relate a store of incident centering in him, colored as the day shall demand; they will give certain of his clairvoyant criticisms their sober place; they will know his poetry; and they will say: "In that day a Greek, persisting through a French descent, an English birth and an American sojourn, survived and sang truly; which is enough."

William Hohenzollern Self-revealed

(*Continued from page 21*)

of becoming a martyr, like his Lord, in order to bring peace to the bleeding world, all on account of the ragged Roman "piazza"? I, the Protestant, thought far too highly of a Roman priest, particularly of the Pope, to believe such a thing. Nothing could be more glorious for him, I went on, than to devote himself unreservedly, body and soul, to the great cause of peace, even despite the remote danger of thus becoming a martyr!

With shining eyes the Nuncio grasped my hand and said, deeply moved: "Vous avez parfaitement raison! C'est le devoir du Pape; il faut qu'il agisse; c'est par lui que le monde doit être regagné à la paix. Je transmettrai vos paroles à Sa Sainteté." ("You are absolutely right! It is the duty of the Pope; he must act; it is through him that the world must be won back to peace. I shall transmit your words to His Holiness".)

The chaplain turned away, shaking his head, and murmured to himself: "Ah, la piazza, la piazza!"

The ex-Kaiser tells us how he really loved dear old Bismarck, altho he was only a shadow of the grandfather, William the Great; but, in view of this, one can not help asking why he kicked the Iron Chancellor down-stairs. The answer is beautifully softened in these "Memoirs."

Prejudice or dislike or positive hatred ought not to prevent the student of psychology and of history from reading this precious volume. It is enlightening; it is a masterpiece of exterior and interior decorating. It does not contain one single dull page, and it has been well translated. It reads like a romance; and it has all the qualities that one might expect from a practised writer of fiction. It was said of the Kaiser in Berlin that he was a master of architecture, music, sculpture, pictures, plays, epics, but that he had never written a novel. He has completed his accomplishments during his time of leisure in Holland.

He rushes over to England to permit his dear grandmother, Queen Victoria, to die in his arms! But one can not help wondering why he was so devoted to his grandfather, William the Great, and to his maternal grandmother, Queen Victoria, while he seems to have looked on his father, the Emperor Frederick, and his mother, the Empress, as very unnecessary evils!

He regrets that his father was "Liberal," and he could never wipe off the stain of the fact that his mother was an Englishwoman.

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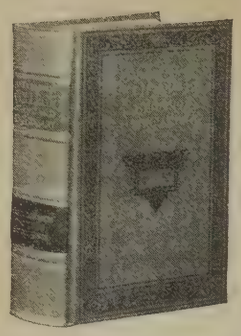

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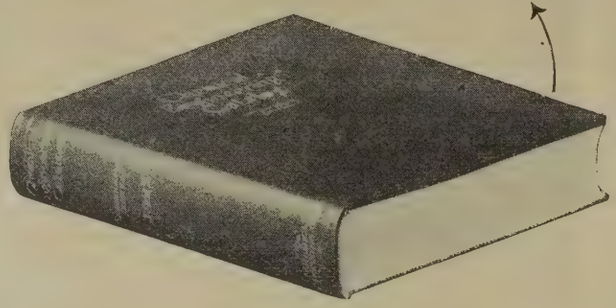

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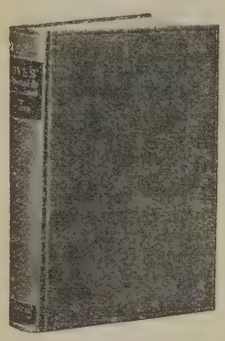

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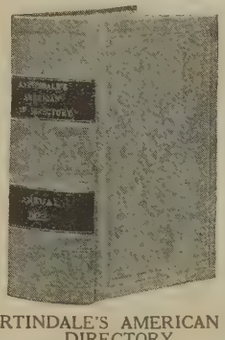

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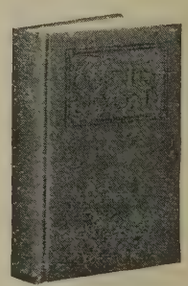

FICTION

THE COUNTRY BEYOND
James Oliver Curwood's latest novel. Published by the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.

The Genius of W. H. Hudson

(*Continued from page 23*)

not attenuate his passionate zest in life. The one thing he dreaded was death, and this shadowy dread is attested by scores of passages in his later books. And still in my ears rings the poignant thrill in his voice, on the last day I saw him alive in August. "What! is she *dead?*" he exclaimed, staring at me, when I spoke of the death of a woman writer we both admired. And his eyes reflected all the "intolerable regret" for "the beautiful multitudinous life that has vanished," all that haunting mournfulness which inspires that exquisite paper, "The Return of the Chiff-Chaff" in "A Traveller in Little Things." But, even in his brooding melancholy, there was something indomitable in Hudson's philosophy of life. One felt he was himself, as Conrad once said, "a product of Nature," resembling in his essence some sketch of forest or moor or mountain valley, rock-strewn, with impetuous streams and blossoming thickets and luxuriance of delicate plants. And the charm of his personality, as of his books, lay inherent in this mysterious vitality and fecundity of spirit. The range of his emotional powers and poetic vision may be appraised in contrasting aspects in a dozen of his works: but the essence of his individuality is best declared, I think, in his two romances, "The Purple Land" (1885), and "Green Mansions" (1904). The first, the youthful Hudson, contains all the flavor of his ironical humor (tinged with the Spanish courtesy which was his birthright, and set him apart from all other English writers), and all the artistic caprice, passionate warmth and tender sympathy of his temperament.

In certain chapters, such as XIX, XXI, XXVI, one can hear the rich inflections of his voice. The graver emotional profundities of Hudson's nature, in all their capacities for tragic passion and brooding sorrow, are fully manifested in "Green Mansions." But while "Green Mansions" is a magical fusion of Hudson's feeling for woman and his passion for Nature and for bird life, "El Ombú" (I hold it to be the finest short story in the English language) (1902) is to me the most consummate of his imaginative creations. It was my enthusiasm for this story, which, as a publisher's reader, I first read the MS. of, that brought about our friendship. I shall speak of our personal relations in another place, with reference to his letters to me, 1901-1922. The story, "Marta Reguelme" (1902), Hudson himself placed above "El Ombú," and one must own that for its piercing quality as well as for its painting of a wild, savage atmosphere it is unique. I lay particular stress on these imaginative creations, because they unlock the very source and center of Hudson's genius, his responsive wealth of feeling, which vivified the component layers of perception and reflection, observation and analytic power which made him our greatest English naturalist.

As an example of the manner in which his artistic feeling guided his faculties, I may give this little illustration from life. I was sitting one evening with him in a meadow bordering on a wood, when we heard a nightjar calling twice or thrice. Hudson immediately mimicked the cry, and suddenly the nightjar came tumbling and twisting over our heads. Hudson laughed sardonically at it, and again repeated his cry, and the bird kept circling round us, as if astonished at the sight of this strange man-bird from whom the call came. Hudson watched the bird keenly with affectionate mockery, and suddenly he waved his hand in a sweeping, lordly dismissal! "There! go back to your moths!" he said, and turned to rise, and the nightjar disappeared.

The early inception and development of Hudson's genius is shown quite clearly in "Far Away and Long Ago." Born on the South American pampas in 1846, as a child he had every favoring circumstance, an environment romantically wild and beautiful—a Paradise of bird life—richly stimulating his innate poetic and artistic faculties and his sense of mystery, and feeding his human curiosity with the spectacle of the primitive life of the Gauchos and the atmosphere of the gracious traditions of old-world Spanish manners. Hudson was happy in his parents and home life. His father and mother and their children were a fine, hardy stock. His mixed blood, Devonshire, New England and Irish—his maternal grandmother was Irish—endowed him with the vigor of a lucky cross.

In a letter to me of January 16, 1914, he dwells on the beauty of his mother's character, adding: "Leigh Hunt's mother was an American, and must have been strangely like my mother, who was also American, but Hunt's mother's people were loyalists, while my mother's forebears were furiously anti-English from the very beginning of the discontents which ended in the Revolution."

But at sixteen fell the blow. He became an invalid and no hopes were held of his recovery. At first sight this misfortune seemed paralyzing, but in fact it only diverted his energies into a creative channel, and deepened his nature and his spiritual vision immeasurably. Instead of leading a life of healthy vigorous activities, he was forced for years to rest and contemplate, to speculate and ponder; and so was mapped out for him the path of student-naturalist, and later of nature-writer. While his mental outlook, as he tells us, was changed and oriented by the new sun of Evolution, his deep poetic sense, his sensibility to beauty, unlike Darwin's, were in no sense lessened, but on the contrary they continued to expand, face to face with Nature.

This second period of his development, which we may date approximately 1860-74, completed the building-up of his powers of observation and contemplation, and his artistic and poetic receptivity, which finally yielded mature fruit in "A Naturalist in La Plata" and "Idle Days in Patagonia," 1891-92, much of which he had composed in previous years. Of the "dark period" in Hudson's life, approximately the years 1874-82, when he first came to London, and, as he says, "was compelled to exist shut out from Nature, for long periods, sick, poor and friendless," he himself hated to speak. Instinctively recognizing this, I never questioned him, tho I remember once he told me how, when he was in great need, after executing a piece of work for a well-known genealogist, and saying he could do no more without some payment, his employer had drawn half-a-crown from his pocket, and offered it to him, saying, "This is all I can give you! I have no money." "What!" I said to Hudson, "he had no money then to pay you for your work!" "No," answered Hudson. "It was true. The man was widely known by reputation, but he had no money himself!"

Hudson married, in 1880, Miss Emily Wingrove, a minor concert singer, and his tender tributes to her, the companion of his poverty, in "Walking and Cycling" and "Seeking a Shelter" in "Afoot in England," and also in "The Return of the Chiff-Chaff" in "A Traveller in Little Things," throw some gleams of light on those years, about which one trusts Mr. Morley Roberts will have more to tell us, in his promised book of Recollections.

Some of Hudson's early poetry may be found in the magazine "Merrie England," 1884-85, and the most important piece, "The London Sparrow," has been reprinted by Mr. Bertram Lloyd in "The Great Kinship" (Allen & Unwin, 1921). Of the pseudonymous novel, "Fan" by "Henry Harford," evidently composed in years anterior to its publication (1892), Hudson remarked to me, twenty years ago, "Its great fault is that such a girl as Fan could never have come out of the slums!" By it, as by his other most faulty piece of story-telling, "Ralph Herne," which was laid aside for a lengthy period, a story, the publication of which, I assured him years back, "would ruin any man's reputation!" he laid no store whatever. On the other hand, rather unexpectedly, he stood up in defense of "A Crystal Age" in 1917, writing to me, June 10: "About 'A Crystal Age,' you haven't said more of de-"preciation of it than I have said myself in the preface to the "3rd Edition. But the book in spite of absurdities is not in-"ferior to the others. They too are absurd in some ways. . . . "The sexual passion is the central thought in 'A Crystal Age':

(*Continued on page 79*)

Fiction at the Parting of the Ways

(*Continued from page 24*)

Twain committed a folly and swiftly reversed the verdict with these words:

"I am a fool. God made me so. Therefore if you can not forgive me for my own sake, forgive me for God's sake."

He had the saving sense of guilt. It is the correct attitude of youth.

It is when the young achieve brilliancy and publicity that their aims acquire the nerve of immeasurable conceit. The most able reporter in Brooklyn when he was sent to a remote village to report a hanging asked the condemned man if he would mind being hung at one o'clock instead of two so that the brilliant report could be in that evening's issue of the *Eagle*.

Youth is apt to be a little careless of the feelings and opinions of others. That of this time is, I fear, particularly so. It is, I fancy, about the first generation in the history of the civilized world that has been spoiled by parental neglect. It is an unspanked generation. Its fathers and mothers were too busy with money-making and social duties to give it the growth in grace and wisdom to which it was entitled. King Commerce had arrived with his great caravan of success, with his followers drunk in the pursuit of wealth and pleasure. That is my guess as to how it got by, but whatever its background here it is—a generation of the young, rank with uncorrected, unterrified conceit. They were, I think, of those who, having had parents, were yet unfathered and unmothered. Did they not come in that unfortunate time when the making of men and women had ceased to be the main business of life in America which hitherto it had been? Had they not come in a time when that great purpose had given way to another—that of making money? Well, anyhow, here they are, a generation of youngsters to whom the wisdom of the innumerable dead, expressing itself in the great body of the law, civil and moral, would seem to be of small account. The law of Moses and the teaching of Jesus are as if they had not been, one is led to think. To so many of them marriage is a failure and democracy an experiment; the voice of the people not the voice of God but that of a hydra-headed monster. Some of them tell us that our trouble is suppressed desires. That has ever been the complaint of youth. They would have us believe that it is a bad thing for one to go about with suppressed desires on his person. They call this the new psychology, but in fact it is very old rubbish. It is the voice of the god of the belly, who would rather shed blood than bear the pangs of suppression. To-day he is speaking in abdominal literature. It is the kind of thing one would expect to find in Turkey and the Orient—in lands of the leper and the harem. It does not belong in America.

I was reading recently an essay by one of the young Litt. D.'s on a book of Meredith Nicholson. The essayist referred with a touch of contempt in his tone to certain ancient moralities for which the author had betrayed some respect. Now, morality comes fairly near to being an absolute thing. It is not made of India rubber. It is not like a lady's skirt subject to indefinite abbreviation; it is not like household furniture, subject to changes of taste and fashion and to be carried to the attic when you have grown weary of it; it is not like a washing-machine, which can be suddenly and radically improved. *Either you have old morality or you have none.* The new school of fiction will give itself no worry over that alternative, I fancy. But the good people who have shaken off the conceit of their youth and their longing for suppressed desires, as most people have done, may well think of it.

One of these new writers, and a very brilliant one, has a curious fad. He is a collector of ladies' undergarments. Imagine the psychological import of such a store of idols. If he were to go about with unsuppressed desires, would not every other fellow in his neighborhood need a gun? Perhaps, after all, the problem is pathological.

I would rather have a serpent in my home than an unclean novel. I would rather my daughter's feet would enter a brothel than that her brain should enter it. She might shake the dust from her feet.

How vain is brilliancy unless it is allied with a noble will, by which it is inclined to concern itself with things of good report! It can make money out of filth, but nothing else save a name to be a byword and a hissing among decent folk as long as it is remembered.

In recent years it has been my part to study with minute care the lives of the four greatest Americans—Franklin, Washington, Wright and Lincoln. These men had one common, distinguishing trait. It was modesty. They had purged themselves of the conceit of youth before they had come to manhood. Most students would agree that Franklin had the only intellect of the first class which America has given to the world. In his young manhood, seeing that his conceit had brought him to infidelity and kindred follies, and having a just sense of shame, he wrecked the whole structure of his intellectual life, cleaned the premises and began to build the more stately mansion to be seen of all men. Therein was to dwell the father of our ideals and our spirit. I wonder if that process of wrecking and cleaning up and rebuilding and refurnishing is not the very beginning of greatness. Life is largely a matter of tearing down, or is it not a failure? There is only one kind of an educated person—the self-educated. Youth fondly imagines that it gets an education in college, whereas it has only begun to learn how to get an education. There are certain basic ideas one gets in college which have permanent value. But the man who carries far the opinions he got there is apt to have none of his own worth having.

The sellers of sex passion done up in glittering phrases, the purveyors of the psychology of seduction and utter recklessness are making books and reputations doomed to go to the garbage heap. So much of this vaunted modern fiction offers a pathway of muck covered with tinted and perfumed sand. One can not go far upon it with clean feet. It is mostly published by men of the European spirit. The decent thing pays better.

O. Henry once said to a friend of mine:

"I do not like my work to be compared to that of De Maupassant. I have never written an unclean word."

It is true, and yet even De Maupassant is not more popular than O. Henry. The history of America is full of inspiring themes. It is a pity that these newcomers, whose brilliancy we are forced to admire, do not turn to it for the correction of their spirit and their motives.

Here is the big outstanding fact about America. It was to save us from the domination of men whose god was in their bellies that our fathers made bloody footprints in the snow.

Lloyd George—A Study in Contrasts

(*Continued from page 27*)

that he was the man called upon at that time to lead the country to ultimate victory. It is a conviction which has come to him in other crises in his career, and it may well have obscured all other considerations at the end of 1916. To quote a passage from a speech he made just after becoming Prime Minister, which has been embodied in Mr. Raymond's book:

> If in this war I have paid scant heed to the call of party, it is because I realized from the moment the Prussian cannon hurled death at a peaceable and inoffensive little country that a challenge had been sent to civilization to decide an issue higher than party, deeper than party, wider than all parties, an issue upon the settlement of which will depend the fate of men in this world for generations when existing parties will have fallen like dead leaves on the highway.

But whatever the motives may have been, circumstances conspired to give him almost despotic power from that time until the end of the war. Mr. Raymond thinks that during this time he may be described as a dictator who left necessity to dictate. "With much of the temper of an autocrat, and a strong relish ever

(*Continued on page 81*)

The Genius of W. H. Hudson

(*Continued from page 77*)

"the idea being that there is no millennium, no rest, no perpetual "peace till that fury has burnt itself out, and I give no limited "time for the change. It is, you say, the social model of the "Beehive, with the Queen-mother in its center, and you say that "I have 'adopted' the idea. Well, I didn't, and if you know of "books in which it appears before 'A Crystal Age' was published, "let me know. I have only seen it in a paper by Benjamin Kidd "which appeared after my book was written, tho not before it "was published. . . . Kidd believed that the sexual passion "would eventually decay—it would have to decay simply be-"cause in no other way could man attain to that higher state, "mentally, morally, physically, to which he appears (or appears "to Kidd) to be destined."

The publication of "The Naturalist in La Plata" (1892), which was immediately hailed as a classic and declared by Alfred Russel Wallace to be "altogether unique among books on Natural History," permanently established Hudson's reputation, and with it may be said to have commenced his last, most creative period, 1892-1922. While he is the great poet-interpreter of bird life, his wrathful pleading on behalf of all the threatened species, in "Last British Birds," has slowly permeated the public conscience. In "Nature and Downland" (1900) and "Hampshire Days" (1903) Hudson originated a new pattern of Nature book, one that gets on to the printed page Nature's light and shading, her variability, elusiveness and mutability: he catches, so to say, the very breath of changing wind and weather, and cross-hatches his diverse picture with a network of human associations. Short-sighted men of science have regretted that Hudson's poetic sense and feeling for the illimitable mysterious beauty in Nature's wild life came more and more to vivify and transfigure "the dull leaden mask of mere intellectual curiosity" of which he speaks in "Green Mansions"; but, as we have emphasized above, it was Hudson's force of passionate feeling which lay at the root of all his varied powers and made him preeminent. Through this force of emotional perception, he entered more intimately and steeped himself more intensely in the protean spectacle of Nature's life than have any of his rivals, Bates or Wallace or Belt or Jefferies or Burroughs.

Beauty is an integral factor in Nature's scheme. Dullness of spirit and an unfeeling heart, these mean lack of spiritual perception and simply something barred out and lurking in the mind, just as cataract in the eye means darkness, insensibility to light. Men do not boast of myopia or failure to see the features of a face. Women do not boast that they see no beauty in children or flowers. But millions of civilized people complacently boast to-day of having little esthetic sense, no poetic sense, no artistic faculty, not comprehending that in this respect they are lower than savages! Now Hudson, in his Nature books, like a surgeon who gives sight, restores spiritual vision to the victims of civilization. As poet-naturalist he supplies a new lens to our faculties.

In his chapter on "The Plains of Patagonia," Hudson gives us, unconsciously, the key to his supremacy. "We ourselves," he says, "are the living sepulchers of a dead past. . . . What has truly entered our soul and become psychical is our environment, that wild Nature in which and to which we were born at an inconceivably remote period, and which made us what we are." He himself had stored up in his soul and had access through his feeling to those immeasurable spiritual sources of life which animate Nature. He himself was a strange fusion of the highest intellectual faculties and "the hidden fiery core of primitive nature ready to send flame through the civilized crust." His genius, his supremacy over all his contemporaries, lay in his fuller perception of the infinite ocean of Nature's fecundity, and in his more delicate response to the mystery and beauty of her multitudinous aspects. And his books flash upon us this gleaming spiritual apprehension of the whole, while seizing upon and stamping the character of the living past.

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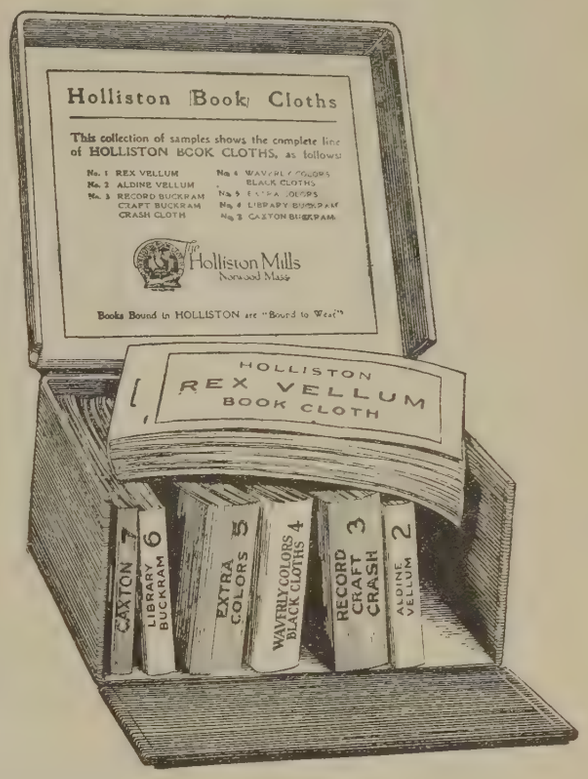

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Ibanez and Bernhardt

(*Continued from page 25*)

and conventions of Europe. Robledo inspires his broken friend with some of his own glowing enthusiasm, and he defrays the expenses of the journey of Torrebianca and his wife to still half-wild southern regions of the Argentine Republic, to Patagonia, "la tierra de todos"—the land of all.

Once he has his trio of characters out of Paris, the author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" settles down to his story in good earnest. Out of his pages, growing steadily clearer and bolder in outline, comes the picture of an entirely new land, something which writers until now have left untouched. It is a gaunt land, a bare and dry and cruel land, this Patagonia, a land of toil and achievement, of men. Robledo and those associated with him have in hand a gigantic system of irrigation which, they hope, will make the desert of Patagonia into an agricultural Paradise and a source of unbounded wealth. They are building a dam to control the waters of a turbulent Patagonian river; already they have pushed it far out into the stream; already their visions of riches are becoming concrete. Hundreds of workmen are employed on the construction work in and around the desert village of La Presa, the headquarters of the contractors and engineers, a full two days by rail from Buenos Aires, the Argentine capital. This village, made up of one-story wooden shanties, clustering around a combination general store, dram shop and dancing-hall, is as bleak and semi-barbarous as any in our own Wild West of half a century ago.

Into this wild place comes Elena, Marchioness of Torrebianca, blasé and sophisticated, knowing only the gay life of European capitals, concerned only with enjoying herself, no matter what her enjoyment may cost others.

Immediately she sets the place topsy-turvy. The little knot of foreigners marooned there, who have almost forgotten the civilized life from which Elena has just come, become her abject adorers. Canterac, the French engineer; Pirovani, the rough Italian contractor; Moreno, the hard-working Spanish assistant of Robledo; and Watson, Robledo's American partner, all succumb to her charm and brilliancy. Even Manos Duras, a brigand of the Patagonian plains, adds himself to the band of her slaves, announcing that he is willing to do anything for her—even murder. Only Robledo, the man responsible for bringing Elena and her husband to Patagonia, remains impervious to her wiles. And, through it all, her easy-going husband, Torrebianca, continues to be, as he was in Paris, completely blind to his wife's conduct.

Elena's suitors neglect their work, think of nothing but her, plunge into extravagant expense in order to please her whims and win her smiles. Tho they are in the heart of the desert, remote from civilization and all its conventions, they take to dressing for dinner, after having sent to far-away Buenos Aires for the latest thing in men's evening wear. Canterac, the Frenchman, orders from Buenos Aires by mail an enormous quantity of perfumes and perfumed soaps for the queen of his heart, but is left to gnash his teeth in jealous fury because Pirovani, being richer, sends a similar order by special messenger, so that his cargo of perfumery reaches La Presa long before that of Canterac.

Enraged by this victory of his rival, which wins for Pirovani Elena's sweetest smiles, Canterac squanders every penny of his savings on a wonderful surprize for Elena.

For weeks he employs scores of workmen on the construction of a park. They transplant trees, deflect water-courses, set up hedges and arbors, out there in the heart of the desert. When all is ready, Canterac invites the whole countryside to a big festival, at which Elena is the guest of honor. Everybody knows that Canterac has done it all for her; that he has ruined himself for the sake of a smile from her.

And Pirovani realizes this better than anybody. Stung to exasperation by the magnificence of Canterac's park and the fear that it will enable Canterac to supplant him once for all in Elena's affections, Pirovani, while the festivities are in full swing, grossly insults Canterac. The two men, forgetting all that they had learned in the civilized years before Patagonia swallowed them up, fall upon each other like beasts, roll upon the ground, striking and kicking and clawing at each other. The rest of the guests rush in and separate them.

But the Frenchman and the Italian have tasted blood. They know that one or the other of them must die. A duel is arranged between them. Pirovani's bullet goes wild; Canterac's kills Pirovani on the spot. Aided by Robledo, the Frenchman escapes over the Andes into Chile before the Argentine authorities are able to lay hands on him. Elena's husband, no longer blind to her wickedness, commits suicide. And Robledo, with the death of Pirovani and Torrebianca and the ruin of Canterac before his eyes, bitterly regrets the day that made him bring Elena to Patagonia.

She herself remains coldly indifferent to the death and ruin which she is sowing about her. She turns her attention to winning young Watson, the American, away from his sweetheart, an adorable tomboy of the desert, who dresses in boy's clothes, rides like a Centaur, and swings the lasso with all the skill of an Argentine "gaucho." For a short space Watson is blinded by the brilliant sophistication of Elena, all the more brilliant because of the rough setting in which it is placed.

Eventually, however, Robledo's warnings and the American's natural good sense make him realize the cruelty and selfishness that form the basis of Elena's character. He goes back to his sweetheart. Elena, piqued at his desertion, summons Manos Duras, the brigand who has long admired her, and spurs him on to abduct Celinda, Watson's fiancée. Manos Duras and his bandits burst into the ranch of Celinda's father, killing a faithful servitor who tries to bar their path, and ride away with the young girl.

Before they can get clear, however, they are overtaken by Watson, Celinda's father, and a whole squad of other riders. And then, once again, everything that recalls civilization is thrown to the winds, and it is revolver to revolver and knife to knife, under the brazen Patagonian sky and the whirling dust of the Patagonian plain. Celinda's father, wild with rage, scorns the help of those with him, hurls himself alone upon Manos Duras, parries the knife-thrust of the bandit, and sinks his own knife to the hilt in the bandit's body. And, while the old man's friends are accounting for the bandit's companions, the people of La Presa, who have guessed the complicity of Elena in the abduction, break into her house, bent on lynching her. But she, foreseeing trouble, has fled—with Moreno, the Spaniard.

The scene shifts back to Paris. It is twelve years later. Watson and Celinda have long been married. Happy and enormously rich, they have come, like so many wealthy Argentinos, to spend their millions among the modistes and other delights of the city of pleasure. With them comes Robledo, still a bachelor, also enormously rich—for the irrigation of the Patagonian desert has become a fact, the dry sand wastes have blossomed, and millions of dollars have been poured into the pockets of the lucky ones who had preempted them in the early days. La Presa has become a prosperous town, its low dram shop is a grand department store and bank, and González, the "tough" proprietor, is one of the magnates of the new community.

Strolling through the Montmartre quarter of Paris, Robledo is accosted by a woman of the streets whose eyes seem strangely familiar. He stops to speak with her. It is Elena. Her headlong career of selfish pleasure has brought her to the depths.

She can scarcely remember her life in Patagonia. La Presa? Oh, yes, that strange village out there on the plains! Canterac? Who was he?—an engineer?—no, surely, he was a French officer whom she knew somewhere—where was it?—Paris? Moreno? That Spaniard? Oh, he lost all his money and vanished! She begs Robledo to buy her whisky. He takes her into a low drinking-place, and presents her with a whole bottle of it. She gulps it down, glass after glass. He slips her a sheaf of bank-notes. She tucks them away, still drinking, scarcely thanking him. And she

disappears, shabby and drunk, into the purlieus of Montmartre. Robledo, looking after her, exclaims:

"Think of it! For that rag men ruined and killed each other!"

There, then, is "La Tierra de Todos" in bare outline. Such an outline gives no idea of what Blasco Ibáñez has done with his material. He has found again some of the magic which enabled him, in those marvelous opening chapters of "The Four Horsemen," to evoke the very soul of the life on the Argentine pampas. He has contrived again, as he did in "The Cabin," to make a thing, an abstraction, a something that is inanimate, more of a leading character in his narrative than hero, heroine or villain. There may be, in "La Tierra de Todos," an Elena who stands out, clean-cut, in her hard brilliancy and cruelty; there may be a Pirovani, a Celinda, a Manos Duras, leaping, clean-cut and real into the reader's consciousness by grace of the master's hand that created them; but, despite their convincing reality and all the swing and rush of the narrative, there is a something which transcends everything else—the feeling, on the part of the reader, that he is actually looking at gaunt Patagonia, broiling under her sun, gulping down her choking dust, living her hard, brutal life. In evoking the very look and smell of the Patagonian desert lands the Spaniard has proved himself once more a wizard among wizards.

Lloyd George, A Study in Contrasts

(*Continued from page 78*)

for the ostentation of power, he united something of the caution of those French tyrants who, while decimating the nobility, were timorous of anything that hit the people." It would be unfair, however, not to give Mr. Lloyd George full credit for bringing about the unity of command. Circumstances may have helped, but they certainly would have availed little without the determined action of the Prime Minister.

> It will probably be the verdict of history [writes Mr. Raymond] that Mr. George's part in placing the Allied armies under the control of one man, and that a great military genius, constitutes his highest claim on the gratitude of the British people. . . . No less admirable than the constancy with which Mr. George clung to his conviction was the courage with which he made use of every opportunity to give it effect.

The truth, in short, is that a personality like that of Mr. Lloyd George was by nature well equipped for the emergencies of war. It was quite a different matter in the more enduring work of peace.

It is rather as an anti-climax that one turns from the epic of war and victory to the political situation in England which follows. The interest in that part of the book lies chiefly in the extraordinarily prophetic character of the author's views, judged by subsequent events. He foresees, as plainly as if it had already taken place when he was writing, the decay of the coalition. He thinks that Mr. Lloyd George had for once made a mistake in mass psychology by imagining that England still wanted waking up. "It was a very bad mistake indeed. England wanted politically nothing so much as to go to sleep."

However this may be, nothing in the previous career of Mr. Lloyd George would lead us to suppose that his eclipse is anything more than temporary. Everything, on the contrary, points to his emerging before long in a new rôle. In the meantime he will have no difficulty in employing himself. Interest has always been the chief element in his life, and he will certainly not be deprived of things to interest him. In spite of the curious myth to the contrary, he is a great reader. As a young man practising law in Wales he managed to get through most of the English classics and the greater Frenchmen, from Pascal to Hugo. He is also, according to Mr. Raymond, very fond of the theater, particularly the lighter revue, but his chief interest and occupation, no doubt, will be observing the new Government.

"Life is full of anxieties," said Mr. Bonar Law to him once.

"Yes," replied Mr. Lloyd George, "but it is very interesting."

No doubt during the next year or so there will be many occasions on which they will be able to repeat these sentiments.

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Problem of Sense and Censorship

(*Continued from page 29*)

for when the case came to trial the publisher was acquitted, the judge refusing to let the question of the book's morality go to the jury. Needless to say, the temporary suppression of the book boomed its subsequent sale.

This brings us to the undeniable fact that an unsuccessful attempt to suppress a book because of its alleged indecency gives wide advertisement to a production that otherwise might go unnoticed. Mr. Sumner's answer to this is that the fault lies not at his door, but at the door of the newspapers. He asks: "If I advertised undesirable books by prosecuting the 14 cases that had to do with book publications, how is it that I didn't advertise the manufacturers of obscene pictures, etc., in the 510 other cases that I prosecuted during the same period? The answer is that the newspapers believe there is news value in the prosecution of a well-known publisher or author. Our other cases are given no newspaper space."

I hold no brief for Mr. Sumner. I could hold no brief for any one who speaks of Anthony Comstock, or of any other man for that matter, as "the apostle of mental chastity." I should regret very much if the man capable of such a phrase really sat in final judgment on our literature. But that does not prevent me from seeing the facts honestly. Mr. Sumner is not a censor; he is a man who, I am confident, is doing his sincere best to handle a problem of growing seriousness.

I am one of those troglodytes who believe that the morals of the world are unduly out of joint, and that our untrammeled literature is largely responsible. I may be prejudiced. Let us turn a few of the pages of "Nonsenseorship":

> Woman moves from her dull post as keeper of the virtues to the far more important and exciting post as keeper of the vices. . . . The taboos which have surrounded women time out of mind have been so puerile and imbecile that one quite non-partizanly wonders why on earth they have been allowed to continue. A second thought demonstrates, of course, that fear has had the major part in it, and that skill in cheating has gone so far as practically to nullify the privations of the taboo.—Ruth Hale.
>
> God, there were Eves in France! Women who knew how to make a man forget, women who didn't count the cost, women who loved for love's sake. And for this and other causes, the Unknown Warrior was extraordinarily bored at having to die. . . .
>
> Here is the official side of it. Marriage is made in heaven. . . . It is so. It must be so. *What's that?* Your friend is married and . . . Brother, it is impossible. You must not say so anyway: the whole fabric of Society will be shaken. You must not think so for a moment.—Robert Keable.
>
> Two generations ago the girl was "damned." One generation ago she was "ruined." Now, according to the best authorities and her own valuation, she has just played out of luck. . . . A half generation ago we had not read our Freud. We did not know the jargon of sex. Both man and girl were apt to call "in love" the emotion which our present-day young things frankly call something else. . . . For times have changed since it was good form for a maid to avoid the crass mention of sex. With prohibition has come such an outburst of Get-Moral-Quick legislation that the reaction is now being felt throughout the length and breadth of the flapper. The legislators would lengthen the skirts to protect the defenseless male from a chance thought of legs and the like, Whereat the flapper retaliates by conversing pretty ceaselessly about—well, say associated subjects.—Helen Bullitt Lowry.

If this sort of thing represents the true spirit of the times, it is, of course, futile to attempt to influence the present literary drift toward a freer exploitation of sex. A people gets the literature that it wants, just as it gets the government that it deserves. The only real censorship is the dominant taste of the period. If indecency is the thing that is wanted, indecency is the thing that will be had.

That the growing number of "strong" books is a serious problem is shown by the fact that the editor of the Library Journal, the leading publication of the kind in this country, asked Louis N. Feipel, of the Brooklyn Public Library, to secure the views of a number of representative public librarians and State library commissioners on the subject of objectionable books in public libraries. A questionnaire was drawn up and sent to thirty-one public librarians and six State library commissions.

"The term 'objectionable book' as used in the questionnaire," says Mr. Feipel, "was understood to cover 'suggestive fiction of the type *of which many examples from authors of repute are but too well known* (the italics are mine) books honestly or otherwise offering physiological information, the classics which are usually grouped in book-catalogs under the heads of Erotica, Facetiæ, or 'Curious'."

The librarians are almost unanimously of the opinion that it is no part of their function to exercise a censorship over the reading of the mature. The Chicago Public Library states the case in this wise:

> In the case of novels written by reputable authors, published by respectable publishers, often printed serially in high class magazines, and sold by established dealers, it is both futile and unwarranted for a public library to undertake an ex-post-facto censorship to the extent of refusing to provide them for the use of persons of maturity and discretion. The same public opinion that supports authors and publishers in the production of such books, operates to justify public libraries in making them available to that part of its public which is composed of persons of maturity and discretion who wish to read them. . . . And so this library quietly examines and weighs all modern novels from the single standpoint of literary value, adding those that are found worthy according to the standard of the time, and having regard as well for all the numerous classes of readers whom it professes to serve. In common with most public libraries, it disclaims the office of serving the expert or the specialist to the fullest extent of his specialty, whether that be a science, philosophy or pornography. But in the service of the normal and average man, whose kind comprises the greatest number, it exercises sufficient latitude and assumes sufficient judgment to seek to supply all of his normal wants, stimulated or created tho they may be by influences, tendencies, and fashions that it had no voice in formulating. And tho we may deplore them, we have felt no vocation to assume the role of Mrs. Partington, and to employ our little broom, contrived for other ends, in a futile attempt to sweep back the waves of the sea.

Another librarian says:

> If I were to exclude all fiction that is suggestive . . . a very considerable percentage of the books now published would be excluded.

And still another librarian:

> I hope your inquiry will not show that public librarians generally have become prudes or public censors; tho I confess that the "strong stuff" now published gives strong provocation in this direction.

Let me quote a slightly different view-point:

> It is a serious question in my mind whether such a discussion as this should be printed. It will subject libraries to derisive laughter on the part of the so-called "young intellectuals." It is a real problem, however.

Some of us old troglodytes believe that we see signs that the "young intellectuals" have reached the high-water of their popularity, and that the tide is about to turn. Let us hope that the current of events will have the same prophylactic effect on our literature that the ocean tides have on our harbors.

Robert Frost, the first incumbent of the Fellowship in Creative Art established by the University of Michigan a year ago, is returning to the University for a second year, with the understanding that he will keep more time free for his own writing than he did last year. When the fellowship was established it was contemplated that the University would have a different artist as fellow each year. But they have been anxious to extend the period of Mr. Frost's incumbency, and he is equally pleased to return, being, as he says, "anxious to prove that such a fellowship can be a success, because if it works at Michigan, it will work all over the country."

good books

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Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement

(*Continued from page 26*)

Conference. It may be that this work will be read and studied even more in years to come than at present, because it is the sort of history that must appeal to those who are seeking the truth, and who are not looking for something which will satisfy preconceived ideas or cherished prejudices. To use Mr. Baker's own words, his book "sets forth especially the American policies and exhibits the struggle of Woodrow Wilson and his advisers to apply them to the bitter problems of the war-torn world."

Mr. Baker admits frankly that he did not concur with President Wilson in some of his conclusions at Paris. Feeling that there should have been more constructive publicity, he says:

> I still believe that one of the greatest mistakes made at the Conference, particularly for America, was a want of better understanding of what happened there and the exact reasons why, in each particular case, the President decided as he did, for I am confident that if the American people could know what the problems were in shell-shocked Europe in 1919, the problems those desperately harassed leaders at Paris had to meet, there would to-day be a better and more sympathetic understanding of our newly developing international relationships.

Mr. Baker nevertheless confirms throughout his firm belief in the essential soundness of the great principles which the President advocated and laid down at Paris, and "the conviction that whatever may have been his mistakes, he fought for his principles under such conditions and in such an atmosphere as the American people do not yet understand."

A most interesting description is given of the post-war reaction to selfishness, passions and prejudices which came uppermost when the Conference settled down to its task and which made it so difficult and in some cases impossible to secure settlements in accordance with the ideals and principles which had been previously hailed and accepted as the basis for a just and lasting peace. The task was immeasurably increased by a tendency to return to the same practises which had caused the war, and against which we at least had thought the war was fought. As Mr. Baker says:

> No sooner had the war ended than the high emotional and moral enthusiasm which marked its closing year began to fade away. The spirit of unity began to disintegrate. The Allies had not, after all, common purposes. Each had its ancient loyalties, necessities, jealousies, ambitions, and these immediately began to reassert themselves. The purposes of the secret treaties were again crowded into the foreground. No miracle had really occurred. Men found themselves back in the old familiar world—and, more than that, in a state of exhaustion and demoralization which tended to irritate rather than calm the natural differences of opinion. It must never be forgotten that it was in a time of national shell-shock, exaggerated appearances, exaggerated fears, that the Treaty was made.

The Allied Government leaders wished to make settlements which would prevent future wars, and were willing to apply the Wilsonian principles as long as they did not conflict with public opinion within their own countries and with national ambitions.

The secret treaties made before the United States entered the war, providing for a division of the spoils, added to the difficulties. A very clear analysis is given of these treaties and the complications which they created, in that the Allies were pledged to the Wilsonian principles, and were also pledged by secret treaties to settlements which violated these principles.

Under such circumstances, the President had to fight to secure the adoption of his program. To use Mr. Baker's words:

> There were two great central ideas in his program, both American in their origin. One concerned the political rights and liberties of human kind, the other the obligations and controls of human kind. Specifically, they were:
>
> 1. The right of "self-determination" of peoples; that government must rest upon the "consent of the governed."
> 2. The obligation to cooperate in a world association for mutual aid and protection; in short, a league of nations.

As President Wilson himself put it—

> These great objects (of the peace) can be put in a single sentence. What we seek is the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed, and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind.

Mr. Baker tells how the Covenant of the League of Nations was gradually built up, and the contributions made by those who collaborated in its formulation. He also explains very clearly and conclusively why it was necessary and of the utmost importance that the Covenant of the League should be embodied in the Treaty.

Whether or not one believe in the League of Nations, there can be little difference of opinion among Americans regarding the justice of the principles and the wisdom of the settlements which America stood for at Paris. The principles advocated were essentially American and the more the facts are known and the more it is realized that world peace and justice can only be obtained by their application, the more will it be to us a source of pride in years to come that America proposed and urged their adoption.

Mr. Baker's book contains valuable data relative to the problem of disarmament, which will be of aid in future efforts to solve this problem. It shows how futile it is to attempt disarmament unless something is substituted in the place of arms; how it is impossible to get nations to disarm unless they are assured that justice and protection can be had without resort to arms. Realizing this, President Wilson established two principles which must be the key to any effective disarmament, namely, that armaments must be reduced to the lowest point consistent with national safety, and that mutual guaranties must be entered into in order to justify a nation in making such reduction.

There is an accurate, comprehensive and impartial account of the economic policies or ambitions of the respective countries, which influenced their political policies. Mr. Baker explains how important has become the question of access to raw materials. It will call for much attention in the future. He has also described the strain under which Europe was laboring to keep alive and avoid bankruptcy, and the imperative necessity which existed of getting Europe back to work under stable conditions. He expresses the view that the American Economic and Financial Delegation should have presented at Paris a comprehensive plan for the settlement of inter-Allied debts, the equal access to raw materials, the removal of artificial economic barriers, and the establishment of the European Governments on a sound financial basis. In this I do not entirely concur. In my judgment, it would have been unwise and futile for America to have proposed such a plan, even had it been possible to devise a workable one. In the first place, we were there to make peace with Germany, but in making such peace the American program was to apply principles which would stabilize peace and set the economic forces free. As long as the United States is wedded to the policy of establishing artificial economic barriers, we are not in a position to advocate with good grace the removal of such barriers by other nations, and since the United States has so far failed to cooperate even in a program for the establishment and maintenance of peace, which is the prerequisite to constructive economic recovery, it is obvious that no useful purpose could have been served by attempting more than that.

The failure to complete the task which we undertook when we entered the war is discouraging to those who are convinced that the United States can not escape serious involvement in world affairs and another world war (which may not be of our making any more than was the last one) unless we cooperate with the other nations in a program to settle disputes and stop practises which will lead to war. If we are not sufficiently concerned to do that, then obviously we were all wrong when we decided that the last war was of concern to us.

There is, however, some comfort when we realize that our forefathers were so zealous of their independence and so fearful of a surrender of sovereignty that it took them thirteen years after winning their struggle for independence or "self-determination" to realize that the welfare and development of the separate States required the formation of the Federal Union.

No nation has a greater stake in world peace than has the United

tates, and it is becoming more obvious that we have a moral bligation and a material interest in the establishment and mainenance of peace. We could not possibly become as involved and s entangled by acting in concert with the other powers to secure ıstice and maintain peace as we were in the World War and as 'e would become in another one. Our forefathers established Constitutional Democracy on the principle that true Governıent exists only with the consent of the governed, and that as etween the governed there must be equality of right and oportunity, with no special privileges to anyone. We take great ride in the Declaration of Independence, which announced to ıe world these enduring principles. In the years to come we ıall take just as much pride in the fact that President Wilson, s the spokesman for America, defined and advocated the prinıples upon which the freedom of nations must be established and hich must regulate the conduct of nations with one another. ınd, after all, President Wilson only proposed that the same ındamentals governing the right and responsibility of inividuals within a nation be extended and applied to the ations themselves.

The failures and progress toward a world settlement at Paris re summed up by Mr. Baker as follows:

> The President did not in those brief months achieve the "new world," the "new order," he so nobly phrased, so ardently desired, and so continuously fought for, but he chose the battleground and set forth some of the issues which will engage the thought of the world for years to come. And there is no more instructive failure—if it was a failure—than the President's at Paris, for when we approach it with a desire not to condemn or defend, but to understand, it reveals, as nothing else could, the real elements of the struggle which the liberals of the world have yet before them. We see as in a spotlight the defects of our own governmental machinery as it concerns foreign affairs; we are able to judge more clearly the state of our own public opinion, and above all to get a truer sense of our relationships with the other great nations of the world.
>
> Finally, we see in high relief the figure of an extraordinary human being, with supreme qualities of many kinds, with temperamental and physical limitations, who will never cease to fascinate the historian and biographer of representative and decisive characters.
>
> Unless Americans can apprehend what really happened at Paris, what forces we had to meet there, how we were led, and what we did, we can scarcely go ahead with firm ground under our feet to discuss what to do next. Paris assuredly must be the springboard for any future plunge into foreign affairs.

Charles Edward Montague, the author of "Disenchantment," s a director of the Manchester Guardian and chief leader writer of hat paper. He was educated in the City of London School and t Balliol College, Oxford. During his Oxford days he collabrated with Sir Arthur Quiller Couch in a series of prose parodies or the Oxford Magazine. He likewise found time to row in the ollege fours and eights and to make the Rugby football team, as vell as to be awarded the Royal Humane Society's medal for eroism in saving a drowning person.

Graduating from the University at twenty-two, he rejected the ffer of an educational post in the Government of India in favor f a probationary position on the Manchester Guardian. Within ix years he became chief leader writer; then he married the laughter of the proprietor and editor, C. P. Scott. Mr. Montague ontributed variously to British and American magazines, wrote a ıemoir of W. T. Arnold in collaboration with Mrs. Humphry Vard, and published two novels, "A Hind Let Loose" and "The Morning's War," besides a volume of criticism, "Dramatic Values," before the outbreak of the war.

At the age of forty-seven he enlisted as a private in the "Sportsnan's Battalion," rose to the rank of battalion bombing sergeant, vas mentioned three times in despatches for gallantry in action, ınd ultimately became a Captain attached to the General Staff. For a time he was one of the official shepherds to the western ront, acting as guide to the various distinguished observers who ound their way up to the British lines. On being demobilized, Captain Montague was awarded the Order of the British Empire. 'Disenchantment" is a study of the spiritual results of the war.

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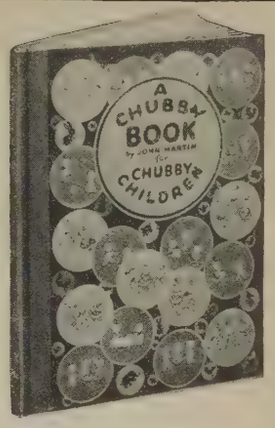

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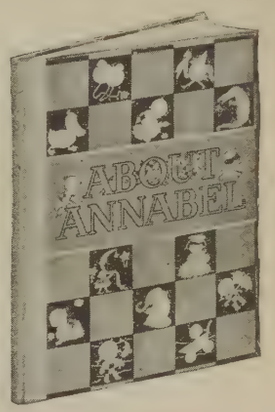

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Diverse Moods in Current Poetry

(*Continued from page 32*)

lectual aspects. And much of Mr. Erskine's finest verse has a content of ideas as well as of emotions. "Penthesileia," the poem which precedes "Achilles and the Maiden," is such a poem; there is subtle insight and magnificent irony in the colloquy between Priam and Andromache concerning war and death. So too are "The Sons of Metaneira," and "Satan" and "Ash-Wednesday" among the longer poems, and "The Return" among the shorter. One of the most noble poems in the volume is the "Innkeeper," a dialog between Joseph and the keeper of the hostel in whose stable Christ is born, a poignant and dramatic vision of life from two contrasted points of view.

Mr. Erskine's "Collected Poems" make a total impression of emotional intensity and intellectual force, of abiding spiritual insight and rare sensitiveness to beauty. From the point of view of expression alone they represent a considerable achievement: the surface is clear and lucent, the phrasing inevitable, the melodic line unblurred. They are the work of a poet with respect for the discipline of his art and command over the resources of his medium, a creative artist of distinction.

Mr. Padraic Colum, whose new volume of poems, "Dramatic Legends,"[2] is the first collection of his verse to appear since "Wild Earth,"[3] originally published some years ago and now reprinted, is another poet whose verse captures and holds the magic of beauty. "Wild Earth" contains some of the most authentic poetry produced by the Irish renascence; it has the wonder and the charm and haunting cadence of folk-poetry, it has a delight in the simple beauty of familiar things wholly distinctive and individual. It is from the actuality of Irish countryside life that Mr. Colum distills the spell which captures the imagination of his readers; the familiar life of the farm and the field and the high-roads under the Irish sky. His is the poetry of simple piety bred of the long association of habit and tradition with a single way of life, of experience deeply felt, of things swiftly and surely seen in an aspect of loveliness. Such, for example, are the three opening verses of his most frequently quoted early poem, "The Drover":

To Meath of the pastures,
From wet hills by the sea,
Through Leitrim and Longford,
Go my cattle and me.

I hear in the darkness
Their slipping and breathing—
I name them the bye-ways
They're to pass without heeding;

Then the wet, winding roads,
Brown bogs with black water;
And my thoughts on white ships
And the King o' Spain's daughter.

Much of this magic has found its way into the new volume of "Dramatic Legends," especially in the "Country Songs," and in the sequence of short poems entitled "Reminiscence," where he deals specifically with subjects arising out of Irish life. But the new volume contains other things no less notable, as, for example, "Swift's Pastoral," a vivid and incisive dramatic dialogue between Swift and Vanessa, or "The Miracle of the Corn," a play in verse which is likely to stand among Mr. Colum's highest achievements as a dramatist. In that little play he reveals an art that is subtle and fine and delicate, an ability to maintain the dual illusion of dream and actuality, a capacity for tenderness that does not appear in the earlier poems. If his later poems bring a new note into his art, that note is pity; it is the poignancy of his pity, I am inclined to think, that makes Mr. Colum's recent verse seem more profound in its insight into life, altho no less beautiful, than his earlier. This pity has enabled him to write a poem like "The Monkeys," a picture of actuality, but of actuality transfigured by the spirit. Here are the first two stanzas:

Two little creatures
With faces the size of
A pair of pennies
Are clasping each other:
"Ah, do not leave me,"
One says to the other
In the high monkey-
Cage in the beast-shop.

There are no people
To gape at them now,
For people are loth to
Peer in the dimness;
Have they not builded
Streets and playhouses,
Sky-signs and bars
To lose the loneliness
Shaking the hearts
Of the two little monkeys?

Mr. Gorman's "The Barcarole of James Smith"[4] is the first volume of a young American poet whose obvious talent promises much for his future work. He is by turns intellectualist and emotionalist; he combines with considerable dramatic power and an ability to externalize emotions, a curious capacity for turning pure ideas into pictures. His dramatic ability and his command over sustained narrative in verse are best revealed in "The Son of Dawn," a long poem dealing with the death of "that disastrous music called Kit Marlowe," which has intensity of emotion and intricately wrought characterization woven into its fabric. But it is in the shorter poems that his most distinctive and individual qualities assert themselves; the sharply etched picture, the vivid phrase in which he captures the glancing impact of a sensuous world, the compact summation of an abstract idea in concrete terms. His "Brief Outline" is an excellent illustration:

His eyes were hollow moons burnt out and dead,
White distances that seemed to tilt and reel
Through skies forgotten, and his daily meal
Was dim extinguished things that men had said
Before the world fell in upon his head.
He could not ever hope to gravely deal
With common things upon which Time's dark seal
Hung heavy with the soullessness of lead.

And if at times his thoughts would wander far
Beyond the tight embraces of his glen,
Be very sure he called them home in fright.
His background was the memory of a star
Seen once by him but cloaked to other men
In something that their weakness called the night.

It is notable that Mr. Gorman writes naturally and with ease in the old verse forms, and that he achieves through them many of the effects, such as the hard clearness and the immediacy of sense impression, which are claimed as the peculiar properties of the new. But it is not only for these qualities that his work holds much promise. What makes us sure of that promise is his ability to write a poem as simple and as beautiful as this:

We come upon sick days:
The little room
That viewed your endless ways
Is like a tomb.

Lie still and do not move,
And hold your breath
And be in life, poor love,
A hint of death.

The "Undertaker's Garland"[5] brings to our attention certain aspects of the contribution that is being made by the younger

[2] Dramatic Legends and Other Poems. By Padraic Colum. The Macmillan Co.

[3] Wild Earth and Other Poems. By Padraic Colum. The Macmillan Co.

[4] The Barcarole of James Smith. By Herbert S. Gorman. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[5] The Undertaker's Garland. By John Peale Bishop and Edmund Wilson, Jr. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

generation of American writers. There are eleven pieces, of which two are in prose, all hinging upon the idea of death, a prologue, epilogue and preface; it is an ambitious attempt to pattern a contemporary dance of death. The idea is undeniably clever, and if the book itself achieved and maintained the high level of its own inspiration it might well have added to our contemporary literature a humor and irony that, however greatly desired, is still sadly lacking. But having begun on what is obviously a note of irony, the authors blundered into the fatal error of didacticism, and the result is a book that is by turns amusing and merely tiresome. With the exception of "The Death of a Soldier," a good and well-articulated piece of realistic prose, the best things in the book come, not out of life, but out of literature. The authors share a preoccupation with ancient classical literature, but hardly with its ideas or with its intense feeling for common experience; their literary affinities are rather with the poets of attitude, writers like Ernest Dowson and Arthur Symons. These they have studied to good effect, as Mr. Bishop's most successful venture, "The Death of a Dandy," shows. But even here the saving sense of form, the exquisite precision that saves for us some of the verse of such a poet as Dowson after the attitude has passed into limbo, is almost completely lacking. The attitude in the case of Messrs. Wilson and Bishop is a revival of diabolism, again an echo of the nineties, and as in those forgotten days of Peladan, it destroys itself by its own extraordinary seriousness. The difficulty, perhaps, is the painful solemnity with which the authors take their own humor. What the book does illustrate, tho perhaps the authors do not suspect it, is the persistent attraction of the academic for our younger writers.

Mr. Roscoe Brink's "Down the River"[6] is likewise a first volume, and it brings forth the work of an able and competent writer. The book is a novel in free verse, just as the "Spoon River Anthology" was a novel in free verse. But Mr. Brink's book, unlike Mr. Masters', is not a *comedie humaine*, but the life story of a single character, a woman, from marriage to the grave. It is cast in the form of an autobiography, and the psychological unity is so well maintained that never for a moment does the illusion falter. Here, if you will, is another illustration of the Greek attitude in art, for the book deals nobly with the familiar incidents of common experience both physical and spiritual; it symbolizes, in a highly individualized character, the fortunes and destiny implicit in simple, common life. Poetically the book is highly creditable; it is firmly rooted in American life and its expression has the accent and cadence of our speech.

"The Shepherd"[7] is a second volume of Mr. Edmund Blunden's pastoral verse, and a worthy successor to "The Waggoner." Here is poetry unaffectedly sincere and natural, saturated with the beauty of the English countryside, sensitive in its observation of reality, distinguished in its craftsmanship. The art of Mr. Blunden, like that of Mr. Colum, grows out of the familiar sights and sounds and incidents of countryside life into magic and mystery and loveliness.

"American Poetry, 1922,"[8] is the second volume of a miscellany first issued two years ago and to be issued biennially. It contains a number of poems by each of thirteen American poets, including Messrs. Frost, Sandburg and Lindsay, Miss Lowell, Miss Millay, "H. D." and others. It is impossible to consider the volume at length within the limits of the present review, but it is worth careful reading if only for Miss Millay's eight magnificent sonnets, Mr. Frost's poems of New England, and Mrs. Jean Starr Untermyer's bizarre and colorful "Tone Poem."

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[6] DOWN THE RIVER. By Roscoe W. Brink. Henry Holt and Co.

[7] THE SHEPHERD AND OTHER POEMS OF PEACE AND WAR. By Edmund Blunden. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

[8] AMERICAN POETRY, 1922: A MISCELLANY. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

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The Literary Digest

INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

354 Fourth Ave. New York City

Popular Science from Unfamiliar Sources

(*Continued from page 31*)

Wells, part of the story is already in lucid print over the seal of the American Geographical Society, one of the many organizations which cater to such of the intelligent reading public as know where to look for the newest and best.

We have chosen the little book by Ernst Antevs as an example of science of popular interest as published by a private scientific organization. We are not selecting it as necessarily the most popular, the best, or in any other way excelling in potential interest certain other publications by American or foreign scientific bodies. Our purpose is merely to show that there are fertile fields for even the layman's browsing that lie outside the regular bounds of commercial book publication.

If we are interested in our stone-age ancestors, it is no less fascinating to study our contemporary stone-age cousins. Doing so throws a light on human nature in general; in particular it throws a light upon the character of our forefathers, who at one time hunted the same animals with the same weapons and lived in somewhat the same way, altho in a country as many thousands of miles away as their history is millenniums ago. An example in this field is the work of Diamond Jenness.[3]

Mr. Jenness's ethnological studies have naturally a personal interest for me, as he was one of the scientific staff of my expedition of 1913-1918. But the interest would have been only slightly less had there been no such official relation, for he is studying in particular the Eskimos of the vicinity of Coronation Gulf, among whom I worked on my expedition of 1908-1912. From several points of view these are the most interesting of all the Eskimos. At the time we visited them more than half of them had never seen a white man, and it is probable that Mr. Jenness, altho a few years later, saw at least several to whose eyes he was the first European. In any event, their beliefs and customs had then undergone far less change than they have since, for altho the civilizing had been rapid between my visit and his, it has doubtless been much more rapid since.

The interest of such books as that of Mr. Jenness is varied. If you are a big game hunter or a student of natural history, you will find not only discussions of the animal life of this remote region as it is at present, but also an estimate of the conditions which are affecting the increase or decrease of these animals. The method by which the Eskimos hunt are described by word and picture, and the direct dependence of those Eskimos upon the animals is brought out. If you are interested in comparative religions or the progress of missions among the heathen, there is information at once comprehensive and far more reliable than you are likely to get in any books of travel, which (like some of our South Sea Island yarns) are published with the two chief objects of being entertaining and marketable. Writers for governments or scientific societies are not actuated by the hope of financial gain. This leaves them free of one powerful temptation to "faking" that presses upon the authors of potential best-sellers. Beyond this there is the creed of the scientist to hold truth above all things. And truth from the scientific point of view is a very different thing from what is called artistic truth. One tries to approximate the facts; the other strives mainly to create in the reader's mind an impression of truthfulness.

Mr. Jenness discusses our contemporary cousins of the stone age in infancy and in old age; he describes their customs, religion and language; he tells you how they live and how they make their living. Occasionally, it seems to me, he forgets that he is a scientist and becomes controversial over controversial questions. This appears to lead him to minimize certain facts and to overemphasize others. But what is a little thing like that to charge against Mr. Jenness when you think that the high standard which he occasionally forgets is one which the average travel writer never remembers?

There is much of news value in the remaining two books we have selected to illustrate the scientific publications of the American and Canadian Governments. They deal with commercial meat-ranching in the Poplar Regions. After having been associated in our minds for centuries with the joys and anticipations of Christmas, the reindeer is now being introduced to us as a costly item on the bill of fare of the most exclusive hotels and clubs. There is scarcely a week and never a month when some influential magazine or press syndicate does not carry stories more or less startling and more or less true about what has been done with the reindeer in Alaska and Siberia, and what it is hoped to do with them in Canada. Each according to his bent, some of us marvel that any one should be interested in such visionary schemes as those of producing meat in the Arctic, while others of us marvel that such obvious use of natural resources was not developed before, or, at least, that the idea was not embraced universally and enthusiastically as soon as it was first suggested. I have written books about the subject, and so have others. But whatever you may think of us who deal with these things in narrative or propaganda, you are more likely to consider unbiased the scientific departments of the two great governments that occupy most of our continent.

In the case of the United States Biological Survey report,[4] you have the evidence of two scientific specialists who were sent to Alaska to report favorably or adversely, as the facts might warrant, upon an industry which some were asserting was about to become as important in North America as the raising of cattle and sheep. In the Canadian report,[5] we have a careful digest made by one of the best trusted and most competent men in Canada, Dr. J. G. Rutherford—himself a specialist in the culture of domestic animals—of the evidence of thirty-five witnesses who, by their own testimony, had spent in the Arctic or sub-Arctic regions a total of two hundred and eighty-nine years. Both volumes, but especially the Canadian, are illustrated with photographs. Both can be secured for nothing if you trouble about diplomatic approach, and for a nominal price if you apply direct to the public printer at Washington or Ottawa.

In the age of advertising, science and near-science, travel and alleged travel will doubtless continue to have readers numerous in proportion to the energy with which they are pushed into publicity. But there are a good many who will find it both profitable and delightful to browse occasionally through the publication lists of the scientific societies and the scientific departments of the various governments for popular and semi-popular scientific news. Frequently you can by that method keep a year or two ahead of the startling sensations that are now and then announced through the news or the popular magazines. These societies are glad to supply the publications (at prices usually nominal) to whoever shows the discrimination to ask for them.

Mrs. Clara Watts-Dunton, widow of Theodore Watts-Dunton, and author of a recent book on "The Home Life of Swinburne" which took issue with many of the statements made in the official life of the poet by Edmund Gosse, will arrive in the United States early in 1923, for her first visit. Mrs. Watts-Dunton, as the wife of Swinburne's friend and housemate, shared the residence at "The Pines," where she still lives, for the five years preceding the poet's death.

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[3] The Life of the Copper Eskimos: Report of the Canadian Arctic Expedition, 1913-18, Vol. XII. By Diamond Jenness. Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa, Canada, 1922.

[4] Bulletin No. 1089: Reindeer in Alaska, by Seymour Hadwen and Lawrence J. Palmer, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., 1922.

[5] Report of the Royal Commission upon the Possibilities of the Reindeer and Musk-Ox Industries in the Arctic and Sub-Arctic Regions. Edited by J. G. Rutherford, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, Canada, 1922.

Important Books of the Month

(*Continued from page 87*)

ment"; "Dulcy"; "He Who Gets Slapped"; "Six Cylinder Love"; "The Hero"; "The Dover Road"; "Ambush"; "The Circle"; "The Nest." With a year book of the drama in America.

EAST OF SUEZ. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25.

A play embodying the author's knowledge of alien peoples and the magic of the East.

THE PLAYS OF J. M. BARRIE; DEAR BRUTUS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The seventh volume of the new eight-volume edition of Barrie's plays in uniform binding.

Essays

AN OLD CASTLE, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Caleb T. Winchester. New York: The Macmillan Co. Price, $3.

Fourteen essays on English authors from Shakespeare to Ruskin and Arthur Hugh Clough—by the late Professor of English literature in Wesleyan University.

LOVE CONQUERS ALL. By Robert C. Benchley. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.

Sixty-three humorous little essays on literary and other subjects.

THE CRITICAL GAME. By John Macy. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

Mr. Macy's idea is that the chief function of criticism is to be readable and that the essential merit of any good critical essay lies in the skill with which the game is played.

EUCLID'S OUTLINE OF SEX. Compiled by Wilbur P. Birdwood. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Farcical sketches in which the author undertakes to prove that Euclid "reeks with sex."

REGINALD. By "Saki" (H. H. Monroe). New York: Robert M. McBride. $1.50.

A little volume of brief and humorous essays on all aspects of modern life.

ROBIN HOOD'S BARN. By Margaret Emerson Bailey. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.

Confessions of a "garden adventurer"—talks on many themes of nature and life in a Rhode Island garden—with drawings by Whitman Bailey.

BLOSSOMED HOURS: BOOK OF THE MIND AND HEART. By Edward Howard Griggs. Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.: Orchard Hill Press.

Essays and poems on literary and other subjects drawn from American life.

IF AMERICA FAIL: OUR NATIONAL MISSION AND OUR POSSIBLE FUTURE. By Samuel Zane Batten. Philadelphia: The Judson Press. $1.60.

A serious discussion of the responsibilities of a nation that enshrines the largest mass of living interest entrusted to any one people.

Art

FRENCH PICTURES AND THEIR PAINTERS. By Lorinda Munson Bryant. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $5.

Devoted to the men, women and children of France who have made history—more especially to painters with the gift of portraying character. Liberally illustrated.

SCANDINAVIAN ART ILLUSTRATED. By Carl Laurin and others. New York: The American-Scandinavian Foundation.

The first comprehensive treatment of Scandinavian art in any language. Published through the generosity of Mr. C. Henry Smith of San Francisco. Elaborately illustrated. Part of a series of Scandinavian Monographs.

CHILDE HASSAM. Compiled by Nathaniel Pousette-Dart. New York: F. A. Stokes Co. $1.

Reproductions of 64 of Childe Hassam's most typical paintings, with a prefatory note by Ernest Haskell. Distinguished American Artist Series.

THE BOOK OF THE GREAT MUSICIANS AND THE SECOND BOOK OF GREAT MUSICIANS. By Percy A. Scholes. New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch. Each $1.50.

Two volumes of biographical sketches of musicians, intended as a course in musical appreciation for young readers.

KID KARTOONS. By Gene Carr. New York: The Century Co. $1.75.

A collection of the most popular cartoons of a series in the New York *World* known as Metropolitan Movies.

Fiction

PEREGRINE'S PROGRESS. By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.

A new novel by the author of "The Broad Highway," with

(*Continued on page 92*)

MANNERS ARE TELLTALES OF

Men—yes, of women, too. As our manners are polite or vulgar, so we are either admitted or denied admittance as an equal to the society of well-bred people.

"The Blue Book of Social Usage"

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Author of "Purple and Fine Linen," "The Title Market," and other successful novels.

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Photograph by Ira Hill

EMILY POST (Mrs. Price Post)

The Last Word

Emily Post's "Etiquette" has been warmly praised by the critics. Dorothy Hamilton, of the New York *Evening Post*, said, in part: "If it is possible to say of any work on the subject 'this is the last word,' then this verdict may be given to Mrs. Post's book. It is safe to say that Etiquette will be the last word in social matters until at least such time as society has radically changed, for it covers with an almost incredible minuteness of detail every contingency into which a social being may be plunged. From the ceremony of christening a child until the last sad rites after death, the life of a well-bred person is conducted with painstaking care."

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The Los Angeles *Examiner* says: "It is not too much to call this book epochal. Of the making of books of etiquette there is no end, but few of them are of the slightest importance or authority. Here is one that is *both*."

Who the Author Is

Says Billy Benedick in the New York *American:* "No one is better fitted to explain the whys and wherefores of high society than the former Miss Price, who from earliest childhood has been associated with only what is best in New York, and has always enjoyed the companionship of those in the most exalted circles. Her father was the late Bruce Price, a noted architect, brilliant writer, man of the world, and one of the founders of Tuxedo Park, in which environment his daughter was reared and married."

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Important Books of the Month

(*Continued from page 91*)

characters and scenes similar to those in that romance.

1492. By Mary Johnston. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.50.

A romance of Columbus and his companions and their adventures at the time of the discovery of America.

THE TALE OF TRIONA. By William J. Locke. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.

The story of a woman who married a man with a secret past and how she fought her way back to happiness.

THE HOUSE THAT DIED. By Henry Bordeaux. New York: Duffield & Co. $1.75.

A novel of the life of a French family in the mountains bordering on Switzerland—by a noted member of the French Academy. Translated by Harold Harper.

SPINSTER OF THIS PARISH. By W. B. Maxwell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

A new novel of English life by the author of "The Guarded Flame."

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH. By Leonard Merrick. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A new volume of short stories in the limited edition of Merrick's works — stories now brought together for the first time in a volume.

THE GREEN OVERCOAT. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: Robert M. McBride. $1.75.

A story of whimsical satire and mystery dealing with a professor who put on the wrong overcoat. With illustrations by G. K. Chesterton.

CHRISTMAS OUTSIDE OF EDEN. By Coningsby Dawson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.

A Christmas fantasy of the sensation created on earth and in heaven by the birth of the first baby. Illustrations by Eugene Francis Savage.

THE BRIGHT SHAWL. By Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

The hero, an American boy, throws himself into Cuba's struggle for freedom and finds love as well as adventure.

THE RED REDMAYNES. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The author, who won his fame as a novelist of Dartmoor life, has laid most of the scenes of his latest book in a beautiful portion of Italy.

MILLIONS. By Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

A novel of sudden wealth and the possibilities and vistas it may open—by the author of "The Harbor."

WHAT BECAME OF MR. DESMOND. By C. Nina Boyle. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $1.75.

The story of a disappearance.

A MORE HONORABLE MAN. By Arthur Somers Roche. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.

The story of a self-made man, his wife and their loyal friend.

THE LOVE STORY OF ALIETTE BRUNTON. By Gilbert Frankau, New York: The Century Co. $2.

A romance of married life.

THE ISLAND GOD FORGOT. By Chas. B. Stilson and Chas. Beahan. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.90.

A romance of the high seas and the Far East.

TRAMPING ON LIFE. By Harry Kemp. New York: Boni & Liveright. $3.

An autobiographical novel by a man who has had many curious adventures on land and sea.

THE STRANGE ATTRACTION. By Jane Mander. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.90.

A novel of New Zealand life.

VALLEY WATERS. By Charles D. Stewart. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

A novel of Ohio life, telling of a shell-shocked American soldier's search for a home and mother.

THE SOLDIER AND DEATH. Told in English by Arthur Ransome. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $.75

A Russian folk tale.

THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES OF 1922. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien and John Cournos. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.

A companion volume to Mr. O'Brien's "Best Short Stories" of 1921.

FOOL'S HILL. By Leona Dalrymple. New York: Robert M. McBride, $1.75.

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WHERE THE BLUE BEGINS. By Christopher Morley. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

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DOWN THE RIVER. By Roscoe W. Brink. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.90.

A novel written in free verse and revealing the soul of an American woman through the story of her married life.

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The Fruit of the Tree. By Hamilton Fyfe. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $2.

The theme of this novel is the contrast between two types of women in married life.

The White Heart of Mojave. By Edna Brush Perkins. New York: Boni & Liveright. $3.

Tells of the adventures and experiences of two women who penetrate to the heart of Mojave desert.

The Whelps of the Wolf. By George Marsh. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co.

A story of wilderness hardship, adventure and love on the East coast of Hudson's Bay.

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Lectures delivered before Vanderbilt University in which the author discusses Christian faith in its relation to the new dynamic forces now at work in the world.

GOD OUR CONTEMPORARY. By John Henry Jowett. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50.

Fifteen full-length sermons intended to show that only in God as revealed in Jesus Christ can we find the resources to meet the needs of life.

UNUSED POWERS. By Russell H. Conwell. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25.

A new inspirational book of essays sounding a call to the reserve forces in men's souls.

JESUS OF NAZARETH: A BIOGRAPHY. By John Mark. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.

A simple and reverent life of Jesus based on St. Mark's narrative.

Travel and Description

NIGHTS AND DAYS ON THE GYPSY TRAIL. By Irving Brown. New York: Harper & Brothers. $3.

Experiences and observations of a man who recently wandered all through Spain with gypsy bands. Illustrations from photographs. Introduction by George E. Woodberry.

INDISCRETIONS OF LADY SUSAN. By Lady Susan Townley. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A diplomatist's wife tells of her social experiences in Washington and Buenos Aires, Peking and Constantinople, Palestine and Japan.

THE CHARM OF THE MIDDLE KINGDOM. By James Reid Marsh. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.

The author was for a time an official of the Chinese Customs, and his book is full of intimate glimpses of the East. Illustrated from photographs.

ON A CHINESE SCREEN. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.

Word etching of a motley melee of humanity—French, English, Chinese, American—brought together in China.

OCEAN ECHOES. By Arthur Mason. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.75.

The true story of an Irishman's adventures as a gold miner and as a sailor along the Pacific coast.

ALONE. By Norman Douglas. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. $3.

A record of wanderings in various towns of Southern Italy, by the author of "Old Calabria" and "South Wind."

BEASTS, MEN AND GODS. By Ferdinand Ossendowski. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.

An Odyssey of wild adventure in Mongolia, Tibet and British India: being the actual experiences of a Polish Professor during his escape from the Bolsheviki.

THE OLD COUNTRY. Edited by Ernest Rhys. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

A book of the love and praise of England, with 16 colored plates and many other illustrations.

TRAPPING WILD ANIMALS IN MALAY JUNGLES. By Charles Mayer. New York: Duffield & Co.

An American edition of an explorer's exciting experiences. Illustrated.

SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE TALES. By Horacio Quiroga. New York: Duffield & Co. $1.75.

Authorized translation by Arthur Livingstone of a Spanish jungle book of South American forest animals. Illustrated by A. L. Ripley.

SPEAKING OF THE TURKS. By Mufti-Zade K. Zia Bey. New York: Duffield & Co. $1.75.

A simple account of Turkish life and the changes which the great war brought about, told by a cultured Turk who lived 10 years in the United States.

New Editions

THE GREEN CARNATION. By R. S. Hichens. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

A new edition of one of the most talked of books of the 19th century, now first printed with a key to characters.

THE ROADMENDER. By Michael Fairless. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A new edition—the 48th—of a novel that has become a classic. Illustrated with twenty photographs by Will F. Taylor.

ROMANTIC DAYS IN OLD BOSTON. By Mary Caroline Crawford. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3

A new edition of a favorite book on Boston, put forth in honor of the 100th anniversary of Boston's incorporation as a city. With numerous illustrations.

ОВУ DICK. By Herman Melville. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50.

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E WHITE COMPANY. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: Cos- nopolitan Book Corporation.

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The story of a boarding house kept by little Mrs. Worm, where the reader meets Daddy Long-legs and other characters. Illustrated by Oliver Hereford.

HENNY AND PENNY. By Bertha Parker Hall. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

The story of twins who have a jolly time—also chicken pox—going through everything that can happen to little girls of four. Illustrated by Ruth Clements Farrell.

BRUIN. By Mary Carolyn Davies. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

The adventure of a little bear, told in verse, in large print, with full-page illustrations in color by Louis Moe.

THE LAND OF PUNCH AND JUDY. By Mary Stewart. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25.

A new "make-believe" book with a succession of excursions into fairyland. Illustrated by Mary B. Chisolm.

THE COMIC A B C. By Mary Carolyn Davies. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

The alphabet made attractive to small tots by means of funny verses and pictures.

THE MERRY CHILDREN'S BOOK OF PLAY. By Mary Carolyn Davies. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

Playtime diversions of children, done in verse, with large illustrations in color.

DOGGY WOOF AND PUSSY MEOW. By Mary Carolyn Davies. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

Various bird and animal friends of the children presented in simple verses with large pictures in color.

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ÉMILE COUÉ—THE MAN AND HIS WORK. By Hugh Macnaghten. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Vice Provost of Eton College tells what he saw and experienced at Dr. Coué's clinics at Nancy.

THE LIGHT WHICH CANNOT FAIL. By Winifred Holt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50.

True stories of heroic blind men and women, and a handbook for the blind and their friends.

THE BUSINESS OF WRITING. By Robert Cortes Holliday and Alexander Van Rensselaer. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.

A practical guide for authors, covering all the business activities connected with the writing and publishing of a book.

THE YOUNG MAN AND JOURNALISM. By Chester S. Lord. New York: Macmillan. $2.

An easy conversational description of the work of a reporter. The author was for 30 years managing editor of The New York Sun.

THE SHAKESPEARE GARDEN. By Esther Singleton. New York: The Century Co.

A book on the Elizabethan garden, throwing light upon Shakespeare's many references to flowers.

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The life story of an elephant, told with unusual insight into the mentality of wild animals.

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PRACTICAL RADIO. By Henry Smith Williams. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.75.

A practical guide to the making of radio outfits and to the understanding of all radio phenomena. Fully illustrated.

ROBINSON CRUSOE, SOCIAL ENGINEER. By Henry E. Jackson. New York: Dutton & Co. $3.

A social improvement thesis showing that the same laws which kept Crusoe from starving are those under which every prosperous community must work.

NEGRO YEAR BOOK, 1921-1922. By Monroe N. Work. The Negro Year Book Publishing Co., Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

Annual encyclopedia of the negro's activities, past and present, compiled by the Director of the Department of Research in Tuskegee Institute.

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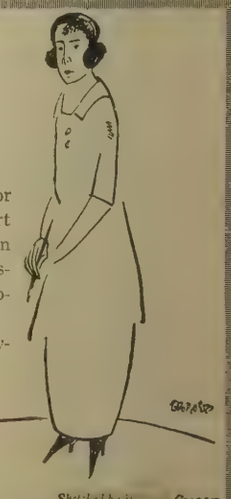

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INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

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THE LITERARY DIGEST INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW is published monthly by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. London Office, 134 Salisbury Square. Printed in the United States of America.

Entered as second-class matter November 29, 1922, at the Post-Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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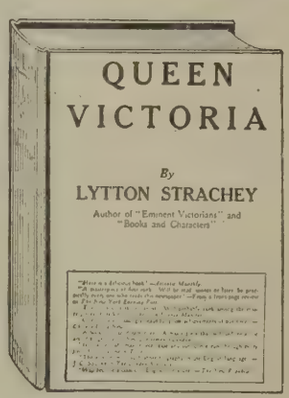

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The Literary Digest
INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW
Volume I, No. 2 NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1923 Whole Number 2

The Year's Harvest in American Fiction

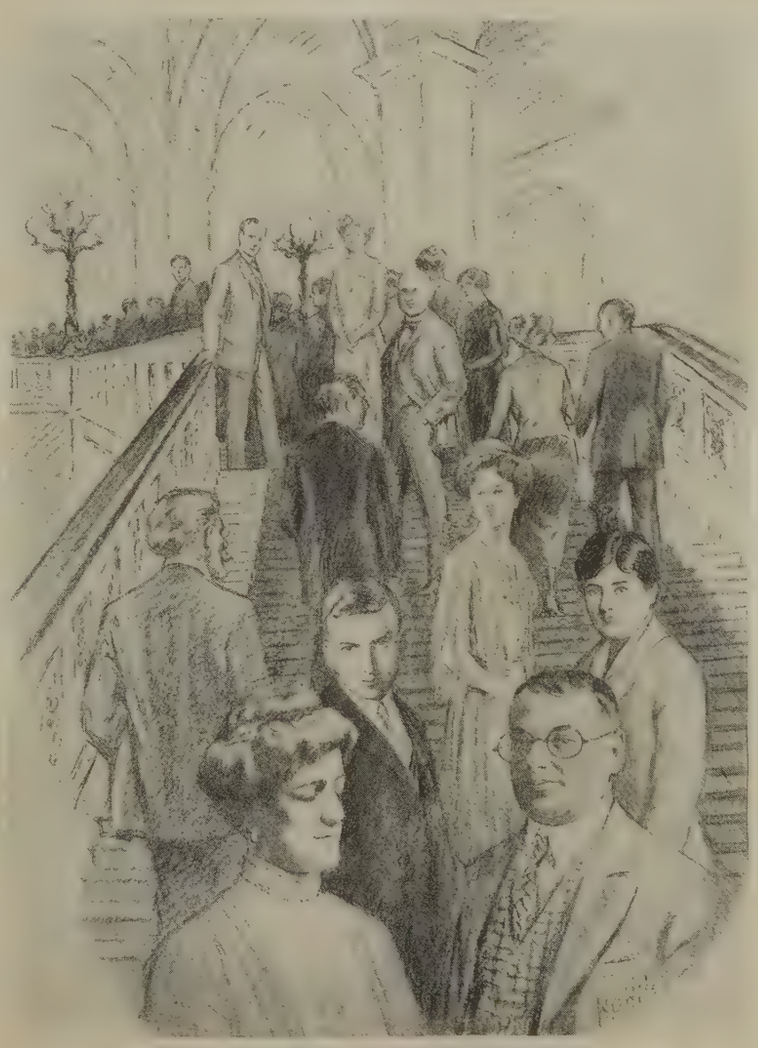
An American View—*William Lyon Phelps*
An English View—*Hugh Walpole*

The following review articles present two distinct appraisals of the American fiction of 1922, one by an American educator and critic, the other by an English critic and novelist, each choosing a list of "best novels." The result suggests an interesting comparison between the American and the English estimates of this country's achievement in fiction during the past year.

Leading Novels of the Year

By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

ALTHO no American novel in 1922 reached the heights attained in 1920 by "The Age of Innocence" and "Miss Lulu Bett," the year made a brave start with "Vandemark's Folly," by Herbert Quick. This is an excellent book, and will in all probability be among the five or six works of fiction seriously considered by the committee chosen to award the Pulitzer Prize. "Vandemark's Folly" is a purely American story, dealing with the social conditions on the Erie Canal and later with the pioneers in Iowa. It rings true from beginning to end; not merely in the verisimilitude of the style, but in the actuality of the people, and in the representation of the hardships which developed them. It is a thoroughly sound piece of work, original in style, matter, and treatment. The book is supposed to be written by an old fellow who helped to settle the country he describes, and now looks back at his early adventures in the glowing light of reminiscence. His crude composition is corrected by his granddaughter, a graduate of an eastern college, who, however, can not persuade the old man to give up some of his cherished local words. Every American should read this book, for it tells us exactly how the State of Iowa was settled, why its political history is so different from that of its neighbors, Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado, and from what stock the present proud Iowans came. It is a good book to recommend to those Englishmen and Continentals who prefer the truth about America to sensational and discreditable anecdotes. Furthermore, there is a love story in it, with an irresistible hero and an engaging villain.



LAST YEAR'S CANDIDATES FOR THE HALL OF FAME

It is well to read, in connection with "Vandemark's Folly," a short novel that seems destined to become a classic, "Maria Chapdelaine." There is the same indomitable spirit in the people, and the same revelation of religion as the foundation of life; only as Protestantism naturally goes with the Iowan climate and conditions, so Catholicism belongs with equal inevitability to Quebec. The Lady of the Snows and Our Lady make a harmonious combination, the long frozen winter seeming to need the warmth and color of the bright and cheerful Catholic faith.

Henry Sydnor Harrison broke his war-caused silence by "Saint Teresa," a strange and highly-exciting tale, with an astonishingly versatile heroine. Had he not signed this book, no one would have guessed that it came from him. It is as different from "Queed" or "V. V.'s Eyes" as could well be imagined. It has two qualities to recommend it—its really distinguished prose style, and its truthful picture of the intolerant spirit shown in America, more perhaps than in any other country, during the war. But I think it is not so good a book as the two that made his reputation, chiefly because the heroine is impossible.

Joseph Hergesheimer's "Cytherea" is more interesting pathologically than from any literary standpoint; medical students and psychopaths, whoever they are, might find it suggestive; in comparison with such fine novels as "The Three Black Pennys" and "Java Head," it is beneath criticism. I have not yet read "The Bright Shawl," and would rather reserve an opinion until I have done so. I know how easy it is for many to review books that they have not read,

but I lack the imaginative ability necessary for such an undertaking.

Mrs. Burnett's novel in two volumes—"The Head of the House of Coombe" and "Robin"—is, as any one might have predicted, among the best-sellers. It has the interesting peculiarity of becoming steadily worse as it progresses, so that when one has finished the second part, one has the stifling sensation of sinking in a saccharine quicksand. The sentimentality is laid on so thick that it sounds like a burlesque. The truly original and best part of this long narrative is the love affair of the two children in the first volume. Well, I forget the rest; or rather, I wish I could.

Lee Wilson Dodd's "Lilia Chenoworth" is not so good a novel as "The Book of Susan," which is the best thing this author has ever written, either for the library or for the stage. He is a poet, playwright, and novelist of an essentially noble mind, hence there is a fineness about all his work. But to me Lilia is not a real woman. The best parts of this story are the scenes where various members of the faculty interview the college president, the latter being not only a personage, but a person.

A new American novelist entered the lists; his name is Jack Crawford, and his story has the charming title, "I Walked in Arden." The charm of the title is fairly reflected in its pages, which depict "the first year" of married life, tho quite different in content and significance from the popular play of that name. The author is an American who has spent about half his life in England and is equally at home in both countries. He has wisely drawn on his experience of both. His method is studiously realistic, with a touch of poetry; that is, it is imaginative realism, without any grossness. I look with anticipation toward his next book.

The best American novel of the year is "Adrienne Toner," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. She is an accomplished literary artist, who happily unites unusual powers of characterization with an exquisite literary style. She has never produced but one best seller, "Tante," but she has written many things better than that. Among her finest novels are "A Fountain Sealed" and "The Encounter," while her short story, "Autumn Crocuses," is, in some respects, her masterpiece —assuredly one of the best fictions produced by the war. In Adrienne Toner we have a heroine as uncommon as Saint Teresa or Lilia Chenoworth, without the unreality dimming those impossible girls. All the people in this story are worth knowing, which shows at once how different it is from most novels. A picture of the composite mind of England as affected by the Great War is given with singular accuracy and insight; her sympathy with the dissenters being all the more remarkable when we consider her own ardent patriotism. There is only one scene in the book which seems to me difficult to accept; that is the final association of Adrienne and Oldmeadow in the French hotel. Given both characters, would that be possible? Possible or not, it is in a high degree noble, elevating, significant; which leads me to add that no novelist of our day is more spiritual than Anne Sedgwick. It is inspiring to see—and it is characteristic of everything she writes—this trinity of mind, art and spirit.

A novelist who seems destined to a high place in contemporary literature is Elsie Singmaster, whose "Bennett Malin" is unquestionably not only her best work thus far, but so superior to her preceding books as to indicate an astonishing advance. She will go far. The material in this story is sufficiently commonplace, both in the persons and in their environment; real people in real settings; but the power with which they are presented is so evident and so striking that I felt like giving a shout of recognition. The hero is a man something like old Blayds, whose soul is saved by his son; the hero's wife, who seems at first sight commonplace, is a triumph of characterization. I confidently recommend this novel to all who love intelligent work. Let me also add that the publishers have made it a model of the printer's art.

To those who love good stories of the sea, let me advertise W. J. Hopkins's "She Blows!" a ripping novel of the whale fishery; Ben Ames Williams's "Black Pawl," where the excitement is as much in the characters as in the incidents; Arthur Mason's admirable "Ocean Echoes," which, like everything he writes, has the unmistakable air of reality; Sabatini's "Captain Blood," which abundantly fulfils its title; and William McFee's excellent "Command," which, tho reminiscent of Joseph Conrad, has a distinction all its own. Incidentally, I have been much amused by the tempestuous teapot caused by Mr. McFee's review of a novel by Rebecca West. I have read neither the book nor the review; but I can not understand why a reviewer should not be allowed to say exactly what he pleases concerning any book sent to him for that express purpose. Any one who writes and publishes a volume is in a defenseless attitude, and should candidly and cheerfully expect the worst. He has said what he felt like saying in his book, so why should he complain when the reviewers say about it what they feel? Is it a crime to condemn a novel that you don't like? One would almost think so, to see how severely Mr. McFee is being lashed for his temerity. Incidentally I understand that Rebecca West has unmercifully lambasted "Command," hence honors seem just now to be about even. Or ought Miss West to be reproved in schoolmaster style for daring to write an unfavorable review?

I see that Gertrude Atherton says that Edith Wharton's "The Glimpses of the Moon" is plain trash; and so it is, in everything except its mastery of English style. Not a single character in the story is worth meeting or is indeed fit to live; it is the most cold-blooded assemblage of nonentities I have seen for many a day. I should not care a rap if they all committed suicide on the first page. Furthermore, the hero is not only a prig, but it seems as if the author were not aware of the fact. This is an appalling descent from "The Age of Innocence."

If a popular vote of the book reviewers could be taken, it is certain that the prize for the best American novel of the year would be enthusiastically awarded to "Babbitt." I have never seen a book receive a better press. Mr. Lewis assures me that there have been a few unfavorable notices, but they have not come to my attention. I have a high respect for this gifted author's powers of mimicry and satire, and I think no one surpasses him in his reproduction of verifiable details. To read him is to have the constant joy of recognition, and "Babbitt" is an even better book than "Main Street," because it displays more continuity, more development, and more art. Where I differ emphatically from the vast majority of those who have swelled the praise-chorus, is in my estimation of Babbitt himself. I think the novel is an exceedingly clever satire, and that Babbitt is an exceedingly clever caricature. It is quite natural that foreigners should take him, as they have gladly done, for the representative American; but is he honestly just that? Babbitt is a crook, a dishonest real estate dealer; if he is, as so many insist, the exact type of American business man, then our American business men are mainly crooks. Is this true?

Scott Fitzgerald's "The Beautiful and Damned" does not

Leading American Novels of 1922

Chosen by

William Lyon Phelps

ADRIENNE TONER,
By Anne Douglas Sedgwick

VANDEMARK'S FOLLY,
By Herbert Quick

SAINT TERESA,
By Henry Sydnor Harrison

BENNETT MALIN,
By Elsie Singmaster

BABBITT,
By Sinclair Lewis

CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE,
By Kathleen Norris

wholly fulfil the promise of "This Side of Paradise." Perhaps he is writing too much and too rapidly. I am glad that I do not know whether his latest novel is true to life or not. There is a surprizing skill in language; but isn't there rather too much repetition? When I finished "Robin," I felt I had been suffocated in sugar; here I feel as if I had been drowned in alcohol. Now if Miss Gale will supply the lemon, and we can unite all three, we might obtain a medicinal result.

S. V. Benét's "Young People's Pride" has many excellent qualities, which augur well for the future, but his prose is not yet equal to his verse. Webb Waldron's "Road to the World" has the pungent quality of genuine realism, and indicates ability of a high order; H. H. Armstrong's "For Richer, for Poorer" is a fine novel, admirably restrained in temper, tone, and style, a sincere and truthful work.

An interesting novel, both for its good and its bad qualities, is "Salome of the Tenements," by Anzia Yezierska. She is a young Russian, who emigrated hither, spent some years working in the sweat-shops, learned English, and proceeded to write fiction. She contributed a short story to *Scribner's Magazine* that won a prize for the best specimen of the year. Now she makes her appearance in a more ambitious rôle, with a full-length novel. "Salome" has an intensity of feeling, a passionate yearning for beauty, and a true sense of dramatic contrast; it is marred by sensationalism, by a lack of artistic dignity. But when I think of the courage of this writer, who, with no one to help her, and no one to advise, with no money and no influence, living the life of the proletariat in a strange land, sitting up all night after the day's toil to learn English and to read English literature, I am frankly amazed. If she can curb herself, keep away from shallow and sensational standards of style, she ought to make a real name. I wonder how many day-laborers could go to a foreign country and learn the language well enough to lift themselves from the class of floor-scrubbers to the class of authors? She has already done that and will never have to work with her hands any more.

Unquestionably one of the outstanding novels of the year is "Certain People of Importance," by Kathleen Norris. This is the story of a large family in California, where the family likenesses are as skilfully painted as the individualities are distinct. The intellectual vigor required to produce a work of this nature is remarkable; the novelist keeps up her own and her readers' courage from the beginning unto the end. Certain scenes, like the suicide of the young Spaniard, will be long remembered; but the chief excellence of the story lies in its group-management. With the one exception of the "Forsyte Saga," "Certain People of Importance" is the best recent family-novel I know.

A new novelist who ought eventually to do good work in the field of romantic adventure is George Marsh, whose Alaskan novel, "The Whelps of the Wolf," has much promise. Incidentally it is a fine presentation of the frozen North, so convincing that I am more than ever content to dwell in lower latitudes. In fact, if I had my way, I should lengthen June, July, August, and September to sixty days each, and omit December, January, February, and March. Then the year would be distinctly improved.

Willa Cather's "One of Ours" is definitely disappointing, and Dorothy Canfield's "Roughhewn" did not come up to my expectations. We have a right to expect something far above the ordinary from these two women. Booth Tarkington's "Gentle Julia" can not live when placed alongside "Alice Adams." It is a strange year in fiction when Edith Wharton, Joseph Hergesheimer, Booth Tarkington, Dorothy Canfield, and Willa Cather fall below the high level they have hitherto maintained. Some new novelists have appeared, who had won a reputation in other fields; Heywood Broun and W. R. Benét. Their stories are good only in spots, being marred by a certain easy facility demanded by their daily professional work. Where can either of them get what both need? Abundant leisure and close association with eternal, rather than with ephemeral, art.

Six Best American Novels of 1922

Chosen by

Hugh Walpole

BABBITT,
By Sinclair Lewis

CYTHEREA,
By Joseph Hergesheimer

ONE OF OURS,
By Willa Cather

PETER WHIFFLE,
By Carl Van Vechten

OLD CROW,
By Alice Brown

THE BOY GREW OLDER,
By Heywood Broun

An English Critic's View

By Hugh Walpole

I SHALL begin perhaps with apologies for my impertinence, and yet there is some peculiar interest attached to a foreign point of view. Foreigners see a certain side of the game that has its importance. I would, in fact, only plead my exceeding interest in American letters as my defense, and it will, of course, be understood that there is nothing dogmatic in my opinions. They are those of an individual writer who has been interested in American literature for the last twenty years at least.

Any individual judgment must have its individual drawbacks. I believe it is almost impossible to be dogmatic about contemporary letters. Critics are coming, I think, to see more and more that contemporary criticisms are, as Anatole France has said, "adventures of the soul among masterpieces." Let me give my list of the six best American novels of 1922 without further words. It will be found elsewhere on this page.

The first thing that is noticeable in such an American list is its difference from fifteen years ago. A list of the best English novels of 1922 would include, I suppose, the inevitable "Ulysses," Rebecca West's "Judge," May Sinclair's latest book, and others. Whereas such a list would show a decline as compared with similar lists of fifteen years ago, these American names show an unquestionable artistic advance. Twenty years back there would have been romantic novels of the early Mary Johnston type, or heavy undigested slabs of realism by men like Robert Herrick; or perhaps a volume of short stories by Mary Wilkins; the beginning of the beautiful talents of Edith Wharton, Ellen Glasgow, Gertrude Atherton. And all these writers, fine tho they were, can not escape the charge of following the English tradition.

Now the English tradition is a fine one. There is none finer. But a country, if its literature is alive, must have a spirit, a tone, and a vision of its own. Twenty years ago, in spite of Walt Whitman and Mark Twain, America had not got that. To-day it is hers. It is this consideration, perhaps, that has partly guided me in my choice, and yet not altogether. Edith Wharton and Booth Tarkington have done and are doing grand service for American letters, but they would neither of them contend, I suppose, that "Glimpses of the Moon" and "Gentle Julia" are on a level with their best work. Ellen Glasgow's "One Man In His Time" is one of the best novels of the year, but it fails, I think, in its narrative quality and has toward the end a flurried and flustered air.

Margaret Deland's "Vehement Flame" would seem to me a better book had her elderly heroine been less of a fool. In the heroine's stupid management of her young husband the author takes away from the first and progressively, the reader's sympathy and interest.

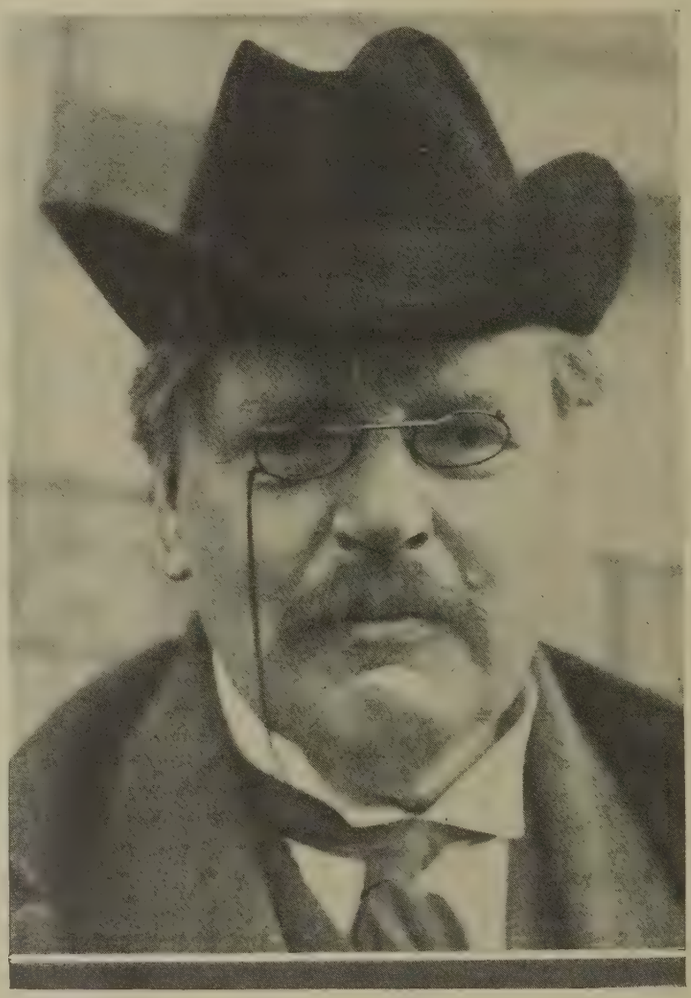
One could not truthfully include among the best novels of the

(*Continued on page 70*)

A Desert Island Library of Recent English Novels

By Gilbert K. Chesterton

THE paradox of selecting the books of the season is that we really select the books that are not of the season. We naturally take note of those which, if not exactly immortal, will at least last for several seasons. It is an old-fashioned test, but like many other old-fashioned tests, is really the only practical one. For after all, when we come to think of it, all books are intrinsically interesting. All books are worth reading; the only question is which books are worth reading again. All books are important, because all people are important. I have read in a great many detective stories about the well-known millionaire who is mysteriously murdered with an automatic pistol; an event which, for some strange reason, seems to be regarded as a social calamity. We may think the well-known millionaire has become a little too well-known. We may think the automatic pistol is a little too automatic. But I for one always want to know who really fired the pistol and killed the millionaire, if it be only for the pleasure of still believing that it was somebody else. Whenever the most imbecile young man has had a lover's quarrel with the most idiotic young lady, in the clematis porch or by the ivied churchyard wall, I always want to know how they came together again; if only because they seemed intellectually so much suited to each other. These stories are all worth reading; as we should soon find out, if we were on a desert island with nothing else to read. But even on a desert island we might find it difficult to read them twice, unless they were actually so bad that we could forget them at once, and come to them again the next morning with the zest of eternal freshness.



GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

But there is a curious truth of the same kind, even about books that are not bad but very good. Even among works of the first class, there is a difference between those whose full effect is in the first reading and those that are meant to last longer. Among the best of the recent books I could take two examples of the two types. The first is Miss Rose Macaulay's brilliant fancy, "A Mystery of Geneva," and the second is Mr. Archibald Marshall's "Pippin." Miss Macaulay has conceived the bold idea of writing a detective story in a light vein but on a large scale, the scale of the world of diplomatists rather than detectives. There have been many sensational stories about secret despatches and cosmopolitan conspiracies, but exactly in so far as they have been serious they have been stupid. Miss Rose Macaulay is never stupid and is not often completely serious. Perhaps the most original point about her book is that it reverses the usual relations of the serious and the absurd. The ordinary novel describes ordinary events, and fills up the chinks with chaff that is frequently fanciful and occasionally fantastic. Miss Macaulay's romance is extravagant in design and thoughtful in detail. She makes the framework a fantasy and fills up the chinks with serious and often subtle criticism. But when all is said, her mystery story, like other mystery stories, is a thing of surprizes; and surprizes can hardly be repeated. As an example of the opposite sort of success, of which the pleasure can be indefinitely repeated, I have taken the last novel of Mr. Archibald Marshall. It is a *picaresque* novel, and in that sense a novel of adventure; but of the sort of humorous and humane adventures over which the reader can linger, as the adventurer himself lingers when walking or loitering along a road. But in a case like Miss Macaulay's the book itself is the adventure. It is one of those more extreme and extraordinary adventures, of which a man generally wishes to have only one at a time; indeed one of them will generally last him for a considerable period. Miss Macaulay plays a practical joke on the Presidents of the Geneva Conference; she plays a practical joke on the statesmen of Europe; above all, she plays a practical joke on the reader. But a life made of such practical jokes would not be practical. It would not even be particularly jocular. No man can look forward to an apple-pie bed every night; or see the path of life before him as a succession of butter-slides. Now nobody has ever described that ordinary path of life with so real a relish for its real if slight adventures as Mr. Archibald Marshall. He does not by any means misrepresent the path as a primrose path; but he does make us feel the perfectly real probability of seeing primroses. In this book he has for the first time treated it as a literal as well as a metaphorical path, and made it the romance of a wayfarer. But the point here is that, tho it is one in which the wayfarer passes by, it is one in which the reader can always return. It is a masterpiece of that manner in which the older novelists did show they had one very indescribable secret: the secret of a familiarity that does not breed contempt. It will always be possible to dip into this kind of book, as it is possible to dip into Dickens or Jane Austen. And these two recent romances may very well stand at the opposite extremes of fiction, representing the sort of story that is an adventure and the more permanent sort of story that is an experience.

If there is one other recent book I should select as in some sense doubling the parts, and being both fantastic and familiar, it is the last Chinese extravaganza of Mr. Ernest Bramah: "Kai Lung's Golden Hours." It is really a sequel to his previous work, "The Wallet of Kai Lung"; but as that masterpiece received far too little attention at the time of its publication, the sequel will

probably be a novelty. The scheme of the two books is one of the most original inspirations of our time. And what is very rare in the rather random talent of to-day, that which is the most original is also the most finished. It is not one of the strong points of the modern mind to be really able to begin things, and at the same time to finish them. Literature tends to be divided into anarchists who begin what nobody could finish and æsthetes who finish what nobody has really begun. But the Kai Lung series is a complete and outstanding work of art; in the words of Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who contributes a just appreciation as a preface, it is a unique example of "a thing worth doing and done." And the only other thing I can think of to compare with it at the moment is another oriental fantasy by Mr. Belloc himself. "The Mercy of Allah" deals with Arabs rather than Chinamen, and has the driving force of direct and deliberate satire, instead of the detached and impartial irony of the Chinese stories. Mr. Belloc's irony does indeed rejoice in restraint where Mr. Bramah's irony rejoices in extravagance. But they are alike in the fact that every word is picked for its own purpose of absurdity; one might almost say that this sort of humor is a sort of inverted poetry; in which the satirist knows how to select the very worst word, as the poet selects the very best. Mr. Belloc's book is a study of how a rascal grows rich, and of what sort of slime and mire our millionaires are made. Needless to say, it would be as true in an English as in an Eastern setting, and applies as much to America as to Arabia. But the point here is that if there is anywhere in the dictionary one word that will make the great financier look small, the author can be trusted to find that word and no other. And so, in the other and lighter burlesque, if there is one word that will make the pomposity of the Chinese periphrasis end in a beautiful bathos, the author will use that word and no other. For it is an arduous and even austere art to be really nonsensical when you are aiming at nonsense, without once falling by accident into sense. In this indeed there is no comparison; for Mr. Bramah's book is play and Mr. Belloc's is war—the war against corrupt wealth which is now the holy war of the world.

I have left myself no space to deal adequately even with books that I should myself select in this random fashion. Of these perhaps the most notable is the last book of Mr. Hugh Walpole, "The Cathedral," which may be said to mark another stage in his slow but serene and even triumphant pilgrimage from the world of Henry James to the world of Anthony Trollope. He may be said to have passed through Russia on the way from one to the other, and picked up some of the ways of the Russian novelists; but nobody could say there was anything Russian about "The Cathedral." Russian cathedrals, if any remain, are in a very different style of architecture. There is truth in the idea that every Russian is a revolutionist; and Mr. Walpole, probably for healthy rather than unhealthy reasons, has evidently decided not to be a revolutionist. To say that the book is admirably written is only to say that it is written by Hugh Walpole; but there is really a quality in it that begins to suggest something written by Anthony Trollope. In a way it suggests not only the tone but the time of Trollope. There is something Victorian in the idea that the orthodox parson is obscurantist and conventional, while the more heretical is also the more intelligent. At this moment I believe that the case is generally quite the other way. But these are only a few comments on a few examples of the excellent work that has been done lately in fiction; and if I had only those five books with me on my desert island, I should be exceedingly happy.

Important English Novels of the Year

Chosen by

Gilbert K. Chesterton

THE MYSTERY OF GENEVA
By Rose Macaulay

PIPPIN
By Archibald Marshall

KAI LUNG'S GOLDEN HOURS
By Ernest Bramah

THE MERCY OF ALLAH
By Hilaire Belloc

THE CATHEDRAL
By Hugh Walpole

Paul Morand, the New French Romanticist

By Lloyd Morris

EVEN for France, where meteoric careers in the arts are not altogether exceptional, the success of Paul Morand is somewhat sensational. Morand was virtually unknown as a writer before the war. His first two books, "Lampes à Arc," published in 1919, and "Feuilles de Température," published in the following year, aroused interest chiefly in literary circles. His third volume, "Tendres Stocks,"* was issued in 1921, carried a preface by that fabulous epicurean hermit, Marcel Proust, and has run through five editions. His fourth, "Ouvert la Nuit,"† is already now in its seventy-third edition, altho issued less than a year ago; and a fifth book, "Fermé la Nuit," is already announced. Such is the record to date.

The record, of course, establishes nothing. The facts as stated might even be misleading in suggesting that Morand is only another *arriviste*, a purveyor of mechanically made fiction for popular consumption, who has been fortunate or shrewd enough to foretell the fluctuating taste of his public. No implication could be more remote from the truth. Close examination of "Tendres Stocks" and "Ouvert la Nuit," the two books upon which his reputation is based, reveals the fastidious precision of his art. The fantastic direction of his imagination and the swift play of his irony are immediately apparent in the most casual reading.

Morand's consistently romantic preoccupation with the grotesque is tempered by an equally consistent skepticism. In his stories an impulse to enthusiasm, a frank and unequivocal delight in sultry color and rococo imagery for their own sake, are constantly being inhibited by an uneasy suspicion that such attitudes are slightly ridiculous. Few stories, therefore, are at once more exciting and more exasperating in their effects or more extravagant in their compounding of flavors. They begin on a plane of idyllic naïveté and descend abruptly to disillusion and mockery, or they begin in ennui and rise to poetic beauty; they make a species of

*TENDRES STOCKS. By Paul Morand. Paris: Editions Nouvelle Revue Française.

†OUVERT LA NUIT. By Paul Morand. Paris: Editions Nouvelle Revue Française.

guerrilla warfare on the reader's nerves with burlesque and horror, with sensuality, with wit, with diabolically cruel analysis.

"Tendres Stocks" and "Ouvert la Nuit" together constitute a gallery of portraits of women; women as extraordinary and fantastic as it would be possible to conceive. They are summoned not from the central highway of experience but from the by-paths and thickets of an intensely sophisticated memory. They pretend to reality only in the degree that they are implicated in environments of which the salient traits are invariably recognizable. These ladies of Morand's, in other words, are the products of character-creation rather than character-drawing; they are portraits not of the original models, but of the imaginary persons whom the models suggested but did not approximate. I do not go so far as did M. Proust, who in his preface to "Tendres Stocks" intimated that altho Morand's women are adorable, it is altogether due to the author's art that we are willing to concede their reality as women. They have, it seems to me, a remarkable and authentic vitality; they are comprehensible in terms of the possible, tho common experience might deny their existence. They are, in short, the creations of a romanticist whose art is founded upon an unusually acute observation of actuality.

But for one who is essentially a romanticist, Morand is at intervals curiously disenchanted. Many of the portraits are cruel with a subtle and icy ferocity. For all their insistence upon passion, passion itself is conspicuously lacking; it is replaced by urbane indifference, by speculative curiosity, by finely spun sensuality, by irony. "I was very sad. I knew that I should not really begin to regret until after dinner." Thus ends one story. Here is the conclusion of the "Nuit Nordique": "I took her in my arms. There she remained all the rest of the night—that is to say, hardly ten minutes, for the sun, after a rapid bath, was already hurrying up." Morand suppresses all emotion and is economical, not to say sparing, of feeling, but he has a definitely esthetic interest in the complicated network of the individual temperament. "From the first day," he says of one of his gallery, "I was exceedingly curious about you, and have always remained so. Only your ungovernable temper prevented me from loving you."

"Tendres Stocks" consists of three full-length portraits, and despite the greater popularity of "Ouvert la Nuit" is, of the two books, unquestionably the more difficult achievement. They are studies of egoism in defeat, of the attempts of three women to impose upon circumstance the arbitrary order of their jealously guarded but imperfectly realized personalities. The characters, Clarisse with her absurd collections, her vigorous health, her intolerable jealousy; Delphine, an introverted sensualist finally brought to "a complete revision of the dictates of conscience," brutally humiliated by a meaningless destiny; Aurore, with her barbaric tastes, her cult of the natural, her ordered theories and disordered life—these characters are well-knit, compact, solidly constructed. They move like flashes of vivid, glowing color against the background of London during the war. The background itself, kaleidoscopic and constantly shifting, has none the less the texture and substance of actuality. Morand sets people before you in a few swift phrases; however extravagant his imagery, it fuses into a single concentrated impression. Here, for example, is the vigorous Clarisse:

> You rejoice in your good health, in the beat of your pulse, in the use of your limbs—you rejoice with lucidity in all these blessings which for us are purely negative. In stretching your arms you find the pleasure that one would have in knowing that only an hour remains before amputation; in using your legs, the joy of a paralytic suddenly restored to activity. You take possession of a room or a sidewalk as if they had long been forbidden to you. Quite by yourself you give the impression of a picnic where crowds squeezed by the vise of the slums spread over the grass like dirty wash.

It is comparatively easy to understand why, of the two books, "Ouvert la Nuit" achieved the greater popularity. The portraits in "Tendres Stocks" are sustained by only the slightest thread of plot; in them situation is at best subservient, a neutral curtain against which personality is displayed. But in the best of the six stories contained in "Ouvert la Nuit" situation is more forcefully realized, and its irony, humor or pathos gives to the stories a piquancy not to be found in the earlier book. The stories deal with a series of closely packed episodes; nights in Catalonia, Turkey, Rome, Hungary, Sweden; the "night of the six days," which takes place at an international bicycle race in Paris. In several of them, so exceedingly sure is Morand's concentration, an entire novel seems to be comprest. They are, in the American sense, hardly short stories at all.

There is, also, another immediately apparent reason for their popularity. These stories deal specifically with the present moment; they offer a series of remarkably penetrating insights into certain of the least evident characteristics of the effects of the war and those of the post-war period. In spite of their fantasy and their obvious romanticism, they are in one sense documents upon the age. Morand's capacity for projecting the actuality of scene and the sense of atmosphere enables him to set before the reader in all their color and life such divergent pictures as that of the delirious Restaurant Feodor in the colony of Russian refugees in Constantinople, the socialist movement in Barcelona, the subterranean political terrorism in Budapest. Here Morand's art approaches the effects of the moving picture; he gives you the casual, febrile surface of reality as it appears to the detached observer, and projects against it some characters and a situation which reveal its significance and the whole picture has life and movement and activity.

In "La Nuit Turque," for example, he illustrates the tragedy that lies beneath the wild gaiety of the Russian café in Constantinople. The story opens in the café itself, with its fantastic colors, its orchestra impersonating monkeys conducted by a white bear, its shifting crowds of refugee aristocrats, the women in décolleté acting as waitresses. One of them is the exquisite Princess Anna Valentinova. The story merely reveals her gallant effort to meet horror bravely, and the inevitable tragedy that ensues. But it does so by reducing the horror to its effects. Morand brings forward not only Anna and the group of women she symbolizes, but her relatives, the ancient roué Prince Samarine and his two demented sisters, starving in a Constantinople cellar, the backwash of revolution. In this story, rich in its texture and swift in its action, Morand has reached his highest level as an artist.

In the six women portrayed in "Ouvert la Nuit" Morand has created character in three dimensions. Each of the women is distinctively individual, each moves with the accent of life, each has been realized in terms of a complete psychology. One of the most interesting is Remedios, the heroine of "La Nuit Catalane," a "siren in the waters of Marxism." She is a strange but veritable combination of the "petite bourgeoise" and the histrionic, passionate woman with a mission. Out of this contradiction in temperament is evolved her exciting past as the companion of the murdered Spanish socialist leader, Esteban Puig, and the conflict of its memory with what the present holds for her. Like most of Morand's stories, "La Nuit Catalane" begins with casual accident, in this instance a chance meeting on a train, and from a series of small and inconsequential incidents a definite and consistent personality emerges. Morand's method is faithful to life; he reveals character only as life reveals it to the observer, occasionally in a dramatic moment, more frequently under the impact of the commonplace. But his characters are far from being merely confused enumerations; they are rigorously constructed and perfectly synthesized, their very capriciousness having an inevitable logic to sustain it.

Like Jules Laforgue, Paul Morand sees in women a combination of the magical and the mediocre, the quintessentially romantic and the eternally commonplace. He writes of them poetically but ironically, as one who, despite his sophistication and disillusion, is avowedly in love with his time. Of the French writers of the post-war period none has interpreted with keener wit or more subtle insight the transient moods of his generation.

Jane Austen Among the Modernists

By Louise Maunsell Field

THAT it is the unexpected which happens is a saying made trite by age, but often justified by events. And who could have expected that by far the most joyous literary occurrence of 1922 would be the publication of a new volume by an author who died in 1817! But the surprizingness of the newly discovered little volume by Jane Austen,* which includes the burlesque novel in letters "Love & Freindship," written by her, it is said, when she was only seventeen, as well as an unfinished novel, a "History of England," a "Collection of Letters," and various "Scraps," does not end either with its publication or with one's delight in its spontaneous fun-making, its infectious high spirits. It is not so very astonishing to find our dear Jane, she who so loved to laugh at "follies and nonsense, whims and inconsistencies," telling with audible chuckles of the two ladies who, not knowing what else to do, "fainted alternately on a sofa." Heroines of her day were expected to faint, frequently and gracefully, whatever flesh and blood young women might or might not do in real life! But to discover her amusing herself not only with these obsolete fictional conventions, but also with several of the pet doctrines of the so-called modernists of our own time, is absolutely amazing.

For if there is a theory best beloved of the more or less youthful writers who proclaim themselves the voices of the new age, it is this: Whatever is, is wrong. And because what is must necessarily be to some extent due to the work of the generation now in power, or of its predecessors, not to be young is to be wicked, since all virtue lies with youth, which is not responsible for things as they are, and the degree of whose praiseworthiness is the degree of its rebellion against authority, of its observance of a sedulously conventional unconventionality. Yet here comes Jane Austen, gentle Jane, the clergyman's daughter, brought up in a country parsonage in the dark ages before psychoanalysis, to satirize all this in sheer lightness of heart. Consider, if you please, the excessively "noble Youth" of "Love & Freindship," who proved his admirable character by his proud declaration: "No! Never shall it be said that I obliged my Father!" Naturally, "We all admired the proud Manliness of his reply," which his heartless parent had actually been so unsympathetic as to call "unmeaning gibberish." How typical of the "youth in revolt" we are all hearing so much about just now! Nor was this amiable and high-spirited Edward—"The noble Youth informed us that his name was Lindsay: for particular reasons however I shall conceal it under that of Talbot" is surely a characteristic Jane Austen touch!—alone among the young people of his time in thus unfurling the standard of revolt. Laura, the supposed narrator of this novel in letters, a young lady who declares with a truly modernist frankness of profound self-appreciation: "But lovely as I was the Graces of my Person were the least of my Perfections," upheld the rights of youth to complete self-determination with a fervor scarcely inferior to that of Edward himself. When she and her friend Sophia went—as uninvited guests—to visit the latter's Scottish cousin, Macdonald, they soon made the shocking discovery that he actually approved of the man to whom his young daughter Janetta was engaged. At once they set about the welcome task of remedying this hideous state of affairs. The young man was said to be "Sensible, well-informed and Agreeable; we did not pretend to Judge of such trifles, but as we were convinced that he had no soul, that he had never read the sorrows of Werter, and that his Hair bore not the least resemblance to auburn, we were certain that Janetta could feel no affection for him. The very circumstances of his being her father's choice, too, was so much in his disfavour, that had he been deserving her in every other respect, yet *that* of itself ought to have been a sufficient reason in the Eyes of Janetta for rejecting him. . . . We had no difficulty to convince her . . . that it was her Duty to disobey her Father; the only thing at which she rather seemed to hesitate was our assertion that she must be attached to some other Person." The wisdom of such advice no real modernist could possibly dispute.

JANE AUSTEN

It is not in this novel in letters, however, but in a fragment toward the end of the book that we discover a heroine whose freedom from inhibitions and the restraints of bourgeois morality must win the approval of every Freudian, while admirers of the Russians can but join us in regretting that we do not hear more of a career so promisingly begun. True, the young lady herself felt that she was one "whose feelings being too strong for her Judgement led her into the commission of Errors which her heart disapproved," but the

(*Continued on page 69*)

*Love & Freindship, and Other Early Works. By Jane Austen. Frederick A. Stokes. $2.00.

The Novels of Jane Austen. With illustrations by Charles E. Brock. 6 vols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1922. $12.00.

An Observant American in France

By Brander Matthews

OWEN WISTER'S grandmother was English, and his name informs us that he had a remote ancestor who was German; but he is as immitigably American as Franklin or Lincoln or Mark Twain. Yet he possesses what President Butler has called the "international mind"; he knows foreign parts and foreign peoples; and his acquaintance with the English, the French and the Germans, with their racial characteristics and their ways of thinking, is the result of intimate association. When he writes about them, what he has to say is based not only on exact information but on comprehensive understanding; and he interprets them with sympathetic imagination.

Before we entered into the war, Mr. Wister published his "Pentecost of Calamity," a scorching indictment of the Prussians for their crime against civilization, for their unpardonable beginning of the fight and for the deliberate unscrupulousness of their methods of fighting. In the "drugged and doubting years" of our neutrality, the "Pentecost of Calamity" sounded a trumpet-call to battle; and no doubt it did its share in that arousing of the American spirit which ultimately forced the hand of the inert Administration. After the long struggle ended, as the result of our belated entrance into it, Mr. Wister published the "Straight Deal," in which he analyzed the sources of the misunderstandings between us and our kin across the sea, a little more than kin and sometimes a little less than kind. It was a valiant effort to explain the English to us and us to the English with the hope of helping to create a more intelligent amity.

Now, four years after the Armistice, he has turned his attention to France; and in "Neighbors Henceforth"* he tries to make us see and realize what France has suffered and with what dignity and nobility she has borne her sufferings. To assure himself that he was possest of the facts that he wanted us to apprehend, he paid two long visits to the land of our ancient ally, the land which had been laid waste by the barbarian. The first of these visits was a few months after the cessation of hostilities, when the wounds wantonly inflicted by the Hun were still bare and bleeding. The second was last winter and last spring, when the indomitable energy of the French had enabled them to repair a part of the damage done to them, most of it in the heat of battle, but not a little in cold blood.

FRANCE'S WAR MONUMENT TO AMERICA

To commemorate America's part in the World War, the French Government and the French people erected this light-bearing obelisk which overlooks the Atlantic Ocean at Pointe de Grave, near Bordeaux. The master sculptor is Batholomé, and his assistants are all war veterans. The cornerstone was laid by the President of France on September 6, 1919, the anniversary of the birth of Lafayette, who sailed from Bordeaux one hundred and forty-two years earlier with his comrades to take part in the American War of Independence.

Mr. Wister's report of his first visit is a sad story, told with simple pathos and with touching eloquence; it is to be recommended to the forgetful Americans who have allowed themselves to be deceived by the "Myth of a Guilty Nation" and by "Three Soldiers," despicable books which could have no appeal to any American who had a memory. The report of his second visit is a little less sad, and it is also inspiring, for it lays bare before us the soul of France. And it is to be recommended to pacifists and to the unthinking who want us to take pity on Germany and to be ready to forgive and to forget. Mr. Wister makes it plain that he sees no sense in forgiveness until the Germans have experienced a change of heart and until they have brought forth fruits meet for repentance.

It is well for us to be reminded, when we are tempted to think that France is militaristic, resentful, nervous, even hysteric, that the war was fought on French soil and not on German. No German town was destroyed or even damaged, whereas hundreds of French towns were totally annihilated, with scarcely one stone left standing on another, surviving even after four years as mere mounds of dust and ashes. Here is Mr. Wister's description of one of those towns, Noyon, which escaped total destruction:

> Here were no shops; every house I saw was dead; many fallen walls piled the streets high; there was no passing, not even any walking, save in the few cleared places. Lumps lay about, lumps made of houses burst and spattered over their crusht gardens; roofs belonging nowhere, yet still almost whole, tilted like kites tumbled from the air. Doorways stood alone, leading to vacancy. Cellars yawned wide. Into these fell the rain, and in some of them people seemed to be living. Walls still erect masked dislocated interiors. . . . I had seen beauty lying dead at Compiègne, arches, pillars, carved stones. More was here. The church was a shambles of murdered architecture. Black, cawing birds sailed and slanted in and out of its windows. Its tower stood, and its outer walls, but within its dismembered entrance everything had been struck by the blow of hate and toppled in one mass of broken aisle and choir and crucifix and tomb. Through the shriveled dial of its clock on the tower a shell had made its way. They had done the worst to it that they could; and yet its beauty was not all killed. What of it was left stood there, ancient, serene, sanctified by centuries of human souls at prayer, still delivering to Noyon its message of love divine. From its steps I looked across at the wreck of a sweet old house, beautiful even in its fragments; above the shattered wall of what had been the garden, a little fruit-tree lifted its head. Amid the aching stillness, the crumbling, the death, it stood up, alive and growing. Its cluster of pink buds would be

*NEIGHBORS HENCEFORTH. By Owen Wister. New York: Macmillan Co. 1922. 441 pp.

Erected last year at Blaine, Washington, on the American-Canadian boundary line, to commemorate more than a century of peace between the United States and the British Empire. During the period, the record is said to show, there have been more tempting occasions for misunderstanding and armed conflict between the Empire and the Republic than between the United States and all other nations of the earth combined. "This fact," says Nicholas Murray Butler, "is of itself an eloquent testimony to the temper and self-restraint of the English-speaking peoples."

blossoms by to-morrow. The sight of it, so fresh, so young, so futile, was very pitiful. A verse from Exodus came to me unsought: "Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground" (pp. 16–17).

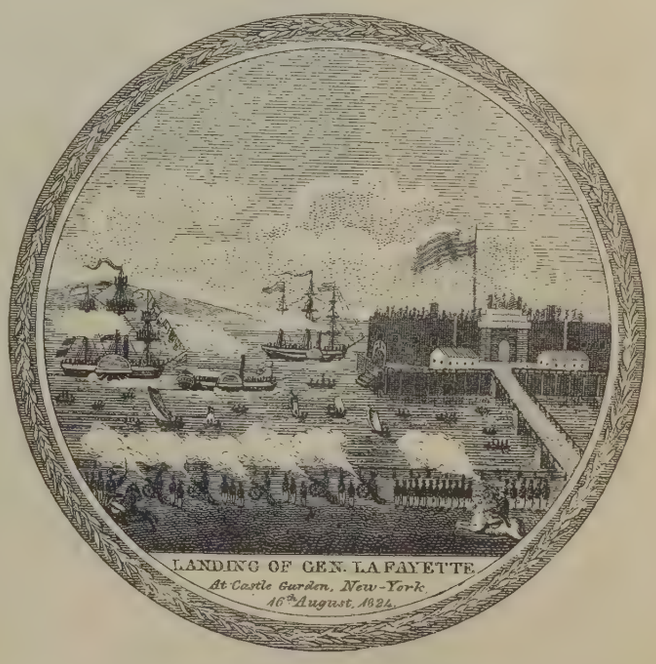
And here is an unforgetable etching of another French town:

In a way St. Quentin was the worst sight of all among the ruined towns which we had thus far passed. There was much more of it to be ruined than at Albert or Peronne, and the whole of it seemed to be destroyed. It lay not prone upon the ground; it stood up; it presented as one drew near to it a vertical aspect; there was the illusion of its being mostly safe and sound. But above it gaped the hulk of the cathedral, splintered, shattered, sky showing through its holes; and once we were among the streets we saw the truth. Here again in this town came the sense of scenery painted for a play of disaster. Walls that looked steady and inhabited from a short distance, turned sham at close quarters, like wings or the backdrop on the stage. In the many streets that we went through never a house did we pass that was not gutted; behind the mask of each front, ceilings slumped to floors, stairs sagged to cellars, beams blackened and gnawed by fire stuck through holes in tilted roofs, mirrors and bureaus, unscathed, perched alone upon ledges of landing over gulfs of broken plaster (p. 61).

No spectacle like this, frequent as it was in France, was to be seen in Germany; and many and many a spectacle like this might have been seen here in the United States, from the Atlantic inland to the Alleghanies, if the French and the English had not fought for nearly three years before we came at last to their aid. It was the staunchness of the French and the English, of the Belgians and the Italians, which prevented the Germans from carrying out their boast to take "Paris in three weeks, London in three months, New York in three years."

When we did enter the fight, we did our share; and it is pleasant for an American of the old stock to recognize that "the spirit of '76," fine as it was, was not so fine as the spirit of '61, and that the spirit of 1917 in its turn was the finest of all. Nowhere else have I read an account of our fighting in France as clear and as moving as that provided in these pages by Mr. Wister. At the end of his story of the Meuse-Argonne battle, which lasted forty-seven days, Mr. Wister remarks that "if there is such a thing as being too proud to fight, the American doughboy was sorely lacking in it" (p. 264). He is never boastful; he takes pains to point out that we were only doing inexpertly but effectively what our Allies had been doing for four long years. That what we did was appreciated by the French, he makes plain again and again. He also makes plain the reasons for the unpleasant memories of the French brought back by not a few of our soldiers. He is perfectly fair to both parties; and he is entirely frank in his division of the causes of the misunderstandings and disagreements. He sets down the outspoken opinions of the doughboys—or of some of them; and he explains concisely the differences of custom and law which were at the bottom of the many maladjustments.

In his brief biography of Grant and in his "Seven Ages of Washington," Mr. Wister revealed that he was richly endowed with the necessary qualifications of the historian, who has first to ascertain the facts and then to disentangle the truth with the aid of insight and imagination. In "Philosophy Four"—one of the very best of short stories—in the "Virginian" and in "Red Men and White," Mr. Wister's faculty of interpretative imagination had freer play and he brought before us several groups of Americans of a type not easily to be forgotten by any of the many who had the good fortune to make their acquaintance. These stories of Mr. Wister's are truly contributions to the history of American civilization. They are also delightful reading, giving us in full measure the kind of pleasure that we have a right to expect from fiction. They were charming in themselves; and they helped us to understand one another. The skill which Mr. Wister revealed in these tales is visible in this latest volume in a dozen character-sketches, sharply etched portraits of Americans expatriated for



LAFAYETTE'S SECOND VISIT TO AMERICA
From an old engraving

the moment and more or less out of harmony with their temporary circumstances.

I wish that the limitations of space permitted me to quote copiously from the dialog between Mr. Wister and a captain in

(Continued on page 63)

Anton Chekhov and the Moscow Art Theater

By Herman Bernstein

THE Moscow Art Theater, recognized everywhere as the world's greatest theater, is at last coming to the United States. The art of Stanislavsky and of Nemirovitch-Danchenko, the founders of that institution, will be interpreted by the foremost artists who have been identified with the theater ever since its inception. Tho their repertoire here is to be small, it is typical of all that has made the theater and the players famous throughout the world.

The Moscow Art Theater is an institution with a great soul—and the soul of that theater has been and is the late Anton Chekhov, the Russian dramatist and master of the short story. When I met Mr. Stanislavsky in Petrograd, toward the end of the season, in 1908, and only two more performances were to be given, he said to me: "We are giving Maeterlinck's 'Blue Bird' this evening and Chekhov's 'Three Sisters' to-morrow evening. You may see 'The Blue Bird,' if you like, but you *must* see 'The Three Sisters' if you wish to judge our work. *For Chekhov is the soul of our theater.*" Among the famous players coming to this country is Olga Knipper-Chekhova, the widow of the great Russian writer, Anton Chekhov.

MME. OLGA KNIPPER-CHEKHOVA
in "Tsar Fyodor"

What is it that distinguishes the Moscow Art Theater from other art theaters? What is it that made this institution grow and develop during the reaction of Tsarism as well as during the various phases of the revolution—the only institution that was practically undisturbed by the political and social upheavals in Russia? Books and articles have been written on this subject, many opinions have been advanced, explaining, analyzing, glorifying the achievements of the Moscow Art Theater.

A volume published recently in Prague* furnishes a clear insight into the soul of this great theater and the dominating personalities directing its destinies. A brief historical review of the Moscow Art Theater, by Sergey Bertenson, opens the volume. The Art Theater grew out of the Society of Art and Literature, whose moving spirit was Konstantin Stanislavsky (Alexeyev), then an amateur actor and stage director. Stanislavsky was joined in his project by Vladimir Nemirovitch-Danchenko, an eminent dramatist and instructor of dramatic arts at the Moscow Philharmonic Society. They attracted the most talented young men and women, and with the aid of some intelligent and wealthy Moscow merchants, headed by Morozov, established the little theater that afterward became the Art Theater. That was about twenty-four years ago.

Recalling the preparatory stages of the theater, Nemirovitch-Danchenko said: "How happy we were in those days! We were not afraid of the uncertainty of the future. We were united by our warm friendship—and we were all infatuated with the same idea of a new theater. In the poor surroundings of the Pushkin villa, near Moscow, we spent days and nights, we worked and we dreamed. Our idea robbed us of sleep and rest, but it gave us enthusiasm and strength. We did not quite know ourselves what the idea of the new theater was. We were only protestants against the unnatural, the 'theatrical,' against stereotyped tradition. And it was our mutual protest, our mutual love, mysterious and unusual, that united us and gave us courage and faith."

There were three currents through which the Moscow Art Theater passed during the last twenty-four years. The first was that of external realism, akin to naturalism. The second was the symbolic movement—Maeterlinck, Hamsun, Andreyev. And the third is the dramatic form that concentrates all its attention upon the revealing of inner psychological truth on the stage. Among the Russian authors whose works have been produced by the Moscow Art Theater are Count A. K. Tolstoy, Leo Tolstoy, Gogol, Griboyedov, Pushkin, Turgenev, Ostrovsky, Schedrin, Dostoievsky, Chekhov, Gorky, and Andreyev. Also translations of the Greek tragedies, Shakespeare, Byron, Molière, Goldoni, Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Hauptmann and Knut Hamsun.

The first play produced by the Moscow Art Theater, on

*Artisti Moskovskayo Khudozhestvennavo Teatra. Prague: Nasha Retch. 1922.

October 14, 1898, was Count A. K. Tolstoy's "Tsar Fyodor Yoannovitch," the same play with which this theater is to make its bow in New York in January. The real success of the theater commenced with the production of Anton Chekhov's "The Sea Gull."

V. A. NEMIROVITCH-DANCHENKO
Founder and Director of Moscow Art Theater

Altho there is no star system in the Moscow Art Theater, V. Katchalov has been regarded as the Chaliapin of the dramatic stage, especially after his interpretation of Andreyev's "Anathema." In this volume Katchalov tells characteristically how he came to the Moscow Art Theater twenty years ago. He was practically a "star" in the provinces, when he received an invitation from the Art Theater to come to Moscow. He hesitated, but finally accepted the offer, tempted more by the fact that it came from Moscow than from the Art Theater, for the theater was not yet known beyond the boundaries of Moscow at that time. He was at first offered a hundred rubles a month, which he refused, but he accepted two hundred rubles a month—a hundred dollars—then the highest salary paid any member of the Art Theater. He arrived in Moscow, with his provincial reputation, and was amazed to see how the players acted with temperament and fire at rehearsals; they seemed transformed on the stage and lived a new life.

Katchalov was asked to rehearse any one of his favorite plays in order that Stanislavsky and Nemirovitch-Danchenko might judge his work. He describes that private performance as follows:

"I first played 'Godunov,' then I changed my make-up and played 'Ivan the Terrible.' I remember that I was in complete mastery of myself. I remember that I had resolved to act 'honestly,' as I used to play in dear Kazan, where I was admired in those rôles. I realized that I could not adapt myself to the tone of the other players, but I desired to be judged as I was. Yet there was no joy in my soul. I was no longer confident that I was right in my interpretation of these rôles. My soul had already been 'poisoned' with some new truth.

"The play ended. I began to remove my make-up. Stanislavsky came to my dressing-room with a charming smile. He seemed shy and confused, as always, when he was not 'working,' when he was not teaching an actor what to do.

"'Please remove your make-up, rest yourself—I will wait,' he said. Then he maintained silence for a long time, while I was changing my clothes. We were alone. After a painful silence, he commenced to talk. He said that we were so far apart, that we spoke such different languages that he could not even explain to me what was wrong with me—that I would not understand him if he tried to explain. I recall some of his phrases. He smiled, bowed confusedly, as he said: 'Pardon me, but I did not think that you could acquire so many bad characteristics as you have acquired during the three years you have been on the stage.' Then, in conclusion, he remarked: 'We are sorry, but we can not make any use of you at present. It is, of course, impossible to entrust any rôles to you, but personally I would be very sorry to have you leave us, for you have a remarkable talent, and perhaps in time you may become one of our actors.'"

K. S. STANISLAVSKY
Founder of Moscow Art Theater
(Portrait by V. A. Serov)

Nemirovitch-Danchenko told him the same thing in milder form on the following day, while Sanin, the director who supervised the rehearsals, did not speak to him after the performance. Katchalov was inclined at first to run away. His self-respect as an actor urged him to leave the theater, but a certain artistic curiosity kept him rooted to that institution.

KATCHALOV
in "Karamazov Brothers"

Several months went by. Katchalov attended every rehearsal, altho he was not asked to come, and he watched the players closely. One day, during a rehearsal of "The Snow Maiden," Stanislavsky came over to him and said quietly that the rôle of Tsar Berendey had been tried by all the actors, but no one seemed able to cope with it adequately. He asked Katchalov to try the part, and gave him three days in which to prepare it. On the third day Katchalov rehearsed the part. The entire company was present. As he concluded the first monolog, Stanislavsky rushed over to him. His face was radiant and he was applauding. Then the entire company applauded. Stanislavsky waved his hand and kept Katchalov on the throne, urging him to go on with the next scene. This was followed by another outburst of applause. Stanislavsky exclaimed joyously, with deep emotion: "This is wonderful! You are ours! You have grasped the most important thing—the very essence of our theater! Hurrah! We now have a Tsar Berendey!" Stanislavsky embraced him.

Concluding his reminiscences, Katchalov writes: "Fate has been kind to me in this theater of mine—in this only theater of mine—and has given me much cause for rejoicing during the past twenty years. And yet that day still remains the happiest of my life."

Madame M. Germanova, one of the foremost Russian actresses, writing in this volume about the Moscow Art Theater, says: "We, the actors, do not call it the Moscow Art Theater, or the Art Theater, as it is generally called in Russia, but simply—the Theater. That means no other theater than ours. To say that it is our home where we are as one family is not enough. To say that it is to us what a university and laboratory are to the scientist, that is not enough either. Even the words Temple or Church do not adequately describe our Theater. It is all these combined—and it is something that can not be exprest in words. I came to the Theater as a little girl, and it not only made of me an actress, but it helped me to be a woman; it taught me not only the art of acting on the stage, but the still greater art of thinking, feeling and even living."

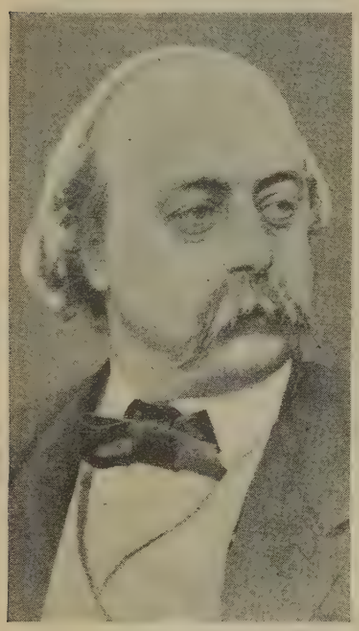
The widow of Anton Chekhov, Olga Knipper-Chekhova, describes Chekhov's first visits to the theater, where she met him for the first time: "We all loved Chekhov the writer; we were agitated by his works, but on reading 'The Sea Gull' we were perplexed—we wondered how such a play could be produced on the stage. It was so different from the plays that were produced in other theaters at that time. . . . We started the rehearsals with a sense of reverence, with great love and hope, but we were dreadfully afraid! A short time before, the poor 'Sea Gull' had broken its wings in Petersburg at a first-class theater, and now we, players of no consequence, in an unknown theater, dared to undertake the production of this play by our beloved writer. We

(*Continued on page 64*)

Knocking Over the Literary Idols of France

By Joseph Collins

MR. McCABE, a former Jesuit priest who forsook the church many years ago and who, since then, has displayed literary versatility and variegated interests, has translated Carrère's "Mauvais Maitres."* In a foreword he says:



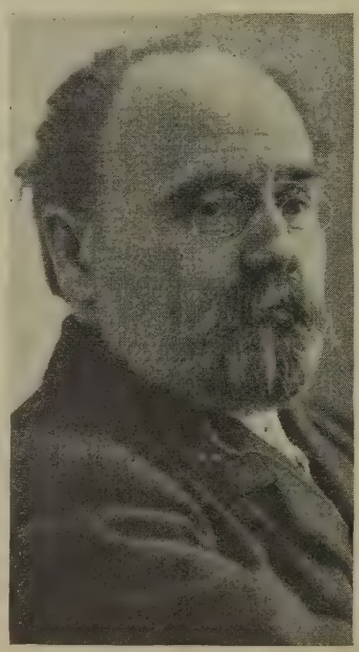
GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

> Carrère is a master of French prose in its purest limpidity, a poet of fine inspiration and rich imagery, a profound student of human nature and of all literature, a prophet of lofty ideals, yet the most patient and indulgent of critics. In other words, he represents a rare combination of the qualities of the literary critic, the journalist, the poet, the moralist, and the humanist; and there could be no more excellent equipment for the work which he accomplishes in this forceful and elegant little volume, of disentangling unhealthy sentiment from exquisite art and charm of personality in the great writers of modern France.

There are seven statements in this paragraph which the reviewer believes are at variance with fact, or at least he contends that they require more than Mr. McCabe's statement and "Les Mauvais Maitres" before they can be accepted.

Every generation witnesses the spectacle of a literary highwayman knocking down a literary banker and robbing him of his gold, or attacking a literary idol and trying to dislodge the laurel from his brow. One Herr Gabriel Sudfield, who prefers to be known as Dr. Max Nordau, did it for the passing generation; M. Carrère does it for the present. He says it has required courage to do it. Why? A few will applaud, more will agree it is a thing that should be done, and there is no punishment save that which has been meted out to him already: excommunication from the reviews that decree the lot of poets; and he is proud of the distinction.

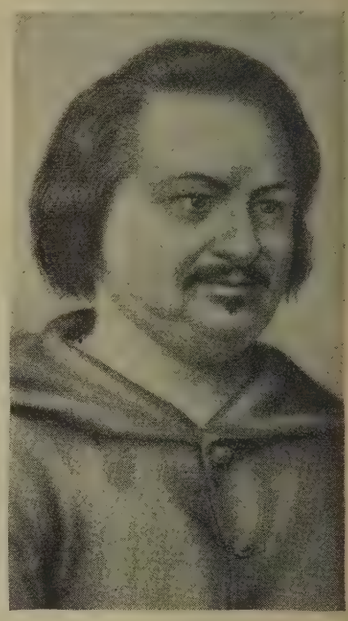
The task that M. Carrère has set himself is "to ascertain which of the great poets and writers of the last century a thoughtful observer may justly blame for that state of intellectual disturbance, of moral listlessness, of public unrest, in which so many of our young men seem to find at once a source of pleasure and a ground of lament."



EMILE ZOLA

If he can do this he will get a laurel crown that is far more permanent than the Platonist wreath of flowers that has been denied him.

The Bad Masters of French literature are Rousseau, Chateaubriand, Balzac, Stendhal, Sand, Musset, Baudelaire, Flaubert, Verlaine and Zola. This is the bill of particulars of M. Carrère's complaint. Gifted with the power to seduce men by the charm and wealth of their imagination and by their skill in weaving harmonious and captivating phrases, they have nevertheless (1) surrendered themselves to all the weaknesses of passion and all the seductions of a life of ease, (2) they have used their talent for the exaltation of mean pleasures and gross desires, (3) they are for those they enchant teachers of weakness, egoism, cowardice, cupidity, and (4) they leave all of us with minds overcast and senses quivering.



HONORE DE BALZAC

In the name of the shadows of France's illustrious poets, philosophers, novelists now beyond the machinations of pettifoggers and the inconveniences caused by notoriety seekers, a barrister unknown to the court of literature enters for them a plea of not guilty, and requests that the indictment be dismissed, as no evidence save trivialities, hearsays, citation of the virtues of others has been offered in support of the charge. In what way does it tend to substantiate the charges against Rousseau to remind us that Dante is a virile and sunny genius? Dante has had many adjectives hurled at him since Boccaccio set the pace, but it is doubtful if he has ever been called sunny before. "Rousseau is a feminine genius, a genius of the night." There is something occult and mysterious in this. Helen of Troy was, we suppose, a feminine genius. She precipitated the Trojan War. If it had not been for her we should not have had the "Iliad" or the "Odyssey," and perhaps not even James Joyce's "Ulysses." Sappho was a feminine genius, certainly a genius of the night, and her crown has been kept fairly well polished for nearly three thousand years despite the countless bricks that have been shied at it. At one time she ranked next to Homer, and many think still that her ode to Anactoria has never been surpassed, not even by Dante.

"Rousseau was all uncertainty and wickedness." "All" is rather strong. There was nothing wavering and uncertain in the way he is alleged to have sent the five children born to him and Therèse le Vasseur to the almshouse. And certainly a weak man would have broken under Therèse's detestable mother. Moreover, Jean Jacques' father was a wastrel and a drunkard who was alternately violent and foolish. As one has no choice about his forebears he should not be taunted when their defects show in him. Rather he should be commiserated, and his virtues exalted.

M. Carrère has a skunner against individualism. He hurls

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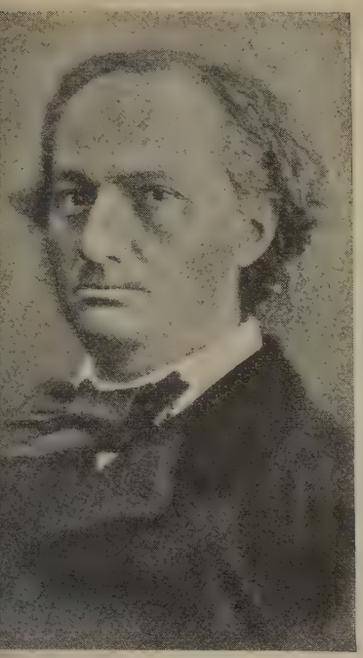
*DEGENERATION IN THE GREAT FRENCH MASTERS (Les Mauvais Maitres). By Jean Carrère. Translated by Joseph McCabe. Brentano's: New York.

nathema after anathema after those sacred rights of the indi-idual, and then a brick, his personal and public experience, which purged him of the individualist chimera which he had in youth. Jean Jacques may have been selfish and self-seeking, he may have studied his comfort and his reputation, indeed he may for the moment have put them before the welfare of the world, but from the Social Contract flowed the stream of social and political progress of the past one hundred and fifty years as directly as the Mississippi River flows from Itasca Lake. There are many that contend that it was from the works of Voltaire, Helvetius, Diderot and the Encyclopedists, but many have claimed that the Mississippi River is formed at Gallatin City. The *vox populi* is against them.



CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

Then for a considerable part of his life Jean Jacques was in-ane. Think of what he accomplished despite that handicap! What might not he have done had he been as equilibrated as Dante? It is unfortunate that epoch makers are not descended rom eugenists, but up to date none have been. In fact, ugenics and genius seem antipathic despite Galton, Pearson, *t al.* It makes for high-grade mediocrity, but eventually he spark may be put in, now that Mr. Karl Capek, the author f R. U. R., has succeeded in getting it into his last pair f Robots.

Rousseau was a visionary, and practical men—men who know fe as it is—have availed themselves to the profit of all mankind f some of his visions, dreams, conceptions. What Henri Amiel, ellow-Genevan, philosopher and critic, wrote of him after pos-erity had studied him for a century and had seen many of his heories put in practise is interesting:

> J. J. Rousseau is an ancestor in all things. It was he who founded traveling on foot before Töpffer, reverie before *René*, literary botany before George Sand, the worship of nature before Bernardin de S. Pierre, the democratic theory before the Revolution of 1789, political discussion and theological discussion before Mirabeau and Renan, the science of teaching before Pestalozzi, and Alpine description before De Saussure. He made music the fashion, and created the taste for confessions to the public. He formed a new French style—the close, chastened, passionate, interwoven style we know so well. Nothing indeed of Rousseau has been lost, and nobody has had more influence than he upon the French Revolution, for he was the demigod of it, and stands between Necker and Napoleon. Nobody, again, has had more than he upon the nineteenth century, for Byron, Chateaubriand, Madame de Staël, and George Sand all descend from him.

ALFRED DE MUSSET

Rousseau allowed himself to be mastered by his imagination and his sensations. He had little self-control and less judgment; he was profoundly egocentric and had a craving for sympathy that was insatiable, but what have those or even countless personality peculiarities and infirmities to do with his work? Are we to concern ourselves now, one hundred and fifty years or thereabouts after his death, with the frailties of his flesh, or shall we judge him from his works and that which has been wrought from his labors? Is literature degenerate because the man or woman who created it is ill or perverse? It would be quite as legitimate to contend that an architect with locomotor ataxia can not make the plan of a cathedral, or that Walter Pater could not write chaste English.

This harping on the errors and weaknesses of authors and maintaining that they constitute an adequate reason for rejecting or disdaining their work is puerile and absurd.

"Chateaubriand can not divest himself of his sickly and devouring vanity. It is always himself that he puts on the chief pedestal amidst the crowd of events and men, upon whom he pours his saddened disdain." He didn't have anything on Dickens in the way of vanity or on Napoleon in the way of disdain. Still, no one has yet contended that the former was not an inspiring novelist, the latter a great general. Chateaubriand was a rhetorician and a poet. He wasn't a pedagog or a pastor. He was vain, egotistic, and devoid of capacity for friendship. We are sorry that he had these defects, and sorrier for Madame Récamier. But he has not bequeathed his defects. It is his virtues that remain. He was an artist in letters, an heroic representative of the reaction against the ideas of the great Revolution, and the most conspicuous figure in French literature during the First Empire. And he more than any one else mediated the transition from the old classical to the modern romantic school. The latter is enough to dislodge him from M. Carrère's esteem, for the romanticists, from Euripides to Zola, from Petronius to Proust, have all been excommunicated by him.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

M. Carrère deals many knockout blows to nineteenth-century literary giants, but the one of the character that the negro in anger finally handed Carpentier is reserved for Balzac, who "by the glamour of his characters and the subtlety of his themes has evoked from the troubled depths of our race that plague of our country and the disgrace of the modern spirit—the parvenu, the careerist."

Seeking spiritual solace in the Casino at Monte Carlo, lazing contemplatively on the sands at Deauville, experimenting with prophylaxis against ennui beneath the awnings of the Café de la Paix in Paris, listening to metabolic-adjusting music at the Source de la Reine at Aix-les-Bains, I have often conjectured the origin of the parvenu and "wondered" what the forebears of the careerist, with whom these substitutes for earthly paradise are thronged, could have been like. It never occurred to me that the author of the "Comédie Humaine" generated them. Would that he had made his fortune in Sardinia when he went there in 1838 to melt the silver out of the slag-heaps of Roman mines! The world would have been spared so much bad manners and moral turpitude!

M. Carrère confesses to a certain uneasiness at times—probably when a little below par physically and spiritually—over his strictures on Baudelaire, the poet of sin (but not of vice as frequently alleged), who of all the poets of the last century is the one he

(*Continued on page 61*)

On the Eve of the Irish Free State

By Ernest Boyd

IN THE fourth volume of her reminiscences,* Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson relates her life during the troubled years between 1918 and the truce of 1921, which led to the creation of the Irish Free State. Her book ends on the note of hope and happiness which that event very naturally inspired. In a post-script, however, she confesses that the circumstances have changed so tragically that she must reserve for a later occasion the account she would have published of the final phases of the Irish struggle for self-government. Consequently, the chapters which one would naturally expect to find in a book covering the period of intensive warfare between Ireland and England are missing, and thus the book is somewhat weakened. It lacks the definite quality of literary history which made the first of these volumes, "Twenty-five Years," so valuable as a picture of the young Irish poetess growing up to fame with other young Irish poets and writers since become famous. "The Middle Years" had also the charm of literary autobiography, but with "The Years of the Shadow" there came a dispersal of interest, and now the vein of memories has worn rather thin in "The Wandering Years."

The book will attract the general reader who has any curiosity about Ireland rather because of the general impression it creates than for specific matters of historical or literary importance. During those post-war years when "Ireland's war" filled the newspapers with stories of bombs and burnings, of death and suffering, what was the actual life of peaceable citizens in Ireland? That is the one question to which Mrs. Hinkson has given an answer in this record of her own activities, and her answer will probably astonish those who viewed the Irish situation from a distance. The Ireland which she reveals is that strange country where human nature invariably breaks through the political formulæ, but is apparently powerless to conquer the fetish of politics. Mrs. Hinkson's husband was a magistrate, an official who represented, in the eyes of a Sinn Fein countryside, the power of an alien government. His wife, however, was a Nationalist of distinction in letters and politics, and therefore suspect to certain circles of the so-called loyal minority. Consequently, when they went to live in the western county of Mayo, the doors of some loyalist houses were closed to them, tho they had two sons fighting in the Great War. On the other hand, the local Sinn Fein newspaper, theoretically devoted to the destruction of all such tyrants, published a tribute to Mr. Hinkson as a wise and humane judge. Of this curious interplay of politics and human nature Mrs. Hinkson gives constant examples. She tells how the doctor who attended James Connolly, the leader of the Easter Rising of 1916, became the stanch friend and admirer of that "rebel," while maintaining unaltered his allegiance to the King of England, in whose service his son had been killed. By way of compensation he later lavished on the son of James Connolly the care of a father.

FINALE OF THE IRISH TEMPEST

Prospero (John Bull):—"Calm seas, auspicious gales.—My Ariel, that is the charge.—Be free and fare thou well."
—From the Montreal Daily Star.

That aspect of the Irish attitude toward England was most baffling to outsiders, and specially to the English themselves. Mrs. Hinkson mentions distinguished families in which one son fought in the war against Germany while another son in the same family enlisted in the fight of Sinn Fein; her own home, open alike to British soldiers and Irish rebels, was a perfect microcosm of a country where one could meet staff officers of the British army and leaders of Sinn Fein all at the house of a poet who himself had been marked down for arrest as a dangerous intellectual. Mrs. Hinkson tells of a young Sinn Fein solicitor who used to dine with the officers stationed in the town where she lived, and they used to argue the Irish case over the dinner-table under the nose of the Colonel. A short while afterward this man was arrested "for presiding at a Sinn Fein Court and thrown into jail, where he has been on and off since, with intervals of being on the run. His beloved younger brother was killed at Guillemont in September, 1916. The boy's photograph in khaki must have met the eyes of the military when they raided the house."

Like so many people in Ireland who refused to deny their country because of the excesses of the Sinn Fein campaign, Mrs. Hinkson found herself labeled a Sinn Feiner by her English and Irish Unionist friends, while to the younger Nationalists she appeared as a lukewarm trimmer, if not an actual renegade. Lord Linlithgow described her in terms which she quotes with obvious amusement:

> I told him you were a distinctly vicious woman where Irish politics are concerned, adding that, altho you would bite for the country that bore you while a tooth remained in your head, I did not believe that you looked on the destruction of the British Empire as an end in itself.

Very naturally Mrs. Hinkson's mind was chiefly preoccupied with the Irish political situation during the years of which she writes, but they were "wandering years" for her, and she has many things to relate of her movements in England, Scotland and Italy. The Italians clearly were for her what Lamb called the Scotch, an "imperfect sympathy." For one thing, she could not

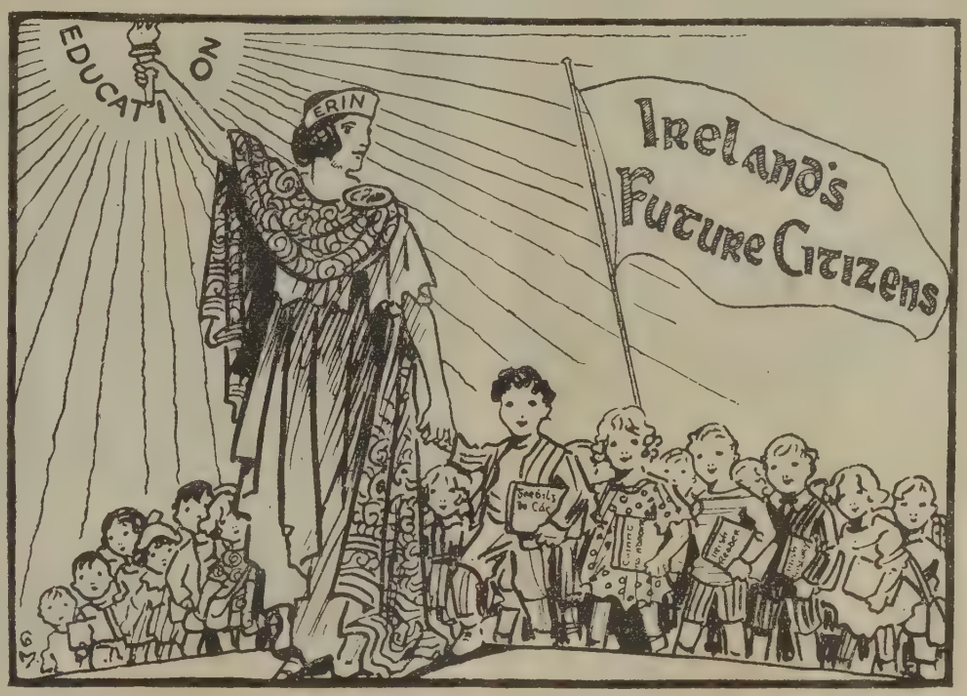
*THE WANDERING YEARS. By Katharine Tynan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $5.00.

speak Italian, and resented, one suspects, being thus deprived of the human contacts for which, with true Irish gregariousness and sociability, her heart hungered. Moreover, people were rude to her. "The Londoner will not give his seat to a woman in the Tube, but Our Lady would have to stand in an Italian tram if She came into it."

On the other hand, she likes the Scotch, and the malice of her fellow-Celts appeared to her in an inscription at Culloden Moor, where a fenced-in turnip-field contained a headstone on which was written: "The field of the English. They were buried here." When she told this to her English friends, "they invariably laughed. It is their quality, that slowness to anger, that aloof indifference. It is something Celts and Latins have flung themselves against in vain, calling it stupidity and other hard names."

This English attitude is illustrated by another reference, this time to the funeral of Terence MacSwiney, "that strange pageant in a foreign city, passing through the incredibly tolerant London crowd, who were hats-off as it passed—rightly to the man who had died for his convictions, however people regarded those convictions. London is so strangely apart from England—a people and a country in itself. If it had been more intolerant one might have hoped more." A contrasting picture is that of the Irish cook in a London household. A chance gibe of some one at the dinner-table who had not believed in MacSwiney's long fast had been reported to her. "It was a cataclysm. Nobody got any dinner or lunch that day, which led to great circumspection in speech afterward."

A host of well-known names move through these discursive pages: Lord Dunsany, reading the first chapters of his recent work, "The Chronicles of Rodriguez"; Gilbert Chesterton reduced to unaccustomed silence by the loquacity of John Burns; Shane Leslie playing ping-pong; Erskine Childers signing his name in Mrs. Hinkson's visitors' book, in which the first entry he saw was a record of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, whose affray in the Dublin streets in July, 1914, was the opening shot in a campaign of terror still unended. Through all this garrulous chronicle runs the personality of a genial Irishwoman, sentimental and proud of it, Irish through and through despite the insinuations of political extremists, and never far away, at least in thought, from her own country. Mrs. Hinkson has a pardonable weakness for people who agree with her and are nice to her. If they can not be that, let them be silent when she is engaged in the business of "trailing her coat" in defense of her own people. She has harsh words only for Belfast and for those who frankly oppose her on her own ground. But she managed to steer an even keel through seas that were unusually troubled, clearly a tribute to her personal qualities. She even checked frivolity that threatened to be too audacious at the house of Arnold Bennett, while asserting that she did not wish to be treated as a prudish provincial. That she can smile at a touch of Gallic salt is shown by her quotation of one of the best of the many *mots* attributed to the Tiger.



THE REAL TORCH OF LIBERTY
—*From the Dublin Sunday Independent*

When Clemenceau saw jazz dancing for the first time, he is reported by Lord Linlithgow to have said, rather appropriately: "*Jamais je n'ai vu des figures si tristes, des derrières si gais.*" Katharine Tynan Hinkson's memoirs are not of the order of jazz reminiscences now so popular, and the face one sees through them is not *triste*, but smiling and kind. As one turns over these pages there arises a query as to whether, in more senses than one, she has not written the end of a chapter in Irish history. Just as her two earlier volumes were a chronicle of the national struggle under Parnell and Davitt, so the two later volumes of her memoirs are a record of the rise and triumph of Sinn Fein. Different as the two phases of the struggle were, they had in common a love of Ireland, the recognition of a bond of nationality that was above politics. Hence that curious interaction and interplay of human qualities unaffected by political considerations to which Mrs. Hinkson's stories are a testimony. Nowadays, all that seems changed. Under the direction of two foreigners, a minority of Irish desperadoes have taken to a policy of destruction and terrorism which spares the alleged enemy, England, and wreaks purposeless vengeance on the lives and properties of Irish men and women. A new spirit has been engendered from which all the decent qualities are missing that give a true Irish savor to Mrs. Hinkson's narrative.

Outlining the Wonder-World of Science

By William Beebe

PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON'S "Outline of Science"* is now complete in four volumes, about twelve hundred pages, with eight hundred illustrations and something less than half a million words. In the company of these volumes one could look forward with satisfaction to a year of isolation on a desert island, or at least an unending succession of winter evenings before a roaring fire in the most densely populated of cities.

Dr. Thomson is Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen, and besides being a teacher of unusual ability, he has contributed able original researches to the domain of science. But his especial genius is compilation, a labor of love requiring breadth of interest, thorough mental correlation, and a wealth of factual knowledge of which few men can boast.

Compilation is an art in itself. One of the earliest books I can recall was a somber, forthright, unbending, vilely printed volume called "Ten Thousand Wonderful Things." This seemed to imply that there were other tens of thousands which were not wonderful, but the unknown compiler depended upon the facts themselves for sustention of interest. One followed another with implacable disconnection, and they might just as well have been printed in a chapterless circle. Another example of this type of compilation is the ever-recurring "Calendar of Three Hundred and Sixty-five Facts Worth Knowing!"

If we were to take in hand all those scientific books which are compilations, and yet are more or less honestly posing as original contributions, and were to blue-pencil all that is not new in them, there would remain only a few monochrome black-and-white volumes. Yet this is nothing necessarily against that class of books, for if we discarded all accumulated knowledge and depended only upon what seemed to us new theories and facts, our contributions would be not only extremely attenuated, but inconceivably dull.

Photo by W. A. Green, Belfast (From "The Outline of Science")

MARINE EROSION ON THE IRISH COAST

Photo by H. J. Shepstone (From "The Outline of Science")

COX'S CAVES, CHEDDAR, SOMERSETSHIRE

Underground caverns are characteristic of limestone formations and are found in many parts of the world. The constant percolation and drip of water saturated with lime causes the formation of long stalactites depending from the roof like icicles; drops fall on the floor of the cavern until in time this deposit of carbonate of lime becomes an upright rod called a stalagmite. Sometimes the stalactites and stalagmites ultimately join and form complete pillars.

Professor Thomson has given us an example of pure compilation of the highest type, infinitely more valuable than any corresponding attempt at originality could possibly be. The most important requirement which should be made of the professional compiler is digestion and correlation of his material. The oldest fact in the world is worthy of republication if it be refined in the mental furnace of a cultured intellect, while the newest, most vital fact of cosmic reality is but an uninspiring shadow when considered in its unrelated, meaningless matrix.

"The Outline of Science" will be read and appreciated in a hundred different ways; there are minds which will begin at the preface and plow oxily through section after section to the end. And much of it will remain in these minds, to be retailed in after years in the same words at apt moments. Type-blind readers will find it a picture book, revelling in the wealth of illustration, while, best of all, the youthful groper after what is left of the wild part of the planet—the boy whose pulses are more stirred by thoughts of a charging elephant than statistics of emigration, by the age-tested democracy of the army ants than the Soviets' experiments—will love it from cover to cover.

But whatever keen pleasure or intellectual satisfaction is engendered by these volumes, the reason is chiefly contrast

*THE OUTLINE OF SCIENCE. Vol. 4. Edited by Professor J. Arthur Thomson. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

HE CURVE OF THE TAR-RAY SHOWS HAT SPACE IS URVED IN PRES-NCE OF MATTER THE SUN). UPON HIS FACT EIN-TEIN'S THEORY F RELATIVITY IS FOUNDED

and correlation—words which I have to beat back from my pen-point or they would recur in every paragraph. And Professor Thomson is an adept in juggling his bare facts, in following the Einstein chapter by an account of the apparently wholly irrelevant Biology of the Seasons. And when just before this we read of Electric and Luminous Animals, the arrangement is a masterly stroke, and one to which instinctive yearning for something more than knowledge will owe much.

After one or two of these chapters, the mind turns refreshed to things which seem so unduly important to some of us—to the part played by human egos on tiny spots of our small planet, during a short five thousand years—to books on the rise and fall of religions and laws of art and architecture, of Very lights in No-man's-land, and the shift and fate of nations. When these begin to irritate and bore us, we remember, and reopen to Thomson's chapter on Astronomy or the clarity of Einstein's vision, or why tadpoles have tails—and the magic of the compiler is wrought: The brain enters into a new plane of realization of the oblique view, of the value and wonder of mental marriage of dissimilar fields of human knowledge and activity. This, rather than the actual facts themselves, is the key to the worth of such an achievement.

Thomson himself in a few pithy sentences gives an outline of his Outline:

Photo by W. A. Green, Belfast (From "The Outline of Science")

THE CASTLES OF KIVVITAR, MOURNE MOUNTAINS, IRELAND

These "castles" are pillars of naked granite standing on the hillside. Atmospheric weathering has picked out and recessed every joint between the planes of the rock

> as with a history behind it, for we have travelled far since Darwin's day. The solar system, the earth, the mountain ranges, and the great deeps, the rocks and crystals, the plants and animals, man himself and his social institutions—all must be seen as the outcome of a long process of Becoming.

The arrangement of the subject matter of the Outline has been given much thought, and the necessary overlapping of the main divisions is in no way apparent except where it is advantageous and stimulating. The very first part dealing with the Romance of the Heavens is one of the best, and the text and illustrations as satisfactory as one could wish. Besides very beautiful direct telescopic photographs it is a joy to see a colored plate such as that facing page 24 of a working spectroscope—the resolving of the light of a distant star into the gamut of color from violet to red. No words, whether written or spoken, could so well illustrate and fix in the mind the value of this marvelous instrument—revealing, by the mere splitting up of a ray of light coming from a star trillions of miles away, both the chemical composition of that star and the speed with which it is rushing through space.

To go through the entire four volumes either in praise or criticism would be a thankless and needless task. A glance at one of the sections may well stand as a type of the remainder. The astronomical part is divided into twenty-three divisions, a few of which are: The Scale of the Universe, Measuring the Speed of Light, Is the Sun Dying? Is There Life on Mars? The Mountains of the Moon,

(*Continued on page 61*)

The story of the triumphs of modern science is one of which man may well be proud. Science reads the secret of the distant star and anatomizes the atom; foretells the date of the comet's return and predicts the kinds of chickens that will hatch from a dozen eggs; discovers the laws of the wind that bloweth where it listeth and reduces to order the disorder of disease. Science is always setting forth on Columbus voyages, discovering new worlds and conquering them by understanding. For Knowledge means Foresight, and Foresight means Power.

The idea of Evolution has influenced all the sciences, forcing us to think of everything

Photo by W. A. Green, Belfast (From "The Outline of Science")

A MASS OF AMMONITE SHELLS

A piece of rock from the Liassic strata at Whitby, Yorkshire. It is largely composed of the fossil remains of Ammonites, an extinct group of marine animals belonging to the same class of Molluscs as the Nautilus and the Cuttlefish of to-day

The Literary Digest
INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW
PUBLISHED BY FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
ADAM W. WAGNALLS, PRES.; WILFRED J. FUNK, VICE-PRES.;
ROBERT J. CUDDIHY, TREAS.; WILLIAM NEISEL, SEC'Y
354-360 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

JANUARY, 1923

The New Author

BESIDES being the season for the traditional making of good resolutions, January is a month of retrospects. As the old year fades away into the pages of forgotten history, one snatches a fleeting glimpse of what we are pleased to call its memorable achievements. Out of these come the materials from which spring magically forth the brave towers and castles of the New Year—and if the latter prove to be of the insubstantial fabric too often used in such structures, at least there is pleasure in putting them together, as there is with all imaginary castle-building. In business, in art, in science, in politics we are chronicling last year's significant happenings. It is a salutary occupation, quite as needful to sustained progress as the annual balancing of an accountant's ledger. And, similarly, in literature the lover of books is selecting the volumes from a twelve-months' reading that seem worthy to carry with him into 1923.

THIS pastime of making lists of worth-while books is as difficult as it is instructive. Individual preference, even with the most seasoned and impersonal of critics, is sure to influence the choice in literature as in everything else. Of one hundred lists, say of the "twenty best books" of the year, probably no two would agree, title by title, throughout. For instance, in reckoning up the noteworthy novels, by American authors, in 1922, "Babbitt" is the only title that appears simultaneously in the lists of Professor Phelps and Mr. Walpole—and even "Babbitt" is not chosen unqualifiedly by Professor Phelps. But, aside from the presence or absence of individual titles from the various surveys of the year that have been given thus far, there are certain characteristics, at least as regards American fiction, that are worth noting. One is the lack of new authors; another, the comparatively conventional form and quality of the American-made novel selected from the year's fiction as being representative of the best that 1922 has produced. In other words, it would appear, on this showing, that last year originality was absent from the creative prose literature of this country, and that our fiction has been provided exclusively by authors who are already known to novel-readers—the one notable exception to this being Jack Crawford, whose first novel, "I Walked in Arden," Professor Phelps instances as a fine example of "imaginative realism."

IN Europe, however, there would seem to be almost a plethora of originality. In France, the late Marcel Proust and Paul Morand; in Spain, Pio Baroja; in Italy, Luigi Pirandello; in England and Ireland, James Joyce, Rebecca West, Dorothy Richardson, Katherine Mansfield—there is a rising tide of new fiction-writers over there of sufficient strength and volume to submerge, or at least obscure for the time being, some of the older names. So sweeping is this new literary influence that Mr. Middleton Murry, in the current Yale Review, finds in it evidence of the coming "break-up of the novel" altogether. Under the sway of these writers he sees the ultimate disappearance of all "story interest" from the novel—and without story interest it is indeed difficult to conceive the novel as retaining its hold as the essentially popular form of reading it has always been to us. Whoever has attempted to go through "Ulysses"—a book that seems to be at the very heart of much of the new European fiction—will not have a moment's doubt as to its eligibility in the race for popularity. And so with much of the current European fiction to which "Ulysses" is related: it does not recommend itself as popular reading, it does not claim to have even the elements of popularity in it; but many see in it the blazing of a trail in a new and fruitful direction, an outburst of originality, unruly, rocket-like, ineffective even, as such things are apt to be at first, but destined finally to reshape and enrich the whole art of fiction.

IN THE meantime, aside from any question of the intrinsic value to literature of the "new" European novel, one feels some surprize, by comparison, at the dearth of new names, or any radically new development in American fiction as evidenced by the roster of 1922. The new author is impressively absent. One wonders if his absence is due to the inhospitality of public or critic; or, is he simply non-existent? In England a century ago—a burgeoning period, if ever there was one—the critic was unmistakably the repressive influence. Leigh Hunt alone recognized the true worth of Keats and Shelley. The age, indeed, was rich in failures to appreciate literary genius, if the latter came in the guise of youth—a fact which furnishes Mr. Solomon Eagle, in his new volume of "Essays at Large," some curious instances of the obliquity of the critical vision in 1820. It is amusing to recall these ancient, far-off inhospitalities sundering critic and author; to remember that the "Ancient Mariner" was described as "the strangest story of a cock and bull that we ever saw on paper"; that "Christabel" was "below criticism"; that, of "Lamia," "we almost doubt that any man in his senses would put his real name to such a rhapsody"; that Byron's "effusions are spread over a dead flat, and can no more get above or below the level, than if they were so much stagnant water"; that "Hunt and Keats, and some others of the School, are indeed men of considerable cleverness, but as poets they are worthy of sheer and instant contempt."

HAPPILY, times have changed since the days of Jeffrey, Brougham and their growling old quarterlies. The new writers—poet or novelist—are no longer treated, just because they are new, to the public trouncings accorded their forefathers in the days when literary criticism was laid on with a bludgeon. All that is changed. Nevertheless, altho the new author may not be greeted to-day with the old-time, voluble scorn that left him almost a criminal in the stocks, he is not met exactly with open arms. And for purposes of suppression, silence, the cold shoulder, can be as effective, on occasion, as a downright Quarterly drubbing, of the kind that initiated the novice into literature a century ago. Yet, we need the New Author. On him, in spite of possible crudities and exaggerations, depends the replenishing of the literary fires of this generation for the service of the next. He should be the most interesting, as he is the most significant, figure to his critical contemporaries. Out of a number of friendly suggestions that have come to us during the month, perhaps the most stimulating is one from Mr. Edward Bok, who proposes that the International Book Review should devote a portion of its columns, whenever possible, to the New Author. Excellent advice, of the constructive kind, from which much may be expected. And in accepting this Counsel of Hospitality the Book Review faces its first New Year with redoubled enthusiasm. After all, who knows what new Keats or Shelley may be in the offing!

CLIFFORD SMYTH.

Party Battles in the Heyday of Democracy

By William G. McAdoo

THE high tide of Andrew Jackson's power, that period of his virile, vigorous, significant administration, with its lusty conflicts, towering personalities, portentous issues and inception of essential democracy in executive direction of the Nation, offers the chronicler of American history rich opportunity for dramatic narrative. "Old Hickory," daring, picturesque, impetuous, heroic in moral as well as in physical courage, symbolic as well as representative of the awakened consciousness of the mass of the people of the United States, towers among the Presidents as a tremendous propulsive and progressive force. Into our own day, nearly a century later, his domination of political ideals has projected a potent influence. The passage of time has, however, dimmed for popular conception some of the marked characteristics of the man as well as some of the enduringly important issues of his day; and because of the value of keeping alive any element of popular government so vital as the Jacksonian tradition, the country is in the debt of Mr. Claude G. Bowers for a masterly presentation of Jackson and his contemporaries in his recent book, "Party Battles of the Jackson Period."*

With keen-sighted scholarship and in facile style he has achieved a volume of admirable historical quality, worthy to rank with the finest modern presentations of men and events, and falling into the class of Charnwood's Lincoln, Beveridge's Marshall, and Whitlock's Belgium because of its monumental study and progressive psychology. Not in the imposing bibliography, which sets down hundreds of books, manuscripts and original letters, but in his ability to recreate a time and its interpreters, should his accomplishment be measured. The service he renders in this work is the greater because the reality of his portrayal keeps constantly suggesting the inevitable repetitions of history and endows the people of Jackson's period with motives that extend them beyond the borders of that limited but pregnant era.

The people of his pageant, Jackson, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, and other giants hardly less powerful in their time but not as well favored by fame—Roger B. Taney, Benton, Cass, Livingston, John Forsyth, Blair, Kendall—move with the reality of flesh and blood, and not with the stilted stiffness of those steel engravings which have been the customary media of their depiction. Their aims, ambitions, hopes, fears, intrigues, sacrifices, their hours of lofty visioning and their moments of petty weakness, flash out from the Bowers narrative until each man stands outlined with the third dimension of substance. With them he builds an epic of that era which established American democracy as the actuality which the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution had projected, but had not in themselves accomplished.

One of the curious anomalies of our national history is the fact that the Constitution of the United States, with its conclusive and comprehensive assurance of human liberty, defined in the four guaranties of the first Amendment, viz., freedom of religious worship, freedom of speech, freedom of the press and the right of peaceable assemblage, should have been formulated and put into operation by men of isolated environment and hereditary aristocracy. Mount Vernon, Gunston Hall and Monticello stand as monuments to the detached as well as to the costly style of living of Washington, Mason and Jefferson, testifying to a manner of existence which makes the proclamation of the Bill of Rights seem a miraculous interposition of Providence through unlikely human agents in behalf of a people not yet assembled. For the first forty years of its existence the republic was dominated exclusively by men who, even if democratic in their political philosophy, lacked the experience of actual democracy to demonstrate their theory. Washington, the Virginia gentleman; Adams, the Massachusetts aristocrat; Jefferson, the philosopher, who, even while he strolled among the brick-masons at the University he founded, still held unconsciously aloof from intimate association with the people for whom he promulgated freedom; Madison, his follower, less philosophical but no less detached; Monroe, set apart by the wall of his class from the men and women who were bone and sinew of the country he conserved for them; John Quincy Adams, not even as close to the people as his father had been; these were the captains of the Ship of State. Is it any wonder that, with the enfranchisement of tens of thousands who had, until that time, been denied the right of suffrage by property and other restrictive qualifications, a social revolution, lawfully conducted, should have lifted to the Presidency Andrew Jackson, popular idol, famous Indian fighter, frontiersman, soldier and typical democrat?

Through the pages of Mr. Bowers's impressive story of the period Jackson moves with Jovian power and dignity, a figure of towering strength and swift action. Issues—startlingly like

*Party Battles of the Jackson Period. By Claude G. Bowers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $6.

Margaret Bayard Smith

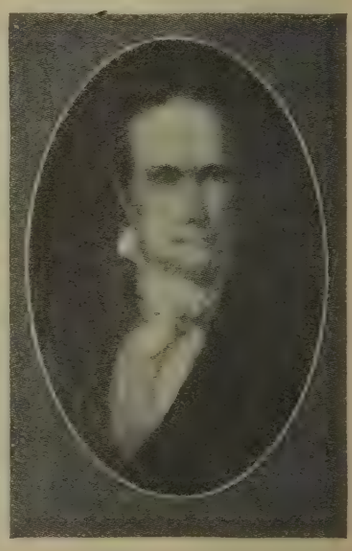
some which arose again three-quarters of a century later—confronted him as soon as he turned away from that wild scene of his inauguration through which the people had sought to express their exultant gratification that a man of their own kind was at last in control of the Government. It was not merely popular pleasure that the conqueror of the Seminoles, the victor of New Orleans, the soldier who had stirred their imaginations as well as their patriotism, had won a bitterly fought contest. Not mere party feeling took men on long and difficult journeys overland to crowd the muddy streets of the Washington of 1829. It was the consciousness of his electors that he had brought them into their Land of Promise that lifted Jackson into the image and made him as well the guardian of popular government. The trust of his people made his responsibility the heavier; and the historian of his time has established, I think, beyond cavil that Jackson did not fail them nor prove unequal to the task.

Opposition against the drift toward democracy, which had brought him from the pioneering hardships of Tennessee to the political hardships of the White House, was generaled by leaders of the group which had come into power and privilege through long years of entrenchment behind public favor, privately bestowed. Wealthy bankers, notably those profiting by relations with the chartered Bank of the United States, marshaled the forces of reaction. Clay and Webster, believing that alinement with the forces of the Bank of the United States would augment the Whig strength, raised the issue of renewing the charter of that institution several years before its expiration in the confident expectation that the suggestion of any radical change in the financial system would alarm the country into repudiation of its new-found democracy. Jackson, accepting the gage of battle, incorporated the pronouncement against the Bank in his message to Congress.

Around the writing of this financial paragraph Mr. Bowers has woven one of the most interesting of the many dramatic events of the struggle; for the man who worked under Jackson's direction, performing the actual composition of this clause of the President's message in a room in the White House, laboring all night by the light of a fire kept going by Jackson's own servant, was none other than a son of the great Alexander Hamilton, first Secretary of the Treasury and founder of the Bank that Jackson was destined to overthrow.

Why James A. Hamilton should have fought against the overdeveloped power of his father's creation is a little obscure; but there is no cloud over the reason why the mass of the American people opposed it. The Bank of the United States, a private institution, privately conducted, had been fostered by governmental aid—sometimes paid for by loans and retainers to members of both executive and legislative departments of the Government—until it had become an octopus, using the vast power of credit to reward its friends, punish its enemies and control political power. Even before the panic engineered by the Bank to punish, intimidate and coerce the public into rechartering the institution, the bulk of the people knew its menace to popular government, altho they did not yet know that the defense was in their own hands. It was a situation fraught with the same dangers (and not less vital because the nation was smaller in 1832) that confronted the Government in 1912—eighty years afterward—before the establishment of the Federal Reserve System minimized the menace of centralized financial power in the hands of irresponsible private agents. It was a situation in which Webster and Clay, leaders of the aristocratic and complacent Whig party, underestimated the intelligence and strength of the American people and thought they saw political advantage for their party in espousing the cause of the Bank and making it the dominant issue in the campaign of 1832. Jackson, shrewd old warrior that he was, saw that the strength and the intelligence existed in the people, but that it needed to be organized and consolidated if the sinister forces arrayed against democracy were to be defeated.

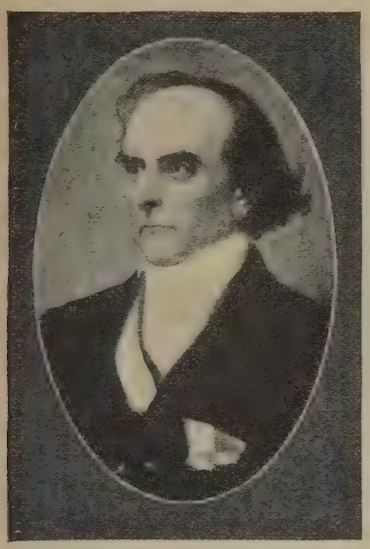
One can not read Mr. Bowers's vivid description of the death struggle between the "Emperor Nicholas" (as Nicholas Biddle, President of the Bank of the United States, was called by the opposition) and "Old Hickory," the grim and determined hero in the White House, without realizing anew the grave menace to democratic institutions involved in the concentration of credit in the control of a central bank. The political power which a vast institution of that character would possess, if it existed in the United States to-day, would be quite capable of subverting popular government. It was with the lesson of the second United States Bank in mind that the framers of the Federal Reserve System decided against a central bank and in favor of the twelve regional banks, with their greater capacity for serving the varied needs of the different sections of the United States, and with their minimized power for evil through the decentralization of credit control which the regional bank system provided.



HENRY CLAY

For the organization of the people into an effective political force, Jackson selected lieutenants to whom must be conceded the distinction of having inaugurated the party system as we have it even to-day. It is in the portraiture of some of these men, as well as of Jackson's equally powerful enemies, that Mr. Bowers reveals that sharp sense of characterization which is one of the distinguishing features of his noteworthy book. He has drawn the men of the "Kitchen Cabinet"—Kendall, the militant Kentucky editor; Blair, the fiery battler; Hill, the New Hampshire berserker; Taney, the statesman whose deserved fame is buried in the Dred Scott

decision; the courageous Benton; the accomplished Forsyth, who had negotiated the purchase of Florida from Spain, and who was for six years the spokesman of the Jacksonians in the House of Representatives — with verity which makes them entertaining as well as enlightening. They were the men who pioneered the existing American partizan system. The campaign text-book, the use of a party press, the establishment of a card-index file of workers, the political cartoon, the Washington correspondent, the reward of political workers by governmental posts, all developed under their skilled utilization. The use of personalities as a campaign asset grew to threatening proportions. It was Hill who, in answer to the charge that Jackson had murdered Arbuthnot, two Indian chiefs, and seven of his soldiers, rejoined in the columns of his paper, the New Hampshire *Patriot:* "Pshaw! Why don't you tell the whole truth? On the 8th of January, 1815, he murdered in the coldest kind of cold blood fifteen hundred British soldiers for merely trying to get into New Orleans in search of Booty and Beauty." Demagogs flourished on both sides. Whatever abuses it led to, however, the system gave to Jackson in 1832 the support he needed for his purpose of maintaining the Government for the benefit of the masses against the exploitation of the few.



DANIEL WEBSTER

The truth of how men live—in reputation, at least—by catchwords is forcibly illustrated in passages of Mr. Bowers's chronicle. Without desire for iconoclasm, but with the straight sight of the student of history, he analyzes the characters of the giants of Jackson's time, and finds in them less reason for approbation than is ordinarily given to them. He does not seek to glorify Jackson, and the book is in no sense a biography of one of the greatest of the Presidents. The old fighter goes in and out of the story of his period with unstudied and sometimes uncurbed power, not always using it wisely for himself, but never forgetting his stewardship.

Clay, hardly less important in the record than Jackson, looms not as the man "who would rather be right than be President," but as a "brilliant, resourceful, selfish, dogmatic, dictatorial and often unscrupulous practical politician."

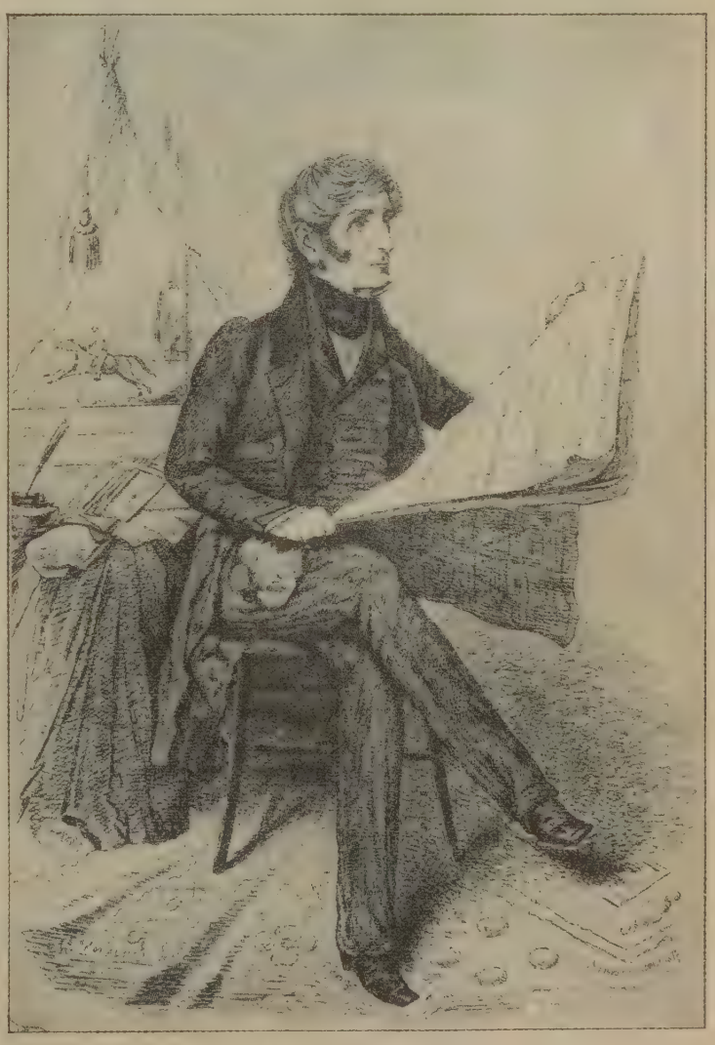
Webster, except for a convicting letter requesting remuneration from Nicholas Biddle, President of the Bank of the United States, who before Jackson's inauguration "was in a better position to foresee the proceedings of Congress than the responsible Chief Executive of the people," shows better and broader than Clay, altho Mr. Bowers presents him in unenviable aspect through the French crisis. In the white light of Webster's own record, one of his most famous speeches (on the fortifications bill, to which John Quincy Adams replied) becomes sounding brass, since he set party expediency above national welfare, concealing the truth with blazing words.

Calhoun, too, as Mr. Bowers portrays him, is not at his best in the time of Jackson. It was not only that his policies, notably that of nullification, set him apart from his own party. His self-exile lay deeper than in circumstance, for he had a natural tendency to play a lone hand, and a temper and tongue which kept him, as well as all associated with him, in continual hot water.

More sympathetically, as if he better understood their intentions and aspirations, Mr. Bowers draws the Western group, possibly because they are more characteristic of the Jacksonian period. One of the interesting phenomena of our democracy has been its Western evolution; and the foresight of Jackson's advisers, and of Jackson himself, in recognizing the needs and possibilities of the Western country is one of the significant chapters of their era. Benton, Cass and Kendall, that timid soul with the "inferiority complex of a Charlotte Brontë" and the brain of a Talleyrand, remain in kindlier memory than Hill, whom Mr. Bowers refers to as the Marat of the Kitchen Cabinet, and Van Buren, whom he dubs the "Red Fox."

The chapters on the French Crisis, which grew out of the failure of that country to meet its obligations under the treaty negotiated and signed in Paris in 1831, puts forward graphically the difficulties encountered by Jackson, at home and abroad, in his efforts to secure justice. Altho Jackson used the services of Forsyth and Livingston, the ablest diplomats of their day, in striving to avert war, he has suffered the opprobrium, which this author seeks to remove from him, of having acted the part of a bull in a china shop in the delicate adjustments of the situation. He shows him possest of an admirable patience while the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate was packed against him, while opposition Senators and party papers assured the outside world that the President did not speak for the American people, and that he violated the Constitution. One of Mr. Bowers's best points as a historian is his elucidation of the situation in which John Quincy Adams, Jackson's personal enemy, came to his defense, answering Webster's speech in defense of the Senate's action on the fortifications bill. The cumulative effect of the narration is a strengthening of the opinion once voiced by John W. Foster, who was no admirer of Jacksonian domestic policies, that under Jackson our foreign affairs were managed with dignified firmness and success.

It is worthy of mention that the writer of this really remarkable and fascinating book comes from Indiana, which has already been distinguished in literature by more than its poets. With Booth Tarkington's and Meredith Nicholson's representative novels of American life, Albert J. Beveridge's "Life of John Marshall," and Bowers's "Party Battles of the Jackson Period," the Hoosier State leads a notable and commendable movement toward serious writing that promises well for American letters.

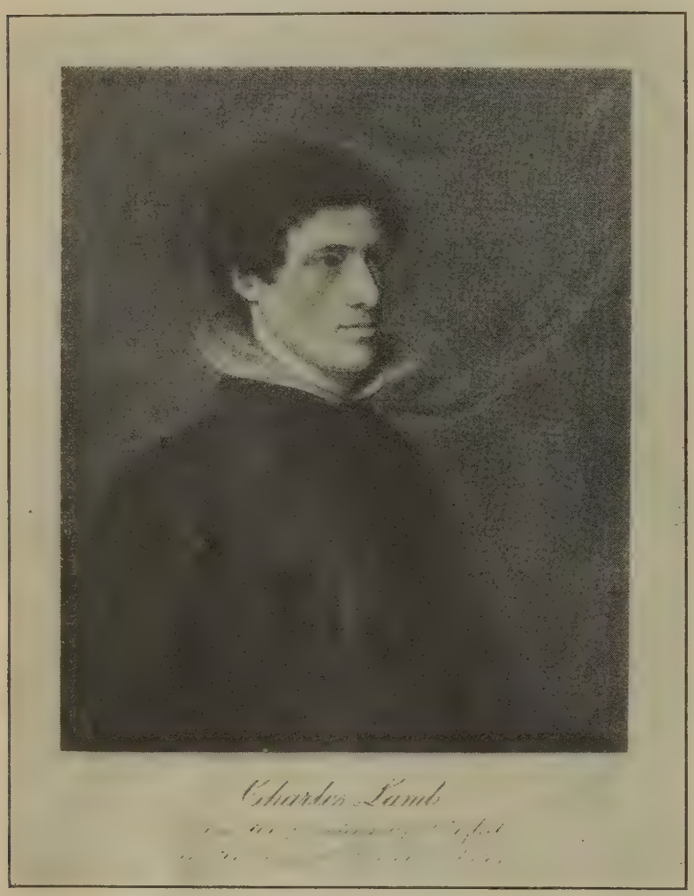


AMOS KENDALL

A Fighting Man-of-Letters a Century Ago

By Richard Le Gallienne

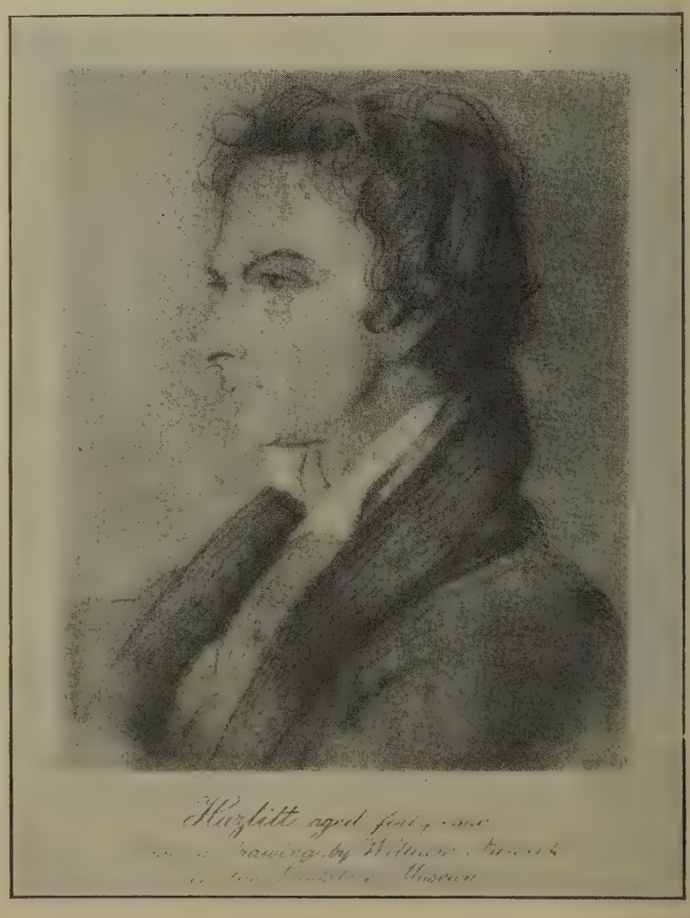
UNLESS we demand from Mr. Howe's book* something other than what he professes to bring us—a favorite method of critical approach!—it will be found an entirely satisfactory performance, one for which Hazlitt lovers owe him



Charles Lamb

no little gratitude. It is not a "creative" biography. Mr. Howe, in his preface, expressly disavows any intention of making such. His aim has been to present in a well-ordered sequence the documentary materials collected from various sources from which the reader is at liberty to create his own Hazlitt, or by means of which some subsequent biographer may present us with his. It is what the French call a memoir *pour servir*. Such memoirs, as Mr. Howe says, have one important advantage—"everything which appears in this book bears its own authority, good or less good, on its face." Here are the facts. Let the reader make of them what he will, as they affect him. It is not Mr. Howe's business to bring us a Hazlitt made, so to speak, in his own image, shaped and colored, that is, by his own preferences and prepossessions, after the manner, say, of such creative biographical artists as Macaulay, Carlyle, Froude or Mr. Strachey. Perhaps Mr. Augustine Birrell's "Men of Letters" volume comes nearest to a biography of Hazlitt in that manner, a sketch which, altho Mr. Howe is apparently dissatisfied with it, has been found sympathetic by many, being, as it is, undoubtedly vivid and variously entertaining. Mr. Birrell is certainly a Hazlitt man, as were Henley and Stevenson. Stevenson himself, we have been told, once contemplated writing a life of Hazlitt, but the "Liber Amoris" episode gave him pause; a curious hesitation in one who, if we are to believe Henley, was not without a youthful Edinburgh acquaintance with Bohemia. Perhaps "The Shorter Catechist" interposed; or, more likely, he held his hand for the same reason that, according to his own confidential statement, he never ventured to try it at a love-story. He was afraid, he said, to let himself go. Hazlitt, rather unfortunately, in that particular case, was not. Letting himself go, indeed, was Hazlitt's lifelong literary habit. Otherwise he had not been the Hazlitt to whom Stevenson paid his famous and valuable tribute: "We are mighty fine fellows, but we can not write like William Hazlitt." The "Liber Amoris"—"vile kitchen stuff," as it is for Mr. Birrell, a "disgusting New Pygmalion . . . nauseous and revolting" as it was to Crabb Robinson—is, after all, but the *reductio ad absurdum* of the impulsive personal method to which Hazlitt's greatest essays owe their intimate force and charm. It is indeed a sorry and silly performance as literature, whatever its value to the philosopher and pathologist; yet it is the record rather than the experience itself that need "scandalize" any one unprepared to cast the first stone. Of the experience, as Professor Oliver Elton sensibly and mercifully says, "in truth it might have happened to most men"; and even Mr. Birrell recommends the culprit to mercy, if only on the grounds of his *naif* honesty. After all, Hazlitt told on himself. He was no polished hypocritical sinner. And, of course, in these days, when so much turbid water has run under bridges, it is only the distasteful *naiveté* of the thing that saves it from being quite inconspicuous. It is so absurd as to seem touching rather than disgusting. Certainly it is a pity if it did really lose us R. L. S. for Hazlitt's biographer.

Tho Mr. Howe is content to stand aside and leave his materials to make their own impression, he is far from being a colorless recorder. Of course, he is Hazlitt's man, as, unless he had undertaken his task as devil's advocate, he would necessarily be, and,



Hazlitt aged forty-one

*The Life of William Hazlitt. By P. P. Howe. George H. Doran Company, New York.

when occasion demands, he has at the service of his subject a quiet irony evident in many a dry comment, when he deems Hazlitt unfairly dealt with by some of his biographical witnesses. Unquestionably Hazlitt had a way of getting in wrong with his contemporaries, even when they began as his friends. He was well aware of this himself, for he had a clear, and even humorous, eye for his own characteristics. "Delicacy," he writes ironically to Charles Cowden Clarke, "moderation, complaisance, the *suaviter in modo*, whisper it about, my dear Clarke, these are my faults and have been my ruin." Again, in answering a letter in which Leigh Hunt had called him over the coals in a friendly fashion for some rough handling of Shelley, he asks almost pathetically: "I want to know why everybody has such a dislike to me." Hunt had written:

> In God's name, why could you not tell Mr. Shelley in a pleasant manner of what you dislike in him? If it is not mere spleen, you make a gross mistake in thinking that he is not open to advice, or so wilfully in love with himself and his opinions. His spirit is worthy of his great talents.

One might ask in parentheses why everybody, Mr. Howe included, is unfair, or at least always slightly condescending, toward Leigh Hunt. Certainly, one can see little to complain of in his relations with Hazlitt, and his letters in this book show him in an admirable light as a manly and sympathetic friend. There is good work for some biographer to do in his case, for it is time that his character was vindicated against Dickens's "Harold Skimpole" caricature, and Carlyle's ill-natured "Leigh Hunt's Sovereigns on the Mantelpiece."

That the official organs of the public opinion of his day should have been hostile to Hazlitt from the start was a foregone conclusion. A dyed-in-the-wool radical as he was, an enthusiast for the French Revolution and for his country's arch-enemy, Napoleon, it is difficult to see what else he could have expected or desired. Radicalism was in his blood—Irish blood, by the way, from Tipperary—his father being a Unitarian minister of the fearless old fashion, one who openly advocated the cause of American Independence, was a friend of Benjamin Franklin, lost his Maidstone pulpit in consequence, found another at Bandon, County Cork, where his sympathy with American prisoners once more necessitated his moving on—this time to the land which, as Mr. Howe says, "was the land of liberty to this little family." Here in Boston, the Rev. William Hazlitt founded the first Unitarian Church, and three years of the essayist's boyhood, from his sixth to his ninth, were spent in this country, the one memory of which retained by him was the taste of barberries gathered on the hills about Weymouth and Upper Dorchester. It may be that the father did not find this country so friendly to liberty of thought as he had dreamed, but whether or not that was the cause, he returned to England in 1786, to seek still another pulpit, finally found in Shropshire, at Wem, of many memories. In the meantime, while thus prospecting, he left his family behind, and thus his son's first literary effort on record comes to be this letter to his father, dated November 12, 1786:

> My Dear Papa—I shall never forget we came to America. If we had not come to America, we should not have been away from one and other, though now it can not be helped. I think for my part that it would have been a great deal better if the white people had not found it out. Let the others have it to themselves, for it was made for them. I have got a little of my grammar; sometimes I get three pages and sometimes but one. I do not sifer any at all. Mamma Peggy and Tacky are all very well, and I am to.—I still remain your most affectionate son,
>
> WILLIAM HAZLITT.

Thus early an advocate of America—for the American Indians—and holding the "un-American" opinion that "it would have been a great deal better if the white people had not found it out," it is doubtless just as well that what seemed for a while the very likely chance of Hazlitt's growing up to fight the battle of the literary life in America rather than in England was turned aside. Otherwise, America might have had to reckon with an earlier Edgar Allan Poe. For Hazlitt's was not a nature to be at ease in any Zion, and, also, he would soon have found that political Zions, however founded on radical principles, need more leaven of conservatism to make them workable than he could have tolerated. Besides, as Mr. Birrell says, "he is so essentially a child of the old world—of old plays, old books, old pictures, and old prejudices—that it is hard to think of him as living in a brand-new Republic across the Atlantic, as yet unenriched with any of the spirits of time." Yet we must not forget that if America had no Winterslow Hutt for Hazlitt to take refuge in, another essayist of genius, with certain corresponding characteristics, found here a Walden Pond. However, in idly speculating on Hazlitt as a possible glory of American literature, we need not wish for him a harder battle than was to be his, and it might well have been harder, and less fruitful in results, had his father been able to accept the two likely pulpits that, as things go, were immediately open to him, after he had finally decided to return to England.

Besides, had there been no Wem in Hazlitt's biography, there had been no Coleridge, no essay on "My First Acquaintance with Poets." Where in literature is there a more impassioned expression of boyish hero-worship than this essay in which Hazlitt tells of his walking ten miles and back from Wem to Shrewsbury to hear Coleridge preach, and how "the leg of Welsh mutton and the turnips on the table that day had the finest flavor imaginable," as afterward, Coleridge, as his father's guest, discoursed to the boy's entrancement of divine philosophy, how on the morrow he accompanied his hero six miles on his return journey, walking on air, as Coleridge "talked the whole way," and how, having received an invitation to visit the sage the next spring, the winter went by in a dream of that wonderful event to come. "The golden sunsets, the silver star of evening, lighted me on my way to real hopes and prospects. *I was to visit Coleridge in the spring.*"

Hazlitt's boyhood was far behind him when he wrote this for Hunt's "Examiner," January 12, 1817. He was, in fact, nearing thirty-nine and considerably battle-scarred, but the youth in this mature essay was characteristic of one who could never grow up, and who retained his boyish ardor and impulsiveness to the end. It was equally characteristic of him that that same impulsiveness, which cast him headlong alike into his loves and his hates, had, only a week previous to this superb glorification of that memory of Coleridge, impelled him to make an attack on his quondam hero, which that rather doubtful hero never forgave. It was *à propos* an "advertisement" of Coleridge's "Lay Sermon," and ran in part as follows:

> We see no sort of difference between his published and unpublished compositions. It is just as impossible to get at the meaning of the one as the other. . . . Let the experiment be tried, and if, on committing the manuscript to the press, the author is caught in the fact of a single intelligible passage, we will be answerable for Mr. Coleridge's loss of character. But we know the force of his genius too well. What is his "Friend" itself but an enormous title-page; the longest and most tiresome prospectus that ever was written; an endless preface to an imaginary work; a table of contents that fills the whole volume; a huge bill of fare of all possible subjects, with not an idea to be had for love or money? . . . Through the whole of this work Mr. Coleridge appears in the character of the Unborn Doctor; the only Barmecide of Knowledge; the Prince of preparatory authors!

Hazlitt was curiously capable of admiring and condemning the same object, in almost the same breath; and as he whole-heartedly praised what he admired, he saw no reason against a like whole-hearted expression of what he condemned. But this was obviously a characteristic that did not make for popularity. He treated his one-time friend Wordsworth in the same strictly impersonal fashion. Wordsworth the poet had no more staunch and public champion, but Wordsworth the man, that egoist whose impenetrable complacency exasperates one to fury even to read of at this distance of time, was another man. Who will not feel a personal gratitude to Hazlitt for this glorious plain-speaking:

> He tolerates nothing but what he himself creates; he sympathizes only with what can enter into no competition with him, with "the

(*Continued on page 66*)

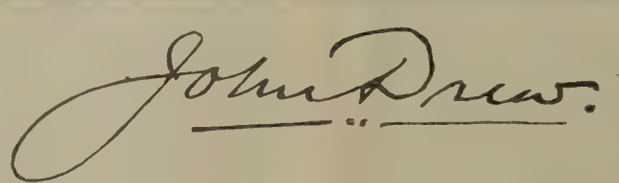
John Drew Gets a Big Red Apple

By Francis Wilson

"AN ancient wheeze of the rural schools," says John Drew, "was speak your piece good and you will get a big red apple." In his "My Years on the Stage"* he has carried out that rustic injunction to the letter, as it appears to me.

I have a half-way responsibility in the production of this our latest stage autobiography, for I was one of those who bedeviled Drew into bringing it into existence. For years I have sat with him at the Round Table at The Players and been a delighted listener to the "good" pieces he spoke and a delighted observer of the charming way he spoke them. But do all I would, do all a lot of his friends would, it seemed impossible to get his consent to listen to the many propositions that were made him to put his reminiscences into print. Finally, one day, when he had "set the table on a roar" with the narration of his embarrassment at not recognizing the poet Browning, whom the artist George Boughton had introduced without mentioning the name, supposing it unnecessary, I threatened, in the interest of the public, to print some of the good things he had been telling. Our "Petruchio" turned upon me, and with some earnestness said: "Well, that's one you won't print, for I'll go straight home and write it down!" As Barrie said when his publisher took his second and agreed to take his third story:

"Then I knew we had him." Then I knew "My Years on the Stage" would have "a first appearance" before the public.



We have had, and shall have, accounts of Daly's Theater presided over by the man who wore the black felt hat which he seldom if ever doffed, and who appeared uninvited before the Prince of Wales in a "business" suit, ushering into the Royal Box Miss Rehan and John Drew, whom His Royal Highness had "commanded" to present themselves. But who so welcome as John Drew to give us an intimate account of that theater's wonderful productions, and its equally wonderful audiences, its clientele, the like of which no theater in America has since known! From the day Drew stood in the "Greenroom" of Daly's Theater imagining, he tells us, that there was indifference toward him on the part of the players he had come to join, and was overtaken with a feeling of "loneliness," on up to the formation of the "Big Four" (as the association of himself, James Lewis, Ada Rehan and Mrs. Gilbert came to be known), until he took his farewell of his beloved companions to begin his career as a "star," which led to the development and coming into prominence of Maude Adams; the distinguished actor draws us tender little pictures full of gracious humor which none but he could have limned, and does it with a directness of stroke and simplicity of literary touch which none of us hitherto suspected. All this would have been lost to us if Drew had remained obdurate—or, perhaps I should say, if he had not been sufficiently prodded.

A story of James Lewis which Drew sometimes tells with such effect I find is not included in "My Years on the Stage." Upon his arrival in London Lewis was asked by some friends to have a glass of beer, which so profoundly astonished him by its warmth as it reached his lips that he, in no uncertain terms, exprest his intention when he reached New York, to go to his old haunt and get a glass of real beer which would be as delightfully cold as the nether end of death!

The tenderest thing in the book is the delicate way in which Henry Miller told Drew of the death of "Jimmy" Lewis. Miller called up Drew from Westhampton and told him that "Lewis had had some trouble with his heart."

"Why don't you get a doctor?" asked Drew.

"There is no need for a doctor," was the reply.

"What do you mean?" inquired Drew, not understanding.

"There is nothing the matter with his heart now," Miller replied, and Drew knew only too sadly that his dearest friend was no more.

"My Years on the Stage" is a good-looking book, in page and cover, and also has that joy to the student, an intelligent index. The illustrations are most generous and for the most part a positive delight. The picture of Mr. Drew's mother, our own "Mrs. Malaprop," taken from a daguerreotype of her in the character of "Ophelia," might well be that of Mr. Drew's daughter Louise, so strong is the family likeness. The picture of John Drew in the early sixties in cadet uniform, "The Hero of Gettysburg," is that of a darling boy of which any family might well have been—and no doubt were—extremely proud, despite the smile they all had over his title for it, giving us an intimate peep into the household of this family of humor-loving people; while the picture of the mother of the Barrymores, Georgie Drew Barrymore, John Drew's

*My Years on the Stage. By John Drew, with a Foreword by Booth Tarkington. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5.

sister, taken with her children, Ethel, Lionel and John, who are so ably carrying on the family tradition, is an interesting theatrical document which it was a positive inspiration to have found and published. I say—to have found—because few of these pictures seem to have come from the family archives.

For my part, I do not applaud the selection of Joseph Decamp's likeness as the initial illustration of the book. The original hangs in The Players. There is no quarrel with it as a bit of artistry—in that respect it is superb—but to my thinking it is too severe. It has little of the radiance and soul of John Drew, and little of the geniality of The Players' president as I have known him these thirty-five years. For one, I am grateful for the Charlotte Fairchild photograph used both on the jacket and at the end of the volume. It is nearer, much, to the real John Drew, the polished, courteous raconteur, the effervescent gentleman of quip and quotation, the man of heart and soul, and the skilful player who has, as Booth Tarkington says, in the graceful foreword to the memoirs—especially graceful coming from a dramatist—"turned many a playwright's shoddy outline into a fine fellow."

In his memoirs John Drew tells us that the last time that he saw his mother act was as Mrs. Malaprop in a revival of "The Rivals." I had the joy of playing in that same company with Mrs. John Drew and Joseph Jefferson. It was a privilege. They were both great artists. A little more than a year later, I sat with Jefferson in the pew of the church from which she was buried, at Philadelphia. A vast throng of people filled the church and lined the streets.

"Isn't this a beautiful tribute to the memory of our dear 'Mrs. Malaprop'?" I whispered to Jefferson. "Yes, indeed," he replied, "but not more than she deserves."

Maurice Barrymore, Drew's brilliant brother-in-law, mischievously introduced one evening into the prayers of his children: "God bless Uncle John and make him a good actor!"

Except for the humor of it, which was rich enough, there was never any necessity for that prayer, for John Drew, through his gifted and famous forbears, was inclined to the art of acting long, long before he was born. He tells us most interestingly how his mother took him in hand for his initial stage efforts, how she improvised lines and went into playful conspiracy with the audience at his sister's "benefit," and brought down the house at his expense. Fortunate boy, young Drew, to have his career handed to him on a silver plate, so to speak, while other less fortunate fellows were trying to burglarize their way into the profession of their choice!

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MRS. JOHN DREW, SENIOR, AS MRS. MALAPROP IN "THE RIVALS"

The time covered by John Drew in "My Years on the Stage" is somewhat of a golden period of the drama, and we owe him a deal of appreciation for setting down his part in it. We should have been willing to forego part of the extended list of casts of various plays for a fuller appreciation of Ada Rehan and her art, and as well of Mrs. Gilbert, and we should have been grateful for a contrasting word in connection with the great comedians and the great tragedians with whose art Drew was familiar. We can not but feel that an illuminating word might have been spoken about the stage as an art and as a commerce, and what it was thought the future held in store for it. Coming from Drew it would have had weight and importance. But who are we to cavil? Knowing the modesty of the man and the difficulty of persuading him to publish at all, let us be thankful for what he has given us, a book about the stage that will delight the casual reader and be also a faithful source of satisfaction to any student of the drama.

JOHN DREW AND OTHER NOTABLES IN "A NIGHT OFF"

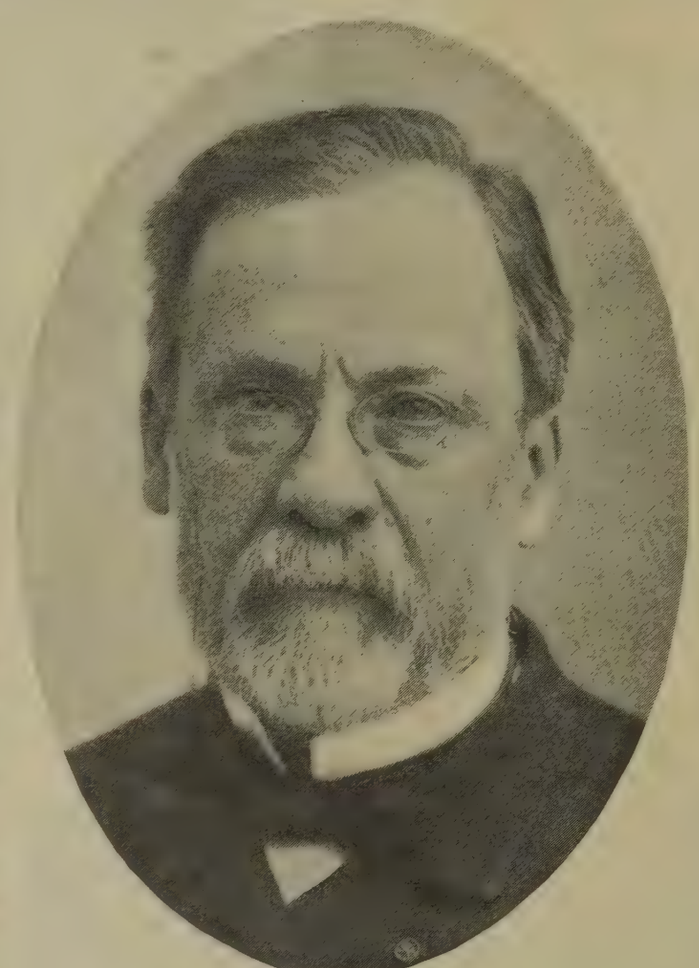
From Left to Right: John Drew, James Lewis, Ada Rehan, Charles Fisher, Virginia Dreher, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, Otis Skinner, and May Irwin

A Pasteur Century and Its Marvels

By Maurice Francis Egan

THE edition, for the centenary of Pasteur's birth, revised and complete, of this book,* which is almost a classic, makes one realize that if volumes like this continue to be printed, our novelists will have to look out for their laurels and extend their audiences by unusual efforts. Perhaps one of the reasons why autobiographies and biographies have become so generally read is that they are better written than they used to be, when all but the very best seemed to be elaborate amplifications of the more modern epitaphs in Westminster Abbey.

Mr. René Vallery-Radot prefixt to his volume an appropriate sentiment quoted from Dr. Roux—"The work of Pasteur is worthy of the highest admiration; it manifests his genius, but one must have lived with him intimately to know all the goodness of his heart." And the skill of this biography makes us live with Pasteur in the closest intimacy. It is a leisurely book, but so deftly did the author keep this great man of peace in the atmosphere of his time—so unself-consciously does he show him in his habit as he lived—that we feel the same interest in it as we would in any great novel, where the episodes and the characters are carefully chosen and exquisitely shaded. This volume has six hundred and twenty-five pages, and the processes by which Pasteur advanced step by step toward his marvelous results are carefully noted. This admission would be sufficient, under ordinary circumstances, to turn all but the scientifically trained away from the book. The new reader might just as well know the worst in the very beginning of this article. But even that reader who has fed on the kind of predigested pap for the people now so common, will find these pages intensely interesting if he is not familiar with previous editions.



LOUIS PASTEUR

If Mr. Vallery-Radot had one outstanding fault, it was his way of stopping in the middle of an account of an important experiment, where one is thrilled with expectation, drifting away for several pages to other things, and returning to the climax only when he is ready.

For example, the description of the spread of the "*pébre*" or "*gattine*" among the silkworms in France might be made very dull, but our author managed to give it an entrancing interest. In May, 1865, the senator and scientist, J. B. Dumas, wrote to Pasteur that "the wretchedness among our poor people caused by this strange disease is beyond all expression. This was at a time when Pasteur, in spite of criticism—much of it the criticism of the prejudiced and small-minded—was recognized as a great discoverer, and almost capable of working miracles.

The mulberry tree and the silkworm, acclimated by Louis XI in Touraine, and by Catherine de Medicis in Orleans, was bringing into France in the middle of the nineteenth century at least one hundred millions of francs a year. The name of the "tree of gold" given to the mulberry was very appropriate, but the mulberry was useless if the silkworms could not be induced to live on its leaves. The time had come when the only healthy "grains" came from Japan. China itself, which thousands of years ago had had a monopoly of the rearing of the precious insect, mourned its approaching destruction. Italy, Austria, Spain, Greece, Turkey and the Caucasus were in an equally bad plight; but France was more deeply affected than any other country. The sericiculturists noted the beginning of ruin in 1845, and certain mild experiments were tried—many of these savoring of the time when ground-up spiders were looked on as a sovereign remedy for fever. There was a resort to cinders and to soot, with which the silkworms were covered. Rum, wine and absinthe were poured on the leaves of the mulberry trees!

When one realizes the condition of the scientific mind at the time Louis Pasteur began his discovery of germs and microbes and carried on researches that seemed to the uninspired mind utterly futile, one is amazed to discover the ignorance that existed even among the savants. It is easy to say this now, since some of the most important discoveries of Pasteur are even as household words.

When Pasteur began his investigation for the cure of rabies the old fashion of smothering the victim of this fearful disease was not unusually followed. Late in the '60's, even in this country, it was a custom not publicly approved of and not entirely privately condemned. Mr. Vallery-Radot calls attention to the prevalence in France of this method of ending the suffering of the victims of a disease for which there appeared to be no remedy.

Before the year 1885, Pasteur—as all know who have read the former editions of this work—had practically completed his experiments on his groups of dogs infected by rabies. But there was a doubt as to whether the virus associated with the vaccinal substance could be isolated and used as a permanent cure for human beings.

The story of Pasteur's first experiment on the child of nine years, Joseph Meister, has been told over and over again; but here, showing with the clearness of Pasteur's brain and the warmth of his heart, it keeps the reader in a breathless state of attention.

The great Vulpien, most prudent of experimentalists, en-

*La Vie de Pasteur. Par René Vallery-Radot. Paris: Ernest Flammarion, Editeur, 26 Rue Racine. Edition: 1922.

couraged the anxious Pasteur to attempt the cure. In the meantime, young Meister and his mother waited; and at last the child was saved. Failure in the case of Louise Pellitier, whose condition before the experiment gave little hope, and the death of three Russians lacerated by a wolf, excited new controversies and attacks, altho fourteen other Russian patients recovered.

The reigning Czar empowered his brother, the Grand Duke Wladimir, to give Pasteur the Grand Cross of St. Anne of Russia in brilliants, and a hundred thousand francs toward the foundation of the Pasteur Institute.

The process of the experiments as detailed in this centenary edition of a great book—the hero was born on December 27, 1822—the courage and the fortitude, the power of self-sacrifice of Pasteur and his devoted wife, all play their parts on the variegated surface of the tissue of the "Life."

The ancient controversy as to the probability of spontaneous generation has lost some of its interest, but not the part Pasteur played in it. He was always so just, so simple, so straightforward. Somewhere in these pages the author assumes that the expositor of ideas may be best known by the word he most frequently uses. Pasteur's favorite word, we are told, was "noble," and if unswerving devotion to the good of humanity, generosity in all his relations of life, and boundless love for his family and friends, make the rudiments of true nobility, he was really noble.

In our time, which—in spite of critics whose chief business seems to be to destroy—is replete with high idealism, this definitive edition of the life of one of the greatest benefactors of our race ought to serve as a stimulating encouragement. We need it. Who can count the gifts he gave to a bewildered and suffering humanity? Let us take, for instance, the struggle with anthrax in sheep.

One does not realize what his work meant for France until one visualizes the condition of things as they existed before 1865 and the great progress that has been made through his efforts since that time. To know the life of Pasteur is to understand the condition of rural France—the fears, the hopes—the gulf between life and death, between disease and penury, and health and competence—which he bridged over.

It is unnecessary to repeat the story of his early years here, or of his ancestors, especially of his father, the stanch conscript sergeant who defied the civil authorities, determined that the sword which had flashed for Napoleon should not be used by mere civilians. Pasteur's determination not to permit the faith of his fathers and the modern scientific view to come in conflict seems very logical against the background of his directness and simplicity. He was a stanch defender of Littré, with whom he shared a great desire to rest finally in a country home of his own. He had no sympathy, however, with Littré's Positivism. His religion, he declared, was of the heart; he was not a metaphysician, and he believed that metaphysics and experimental science had little in common. In fact, Anatole France, if he had been less cynical, might have created such a character as Pasteur's as an expression—forever—of the best in French character, which is, after all, the best in humanity.

The centenary of Pasteur, coming in so short a time after the close of a terrific reign of destruction, ought to be made a text for the completion of that far-off divine event which some plainly foresee, and for which others humbly grope. It is true that Pasteur was a man of genius, and it is true that the examples of men of genius often fill lesser men with despair because they seem incapable of imitation; but the heart of this truly great man beat with the heart of the ordinary man, and to this "heart interest," to use a banal phrase, the stimulating value of this admirable "Life" is due.

Giving Children a Chance to Be Children

By Hildegarde Hawthorne

UNTIL Rousseau began to make his observations and transcriptions of child nature, children were regarded as little men and women, as adults save in size. Since his day we are getting farther and farther away from this conception, until now we are beginning to see that a child is a being of a different species, allied tho it may be to the adult, and on the road as it is to becoming an adult. The methods by which a child meets the world, understands itself and others, gets what it needs from life, are different from the methods employed by grown-up persons. And in training children it is important to understand these different methods, to have some notion of what is termed the soul life of the child, its psychology.

The literature on the subject is growing daily, both in amount and in quality. Usually it is too abstruse for any but the student of the science to enjoy. Occasionally a volume comes to hand that approaches the whole subject in a more popular, and certainly more directly practical manner, for if children are to be benefited by an increasing understanding of them, that understanding must lie in those who come into contact with children, who have the bringing-up and the educating of the child in their hands—especially those who see the child in its own home. It is for this reason that Vilhem Rasmussen's work, "Child Psychology,"* in three volumes, small, easy to slip into a pocket, well printed and appealing in format, is likely to accomplish a lot more than the stout, heavy, strictly scientific tome of a Baldwin or a Binet.

Rasmussen's book has been translated from the Danish by David Pritchard in what appears to be a thorough and is assuredly an attractive manner. It is based not only on a comprehensive study of all the authorities on the subject, but on personal study over some seven or eight years devoted to the two children belonging to the author, girls separated in age by some three and one half years. Rasmussen begins his voyages of discovery with the first child's birth, and the adventures he relates are immensely interesting. These journeys into the minds and emotions of children from birth to the age of seven or eight have all the appeal of pioneering, for these are the years of which we know least, and from which we can retrieve least by our memories. The riches they reveal are wonderful. As Harold Hoffding, who writes the preface, and who is himself a recognized authority on psychology, observes, "we gain a vivid impression of the conditions, and of the many possibilities which it includes." Like Keats, we stand amazed as new planets swim within our ken, and new worlds unfold.

It is in reading a work of this kind that one realizes how rare indeed is careful observation. There are few of us who are not in more or less direct communication with childhood. Yet of us all how very few ever really know a child, know what it means by its questions, its remarks, its play, its display of emotions, by what means it arrives at its conclusions, in what manner it reasons.

*CHILD PSYCHOLOGY. By Vilhem Rasmussen. Three volumes. New York: Alfred Knopf.

The child lives a life insulated from us. It speaks what sounds more or less like our own language, but the words it uses often carry meanings for it that they do not have for us, or the reverse. We can perceive its acts, but we do not perceive the springs to those acts, and it is these that are important. Herr Rasmussen does a great deal to help us toward these true perceptions and clearer understandings and in doing so he also manages to fascinate us.

Rasmussen believes to a great degree in letting the child develop itself. He criticizes the Froebel Kindergarten system for the fact that it seeks too much to direct children, to impose on them acts and ideas from without; he approves far more of the Montessori method, calls it indeed an "America in education." But he says that children living in good homes need no kindergarten, and "without doubt thrive best in an atmosphere of home with its totally non-compulsory play, especially when the latter is associated with natural, open-air conditions." He asserts that it is already "a matter of serious consideration that so many parents send their children to school before their seventh year; for school attendance exercises a retarding influence on the small child's development. Nothing but evil . . . could result where children of from three to seven years of age are made to attend a kindergarten of a school-like nature." Play, and nothing but play, should be the method of the kindergarten, for it is by play that a child develops naturally and fully.

It is the child who is best off physically, who is above the normal health, strength and weight—who is a leader psychically also—whose emotional and mental equipment and powers are highest. This has been proved by a great many tests, especially the measurements, etc., made by Townsend Porter in St. Louis on more than 35,000 boys and girls of school age. But, as Rasmussen says, measurements and weight are relative. A small boy, naturally small, may be in better physical condition than a large one, and it takes a skilled man to make the proper allowances. The fact that good health and alert intelligence go together is, however, pretty well established. Keep your child above the mean in physical condition, and you have provided one important item to his mental and emotional well-being.

The first volume of this book is given over to the very earliest part of a child's life. There is first a brief survey of the general field, with mention of those who have worked it, some speculations as to whether the unborn child is conscious of sensations, and some conclusions regarding the newborn infant, and the condition of the mother before the child's birth, with its effects on the child. After that we meet the tiny R., and join in the observations and experiments made by her father, and follow her well through her third year.

Rasmussen draws many analogies between children and savages, or primitive peoples. This is, of course, familiar doctrine. He shows how the early drawings which all children amuse themselves with are of exactly the same type as the drawings of the aborigines of Australia, several specimens being reproduced. In each case the pictures are what he terms "memory" silhouettes. They are not drawn directly from the model, but from the remembered man, dog, cow or what-not, and have corresponding faults. R. seems to have a natural gift for drawing, which has shown itself quite definitely by the time she reaches six or seven. But her early designs are like those of any other child, rough approximations, which nevertheless satisfy her. And it is this question of the way the child estimates its drawings that Rasmussen finds important. And here again he notes, what is constantly emphasized by him, the essential difference between the point of view of child and adult. The adult makes an outline sketch as a suggestion of the original, a simplification that gives a glimpse of the essential, and knows definitely what he is doing. "Quite otherwise is it with the child. Its 'sketches' are only *apparently* outlines; in the child's estimation they contain everything possible. The child regards its drawings as graphic reproductions closely resembling the original. . . . I base my conclusion on the great pleasure the child exhibits in its designs, and the imaginative way it endows them with life . . ." And to back up this conclusion Rasmussen tells of several scenes with his small daughter, then about three. Not only did R. endow her own drawings with life, but once, seeing a picture of a man with his head stuck between two posts, she begged her mother to "please take it out."

In discussing the intelligence of children Rasmussen agrees that one must take measurements, as one takes measurements to ascertain his physical state. But he does not think that the famous Binet-Simon tests are completely satisfactory. He gives these, as they have been revised by Nielsen, to be used from the third to the tenth year; he tried them very carefully and thoroughly on his children, and relates the results. Rasmussen directs his criticism to the fact that too many of the tests are not truly tests of intelligence, but rather of memory, of the hazards of education or of environment, and of the attention the child yields to the questions. Rasmussen defines intelligence as "the child's general psychical ability of adapting itself to new tasks and conditions with which life in the moment confronts it." When R. was six she passed all the tests for the sixth and seventh years correctly, and practically all the tests for the eighth year also. She missed, when she did miss, through sheer lack of knowledge, as when she could not name the months of the year.

After trying most of the tests of the tenth year on R. with satisfactory results, Rasmussen invented tests of his own, tests that would show the ability to *think*, which is what all tests should be aimed at. It is the child's reasoning faculties, its power to think independently, that is important. Memory and attention have value, certainly, but not to the same extent.

The third part of the work takes the child on to regular school age, seven or eight, and tells a great deal about R. and her smaller sister S. It begins with an extremely interesting chapter, "Casual Observations on Thought," where a strong plea to regard the child's thinking powers with seriousness is made, and a number of incidents showing how very clearly R. reasoned and thought are given. Another compelling chapter in this third volume is the one on "Imagination." Again he ends with a plea to let the child develop naturally; not to be forever guiding and coercing, though he by no means advocates letting a child "go its own way," whatever that way may be. Good habits must be taught it, and obedience where necessary insisted upon. But do not, he says, "ridicule its ideas, nor make the grievous mistake to seek by unnatural means to dwarf its lively imagination. . . . Be childish in the presence of children, and leave to reality the task of correcting errors of imagination. . . ."

The mistake we are constantly making is to insist that children shall be adult in our presence, instead of being childish in theirs. Reading this book will help us to see this mistake and to correct it. But aside from its practical value, which must be great, it proves to be a delightful and entertaining account of a strange part of life, which we have all passed through, but which has left little definite recollection in our minds. R. and S. provide some laughs, but they give us food for thought that is serious enough, in all conscience. Through the ages the world has consistently ignored the child or sentimentalized over him. It seems to be time to understand him, to give him a fair chance to be a child, and books like this will clear the road toward that happy end.

In the conclusion of his recent series of talks upon the contemporary novel Mr. Hugh Walpole dwelt upon the new intensive type of personal revelation, that "plunging in" which May Sinclair described in the preface to one of Dorothy Richardson's books. Mr. Walpole is against the Richardsons and the James Joyces and the disincarnated novel that supplies the reader with a state of mind—the author's state of mind—and projects itself not at all into the lives and hopes of other men, leaving the rest of life nebulous and untouched. He likewise repeated his statement of last year that Henry James was a writer of detective stories, employing the methods of a sleuth to hunt down a motive through the intricate hiding-places of one mind after another, and he gave as a final summing up of his own creed as a novelist the name of Dostoievsky.

From Mojave Desert to Siberian Steppe

With a Dash of Peril Nearer Home

THERE are a good many adventurous-minded mortals who, being bound to a daily task, carry in their bosoms, not a secret sorrow, exactly, but a secret dread that all the wilderness places of earth will be settled up before they can get a chance to explore them. The travel books of the present season should bring some comfort to these unfortunates, for almost any group of such volumes, chosen at random, is sufficient to convince one that there are still several vast regions of adventure which are in no immediate danger of being plotted for town lots.

Here, for instance, are half a dozen travel books that are typical of the season's best. One is by Mr. Stefansson, the Arctic explorer, and it opens up vast wilderness vistas in the Canadian North. Another is by Ralph D. Paine, who has been able to find adventures along all the roads from Yale College to China. The narrative of Mrs. Edna Brush Perkins's journey into Death Valley at the heart of the Mojave Desert shows no alarming decrease of perils in that quarter of the world. Somerset Maugham, the novelist, has found new experiences and impressions among China's teeming millions, while Arthur Mason, an Irishman with a passion for the sea, provides a volume of wanderings in both hemispheres. But the most thrilling adventure book of the group, if not the whole year, is that of Ferdinand Ossendowski, a Polish professor who had to flee for his life from the Bolsheviki of Siberia, and whose path of escape led him through Mongolia and darkest Tibet.

Lest the amazing adventures related in Dr. Ossendowski's book* should be considered mere figments of a too lively imagination, the publishers take pains to assure us that the author is a distinguished scientist and a trained observer who can be relied on to describe accurately what he has seen and experienced. It is well that we have this assurance, for otherwise we might be tempted to think that Ferdinand Ossendowski is another Louis Rougemont. And yet, when we consider how little we know of the interior of Asia and its peoples, and how much we know about the Russian Bolsheviki, the story is not so incredible after all.

EDNA BRUSH PERKINS, CLEVELAND SOCIETY WOMAN, FORMER SUFFRAGE LEADER, AND AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE HEART OF MOJAVE."

The Siberian town of Krasnoyarsk on the river Yenisei was the starting-point of Dr. Ossendowski's adventurous journey. Learning that the Bolsheviki were about to arrest him as a counter-revolutionist, and knowing that his arrest would mean a speedy death, he left this place and fled to the forest. Thence he made his way south through Outer and Inner Mongolia to Tibet, and then, finding it impossible to go further in that direction, retraced his steps to Outer Mongolia and struck westward to Manchuria and the Pacific. The first stages of the journey were undertaken alone, but later he found a companion in the person of a Russian agricultural expert, and for a part of the way he traveled in the company of a number of "White" officers who were also trying to escape the Bolsheviki. They traveled on foot, on horseback, on camels, or in carts, as opportunity offered, and they took their lives in their hands every step of the way. Armed detachments of Red soldiers were scouring the country to round up survivors of Kolchak's Army, and it was not always possible to avoid them. There were several fights in which the fugitives were fortunate enough to be victorious. There were encounters with brigands, too, in one of which six of Dr. Ossendowski's companions were killed. This happened in Tibet and made it necessary for the party to turn back and seek another route to the sea. And on more than one occasion the author and his friends narrowly escaped being shot on suspicion of being Bolshevik spies. Aside from all these dangers, the ordinary perils of a journey through unknown territory over snow-clad mountains, across ice-bound rivers and through burning deserts were enough to daunt the most intrepid traveler.

Dr. Ossendowski's nature notes are quite as astonishing as the story of his adventures. He tells, for example, of a gigantic black prairie rat which inhabits certain parts of Mongolia, living in colonies of from one to two hundred. This rodent has an unusual way of preparing his winter supply of fodder.

> During the weeks when the grass is most succulent he actually mows it down with swift jerky swings of his head, cutting about twenty or thirty stalks with his sharp long front teeth. Then he allows his grass to cure and later puts up his prepared hay in a most scientific manner. First he makes a mound about a foot high. Through this he pushes down into the ground four slanting stakes, converging toward the middle of the pile, and binds them close over the surface of the hay with the longest strands of grass, leaving the ends protruding enough for him to add another foot to the height of the pile, when he again binds the surface with more long strands—all this to keep his winter supply of food from blowing away over the prairie. This stock he always locates right at the door of his den to avoid long winter hauls.

At Urga in Mongolia Dr. Ossendowski was fortunate enough to have several interviews with the Living Buddha, His Holiness Djebtsung Damba Hutuktu Khan or Bogdo Gheghen, Pontiff of Ta Kure. The Bogdo is blind, his affliction being the result of over-indulgence in alcohol, but his drunkenness does not seem, in the minds of his followers, to detract in the least from his holiness. He is surrounded by five thousand Lamas of all ranks from simple servants to the "Councillors of God." Three classes of these Lamas are particularly interesting. One is that of the fortune-tellers, whose business it is to study the destiny and fate of every important personage who visits the monastery and impart the result of their observations to the Bogdo, so that he may know how to treat his guests and what policy to follow in dealing with them. The second class is composed of the doctors, who heal the sick, and the third class of the highest rank of doctors, who are expert poisoners. Of these, the author says:

> They may be said to be "doctors of political medicine." They live by themselves, apart from any associates, and are

*BEASTS, MEN AND GODS. By Ferdinand Ossendowski. 325 pages. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

the great silent weapon in the hands of the Living Buddha. I was informed that a large portion of them are dumb. I saw one such doctor—the very person who poisoned the Chinese physician sent by the Chinese Emperor from Peking to "liquidate" the Living Buddha—a small, white, old fellow with a deeply wrinkled face, a curl of white hairs on his chin and with vivacious eyes that were ever shifting inquiringly about him. Whenever he comes to a monastery, the local "god" ceases to eat and drink in fear of the activities of this Mongolian Locusta. But even this can not save the condemned, for a poisoned cap or shirt or boots, or a rosary, a bridle, books or religious articles soaked in a poisonous solution will surely accomplish the object of the Bogdo-Khan.

In the temples and monasteries at Urga, and in other places as well, Dr. Ossendowski saw and heard many things which he is unable to explain. Miracles, or what appeared to be miracles, were performed before his very eyes. He was warned of dangers that would threaten him, and in due time they did threaten him in the very forms spoken of in the warnings. He saw, in a vision, his family which was thousands of miles away, and this vision was seen by others as well. What mysterious power produced these phenomena? The author tells us frankly that he does not know.

* * *

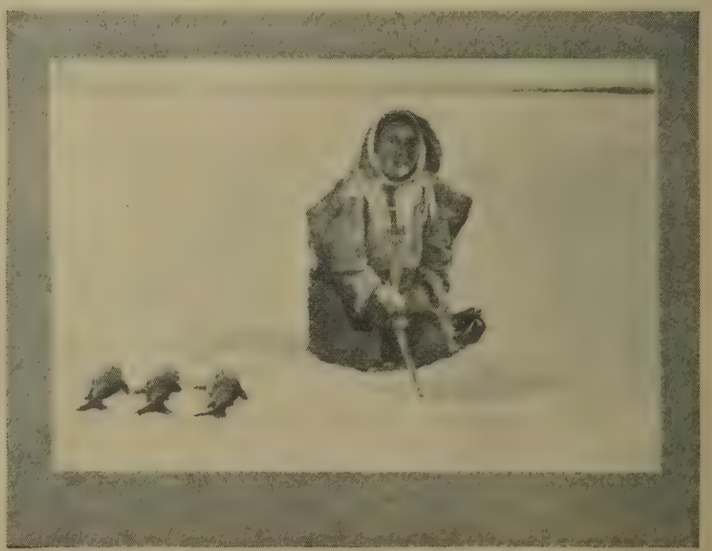
Vilhjalmur Stefansson tells the story of his first trip to the Arctic in "Hunters of the Great North."* Up to a very short time before he undertook this journey, he had no thought of becoming an Arctic explorer. He was a student of anthropology in the graduate school of Harvard University and had expected to join an expedition to East Central Africa, when he was invited to become a member of a party headed by an American named Leffingwell and a Dane named Mikkelsen, whose intention was to explore Victoria Land. Stefansson accepted the invitation and agreed to join the party at Herschel Island near the mouth of the Mackenzie River. When he reached the rendezvous and learned that Leffingwell's ship had not yet arrived, and was not likely to arrive until spring, he determined to spend the winter in learning as much as he could about the Eskimos. For that purpose he went to a place called Shingle Point, about fifty miles east of Herschel Island, and lived there in an Eskimo village with no other white men near by. By living as the Eskimos did, he felt that he could get in closer touch with them than if he merely visited them from time to time. Later on he moved still further away, where he could find Eskimos who habitually spoke the real Eskimo language. In this connection he says:

AN ESKIMO HUNTER AND HIS WIFE

> There are probably few languages in the world more difficult to learn than Eskimo. If you want to get along well, you have to use every day a vocabulary of ten or twelve thousand words. This is a vocabulary three or four times as large as that used by the average European when speaking a European language. In addition, the inflections are so complicated that Greek or German would be easy in comparison. The white men who come in contact with the Eskimos are ordinarily not of the scholarly type. They may try when first they come to the country to learn Eskimo, but they soon give it up as being hopelessly difficult and drop into the general habit of using "jargon" or "pidgin."
>
> This jargon itself has been developed because of the difficulty of learning the real language. It is an artificial tongue, comparable to the pidgin English that is used by Europeans in dealing with China-

*Hunters of the Great North. By Vilhjalmur Stefansson. With Illustrations. 301 pages. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.50.

ONE OF STEFANSSON'S EXPEDITIONS BUILDING A SNOWHOUSE



A WOMAN FISHING THROUGH THE ICE IN THE ARCTIC

men. The Mackenzie River jargon consists of three or four hundred words, according to which whaler or which Eskimo you talk with. In addition to the regular jargon nearly every individual invents a few special words of his own which are known to him and to those he deals with. Where the real Eskimo is highly inflected, this jargon is not inflected at all.

Contrary to his expectations, Mr. Stefansson found that the interior of an Eskimo house is warmer than an American steam-heated apartment, the usual temperature being from 75 to 80 degrees. Oil lamps are used for heating and often for cooking, altho for the latter purpose many use stoves, burning driftwood. When these are used, the temperature often goes to 100 degrees during the time that meals are being prepared. For this reason very little clothing is worn indoors. Regarding the outdoor temperature, Mr. Stefansson found it but little more severe than that of North Dakota, where he lived as a boy. He suffered very little from frostbites, and that only before he had learned to take care of himself. He found that a beard, far from being a protection against cold, merely served to condense the moisture from the breath and hold it until it froze and formed a mask of ice.

STEAMSHIP WAESLAND IN HER EARLY DAYS AS A LINER

The concluding chapters of the book tell some of Mr. Stefansson's hunting adventures in the far North. He describes the methods used by the Eskimos in hunting caribou, seal and polar bears, and he scouts the idea that they are any more skilful than the white man who will take the trouble to observe their ways and profit by them. Hunting in the Arctic is not done for sport, but solely with the idea of procuring food, and the man who is not a skilful hunter is extremely likely to starve to death if he undertakes a journey of any length. Necessity has taught the Eskimos how to stalk and kill the game they need to feed themselves and their dogs, and they have become marvelously expert, but no more so than white men who have lived in the Arctic long enough to learn its lessons.

* * *

Those who enjoy a narrative of "the strenuous life," who appreciate a tale of wanderings in unfamiliar ways, the company of men of good cheer and courage, will find Ralph D. Paine's "Roads of Adventure,"* much to their liking. Such striking figures as "Dynamite Johnny" O'Brien, Stephen Crane and Ernest McCready are portrayed, and there are many anecdotes told with the skill of a veteran raconteur and a writing man who is never at a loss for a felicitous phrase.

Thirty years ago a strapping six-foot Florida youth from Jacksonville became a Yale freshman. He was ambitious, earnest, poor, after the manner of clergymen's sons, and, one gathers, untroubled by the cynicism of this disillusioned generation. The Age of Innocence still persisted in our university towns well on to the end of the last century. Faint, indeed, were the repercussions of the *fin de siècle* mood and the Yellow Nineties of its English imitators. "For God, for Country and for Yale" was a popular sentiment requiring no elucidation or fine analysis. A Grecian clarity ruled the lives of undergraduates, who supposed that athletic supremacy and honest endeavor in studies, if not in themselves the highest desiderata, at least were the best guides to perfection. One may perhaps smile at the naïveté of a moral point of view which would fit all humanity into a Procrustes' bed that Theseus might comfortably have occupied; but it bred men of character, men who, as they say in the army, could stand the gaff. Nothing is finer in "Roads of Adventure" than the account of how a Yale crew took defeat. The great "Bob" Cook, most famous rowing coach of his day, had just seen his men outrowed by Harvard. At Number Four pulled the Florida youth with his eyes on the neck of the great Heffelfinger, king of the gridiron. The narrative continues:

> In accents shaky and tearful, I exclaimed.
>
> "T-that's w-what you g-get, Mr. Cook, for having a big useless d-dub of a freshman on your crew."
>
> And there you have the moral of this chronicle of disaster. Every man took the defeat unto himself, as his own personal responsibility. There was never a thought of blaming the coaches or the "Bob" Cook stroke. If we had rowed it well, we could have won the race. We had rowed it badly and therefore we lost. There was nothing else to it. If in later years we acquired the American failing of passing the buck, it was not learned in that old boathouse at Gales Ferry. . . .
>
> Nothing is easier than to offer excuses. It is the most prevalent of all besetting sins. No credit to the freshman who shouldered the burden of failure in that vanquished Yale crew of thirty years ago. His comrades were of the same mind concerning each his own

RALPH D. PAINE MAKES A LANDING UNDER DIFFICULTIES
(*From a drawing by Rufus F. Zogbaum*)

(*Continued on page 62*)

*ROADS OF ADVENTURE. By Ralph D. Paine. Illustrated. 452 pages. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. $5.

An English View of the American Literary Revolt

By C. E. Bechhofer

THE essential thing about one phase of recent American literature is that it represents a revolt against the intellectual standards that have for so long dominated American culture. One may accept the current phraseology and label the official philosophy "Puritanism," "Philistinism," or "the optimism of the pioneer"; but the name does not much matter. The standards are there; and whether one agrees or not, or not wholly, with the young Americans who to-day are revolting against them, it is absolutely necessary for any reader who does not wish to go astray in his judgment of new American books to accept the revolt as a serious fact.

WILLA CATHER

Readers may gain a good idea of the significance of this battle of ideals from a recent book by Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, one of the more brilliant younger American critics, entitled "The Ordeal of Mark Twain." At the time of this book's first appearance I was assured in New York that a review had appeared in an English journal which treated it as merely an exercise in psychopathology and deprecated such attempts to intrude upon the privacy of the literary dead. Such a review may or may not have appeared, but the argument is one that does undoubtedly come into the Englishman's mind when he first lights upon Mr. Brooks's book. Yet any one acquainted at first hand with American conditions must at once realize that Mr. Brooks is attempting, through the example of Mark Twain, to set out the conflict between the America of the last century and of the present day, and, as it were, to analyze not only the mind of his hero, but that of the nation as a whole.

The strictly biographical portion of the book can be briefly summarized. Mark Twain was born and brought up in the atmosphere of little Mississippi towns, where, as one writer has said, one never saw a woman who was not anemic and fretful, a man who was not moody and taciturn, a child who was not stunted from hard labor or undernourishment. Life in these towns was sordid and primitive, as whoever reads between the lines of "Huckleberry Finn" will easily see. Mark Twain was the fifth child of a loveless couple; his father was a morose invalid, his mother a brave but narrow-minded woman, the Aunt Polly of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." He was delicate and nervous, and came in consequence to be more under his mother's influence than any of the other children. But his mother, says Mr. Brooks, was "the embodiment of that old-fashioned, cast-iron Calvinism which had proved so favorable to the life of enterprising action, but which perceived the scent of the devil in any least expression of what is now known as the creative impulse." He was a born artist, and therefore in a position of peculiar difficulty in that rough pioneer atmosphere, where what was socially desirable was uniformity and mediocrity, and any assertion of individual achievement was suspect.

Mark Twain definitely accepted the standards of his mother and his friends; he determined to be a success, to make money, to be a good companion and helper of society; but the unconscious artist in him revolted against this. Mr. Brooks shows that this struggle between his conscious ideals and his suppressed emotions explains, as nothing else can, the amazing duality of the man. Only once in his life did Mark Twain find happiness—when he was a Mississippi pilot, the only profession in that part of America in his day which allowed a man to be a social success and yet his own master. Otherwise his life is one sad story of self-deception and self-contempt.

> A born artist ridiculing art, a born artist hating art, a born artist destroying art—there we have the natural evolution of a man who, in the end, wishes to destroy himself and the world.

Again:—

> To degrade beauty, to debase distinction and thus to simplify the life of the man with an eye single to the main chance—that, one may almost say, is the general tendency of Mark Twain's humor.

Whoever remembers his "Innocents Abroad" or the "Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," to mention no others of his books, will recognize the truth of this criticism. His unconscious urge all the time was to satirize the America around him, but this his training would not allow. Thus, as Mr. Brooks points out, in the "Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," "while the artist in him wished to satirize not England but America, the pioneer in him wished to satirize not America but England. And as usual the pioneer won." It was much the same with Mark Twain as with the ignorant immigrants of to-day in America, who, revolting unconsciously against the Anglo-Saxon rule in the United States, transfer their distrust of it to England. Mark Twain's other biographers and critics have endeavored to pass over his pessimism and self-contempt ("I am demeaning myself—I am allowing myself to be a mere buffoon. It's ghastly. I can't endure it any longer") as a pose, but this book makes it impossible for such an opinion to be held any longer.

H. L. MENCKEN

"The Ordeal of Mark Twain" deserves much more attention from critics than it seems yet to have received. It illustrates the two main traits of official American standards, as they are seen by those who rebel against them: first, the Calvinism of Mark Twain's mother; and secondly, the pioneer spirit exemplified by the society of the towns, the mining camps and the offices in which he spent his early years, and afterward by his wife, who exercised an influence over him comparable only with that of his mother. Let us take them in turn. Mr. H. S. Canby in a recent book, "Every-day Americans," has summed up the essence of "the Calvinistic ethics of

life which were the backbone of Puritan civilization" in this summary of the doctrine of Jonathan Edwards:

> Man, by the unarguable might of God, is born with a will whose nature may be either bad or good. Henceforth his reason is free, his choice is free, within the limits that his character permits. It becomes therefore supremely important that he shall choose and reason virtuously, for there is no way to be sure that he has a good will, that he is among the "elect," except by virtuous action leading to a sense of salvation. Thus in every condition of life, without excuse or palliation, the Christian must daily, hourly, strive to prove that he is one of the elect of God, saved from hell-fire by the character God has given him. Good intentions count for nothing. Good works, if unaccompanied by the sense of spiritual salvation, count for nothing. God, Himself blameless, has willed sin and sinful men. It is for us to prove that we are not among the damned.

This doctrine, Mr. Canby says, was powerfully believed in by perhaps a majority of one formative generation in America; later the belief lessened, but a conviction of the infinite necessity of willing the right became a mental habit in American morality that persists and becomes a trait and a chief factor, as any reader can see, in so-called American idealism. And Mr. H. L. Mencken, the *enfant terrible* of contemporary American criticism, has told us that "every third American devotes himself to improving and lifting up his fellow-citizens, usually by force; the Messianic delusion is our national disease." It has been constant, tho in superficially different forms, from the Middle West of Mark Twain's boyhood to the New York and Boston of to-day.

The "optimism of the pioneer" was a natural result of the terrible fight with nature which made up the early life of the American people. The pioneer yearned for the assurance that all would at last be well; he wanted relief, and laughter, and comfort, and hope. Let us quote from another book by Mr. Brooks, "Letters and Leadership," the words of Mr. Horace Fletcher:

> Optimism can be prescribed and applied as a medicine. Is there anything new and practical in this, or is it but a continuation of the endless discussion of the philosophy of life, morals, medicine, etc.? Is it something that a busy person may put into practise, take with him to his business without interfering with his business, and profit by; and, finally, what does it cost? Does adoption of it involve discharging one's doctor friend, displeasing one's pastor, alienating one's social companions, or shocking the sacred traditions that were dear to father and mother? It is ameliorative, preventive, and harmonizing; and also it is easy, agreeable, ever available, and altogether profitable. By these hall-marks of Truth we know that it is true.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

No more complete exposure of the conventional American standards of intellectual truth could be written. We see now how it was that Mark Twain, who started his literary career as the unwilling writer of humorous sketches for a mining-camp paper, became finally the favorite author of the "tired business man," still so dear to the American editor and publisher. Twain's literary idol, William Dean Howells, characteristically declared that "the more smiling aspects of life are the more American." To quote Mr. Mencken again: "The way to please the American reader is to proclaim in a confident manner, not what is true, but what is merely comforting. This is what is called building up. This is constructive criticism!" How much of successful contemporary American literature does this not explain? Hence "Pollyanna," hence Mr. Harold Bell Wright, hence so large a proportion of American short stories and best-selling fiction.

One of the most prominent mandarins of American letters of the last fifty years was Hamilton Wright Mabie, editor, lecturer, and essayist. A biography appeared not long ago with the title "The Life and Letters of Hamilton W. Mabie," by Edwin W. Morse, which well reveals the atmosphere and nature of official American thought. Mabie was most competent in everything he undertook; he was a successful writer and a brilliant speaker. When he wrote about literature, and told his many thousands of readers which books were "good" and which were not, they listened with attention and selected their libraries accordingly. The only thing that his biography shows him to have lacked was ideas. In all the three hundred and thirty-seven pages that compose this volume the only arresting sentence is the pious (and somewhat inaccurate) affirmation that, thank God, American writers have usually been gentlemen! No study of the American culture of to-day would be complete without this book; it enables one to comprehend the flaming indignation of the younger generation with the Brahmins of yesterday and to-day. Mabie and his friends, of course, took the official standards very earnestly; tho they were a small caste giving cultural laws to a people of many millions, of mixed races, beliefs and traditions, they were (and their successors still are) ruthless in imposing these standards, with the result that Mr. Brooks's reference to the "neurotic anemia" of present-day America is not without justification. The same writer has discovered a paragraph in the autobiography of M. Georg Brandes, describing the state of the Scandinavian countries during the European wars of 1866-1870, which, Mr. Brooks claims, exactly describes the condition of America in recent times:

THEODORE DREISER

> While their intellectual life languished, as a plant droops in a close, confined place, the people were self-satisfied. They rested on their laurels and fell into a doze. And while they dozed they had dreams. The cultivated, and especially the half-cultivated, public in Denmark and Norway dreamed that they were the salt of Europe. They dreamed that by their idealism they would regenerate the foreign nations. They dreamed that they were the free, mighty North, which would lead the cause of the peoples to victory—and they woke up unfree, impotent, ignorant.

Mr. Canby, to quote him again, declares roundly that the typical American, in contrast with the typical English "radical conservative," is a "conservative-liberal," who

> keeps the pioneer's optimism, and is satisfied to take ready-made a system that his ancestors wrought by painful and open-minded experiment. In practise he is still full of initiative and invention; in principle he can conceive of only one dispensation, the ideas of political democracy [and, one may add, the corresponding moral and literary standards] which were the radicalism of 1861 and 1840 and 1789 and 1776.

"The American conservative-liberal," he adds, "acknowledges no opinion but his own"; he is narrow and repressive. Or let Mr. Mencken speak: "Superficially, the United States seems to suffer from an endless and astonishing neophilism; actually all its thinking is done within the boundaries of a very small group of political, economic, and religious ideas, most of them unsound."

American art and literature, according to Mr. Brooks, have established themselves on a superficial and barren technique,

(*Continued on page 67*)

A South Sea Cruise with Frederick O'Brien

Picturesque Yarns and Reminiscences

WHETHER or not Frederick O'Brien has turned the trick again with "Atolls of the Sun"* one can but regard him with an affectionate eye for his faithfulness toward that quarter of the globe where, according to his own testimony, he has passed the happiest hours of his life. Lightning, it is said, seldom strikes twice in the same place; to have it strike three times in the same place would be nothing short of a phenomenon. And, following this rather electrical analogy, it

OVER THE REEF IN A CANOE

may be pointed out that "Atolls of the Sun" is Mr. O'Brien's third book of description of the South Sea Islands, and that twice before he has scored an emphatic success with such books. If he can score a third emphatic success he will be doing something that few writers have accomplished before. The buying public alone will be able to determine this, however.

"Atolls of the Sun" is much the same type of book as "Mystic Isles of the South Seas" and "White Shadows in the South Seas." That is, it is a volume of travel and reminiscence put together with a more or less loosely woven chronological scheme, introducing a series of characters representative of the types in the South Seas and rather vividly individualized by the instinct for the picturesque in the author, compact with well-turned descriptions of natural beauty and native habits. Mr. O'Brien's power of creating a personage who will smack of the real thing for the general reader is remarkable. No one who has read of Lying Bill Pincher, for instance, will be liable to forget him. And the examples of South Sea natives which flock the pages of his books prove Mr. O'Brien to be an observer of the most sympathetic sort. He always takes the part of the native, and not a few are his digs at missionaries and white traders in the Islands. For him the South Seas are a Paradise spoiled only by the sophisticated greed of the whites and the curses which follow civilization. He dreams constantly of them as they were in the primitive days when Captain Cook and Herman Melville first discovered and lived with the gentle-natured, beauty-loving savages. It made no difference that they were cannibals. After all, this was a little thing compared with their virtues. That the South Seas have changed mightily since the days of "Typee" and "Omoo" one has but to read Mr. O'Brien's pages to learn. The Islands have even changed since Mr. O'Brien wrote his first book about them. Greed and crime and disease continually creep in with the traders and tourists and beachcombers, and beauty and cheap living and carefree days pass as continually out. And because this is so Mr. O'Brien's books become important as documentary contributions toward the history of a fair place on the globe that is, or will soon be, only a memory among the older adventurers of the earth.

BRUNNECK, THE BOXER AND DIVER

A DOUBLE CANOE

"Atolls of the Sun" will possibly be Mr. O'Brien's least important book, altho it should be directly stated that as a travel book it is delightful from beginning to end. It is only in comparison with Mr. O'Brien's two previous volumes that the importance of this third book diminishes. And the cause for this is not far to seek. "White Shadows in the South Seas" came as something new and unusual and exceedingly attractive to the general reading public. Other books had been written about

*ATOLLS OF THE SUN. Frederick O'Brien. The Century Company.

Tahiti, the Marquesas and the Paumotus, but none of them had been done in quite the spirit of "White Shadows in the South Seas." They had been bald narratives or dull compilations of statistics or meager travel sketches empty of all atmosphere. Mr. O'Brien approached his subject in another way. It made the Islands warm and vital, and brought actual pictures before the minds of his readers. Blest with a smoothly flowing style and a mind always attuned to the colorful possibilities of his subjects, he introduced countless anecdotes descriptive of the Islands, pictured native characters in such a manner as to emphasize their reality, outlined the flora and fauna and superstitions and daily mode of life in a wholly untechnical manner, and impregnated his work with the insouciance of his own blithe spirit. It was easy to perceive that Mr. O'Brien was Irish, for he possest the ability of spinning a yarn in genuine Irish fashion. And, of course, there was his imagination. No one denies, least of all Mr. O'Brien, that he has enlarged a bit here and there in his reminiscences where he felt that such enlargement would heighten and drive home the effect that he desired to produce in his readers. This is perfectly fair, altho it may not be the accepted mode of writing travel books. Mr. O'Brien however was (and is) not writing for pundits or pedants. He is writing for a general public that wants (or, at least, wanted) to know what the South Sea Islands were like. And to convey the proper idea of them he realized that he must capture the spirit of the Islands and set it down on paper with a sufficiently vivid quality to hold his readers and bring up the bright pictures before their eyes. He states frankly in the introduction to "Atolls of the Sun" that he does not aim to be literal. He writes: "If I can make my reader see and feel the sad and beautiful guises of life in them (the islands of the South Seas), and the secrets of a few unusual souls, I shall be satisfied." Well, this is what he did in "White Shadows in the South Seas," and the immediate result of his new method of travel-writing was to create a craze for the South Seas that exprest itself in poems, plays, pictures, songs, and a quantity of lesser books concerning the Islands. The peak of this South Sea craze was reached about the time of that amusing parody, "The Cruise of the Kawa."

HULA DANCERS OF TAHITI, WHO FIND GREAT PLEASURE IN DOING THEIR BEAUTIFUL DANCES ON THE SANDS AT THE WATER'S EDGE, AND IN THE GLOW OF THE SETTING SUN

TYPICAL AND PRIMITIVE NATIVE HUT, PAUMOTU ARCHIPELAGO

Also about this time came Mr. O'Brien's second book, "Mystic Isles of the South Seas." This was a better knit book than "White Shadows in the South Seas," but it did not have the unexpected charm of the first book. By that time, the public knew all about it, and they were traveling over familiar ground. Already they were turning away toward new interests, fickle as always. And now comes Mr. O'Brien's third book, which certainly exhausts the possibilities of South Sea travel-description.

Certain anecdotes stand out in the book, and among these may be noted Christian's story of the mutiny of the Bounty and the fate of the surviving mutineers in the community settlement on Pitcairn Island. There is a vivid quality in this narrative that almost transforms it into a miniature epic. Then there is the yarn of the Welshman, Llewellyn, and his life on that mysterious Pacific dot of land, Easter Island, with the young white man, Willis, and the white girl, Miss Dorey. There are elements of the primitive in this tale, and altho there can be but small doubt that Mr. O'Brien has drest the story up somewhat to please his readers, that hardly detracts from its charm. The loneliness and macabre qualities of this desolate island dotted with the broken stone figures of huge gods is conveyed to the reader with a startling sense of reality. As thrilling as these tales, which really form subject matter for novels, are the narratives of the native pearl-divers and their fierce struggles with sharks and octopi. Altho some of these pearl-diving yarns are told at second hand, as the Pitcairn and Easter Island stories are, there are a number of incidents which Mr. O'Brien observed himself and which he describes with a due sense of their thrilling and picturesque values.

The tales of the women also possess a deal of charm. Sometimes they are a bit melodramatic, as is the case with the description of Peyral, the mad Frenchman, who tries to inveigle any white man who comes along into marrying his daughter. Mr. O'Brien had quite an exciting run-in with this character and it was not the Frenchman's fault that the writer retained his celibacy. Mlle. Narbonne, the half-breed who is under suspicion of leprosy and who is wooed by a rich German, affords Mr. O'Brien

(*Continued on page 67*)

Four Literary Events of the Year in Italy

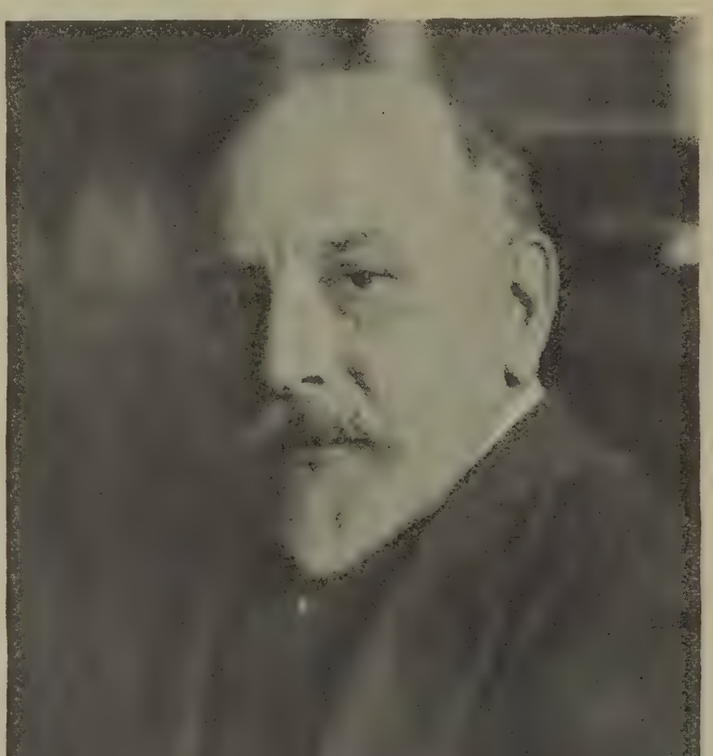
By Luigi Pirandello

For thirty years Pirandello—the Pirandello of the tales and novels—has been a prominent literary figure among his countrymen. The young Italy of the present, which has been overhauling its literary patrimony, discarding old idols and choosing new ones, has seen fit to fasten upon him as expressing some of the dominant moods of the moment. Along with Manzoni, Verga, and Oriani, Pirandello is set up by an admiring nation against the waning tradition of d'Annunzio—as an exponent of an art more sound, more virile, more truly original.

IN MY mind four events stand out in the literature of Italy during the past year as specially characteristic and important: The "Nocturne" ("Notturno") of d'Annunzio; Papini's "Story of Christ" ("Storia di Cristo"); Panzini's "Il Padrone Sono Me" ("The Boss—That's Me!"); and finally the death of Giovanni Verga.

During recent years we have had little from Verga's pen; but the tribute of the nation to his memory on the occasion of his death, the enthusiasm shown for his work in the judgment of our young men, especially, the sudden impetus given to the circulation of his books, are indications that the end of his career as a living person is but the beginning of something new in our country. To explain the position which—in my judgment and that of other Italian writers—Verga has come to occupy, I must venture on a general observation on the literature of Italy.

There are two distinct and almost parallel tendencies which seem to run through all our literature—two styles, one of words, and the other of things. From the beginnings of our literary history down to our own day these two styles may be found either proceeding hand in hand or developing in contrast to one another: Dante and Petrarch; Machiavelli and Guicciardini; Ariosto and Tasso; Manzoni and Monti; Verga and d'Annunzio. In the one group, the function of the word is to stand for the thing, and the word has value only so far as it expresses the thing; the result is that for reader or spectator the word, as a word, disappears and leaves only the thing itself. In the others, the thing is not so important as the manner in which it is described. It is as tho the writer were bent on making us understand how clever he is to be saying that thing, even tho we may not know just what he is talking about. In the one case, we have an art built up from within—things that take on form and substance in our presence, so that we can walk about among them, touch them with our fingers, see them with our eyes—these stones, this flesh, those eyes, those leaves, that water. In the other case everything is from without: we have words and phrases borrowed from some repertory of literary elegances, which say the things they say only that we may feel the skill and ingenuity of the artist who is talking, a game that at first amuses us, tho it soon tires us out.



LUIGI PIRANDELLO

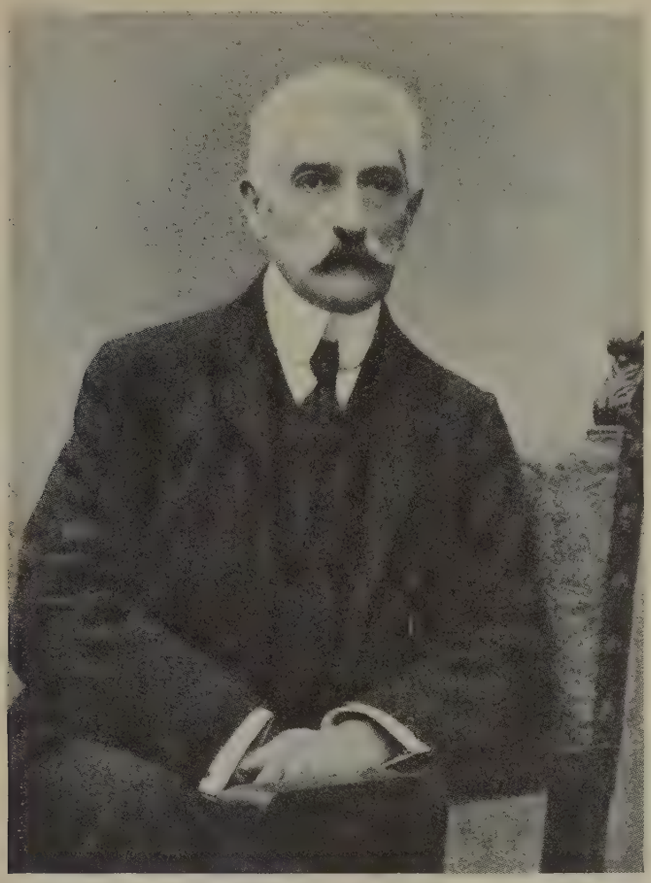
The importance of Verga, as I see it, is that he is our leading exponent of this first manner. Using the vernacular of our common people, he chooses words not because they are beautiful, or the reverse, but because they exactly fit the things he is trying to say, and, in saying, to bring to life. I have always been conscious of the great contrast between the naked, austere, very human art of Verga and that of d'Annunzio and especially of d'Annunzio's imitators. In d'Annunzio I respect a great artist; but I must express my conviction that "dannunzianism" as a movement has brought incalculable harm, both moral and artistic, upon our country.

D'Annunzio is an artist not of the spirit but of the senses, tho in this latter respect he is probably without a rival in literature. "Notturno" is one of d'Annunzio's best works; and what is "Notturno"? A note-book of sensations, sensations of great subtlety and great brilliancy, strung along one after the other as the strange destiny of this work determined (it was written, sentence by sentence, on separate pieces of paper, while the author was lying helpless on his back in bed). But, as a book, as something we read for enjoyment, it lacks construction; and it soon begins to bore us. A page or two, and we have to lay it down. There is no "soul" to it! D'Annunzio sees, and makes the reader see, everything. Not a detail escapes him. Not a tremor, not a nuance, not a shading, however slight, however microscopic, is too faint for his exultant detection. Now, as a lover of historical studies in literature particularly, I understand his passion for dictionaries; the joy he feels at discovering some new word—especially in the technical language of the various arts and trades, which he tries to know thoroughly—nomenclature, in short. But notice: this preoccupation of d'Annunzio is not an amusement or an affectation; it is something actually essential to his very peculiar genius. I suggest a reading of the pages he dedicates in "Notturno" to the burial of one of his aviator-friends. Was a corpse ever described in a manner more—what shall I say?—more lifelike? But is there, on the other hand, a trace of any real emotion?

The fact, the painful fact, is that in all d'Annunzio's work the only figures that really live are people who are either cruel or violent, or savage, or perverted. D'Annunzio, at bottom, has no real humanity. He is unable to feel for the creatures of his fancy: he stands aloof from their sorrows as well as from their joys, describing them admirably, inimitably indeed, but as a spectator with an eye for exteriors only.

On this point I am wholly in accord with the analysis which

Benedetto Croce has made of d'Annunzio as an artist. I am not a Crocean, myself; I find Croce's theories wholly inadequate, indeed. But one might almost say that an art like that of



GIOVANNI VERGA

d'Annunzio could be sympathetically mastered only by a formal esthetic like that of Croce; or, putting the matter the other way round, that the formal system of Croce seems the logical outgrowth of the formal art of d'Annunzio. Both are circumscribed by the limits of sensuality.

A similar limitation, it appears to me, affects the "Story of Jesus," by Papini. I have the greatest admiration for Papini's mind; but I can not, I must say, understand the enormous success of this book, which is not among his best. It is all out of key—too many words, and too many un-Christian words. Dostoievski, to my mind, is much closer to the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth; and in Renan, yes, even in Renan, I find a Christ, who may not have been the real Christ, but who is nevertheless a man—a man who lives, and lives with delicacy, subtlety, and humanity. Of all the lives of Christ that I know, Papini's is the farthest from its subject, the most anti-Christian, the most un-Christian; and not only in words, but in essence—in its harsh, aggressive spirit—the quality that throws the book out of key, as I have said. It is as tho Papini had made a wooden image of Christ, and then were going about brandishing it as a big stick for the backs of those who refuse to believe! No, "The Failure" ("Un Uomo Finito") is a much bigger book than "The Story of Jesus"; and a man who has written "The Failure" is likely to surprize us again at any moment, as he has so often done in the past.

A success that I do understand, on the other hand, is Panzini's "Il Padrone Sono Me" ("The Boss—That's Me"). I have always been a reader and an admirer of Alfredo Panzini. He seems to me to possess the real gift of humor, since every feeling that is born in his mind is at once criticized, analyzed, taken to pieces, dismantled, by an opposite feeling. This explains the impression that Panzini makes of being always perplexed, always hesitant, always groping, as tho he never took a step forward without casting a longing and homesick glance back upon what he is leaving. He expresses the discontent of a man belonging to a world gone by, and unable perfectly to make himself a part of the world present about him. What a limpid, transparent, simple soul Panzini has! He is not the mossback conservative he pretends to be. It is true that he tries to affirm concepts of life that time has repudiated; but he can not stand apart from the movement of things. He marches on with the world, grumbling a little at every milestone that each stage of the journey behind is better than the one ahead.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

Our Italian theater is the ordinary bill-of-fare in three courses, offered for the amusement of a public desirous simply of killing time agreeably. I see no one trying to make something else of it, unless it be Rosso di San Secondo. The theater of this young man shows a real "travail of spirit," tho I doubt whether he always succeeds in saying as much as he means to say.

The historical play, in various manipulations, was never more prosperous among us, but I am not much interested in it. It is the work in large part of imitators of d'Annunzio—a theater wholly made of exteriors and designed primarily to get money from the public.

GIOVANNI PAPINI

What the Turk Has to Say for Himself

By Edwin L. Shuman

THREE Turkish statesmen, Enver, Talaat and Djemal, are supposed to have dictated the policy of the Turkish Empire from the coup d'état of 1913 to the collapse at the close of the World War. On these three men the world has laid the main responsibility for Turkey's mistakes and crimes during that period. Enver Pasha escaped eastward after the war and has been attempting to build up a kingdom of his own at Bokhara. Both Talaat and Djemal have been assassinated as a result of the hatreds created by the Armenian massacres. Before his death, however, Djemal Pasha wrote a book giving an inside account of the whole crucial period that laid the Sultan's empire in the dust. His book, now published in English under the title, "Memories of a Turkish Statesman, 1913-1919,"* is one of the important historical works of the season, as it is the first and only account of wartime events in the Near East as seen from the Turkish side.

Djemal Pasha was military Governor of Constantinople in 1913, and his first chapter tells how he cleaned up that lawless city, made examples of men who accosted ladies on the street, and took the first definite step to place the personal freedom of Turkish women on a secure basis. The period was that of the second Balkan war, and the author tells how the Germans were invited at that time to send experts to reorganize the Turkish Army. Contrary to general belief, Enver Pasha, he says, had nothing to do with this fateful move. The initiative came from the Grand Vizier, Mahmud Shefket Pasha, who, seeing the nation's enemies profiting from English and French instruction, determined to "send for a German military commission on the grand scale." Djemal Pasha continues:

DJEMAL PASHA

> Such are the circumstances under which General Liman von Sanders' mission for the reorganization of our army was invited to Constantinople. Enver Pasha had nothing to do with this affair and played no part whatever in it. After Mahmud Shefket Pasha's death his successor at the War Office, Izzet Pasha, had the same idea and took up the same line as his predecessor. During his period of office the agreement with reference to the mission was drawn up and concluded. On the day of the arrival in Constantinople of Liman von Sanders and his officers they were met at the station by Izzet Pasha and, in fact, it was a month or six weeks after the arrival of the mission that Enver Pasha became War Minister . . . In these circumstances it is clear that there is an end of slanderous observations and opinions which Ambassador Morgenthau sets forth on pages 44 and 45 of his Memoirs on the strength of wholly false information.

Djemal Pasha gives proofs that the Turco-German alliance was not concluded during the war, as has been generally believed. Though the treaty was signed on August 2, 1914, negotiations had been in progress long before the war. He does not deny that the treaty may have been sought by Germany because Germany intended to start a war, but he cites numerous facts to show that the Turks regarded the outbreak of the war as a surprize and a great misfortune. Djemal Pasha says that the alliance was signed without his knowledge—that it was engineered by the Grand Vizier, Said Halim Pasha, and that the secret of its existence, even after the signing, was confided only to certain of the Cabinet Ministers. Djemal, however, regarded the treaty as desirable, and offered no opposition to it, though he claims the credit of suggesting the policy, which was adopted, of proclaiming Turkey's neutrality and at the same time beginning a general mobilization of the army "in order to enforce the neutrality against either side." As he had become Minister of the Admiralty, the pretended purchase of the German war ships Goeben and Breslau was engineered by him, and the story of that episode is told in detail. In the course of it he takes occasion again to criticize Ambassador Morgenthau for printing a fable about a dispute between Enver and Djemal over the maintenance of neutrality, in which Enver was represented as threatening the other with a revolver. "I should like to know," he says, "whether the honest Ambassador who bases his observations on such idle chatter will blush if he takes the trouble to re-read his book after reading what I have written."

In December, 1914, Djemal Pasha was sent to govern Syria and to command the Fourth Army, which was to conquer Egypt and cut the Suez Canal. These tasks gave him ample occupation for the next three years. That his expedition failed, he declares, was due solely to the error of his fellow-statesmen at Constantinople in depriving him of military support in order to send the expedition to checkmate the British at Bagdad and Kut-el-Amara. The battles of Gaza are described in detail, and so is the Arab revolt under Shereef Hussein, a "traitor" against whom the author vents his bitterest wrath. The double game played by Hussein's son, Emir Faisal, during the preliminary period when the intended Arab revolt was still concealed by its leaders, gives an impression of Oriental intrigue reminiscent of the Arabian Nights. This whole chapter is full of fresh and interesting matter. The author bitterly resents the British control of Palestine and of all the large cities of Islam, and

*MEMORIES OF A TURKISH STATESMAN, 1913-1919. By Djemal Pasha. 302 pages. New York: George H. Doran Company. $6.

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HALIDE EDIB HANOUM

Turkish poetess and leader for woman's emancipation.

blames Hussein and his sons for the greatest disaster of the war.

The last part of the book is devoted to the Armenian question. The whole tragedy, says Djemal Pasha, was caused by Russian political intrigue.

> We Young Turks [he declares] unquestionably prefer the Armenians, and particularly the Armenian revolutionaries, to the Greeks and Bulgarians. They are a finer and braver race than the two other nations, open and candid, constant in their friendships, constant in their hatreds. We are absolutely convinced that the policy of Russia was alone responsible for the enmity between Turkish and Armenian elements. Sixty years ago, or, to speak more accurately, until ten years before the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78, there was no question whatever of any religious conflict between the two races, i. e., religious differences between Mohammedans and Christians. . . . For five hundred years there had been no sort of conflict between the two peoples, and there was not a single Armenian who had not made the Turkish tongue and national customs his own. . . . In the year 1863 the Armenians received a real constitution. That constitution gave them the right to elect a Supreme Council, with a seat at Constantinople. The Supreme Council consisted of four hundred members, of which one hundred and twenty were elected by the people themselves. Could President Wilson think of any better method of safeguarding the rights of national minorities?

The Russians, however, turned greedy eyes on the Ottoman Empire, says the author, and used the Armenian constitution to interfere in Turkish affairs. They stirred up revolts, setting the Armenians, Kurds and Turks at each others' throats for ulterior purposes, and by 1894-6 the soil of all Anatolia was stained with blood. In 1909 the situation reached a tragic climax in the Adana massacres. Djemal Pasha blames that catastrophe upon the weakness and cowardice of the Turkish Governor-General of Adana, Djevad Bey, and upon the machinations of a young and ambitious Armenian priest, Muscheg Effendi, who organized the uprising and ordered the first attack. He continues:

> Seventeen thousand Armenians and one thousand eight hundred and fifty Turks were killed in Adana in this massacre. The figures show that if the Armenians had been in the majority the reverse would have been the case and the Turks would have been massacred by the Armenians. There was nothing to choose between the two sides as regards cruelties. The Armenians never stopped attacking Turkish women and children, and Turks did the same, and the two infuriated races proved that there was no difference between them.

Immediately after this massacre Djemal Pasha was made Governor-General of Adana, and, according to his own account, within four months he had rebuilt every Armenian house that had been destroyed, and within six months had brought the two warring races again into more or less friendly relations. In reply to the charge that he did not punish guilty Turks, he states that within four months after his arrival at Adana he had executed thirty Mohammedans who had been convicted by court-martial. The Armenian leader, Monsignor Muscheg, escaped on a foreign steamer. "If I had caught him," says the author, "I should have had him hanged opposite the Mufti of Bagjdce."

Djemal Pasha gives the full text of the Turco-Russian agreement of February 8, 1914, with other documents, as proof of Russian designs upon Turkish territory. He asserts that the Armenian deportations were provoked by armed uprisings of the Armenians at half a dozen points during the World War, and he

MUSTAFA KEMAL PASHA

intimates that these uprisings were instigated by the Entente Allies. Personally, however, he had nothing to do with the deportations, he says. They were ordered by the civil authorities at Constantinople, and he was not consulted. He admits that the unfortunates were subjected to attacks and cruelties on their way to exile, but asserts that he protected them as they passed through his army zone. He continues:

> The crimes perpetrated during the deportations of 1915 justly roused the deepest horror, but those committed by the Armenians during their rising against the Turks and Kurds do not in any way fall short of them in cruelty and treachery. . . . Let us assume that the Ottoman Government deported 1,500,000 Armenians from the East Anatolian provinces, and that 600,000 of them died, some murdered, some collapsing on the way from hunger and distress. But does anyone know how many Kurdish and Turkish inhabitants of the vilayets of Trebizond, Erzerum, Van and Bitlis were done to death in circumstances of the greatest cruelty by the Armenians when the Russians marched into these provinces? Then let it be stated that the number of Turks and Kurds killed on this occasion far exceeded 1,500,000. If the Turks are to be made responsible for the Armenian massacres, why not the Armenians for the massacres of the Turks? Or are the Turks and Kurds of no more value in the eyes of humanity, or of such politicians as Mandelstamm and Morgenthau and their like, than flies?

Here Djemal Pasha reproduces two long reports written by Russian officers in the Caucasus region in 1918, giving harrowing details of outrages committed by Armenians, and then asks his readers what they think of the humanity of the Armenians.

Again and again this Turkish author hits at what he calls the hatred and falsity of the books written by Mr. Morgenthau, the former American Ambassador, and Herr Mangelstamm, the former Russian First Dragoman at Constantinople. His own book is naturally an *ex parte* statement, and yet he virtually pleads guilty to the main indictment which not only Mr. Morgenthau but history itself has brought against the Turkish Government. One of the best things about Djemal Pasha's book is that it frankly admits the massacres, trying only to plead extenuating circumstances. It is the most honest apologia for the Young Turk régime that we are likely ever to have.

* * *

Zia Bey's book, "Speaking of the Turks,"* also is unique in that it is a native Turk's own intimate description of Turkish life in its changed aspects since the war. The author is the son of the Turkish Ambassador to England, and after living ten years in the United States he returned last year to his home in Constantinople with an American bride and went into business there. His first chapters tell of his wife's friendly reception by her new relatives, and of the hardships which the war had brought to his family, whose funds had nearly all been deposited in a London bank and had been seized by the British Government when Turkey entered the great conflict.

The experience of Zia Bey's family was typical of a situation which has driven nearly all Turks into as strenuous a business life as that of Americans—and not only the men, but the women as well. Before the World War it was an unheard of thing for the daughter of a respectable Turkish family to work in an office, but now the click of the Turkish girl's typewriter is a familiar sound in Constantinople, and when the business day ends at six o'clock in the evening the women in the crowded cars and boats of the commuters are almost as numerous as in New York. Owing to the economic and social changes wrought by the war, the Turkish woman has been completely emancipated. "To-day," says the author, "any woman in Turkey can fill any responsible position as long as she has shown herself capable of it. In Anatolia we have a woman, Halidé Hanoum, who was elected Minister of Public Education by the National Assembly."

Zia Bey and his New Orleans wife both chose to make their home in Stamboul, because it is wholly Turkish, whereas the Pera quarter, inhabited almost wholly by Levantines, Greeks, Armenians and other non-Turkish elements, is noisy, dissolute and generally odious from the Turkish view-point. The lawlessness and vice of this latter section of Constantinople are depicted in the darkest colors. Never, says the author, have prostitution, dishonesty, drunkenness and misery flaunted themselves so openly in Pera as now under the Interallied Police.

Mustafa Kemal Pasha and the movement of "Turkey for the Turks" furnish the final chapter of this book, chiefly in the form of a very interesting letter from Djemil Haidar Bey, an Angora friend of the author. First we get a word picture of the muddy little village, half-burned to the ground, that was Angora before it became a Nationalist capital. Then Mustafa Kemal comes into view at Erzeroum as organizer of the Army and Government that set out to smash the treaty of Sèvres. Next Bolshevist Russia reaches out a menacing hand toward the Caucasus and Erzeroum, and Mustafa's incipient Government moves to Angora. The quiet little city of peasants is suddenly an overcrowded capital, with as great a housing shortage as New York's.

Mustafa Kemal is regarded as both the George Washington and the Patrick Henry of the Turkish nation, because he first raised the slogan, "Give us liberty, or give us death!" and afterward led his troops to victory. In the interim Angora has become a real Babel, but of costumes, not of languages: everybody speaks Turkish. Everybody talks and gesticulates and rushes through the streets to accomplish some purpose. Amusement places are absolutely non-existent—no theaters, not even movies. And of course no saloons or bars, since prohibition is vigorously enforced in Anatolia. So writes this eye-witness.

> Ever since the definite organization of the National Assembly [he continues], Mustafa Kemal Pasha has methodically and without faltering worked to transfer his own unlimited powers as Chief Executive and Commander to the duly elected representatives of the people. This process of self-restriction has gone so far that today the Turkish National Assembly is endowed with far greater powers and prerogatives than any House of Representatives or Parliament of any country. It has all the sovereign prerogatives, including those of declaring war and concluding peace. . . . All the actions of Mustafa Kemal Pasha have been dictated by his peerless patriotism, his genuine spirit of abnegation and his absolute unselfishness.

At Angora, too, we get a close view of the leader of Turkish women, Halidé Edib Hanoum, who in her way is almost as noteworthy a figure as Mustafa Kemal. Her talents are most diversified. Winning a national reputation as a poet while still a beautiful young girl, she has come in time to be known even more widely as a leader of woman's emancipation from the old Turkish conventions. Almost imperceptibly she has lifted the veil from the face of Turkish womanhood. She was the first Turkish woman who engaged in newspaper polemics and addrest public meetings. At the first vacancy in the National Assembly she became a candidate and was elected to it by an overwhelming majority. She criticized the educational system then in vogue, and did it so forcefully that the National Assembly elected her Secretary of Public Education in the Cabinet. Haidar Bey continues:

> Halidé Edib Hanoum was successfully holding this position when the enemy started his spring drive and the Commander-in-Chief issued a proclamation calling under the colors all persons who could hold a gun. She immediately took advantage of this to establish once more the equal rights of women: on the plea that, being a huntress, she not only could hold a gun but also knew how to use it, she enrolled in the army and won the grade of non-commissioned officer for bravery in the field, at the battle of Sakaria. After the successful repulse of the enemy and when the armies were disbanded for the winter she returned to Angora, where she is now completing and perfecting the organization of Turkish women for educational, racial and hygienic betterment.

This book presents only the pleasanter aspects of present-day Turkey, leaving untouched the uglier facts and problems, such as the nation's treatment of the Greeks and Armenians. The author, however, writes with charm and sincerity, and his whole book is tingling with the new enthusiasm which the Nationalist victories have brought to the younger generation in Turkey.

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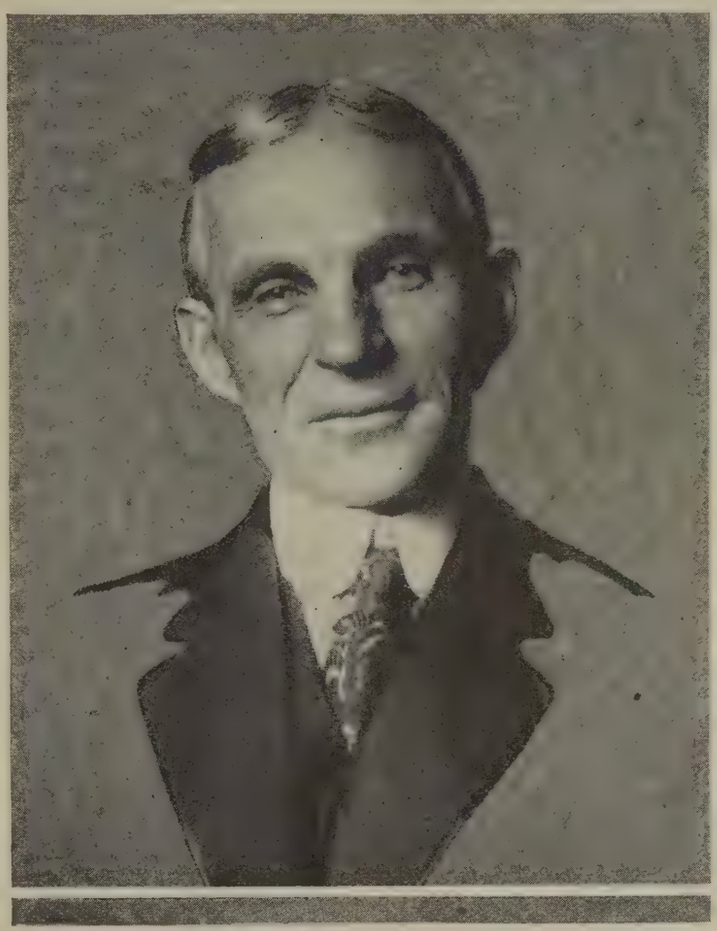
*Speaking of The Turks. By Mufty-Zade K. Zia Bey. 271 pages. New York: Duffield & Co.

Henry Ford's Business Philosophy

Views of a Practical Idealist

MR. FORD'S book, "My Life and Work,"* contains not only the story of how he built up in twenty years a business which can manufacture four thousand automobiles in a day, but also his philosophy of business and of life in general. In the course of nearly sixty busy years, life has taught Mr. Ford many things, and most of them are set down in his book. His views on money, on railroads, on charity, on literature, on the difference between American and Jewish ideals, all find expression here, often in the form of epigrams. Thus Mr. Ford's educational creed is summed up in one sentence: "You may fill your head with all the 'facts' of all the ages, and your head may be just an overloaded fact-box when you get through." On conservatism and radicalism he says: "It is better to be skeptical of all new ideas and to insist upon being shown rather than to rush around in a continuous brainstorm after every new idea. Skepticism, if by that we mean cautiousness, is the balance wheel of civilization." He still believes that wars are made to order by those who expect to profit by them, and that the Jews in America are responsible for "a nasty Orientalism which has insidiously affected every channel of expression." He devotes a whole chapter to railroads and to wrong and right ways of financing and operating them.



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HENRY FORD

The chapter on "Democracy and Industry" contains the author's philosophy of labor and capital. Dividing society up into classes, such as rich and poor, or capitalists and workmen, says Mr. Ford, is a false device to serve the purposes of propagandists. He has no use for "the man who is a capitalist and nothing else, who gambles with the fruits of other men's labors."

> You can not preach patriotism to men [he says], for the purpose of getting them to stand still while you rob them, and get away with that kind of preaching very long. You can not preach the duty of working hard and producing plentifully, and make that a screen for an individual profit to yourself. And neither can the worker conceal the lack of a day's work by a phrase.

Mr. Ford is opposed to any organization, whether of capital or of labor, whose main object is to limit production. He is deeply imprest with the danger—both to the workingman and to the welfare of the whole country—of the idea that the less a worker does, the more jobs he creates for other men. This fallacy assumes that idleness is creative. Idleness never created a job, says Mr. Ford; it creates only burdens. "The industrious man never runs his fellow worker out of a job; indeed, it is the industrious man, working as partner of the industrious manager, who creates more and more business and therefore more and more jobs. It is a great pity that the idea should ever have gone abroad among sensible men that by 'soldiering' on a job they can help some one else. A moment's thought will show the weakness of such an idea." More than half the trouble in the industrial world to-day, the author adds, is due to the soldiering and inefficiency for which the people are paying their good money. When a man gives more than he receives, or when he receives more than he gives, serious dislocation soon must follow, and when that condition extends all over the country there is a complete upset of business. Mr. Ford continues:

> A strike which brings higher wages or shorter hours and passes on the burden to the community is really unsuccessful. It only makes the industry less able to serve, and decreases the number of jobs that it can support. This is not to say that no strike is justified—it may draw attention to an evil. Men can strike with justice, but that they will get justice thereby is another question. The strike for proper conditions and just rewards is justifiable. The pity is that men should be compelled to use the strike to get what is theirs by right. No American ought to be compelled to strike for his rights. These justifiable strikes are usually the employer's fault. Some employers are not fit for their jobs. Justifiable strikes are a sign that the boss needs another job—one that he can handle.

Tho he employs nearly fifty thousand men, Mr. Ford refuses to deal with unions or union leaders. "We have no antagonism to unions," he says, "but we participate in no arrangements with either employee or employer organizations. The wages paid are always higher than any reasonable union could think of demanding, and the hours of work are always shorter. . . . We respect the unions, sympathize with their good aims and denounce their bad ones. In turn I think that they give us respect, for there has never been any authoritative attempt to come between the men and the management in our plants." Mr. Ford has strong faith in the reasonableness of the American wage-worker when given a square deal and left alone by the type of agitators who make their profits out of class warfare. On this subject he says:

> The workingmen, except those few who have been inoculated with the fallacious doctrine of "the class war," and who have accepted the philosophy that progress consists in fomenting discord in industry ("When you get your $12 a day, don't stop at that. Agitate for $14. When you get your eight hours a day, don't be a fool and grow contented; agitate for six hours. Start something! Always start something!"), have the plain sense which enables them to recognize that with principles accepted and observed, conditions

(*Continued on page 65*)

*MY LIFE AND WORK. By Henry Ford, in collaboration with Samuel Crowther. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $3.50.

The Perennial Lure of Pirate Gold

Where Romance Becomes Reality

IF THE matter is to be judged from the view-point of the efficiency experts—those mechanical-minded individuals who condemn anything that does not increase the foot-power in the treadmill of civilized life—there is no question that "The Book of Buried Treasure"* should be suppress. If we are to remain treading away with that single-minded industry beloved by the efficiency experts, why let an author bait us with his tales of galleons and doubloons, of sea-chests and charts "plentifully spattered with candle-grease and rum"?

A more seductive book it would be difficult to find. The reasons for this indictment (the word is chosen from the efficiency view-point) are two. First: The book deals with a subject of peculiar fascination to every lover of romantic adventure, and, despite the present cult of drab realism, that includes most of us. Second: The book deals with this peculiarly fascinating subject in a peculiarly subtle manner.

THE IDLE APPRENTICE GOES TO SEA

On the shore of this reach of the Thames, at Tilbury, is shown a gibbetted pirate hanging in chains, just as it befel Captain William Kidd. (From Hogarth's Series. "Industry and Idleness.")

The author, Ralph D. Paine, says that "in English fiction there are three treasure stories of surpassing merit": Stevenson's "Treasure Island," Poe's "Gold Bug," and Washington Irving's "Wolfert Webber." How many of us can recall a time when all three of these stories were not favorites of ours; and yet how many of us are there that must not confess that since we have grown up we have slowly awakened to the devastating consciousness that buried pirate gold is a reality only in the domain of fiction—a thing as enthralling to read about, but just as unsubstantial to put one's hands on, as is the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow?

And now here comes Mr. Paine with accounts of *pirate gold that has actually been recovered!* It is true, there are not a great many of these accounts in his book; but in this matter of buried treasure it is a carping critic that wants more than the touch-stone of reality. Truth can be as a mustard seed: imagination will do the rest. Wasn't it only a few battered old coins discovered in 1798 in a marsh of the Penobscot River, a few miles inland from the bay of that name, that started treasure-hunters on a quest that has lasted to the present day? It does not require weighty evidence to tip the scale when it is held by a true-hearted treasure-seeker. "With him 'faith is the substance of things hoped for.'"

Let me make this matter plain. Tho, as I have said, there are not in this book so many accounts of pirate gold actually recovered, yet Mr. Paine gives us some accounts that can not be symbolized by mustard seed. Take, particularly, the story of "The Wondrous Fortune of William Phips," to which the entire fifth chapter of this book is devoted—a chapter as subtly seductive as any that has ever been put between the covers of a book.

"Cotton Mather deserves the thanks of all good treasure-seekers," says Mr. Paine, "for having given us the first-hand story of William Phips. . . . After this hero had come sailing home with

CAPTAIN KIDD BURYING HIS BIBLE

GIBBS AND WANSLEY BURYING THE TREASURE

*THE BOOK OF BURIED TREASURE: Being a true history of the gold, jewels, and plate of pirates, galleons, etc., which are sought for to this day. By Ralph D. Paine. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1922. (A reprint of the 1911 edition.)

his treasures and because of these riches was made Sir William Phips and Royal Governor of Massachusetts, he had his pew in the old North Church of Boston, of which Rev. Cotton Mather was pastor." The divine became the biographer of the treasure-hunter.

Phips was born in 1650 on the coast of Maine "at the furthest outpost of settlement toward the eastward." He kept "ye Sheep in the Wilderness until he was Eighteen Years old," and then apprenticed himself to a local shipwright. After serving his time, he set out for Boston. "Being of the true temper for doing of great things," said his earliest biographer, Rev. Mr. Mather, "he betakes himself to the sea, the right scene for such things."

His latest biographer, Paine, continues the story:

> Among the taverns of the Boston water-front he picked up tidings and rumors of many a silver-laden galleon of Spain that had shivered her timbers on this or that low-lying reef of the Bahama Passage. . . . Keeping his errand to himself, he steered for the West Indies, probably in a small chartered sloop or brig, and prowled from one key and island to another.
>
> This was in the year 1681, and the waters in which Phips dared to venture were swarming with pirates and buccaneers who would have cut his throat for a doubloon. Morgan had sacked Panama only eleven years before; Tortuga, off the coast of Hayti, was still the haunt of as choice a lot of cutthroats as ever sailed blue water; and men who had been plundering and killing with Pierre le Grande, Bartholomew Portugez and Montbars the Exterminator, were still at their old trade afloat. Mariners had not done talking about the exploit of L'Ollonais, who had found three hundred thousand dollars' worth of Spanish treasure hidden on a key off the coast of Cuba.

The reader is asked to observe how Mr. Paine, without committing himself to a definite statement, has here suggested that the islands of the Caribbean were as thick-studded with buried treasure as is a well-made plum pudding with plums. And now, please observe how the note of reality is given to this suggestion

THE DEATH OF BLACKBEARD

by the addition of one small fact. Mr. Paine thus continues his narrative:

> From this first voyage undertaken by Phips he escaped with his skin and *a certain amount of treasure*, "what just served him a little to furnish him for a voyage to England," says Mather. *The important fact was that he had found what he sought and knew where there was a vast deal more of it.* A large ship, well armed and manned, was needed to bring away the booty, and Captain William Phips intended to find backing in London for the adventure. [The italics are mine.]

He had no sooner cast anchor in the Thames "than he was buzzing ashore with his tale of the treasure wreck." But skeptics were as plentiful then as now, and almost a year passed before he gained the ear of Charles II. The king thought it was a good sporting proposition. He gave Phips a frigate of the king's navy, the Rose of eighteen guns and ninety-five men. "There was something wrong with Phips's information or *the Spanish wreck had been cleaned of her treasure before he found the place*" (again the italics are mine), for the Rose "lay at the edge of a reef somewhere near Nassau for several months, sending down native divers and dredging with such scanty returns that the crew became mutinous." Space compels me to omit an account of the landing upon "a desolate Spanish island," and of how Captain Phips there subdued his mutinous crew. Arriving at Jamaica, he

CAROUSING AT OLD CALABAR RIVER

shipped a new crew, and sailed for Hispaniola (now Hayti and Santo Domingo), "where every bay and reef has a treasure story of its own."

> Captain William Phips lay at anchor off one of the rude settlements of Hispaniola for some time, and his rough-and-ready address won him friends, among them "a very old Spaniard" who had seen many a galleon pillaged by the pirates. From this informant Phips "fished up a little advice about the true spot where lay the wreck which he had hitherto been seeking . . . that it was upon a reef of shoals a few leagues to the northward of Port de la Plata upon Hispaniola, a port so called, it seemed, from the landing of some of a shipwrecked company with a boat full of plate saved out of their sunken Frigot."
>
> The Rose frigate sailed in search of the reef and explored it with much care, but failed to find the wreck. Phips was confident that he was on the right track, however, and decided to return to England, refit and ship a new crew.

When he reached England, Captain Phips found a new monarch on the throne. James II needed all his warships and he promptly took the Rose frigate from the treasure-hunter. "But Phips made a louder noise than ever with his treasure story, and would not budge from London. He was put in jail, somehow got himself out." After a year spent in seeking noble patrons with money, he succeeded in interesting the Duke of Albemarle. He, with several other gentlemen of the Court, took shares in the speculation.

> They put up £2,400 to outfit a ship, and the king was persuaded to grant Phips a commission as a duly authorized treasure-seeker, in return for which favor His Majesty was to receive one-tenth of the booty. To Phips was promised a sixteenth of what he should recover.
>
> In a small merchantman called the James and Mary, Captain Phips set sail from England in 1686. . . . For some time they worked along the edge of a reef called the Boilers, guided by the story of that ancient Spaniard, but found nothing to reward their exertions.

Then, one day, a chance dive to secure a marine plant of uncommon beauty, and the diver bobbed up with a surprizing

story "that he perceived a number of great guns in the watery world"; another dive, and the recovery of a lump of silver, worth perhaps two or three hundred pounds.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN LAFITTE, GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON, AND GOVERNOR CLAIBORNE

"And so away they went, all hands to work. . . . Most happily, they first fell upon that room in the wreck where the bullion had been stored up, and then so prospered in this new fishery that in a little while they had, without the loss of any man's life, brought up *thirty-two tons* of silver, for it was now come to measuring silver by tons. . . ."

"Besides that incredible treasure of plate in various forms thus fetched up from seven or eight fathoms under water, there were vast riches of Gold, and Pearls, and Jewels, which they also lit upon: and indeed for a more comprehensive invoice, I must summarily say, *all that a Spanish frigot was to be enriched withal.*"

In the year 1687, Captain Phips sailed up the Thames with "three hundred thousand pounds sterling freightage of treasure" in the hold of the James and Mary. The successful treasure-hunter was knighted at Windsor Castle, and returned to Massachusetts as Governor of the Colony.

Think of it—the recovery of $1,500,000 worth of Spanish treasure! There is a historic fact that makes the imagination swell so that doubt is jammed helplessly into a corner. Now listen to the way Mr. Paine winds up his story of Phips:

"The Spanish wreck was not the only nor the richest wreck which he knew to be lying under the water." [He is quoting Cotton Mather, who personally knew Phips.] "He knew particularly that when the ship which had Governor Bobadilla aboard was cast away, there was, as Peter Martyr says, an entire Table of Gold of Three Thousand Three hundred and Ten Pounds Weight. And supposing himself to have gained sufficient information of the right way to such a wreck, it was his purpose, upon his dismission from his Government, once more to have gone upon his old Fishing-Trade, upon a mighty shelf of rocks and bank of sands that lie where he has informed himself."

Never was there so haunting a reference to lost treasure as this mention of that gold table that went down with Governor Bobadilla. The words ring like a peal of magic bells. Alas, the pity of it, that Sir William Phips did not live to fit out a brave ship and go in quest of this wondrous treasure.

Mr. Paine then goes on to tell us that Bobadilla was "that governor of Hispaniola who was sent from Spain in 1500 by Ferdinand and Isabella to investigate the affairs of the colony as administered by Christopher Columbus." Mr. Paine adds: "The Spanish historian, Las Casas, besides other old chroniclers, mentions this solid mass of virgin gold which Peter Martyr affirmed had been fashioned into a table."

Mr. Paine devotes three very interesting chapters to Captain Kidd. Like all the rest of the book, these are based on careful historical research. No statement is made *as one of fact* unless the author is sure of his ground. He tells us that the Captain Kidd of fact and the Captain Kidd of fiction are two very different characters.

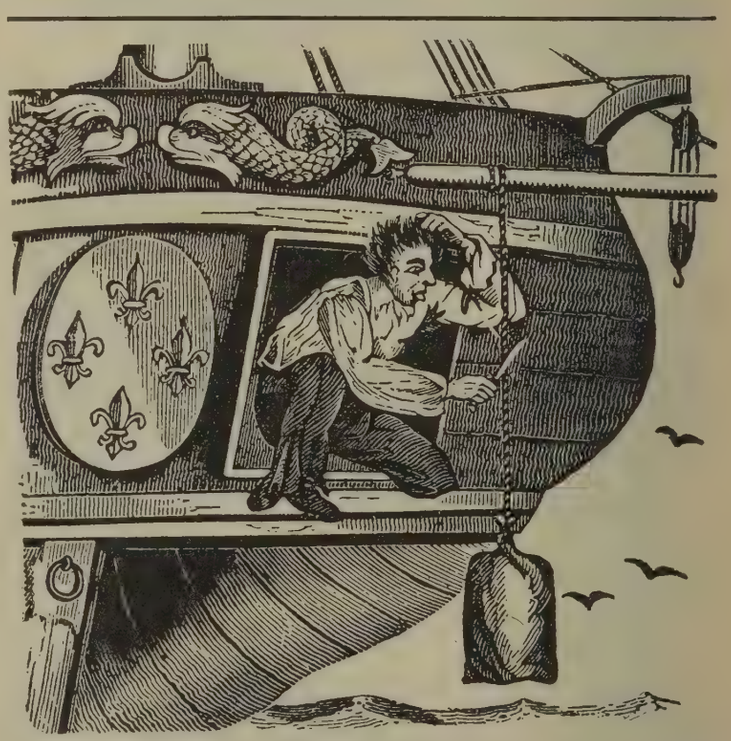
Fate has played the strangest tricks imaginable with the memory of this seventeenth century seafarer who never cut a throat or made a victim walk the plank, who was no more than a third or fourth rate pirate in an era when this interesting profession was in its hey-day, and who was hanged at Execution Dock for the excessively unromantic crime of cracking the skull of his gunner with a wooden bucket.

As I am confining this article to pirate treasure, we will skip any mention of Kidd's bargain with Lord Bellomont, of Kidd's voyage to the Indian Ocean, of his capture of two ships of the Great Mogul, and come immediately to the fact that Kidd left with John Gardiner of Gardiner's Island, Long Island Sound, a box, a chest and a number of bales of goods. When Kidd was arrested in Boston, Gardiner turned these things over to the authorities.

This booty was inventoried by order of Bellomont and the Governor's Council and the original document is photographed herewith, as found in the Public Record Office, London. . . . This is a document to gloat over. If one has a spark of imagination, he smacks his lips. Instead of legend and myth, here is a veritable pirate's hoard, exactly as it should be, with its bags of gold, bars of silver, "rubies great and small," candlesticks and porringers, diamonds and so on.

But the records show that on his voyage northward, before reaching Gardiner's Island, Kidd put ashore in Delaware Bay a seaman, one James Gillam, and a chest; also, that at Gardiner's Island "there were several chests and packages put out of Captain Kidd's Sloop into a Sloop belonging to New Yorke." Lord Bellomont himself is on record as of the opinion that there was "a great deal more of Kidd's goods" than what was deposited with John Gardiner. These vagrant chests are ample warrant for the belief of any true-spirited treasure-hunter.

I might make some mention of that fine old pirate, John Quelch, and of the fraction of his treasure that was captured with him on



THE PORTUGUESE CAPTAIN CUTTING AWAY THE BAG OF MOIDORES

the Isles of Shoals, off the New Hampshire coast; or of a dozen other treasure tales that Mr. Paine tells. But if the reader does not think that enough has been said to indicate the seductive quality of this book, I can only assure him that he was not born under the right constellation.

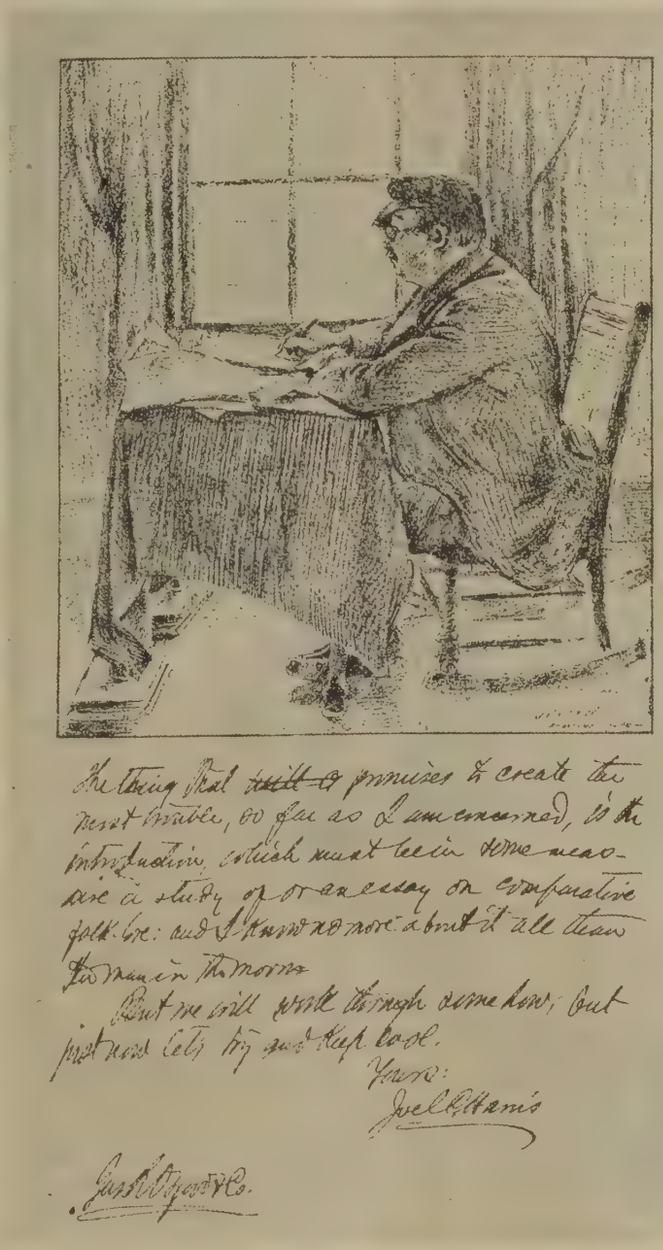
G. MacA.

In the Days of America's "Augustans"

By Herbert S. Gorman

AS the years pass by and that group of New England writers and intellects (visualized by most school-boys as somewhat Biblical characters of solemn visages with long beards) drift into the dark ocean of history it becomes of increasing importance to understand them as men. Since their day a wave of depreciation has set in, and it has become fashionable to belittle these figures, to intimate that they are decidedly outmoded, and that the work they did carries no excellent values for this more febrile age of cerebral activities. But is this quite so? For the writer of these lines it does not seem to be the case, and this is not because of any overwhelming desire to emphasize their literary achievement. No, it is rather as men expressive of a period of American literary history that they still loom in importance.

It is quite impossible to orientate the modern state of American letters without understanding those deep roots from which it springs. And the New England group, it must be admitted, set the intellectual tone to American thinking during the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century. They were Augustans, perhaps, and a Puritanical reticence closed one side of life to them, but at the same time they were intellectuals of the most intense type. If we consider Emerson and Thoreau and Hawthorne to-day we will find that they delved as deeply into the soul of their day as our modern cerebralists do. And in a lighter way Longfellow, Holmes and Lowell reflected the somewhat erudite spirit of their time. We can understand our own time only by understanding the time in which these men lived. Their books have been the subject of earnest inquiry for years now, and it would seem to be pertinent to turn to the men themselves, to note them as they lived, to observe how they reacted upon their time. In such efforts stray hints, idle anecdotes, brief remarks and remembered conversations must furnish the precarious bridge over which we of to-day go back to them.



JOEL C. HARRIS—"UNCLE REMUS"

The present book season has brought together in a new way two names long famed for their conjunction in another way. I refer to "Memories of a Hostess: A Chronicle of Eminent Friendships, Drawn Chiefly from the Diaries of Mrs. James T. Fields"* and "Glimpses of Authors,"* by Caroline Ticknor. The old publishing firm of Ticknor and Fields comes back into memory, and with it a host of shadowy figures who once had the shaping of American letters in their hands. In these two books, which are so peculiarly adapted to a joint consideration, the reader will meet with the living figures of Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Lowell, and many a lesser figure. Certain Englishmen, particularly Charles Dickens, to whom a chapter is devoted in each book, are also to be found. In any evaluation of these two books it must immediately be asserted that "Memories of a Hostess" is by far the more important. Mrs. Fields's diaries contain contemporary glimpses of the literary figures. She entered intimately into their lives as the wife of their publisher. Caroline Ticknor's book is written by a far younger woman, and much of the material in it is the result of second-hand information and various letters which she possesses. Certain later figures do spring to life in her volume, and among these may be noted William Dean Howells, Mark Twain, Joel Chandler Harris, Edmund Clarence Stedman, and Henry James. These figures, however, engrossing tho they are, remain but the fringe of that old New England group with whom Mrs. Fields mingled so consistently. It is to "Memories of a Hostess" that the reader must go for the more vivid portraits.

Seen through Mrs. Fields's pages, these writers do not appear in the least like Biblical personages in solemn beards. They are living men, sometimes troubled, worrying over their work, meeting and mingling constantly, often unbending to broad humor. At the same time, their characters may be perceived as peculiarly native to their work. The sweet simplicity and kindliness of Longfellow is evident. We understand the dark and serious strain in Hawthorne. The bubbling humor of Holmes, which, we may suspect, sometimes carried him away with its own volume and rendered him almost tiresome, is perceptible. Emerson, with his head amongst the clouds, goes his transcendental way. It is only by generous quotation that we may do justice to this book and the figures who move through its pages.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was a frequent visitor at the Fields

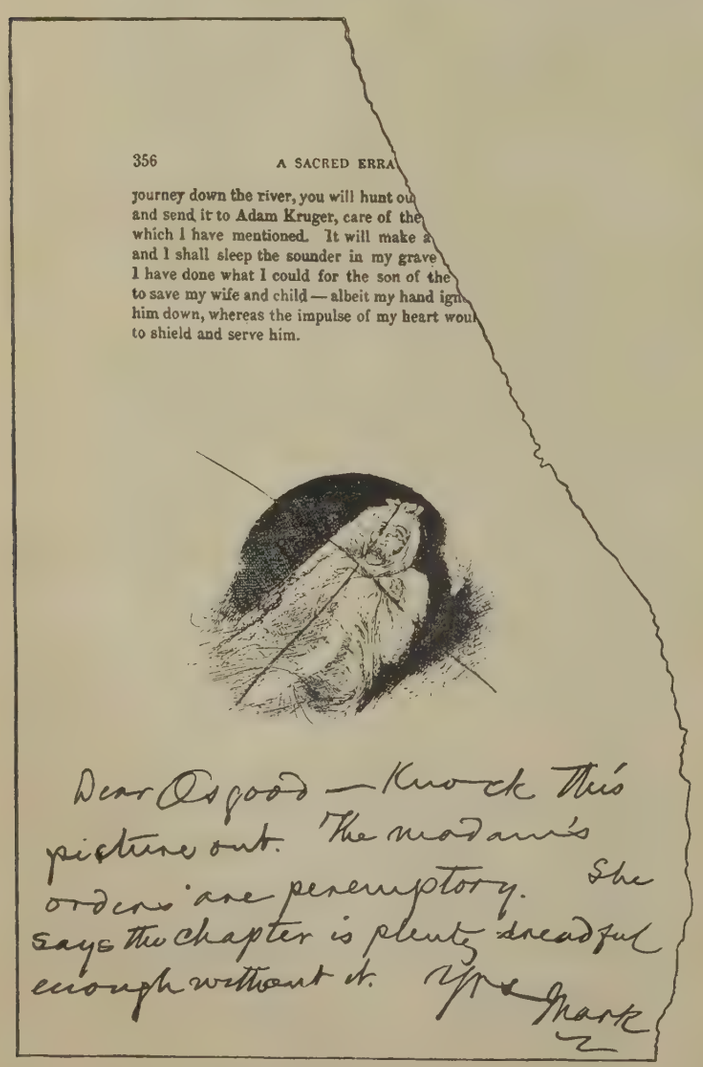
*MEMORIES OF A HOSTESS: A Chronicle of Eminent Friendships, Drawn Chiefly from the Diaries of Mrs. James T. Fields. By M. A. DeWolfe Howe. 312 pages. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. $4.

*GLIMPSES OF AUTHORS. By Caroline Ticknor. 335 pages. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

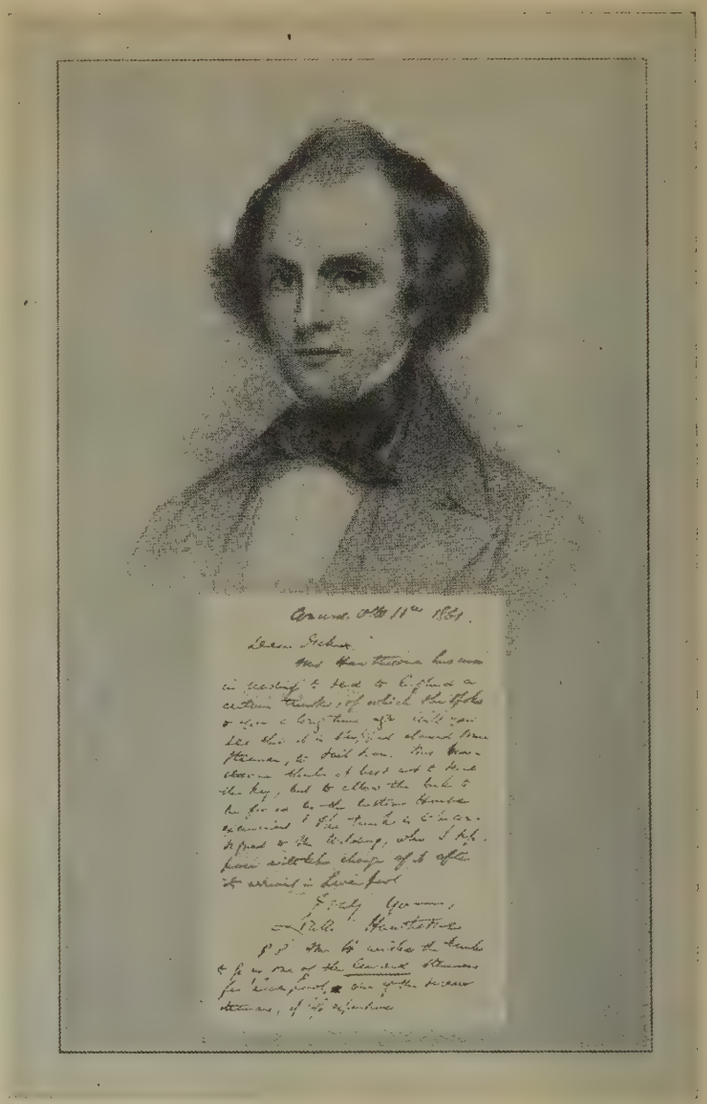
residence and naturally his name crops up many times in the portions of Mrs. Fields's diary which Mr. Howe makes the backbone of his book. A fair example of the poet's light method of conversation may be gleaned from this excerpt:

> Feb. 28, 1867.—Thursday morning. Jamie had a most brilliant evening at Longfellow's. A note came in from O. W. H. toward night, saying he was full of business and full of his story, but he *must* go to L.'s. Lowell's poem in the morning had helped to stir him. J. reached his door punctually at eight. There stood the little wonder with hat and coat on and door ajar, his wife beside him. "I wouldn't let him go with anybody else," she said. "Mr. Fields, he ought not to go out to-night; hear him, how he wheezes with the asthma. Now, Wendell, *when* will you get home?" "Oh," said he, "I don't know. I put myself into Mr. Fields's hands." "Well, Mr. Fields, how early can you get him home?" "About twelve," was the answer. "Now that's pretty well," said the Doctor. "Amelia, go in and shut the door. Mr. Fields will take care of me." So between fun and anxiety they chatted away until they were fairly into the street and in the car. "I've been doing too much lately between my lectures and my story, and the fine dinners I have been to, and I ought not to go out to-night. Why, it's one of the greatest compliments one man ever paid to another, my going out to Longfellow's to-night. By the way, Mrs. Fields, do you appreciate the position you hold in our time? There never was anything like it. Why, I was nothing but a roaring kangaroo when you took me in hand, and I thought it was the right thing to stand up on my hind legs, but you combed me down and put me in proper shape. Now I want you to promise me one thing. We're all growing old, I'm near sixty myself; by and by the brain will begin to soften. Now you must tell me when the egg begins to look addled. People don't know of themselves."

Holmes's humor was gentle, but occasional flashes of it may be found in these pages. He speaks of a woman being discust at table, "picked clean as any duck for the spit and then roasted over a slow fire." And here is a speech which the Younger Generation may peruse with profit. Holmes is answering a question as to why Prof. Henry Hunt and John Fiske underrate Louis Agassiz:


356 A SACRED ERRA
journey down the river, you will hunt ou
and send it to Adam Kruger, care of the
which I have mentioned. It will make a
and I shall sleep the sounder in my grave
I have done what I could for the son of the
to save my wife and child — albeit my hand ign
him down, whereas the impulse of my heart wou
to shield and serve him.
Dear Osgood — Knock this picture out. The madam's orders are peremptory. She says the chapter is plenty dreadful enough without it. Yrs Mark

MARK TWAIN KILLS A CUT



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE FROM A PAINTING BY C. G. THOMPSON

It means just this [said Holmes]: "Agassiz will not listen to the Darwinian theory; his whole effort is on the other side. Now Agassiz is no longer young, and I was reading the other day in a book on the Sandwich Islands of an old Feejee man who had been carried away among strangers, but who prayed he might be carried home, that his brains might be beaten out in peace by his son according to the custom of those lands. It flashed over me then that our sons beat out our brains in the same way. They do not walk in our ruts of thoughts or begin exactly where we leave off, but they have a new standpoint of their own.

Holmes loved to talk, and Mrs. Fields narrates an amusing anecdote of a meeting at Longfellow's house, where the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table continued to talk long after Charles Sumner had arrived and stood in the window waiting patiently for some one to notice him. It was with difficulty that the party disengaged itself from Holmes's flow of conversation.

The passages concerning Longfellow show that poet as most people have imagined him. His wit was not of a flashy sort, but he could say, anent the marriage of a friend to the Duke of Somerset, "Yes, she had turned a Somerset." How pleasing it is to note that picture of Longfellow hurrying to see Fields and attempting to inveigle him into the warm autumn weather, exclaiming, "Come, let us go to the tea-stores and smell the tea; the warm atmosphere will bring out all the odors and we can get samples"; and again, "Come, let us go to the wharves and see the vessels just in from Italy or Spain. It will be a lovely sight in this soft sky, and we can hear the men speak in their native tongues." Longfellow liked Joaquin Miller in spite of the fact that that Western poet would fling a quid of tobacco out of his mouth under the table. "I don't mind those things," said Longfellow; "perhaps I might have done the same as a youth of twenty!!!" One doubts it, however. Interesting also is the account of the visit paid by Don Pedro of Brazil to Longfellow.

Nathaniel Hawthorne is present in these diaries, and he is presented as a sad and rather morbid man. Of course, the years treated are the closing ones of Hawthorne's life, and his bad health was one reason for his morbidity. Here is a portrait of the novelist written during that terrible year, 1864, when his friend Ticknor died in Philadelphia, Hawthorne himself dying but a short time after:

> Monday, March 28.—Mr. Hawthorne came down to take this as his first station on his journey for health. He shocked us by his invalid appearance. He has become quite deaf, too. His limbs are shrunken, but his great eyes still burn with their lambent fire. He said, "Why does Nature treat us so like children. I think we could bear it if we knew our fate. At least I think it would not make much difference to me now what became of me." He talked with something of his old wit at times; said, "Why has the good old custom of coming together to get drunk gone out? Think of the delight of drinking in pleasant company and then lying down to sleep a deep strong sleep." Poor man! He sleeps very little. We heard him walking in his room during a long portion of the night, heavily moving, moving as if indeed waiting, watching for his fate.

An affecting letter written by Mrs. Hawthorne to Mrs. Fields while the novelist lay dead is now printed for the first time. It resolves itself into an exalted eulogy of Hawthorne.

Emerson came into contact with Mrs. Fields's ménage quite often, and the degree of intimacy that developed is illuminating as regards his character. One entertaining picture drawn is that of Emerson reading his Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard on July 18, 1867. His manuscript was "in inextricable confusion," and it appeared to be "out of joint in the reader's eyes." Emerson was much upset over his difficulties in reading and had to be reassured several times that it was not an utter failure. And here is a paragraph that reveals subtle animosities between apparently benignant personalities:

> Parkman said to Lowell, and a more strange evidence of lapse of tact could hardly be discovered, "Lowell, what did you mean by 'the land of broken promise'?" Emerson, catching at this last, said, "What's this about the land of broken promise?" clearly showing he had never read Lowell's Ode Upon the Death of Agassiz—whereat Lowell answered not at all, but dropped his eyes and silence succeeded, altho Parkman made some kind of futile attempt to struggle out of it. Emerson said, "We have met two great losses in our Club since you were last here—Agassiz and Sumner." "Yes," said Lowell, "but a greater than either was that of a man I could never make you believe in as I did—Hawthorne." This ungracious speech silenced even Emerson, whose warm hospitality to the thought and speech of others is usually unending.

There is a strange human quality about this anecdote. It shows these great New England figures as men swayed by prejudices and jealousies, men possest of personal vanity which they maintained to the last.

Caroline Ticknor's book deals with literary figures of a later period and includes a number of English writers, such as Du Maurier, Moscheles, the Coleridge family, and Anne Thackeray Ritchie. One of the Americans who stands out boldly is Mark Twain, and some amusing bits of his humor are given. For instance, a letter written by B. H. Ticknor to Twain ended: "God be with you, for I can not," whereupon the humorist wrote back:

> Dear Ticknor:
> He didn't come. It has been a great disappointment to the whole family. Hereafter appoint a party we can depend on. Yours,
> Mark.

Then there is the amusing tale of Mark's contretemps at a dinner. It was an *Atlantic Monthly* feast, and Twain conceived the bright idea of referring to Emerson, Longfellow and Holmes as three "deadbeats." Any other three writers would have laughed at the ridiculous sallies, but not these three; their dignity forbade it. Miss Ticknor, in describing this tragic occurrence, writes:

> Howells, on whom had devolved the responsibility of presenting the speaker, and who had set forth in glowing terms the treat that all anticipated, listened with consternation while Clemens blundered on, enlarging upon the ribald and uncouth appearance of his three hoboes, Longfellow, Emerson and Holmes. Meanwhile the idols of New England sat silently regarding him, and all around the table were startled glances and tightly comprest lips. I can recall my father's description of the icy reception accorded this would-be humorous dissertation which so sadly missed fire. When it was ended, only one person at the table laughed, and his name has been mercifully withheld from ignominy, while the speaker stood cold and solitary amid the ruins of his jocose masterpiece. The three subjects of his discourse remained mute and immovable; Longfellow sat erect eyeing the speaker with a puzzled air; Holmes, in preoccupation was fingering his menu, and Emerson, whose mental grasp was failing, remained oblivious of the whole occurrence.

One wonders if the speech did not do the Brahmins a little good; at least, it would be pleasant to learn the name of the individual who was human enough to laugh.

Another anecdote which Miss Ticknor narrates concerns William Dean Howells, Charles Eliot Norton and Edmund Gosse, then visiting this country. Howells had taken Gosse to visit Norton, and to understand the point of this tale it is only necessary to remember that Epps' Cocoa was very popular at that time and was described by two catch-words, "Comforting" and "Grateful." Miss Ticknor writes:

> Norton began to speak about the great deterioration which he felt was then taking place in London society; after citing some most conclusive instances, he put forth as a climax: "And there is Alma Tadema, who has married one of the daughters of Epps, the Cocoa man." Howells, who had been listening with increasing trepidation, conscious that Gosse had also married one of Epps' daughters, found it too late to interpose, and Norton went on unconsciously: "I really do not know which one he married, 'Grateful' or 'Comforting.'" Then the bomb was exploded, and before Howells could quickly change the subject, Gosse had replied: "He married 'Grateful.' I married 'Comforting' myself!" Soon after this the call came to a forced conclusion and Howells, having experienced the usual reward of virtue, led his guest back to Boston.

The chapters devoted to Charles Dickens in both of these absorbing books have not been touched upon, for much of the material contained therein has already been printed. It is amusing, however, to note the remark of Dickens, while arranging a walking match between his manager, Doble, and Osgood, the publisher. Dickens at that time was suffering from a cold, and he declared that as athletic manager for Doble he would take the name of the Gad's Hill Gasper, by virtue of his "surprizing performances (without the least variation) on that true national instrument, the American catarrh."

Observing both Mrs. Fields's material and the chapters by Miss Ticknor the writer is led back to his introductory remarks—that by knowing the men and women pictured in these books we are better able to comprehend our own times. It is to be suspected that our parents regarded Emerson, Longfellow, and their contemporaries somewhat as gods and not particularly as men. In these modern days we are prone to underestimate our finest writers, preferring to note them as men first of all and only as gods after they have passed away. Either course is not the best to pursue in any evaluation. The writers of any one period represent the spirit of that period and their human qualities must be taken into consideration if we are to arrive at any correct diagnosis of their time. Realizing that Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Thoreau, and those other figures are men, bitten by the small mischances of Time, jealous, colored by their surroundings and swayed often by the quality of thought in the air, can not but help us to understand better those years, serene and golden, wherein New England culture flourished at its highest growth.

Both "Memories of a Hostess" and, in a lesser way, "Glimpses of Authors" should aid, in some measure, the literary historian, as he pieces together the peculiarities of that period. Sly hints and anecdotes apparently innocuous in themselves but shedding light upon the characters concerned will be the bricks in the hand of this historian, bricks with which he will fashion the foundations of any premises he may draw from the literary phenomena of that age. We can not have too much of authoritative reminiscence; the small-talk of literature becomes straws showing which way the winds of culture blew in a period which has been much ridiculed, but which, nevertheless, still stands as a sturdy monument of American growth.

Young China's Bundle of Problems

By Isaac Anderson

CHINA has become a world problem, and a very troublesome one. The man in the street knows this fact, of course, in a general way, but very few are aware of the causes and the infinite complexities that go to make up this problem. Seen from the view-point of China herself, the subject resolves itself suddenly into a tangled group of problems, many of them of vital importance to the rest of the world.

These problems, and particularly those arising from China's relations with Japan, are ably discust by Putnam Weale in "An Indiscreet Chronicle from the Pacific."* The author, whose real name is Lennox Simpson, has lived in China since childhood and has held important official positions in the Chinese Government. He was one of the advisers of the Chinese Delegation at the Disarmament Conference in Washington. Mr. Weale insists that had it not been for errors of British diplomacy there would have been no Shantung question, for China was ready and willing to join cause with the Allies at the very beginning of the war and to demand the surrender of Kiaochow from Germany. Then there would have been no excuse for Japan to take that territory, as she lost no time in doing. To quote from the book:

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

Bronstrup in the San Francisco Chronicle

> President Yuan Shih-Kai was actually engaged in conversations having for object the surrender of the Kiaochow Lease, as soon as the German cruisers commenced their raiding in the China seas. But the conversations had led nowhere, not so much because full powers were not possest by the German representatives, but because of the advice and action of the British Minister. Had Britain, in the person of the British Minister, made an absolute offer to support China if she turned out the Germans by force unless Kiaochow was immediately surrendered, there would have been instant action, and all history would have been different. The same communication should have been made to China as to Japan. I have the authority of all the secretaries and personnel of the late President Yuan Shih-Kai for the statement that China was dissuaded from either quickly completing her negotiations or taking the necessary military action because of advice tendered her under the guise of friendship. The complete failure to grasp the great possibilities which a belligerent China held out for a solution of the Far Eastern question in 1914 was due to the fact that the men on the spot were not only inadequate but did not deal fairly and honorably with a friendly power.

Of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance the author says:

> Because it had meant for them a secret and unnecessary betrayal, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance became enthroned as an object of open hatred in the hearts of the Chinese people. After having been in existence twelve years, it had directly meddled with Chinese affairs in a most disastrous way and had directly influenced not only the march of events throughout the world but the chances of Chinese domestic peace. For with the mandate given to Japan over the matter of Shantung, the Japanese took every advantage, from the Twenty-one Demands of 1915 down to their uncompromising stand at Paris in 1919.

America, too, comes in for severe condemnation at the hands of Mr. Weale. Here is his opinion of our Far Eastern diplomacy:

> If England was the clumsy sinner, America was the really romantic sinner. Her policy in the Far East had constantly passed beyond the limits of real life because she had no vital interest at stake. She dreamed great dreams which ended in commonplace diplomatic morasses because she was never prepared to do more than throw out ideas which she allowed others to stamp out of existence. From the enunciation of the Hay doctrine of the Open Door in 1899 to the exchange of the Lansing-Ishii notes in 1917, she accomplished nothing that influenced in any degree the onward march of the peoples of the East, while contributing a great deal to their confusion and unrest.
>
> What was she aiming at? Peace, perfect peace; she desired to enthrone peace and make all men love one another. But her method was by proclamation rather than by action, by abstention rather than by participation. The supreme irony lay in the fact that her dearest measure was the one most deeply resented by the Chinese people: for it is a singular and interesting fact that the only way you can translate the Open Door is by the phrase "throw open the portals of your house," which is tantamount to a "sanction" resembling exploitation. The constant reiteration of the Open Door policy during two decades has created unnecessary suspicion and is one more proof that it is unwise to think up means to save a nation until you have satisfied yourself that your language is comprehensible.

China's financial troubles, according to Putnam Weale, are chiefly due to her inadequate tariff. Her customs duties are controlled through commercial treaties by foreign nations, without whose unanimous consent no change can be made. For eighty years the tariff has remained fixt at 5 per cent. If this could be increased to 12½ per cent. China would not need to borrow money to meet the expenses of the Government, and she would be able to work out her own destiny without interference from abroad. This and other difficulties could have been set right by the Washington Conference if China had presented her claims clearly and forcibly enough, and if American and European delegates had sufficiently understood the problems involved. The Japanese delegates understood the questions thoroughly, but it was not to their interest to help China out of her troubles.

Bertrand Russell, in "The Problem of China,"* agrees in the main with Putnam Weale in so far as political and economic

*An Indiscreet Chronicle from the Pacific. By Putnam Weale. 310 pages. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

*The Problem of China. By Bertrand Russell. 276 pages. New York: The Century Co. $2.00.

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THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME ARRIVES

Some of the small boys of China appreciate at least one phase of our so-called "modern civilization."

questions are concerned, but he regards the cultural aspect of the problem as far more important than any other. He is not one of those who take the superiority of the white race for granted. He believes that we can learn as much from China as we can teach her. As he expresses it:

> China has an ancient civilization which is now undergoing a very rapid process of change. The traditional civilization of China had developed in almost complete independence of Europe, and had merits and demerits quite different from those of the West. It would be futile to attempt to strike a balance; whether our present culture is better or worse, on the whole, than that which seventeenth-century missionaries found in the Celestial Empire is a question as to which no prudent person would venture to pronounce. But it is easy to point to certain respects in which we are better than old China, and to other respects in which we are worse. If intercourse between Western nations and China is to be fruitful, we must cease to regard ourselves as missionaries of a superior civilization, or, worse still, as men who have a right to exploit, oppress, and swindle the Chinese because they are an "inferior" race. I do not see any reason to believe that the Chinese are inferior to ourselves; and I think most Europeans, who have any intimate knowledge of China, would take the same view.

By combining what is best in their civilization with what is best in ours, Mr. Russell believes that a new civilization can be developed which will be better than anything the world has yet seen. The aim which he thinks Young China should set for itself is this:

> The preservation of the urbanity and courtesy, the candor and the pacific temper, which are characteristic of the Chinese nation, together with a knowledge of Western science and an application of it to the practical problems of China. Of such practical problems there are two kinds: one due to the internal condition of China, and the other to its international situation.

If the Chinese should adopt the Western philosophy of life, Mr. Russell fears that they would eventually become another great military nation and embark on a career of aggression as others have done before. Such nations must inevitably destroy each other, and if China is to be one of them, she will perish with the rest.

Another book which should be of inestimable value to the student of China and her problems is Dr. Mingchien Joshua Bau's "The Foreign Relations of China,"* which now appears in a new, revised and enlarged edition. This volume is a detailed history of China's relations with the outside world, from her first treaty with a foreign Power in 1689 down to the Disarmament Conference in Washington. But it is more than a mere diplomatic history. It is also a survey of the policies pursued by various Powers in their dealings with China, a discussion of China's present-day problems, and an outline of a foreign policy for the new China. The foreign policies which Dr. Bau suggests are grouped under four heads: the policy of preservation, the policy of recovery, the policy of the Golden Rule, and the policy of world welfare. As an example of what he means by the policy of the Golden Rule, he cites the attitude of the United States toward China, which he summarizes as follows:

> She sent missionaries to promote the welfare of the Chinese. She refrained from the struggle for leases and concessions, while the other Powers made China a happy hunting-ground. On the contrary, when China was on the brink of partition, she came with the Open-Door doctrine, which contributed much toward saving China from dismemberment. In justice and generosity, she remitted the uncovered balance of the Boxer indemnity, thus affording means to Chinese youths for education in America. As a result, she has won the gratitude and good-will of the Chinese. She enjoys the enviable honor of being considered China's best friend.

The views exprest above will be rather more palatable to American readers than those of Putnam Weale and Bertrand Russell, both of whom are inclined to be rather cynical with regard to America's idealism.

Readers who are interested in China but not in its problems will find "The Charm of the Middle Kingdom"† a book to their liking. The author, James Reid Marsh, was an official of the Chinese Customs, and in that capacity traveled in many parts of China. As he speaks and writes the Chinese language, he was able to get in closer touch with the people than is possible for the ordinary tourist, and his descriptions have that charm of intimacy which makes very pleasant reading.

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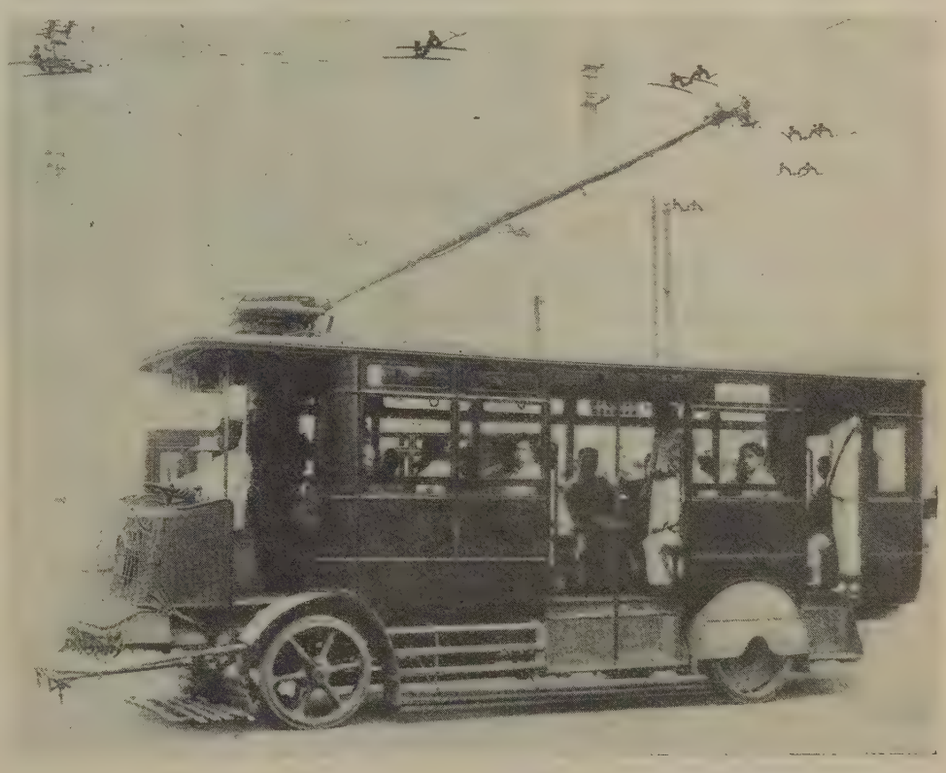
*The Foreign Relations of China. By Mingchien Joshua Bau, M.A., Ph.D. New, revised and enlarged edition. 541 pages. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. $4.00.

†The Charm of the Middle Kingdom. By James Reid Marsh. With Illustrations. 245 pages. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.00.



THIS IS NEW WITH US, BUT QUITE USUAL IN CHINA

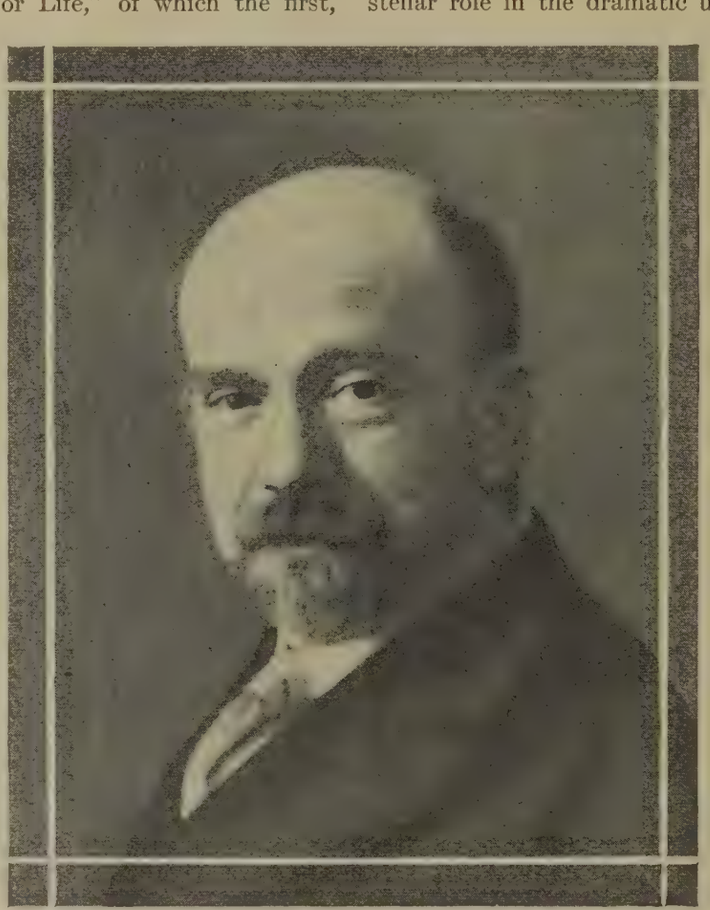
We have been making quite a stir about the "trackless trolley" systems that some of our more enterprising cities have just introduced. The system has been in use in China for some time. The fenders shown on the sides and in the front and rear of the car are intended both to eliminate accidents and to discourage would-be suicides.

Pio Baroja, Spain's Novelist of Pity

The Significance of His Trilogy

In my books, as in most that are modern, there is an indefinable resentment against life and against society. . . . I am convinced that life is neither good nor bad; it is like Nature, necessary. And society is neither good nor bad. It is bad for the man endowed with a sensibility which is excessive for his age; it is good for a man who finds himself in harmony with his surroundings. . . . Man needs to be endowed with a sensibility which is proper to his epoch and his environment; if he has less his life will be merely that of a child; if he has just the right measure, it will be the life of an adult; if he has more, he will be an invalid.

THESE few lines from his witty autobiographical notebook, "Youth and Egolatry," might well serve as a key to the novels of Pio Baroja. They are a peculiarly fitting introduction to his most important work, the trilogy of novels known as "The Struggle for Life," of which the first, "The Quest,"* has recently been translated into English. As a novelist Baroja is one of the products of that "modernist" movement in Spanish art and letters which first crystallized in Latin America under the leadership of Rubén Darío, and in the year of the Spanish-American war, a decade later, began to flower abundantly in Spain itself. The catastrophe of the war precipitated a sudden fermentation in the intellectual life of the nation which rapidly got exprest not only in literature and the arts, but more importantly in politics, in economics, in social theory, in religious belief; in short, at every point where a coldly realistic criticism found it possible to attack the authority of tradition. If the paths of doctrine seem divergent the ideals behind them seem none the less clear. What happened was that on all fronts and in various ways a great struggle set in which had for its object a wider diffusion of the material and spiritual benefits of progress. The emancipation of the common people so eloquently preached was to be economic and political as well as intellectual. Socialism, anti-clericalism, republicanism, philosophical anarchy, agrarian and industrial revolution were among the doctrines that, however irreconcilable as to method, seemed to offer means to the realization of a common aspiration. In literature a parallel cleavage with tradition took place. New and exciting and radical ideas began to compete with the academic formalism of the classical tradition and with the lingering shabby survival of romanticism. A generation of innovators arose. The fruits of the renascence are to be found in the austere mysticism of Miguel de Unamuno, in the analytic criticism of Martinez Ruiz, better known under his pseudonym of Azorin, in the plays of Benavente and the Quinteros, in the novels of Pio Baroja.



PIO BAROJA

Baroja is typical of the detached rationalism which succeeded the first romantic enthusiasm of the younger Spanish writers for the panaceas of the demagogs. At fifty he is sophisticated, disillusioned, weary and a little sad. His irony is that of a generation brought up to believe in the perfectability of humanity through social organization; looking about him, he finds that we have made little progress in perfecting human life in spite of much theorizing, that most of the panaceas involve consequences almost as fatal as the disease. This attitude, philosophically, leads to materialism and agnosticism. For the romantic, anthropomorphic notion of man's central importance in life, Baroja's generation has substituted the belief that life is neither good nor bad, but only natural, and that man, far from playing the stellar rôle in the dramatic universal economy, is the preoccupation of no primal force, but of himself. But for all his disillusion, his cynical and pessimistic temperament, his sophisticated logic, Baroja is anything but a quietist. He is as far from acquiescence and resignation as any convinced romantic. In spite of the fact that he has retired to a little village in his native Basque country where he lives in peace remote from the conflict, he sees that the conflict itself must go on. And because in it humanity necessarily suffers, he has pity; in that humanitarianism, over which even his rigorous logic can not prevail, lies almost the sole emotional coloring of his art.

Almost, but not quite the only emotional coloring. His friend Azorin has detected another emotion—the cold, implacable fury of Baroja's hatred for cruelty and stupidity, which to him are "two enormities, incredible and intolerable." It is against these two evils that Baroja has, in the past, most frequently been drawn into action; his hatred for them explains his early predilections to anarchy, to religious agnosticism, to economic reform, as it equally explains his later analytic criticism and final detachment. Characteristically and always a rebel, he has become in middle life an iconoclast whose pity is edged with irony.

Baroja's admirations in literature illustrate the principal qualities of his art as a novelist. They are, he tells us, Dickens, Balzac, Poe, Dostoievski and Stendhal. Like Balzac, Baroja is a social historian who has attempted to give an accurate picture of society in his own time. Like Dickens, his chief preoccupation is with humble folk and his principal emotion is pity. Like Dostoievski he glows with a fierce hatred of those things which oppress and humiliate the spirit. Like Stendhal, he is an intellectualist; like Poe, his art has its roots in rationalistic criticism.

The three volumes of "The Struggle for Life" are his most significant and most characteristic work. They deal with the pilgrimage of the boy Manuel, son of the serving-woman Petra,

*The Quest. By Pio Baroja. Translated from the Spanish by Isaac Goldberg. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. $2.50.

PIO BAROJA IN HIS STUDY

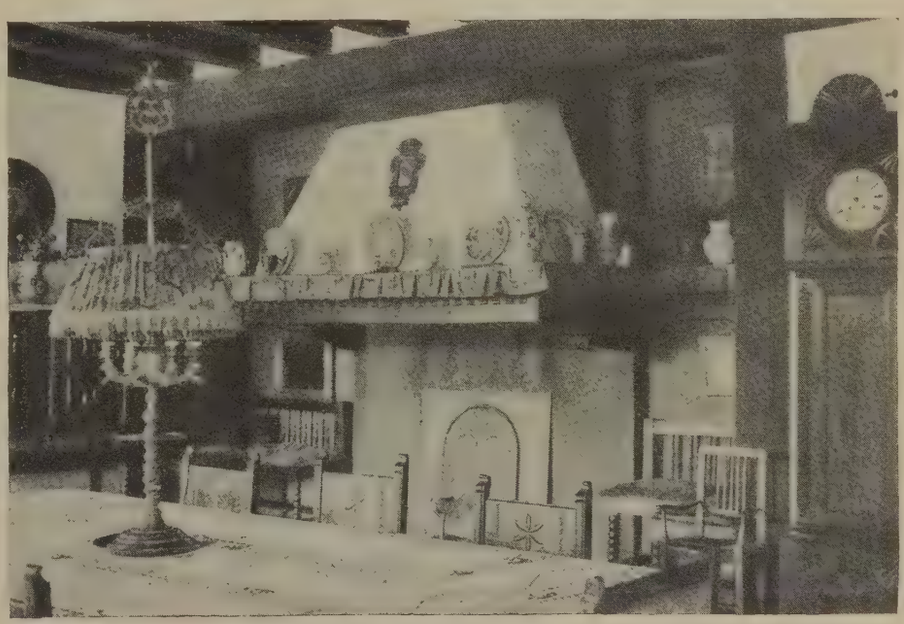
through the various strata of Madrid society. In form they resemble the picaresque romance indigenous to Spain which starts a merry rogue out upon a series of adventures in the world and carries him through a set of disconnected experiences having their only unity in his personality. The distinction between the trilogy of Baroja and the picaresque romances is not in the matter of form, but in that of feeling. The writers of picaresque romances could look at crime, misery and poverty with a detached and impersonal attitude; these things were natural and had always been part of life, they could be viewed as comedy. But whether a condition or an event is comic or tragic is not implicit in the event; it depends upon the extent to which you care about the person affected. If either romantic philosophy or scientific doctrine enforces a belief in the high destiny of man, these same conditions become humiliating and tragic; pity rather than amusement is the emotional response.

"The Quest" expresses this pity, as it also expresses resentment. It is a vivid, haunting, acid picture of what experience means to the folk whom life defeats and society rejects. It moves entirely among outcasts: drunkards, thieves, harlots and beggars living in the broken-down, squalid area that fringes all great modern cities. The stimulation of drink is their only release from the tragedy of life; they summon as their only beauty the magnificent dreams of power which come with intoxication. The only love they know is the satisfaction of a physical desire. When, exceptionally, this passion is colored by any attitude of nobility, as in the case of Manuel's cousin Leandro and the girl Milagros who jilts him, tragedy is the inevitable consequence. When, as in the case of the student Roberto, they cherish any nascent ideal aspirations, they become grotesque and fantastic. Experience deals least harshly with them on the level of purely animal existence; at best, it is but a prelude to defeat.

Manuel, the son of the servant Petra, is "endowed with a sensibility excessive for his environment." He has an instinct for the fine things of life and an impulse toward decency and respectability. He passionately wants to escape from the ranks of the outcasts among whom circumstances have thrown him, and join those of the honest workers. He is a rebel *à rebours*, a potential anarchist allured momentarily by the bourgeoisie. Two things he greatly wants: money and love. But when he attempts to secure them he finds that illicit methods seem most conspicuously successful, and for these he has an abiding aversion. He does not succumb to crime like his cousin Vidal, nor does he become a brute like his companion El Biszco. His one experience in robbery ironically convinces him that, both materially and spiritually, the results are not worth the effort. The episode in which the three boys break into a vacant house only to discover nothing worth carrying off is a bit of magnificent irony in Baroja's best vein. It illustrates the final tragedy of defeat: that when the broken, nerveless outcast finally summons enough courage to violate the rules of the society which has rejected him, he obtains no reward for his pains. The experience leaves Manuel more firmly convinced than ever that his future lies with the forces that make for order and decency and conformity to the social pattern into which the associates of his youth do not fit. The end of "The Quest" leaves him with this conviction; its sequels, "Weeds" and "The Red Dawn," shortly to be issued in English, carry him through successive stages of disillusion on his upward course.

Baroja's novel is the product of a sensitive and crusading social conscience; his convictions are equalitarian and he denounces society for its refusal to recognize in crime and poverty, misery and humiliation, a challenge to its own justification. The effect of his humanitarian emotion is vastly sharpened by what seems to be its almost complete suppression in his writing. Greater restraint and a more strict impersonality than that which he practises are hardly conceivable. He is consistently objective, transcribing actuality with the swift, biting line of the etcher. Like the etcher's, his picture of life has sharpness and character and force rather than color; it is a world reduced to terms of black and white. Baroja's incisiveness, his attitude of casually and coldly performing a rigorously intellectual demonstration, his blunt directness in presentation are in large measure the sources of his power as a novelist. His keen sense of reality makes few concessions to hope and none to sentimentality. However fantastic are the occasional eccentrics who float perilously and for a moment on top of the current—cardsharps, disabled acrobats, destitute artists—the reality of that submerged current itself, as it flows through his novel, is indisputable. His underworld is scabrous, degraded, but terrible only in its ironic despair.

Baroja lives now in the little town of Itzea in his native Basque country. Occasionally he visits Madrid or Paris. And he continues to write novels; stories of seamen in his province of Guipuzcoa, pictures of life in provincial towns, tales of the revo-



LIVING-ROOM IN BAROJA'S HOUSE AT VERA

lutionary period in Spain at the beginning of the last century. But his finest work is to be found in the series of novels dealing with the two aspects of Spanish life that he knows best; the life of Madrid, and that of the small provincial towns. It was, however, not as a man of letters that he became acquainted with either. His father was a well-known mining engineer, the scion of a family in which the expression of liberal opinions had been a tradition for two generations. Pio Baroja was destined to be a physician, but as a student was not extraordinarily successful. "People would tell me," he writes of his student days, "'Now is the time for you to study; later on you will have leisure to enjoy yourself; and after that will come the time to make money.' —But I needed all three times in which to do nothing—and I could have used another three hundred." He finally passed his examinations in medicine, and altho he had no interest in practising made application for the post of village physician in the village of Cestona. Here he remained for two years; then he deserted medicine. His next adventure was the operation of a bakery and pastry shop in Madrid in partnership with his brother, an undertaking imposed upon them by the financial difficulties of a widowed aunt who owned the shop. This venture, at first unsuccessful, was retrieved by a fortunate speculation on the Madrid Bourse, and shortly became financially profitable. Baroja has written amusingly of the difficulties which he encountered as a small tradesman; in the matter of official regulation they probably confirmed him in his contempt for government. On one occasion, when some alterations in the shop were contemplated, a building license was refused because no provision had been made for a stall in which to house the donkey which, according to regulations, was to run the kneading machine. The fact that Baroja's machine was operated by an electric motor did not cause the petty official to suspend his solicitude for the welfare of the hypothetical donkey.

Baroja began his career as a writer while still engaged in the bakery business, contributing variously to magazines and newspapers. His first novel sold fewer than one hundred copies; his second, fewer than fifty. Undiscouraged by this lack of success, he continued writing and shortly thereafter won a considerable audience with "The Tree of Knowledge," a novel based in part upon his own experiences as a physician in Madrid and the provinces. His next novels were concerned with studies of the anarchist movement, and these, particularly "The Wandering Lady," which is founded upon the attempt of Matteo Morral to assassinate the King and Queen of Spain on the day of their wedding, made secure his reputation as one of the most distinguished contemporary men of letters in Spain. He is, however, the interpreter of something less restricted in interest than Spanish life in a peculiarly absorbing period. Despite his racial integrity —and he is primarily Basque rather than Spanish—his novels are especially significant for their revelation of intellectual and spiritual dejection. It is the mood of a generation weary of trying to fashion a new idea from the broken pieces of its dead gods.

Confessions of a Literary Hobo

MR. KEMP'S autobiographical narrative, "Tramping on Life,"* belongs to that group of confessions in which may be found Ludwig Lewisohn's "Up-Stream." In other words it is an honest effort to paint one's self without any idealization, to orientate one's experiences in relation to the great passions of life, and, above all, to indicate subjective experience as well as the more objective and outward manifestations of a career which, if not especially valuable to American letters, is, at least, engrossing in itself. Time has rolled on since it was the proper thing to deplore sincere revelations of one's own smallnesses and spiritual defects and to doubt the validity of experiences which leave a bad taste in the mouth. It has become evident that no complete picture may be drawn without its shadows. There are assuredly shadows in Mr. Kemp's narrative. But these shadows sink into their proper perspective when we realize the disadvantages which the writer met in his long and hazardous attempt to devote his life to the creation of poetry. One cannot but admire his determination, although at the same time one never fails to realize that the very nature of the man is incomplete, that an oblique streak runs through his nature, and that many of his experiences were shameless because he did not possess the mental and moral stamina to face them with the necessary amount of spiritual strength.

Writing in a picturesque if somewhat jagged style, Mr. Kemp outlines vividly a career that is based primarily on a restlessness that would not permit it to take root anywhere. Thus we have a rather barren childhood culminating in experiences at sea and followed by the life of a hobo. During all these years Kemp strove to write poetry. He wandered about the country in ragged clothes, sometimes getting jailed as a vagrant, but always he had his volume of Keats or his Bible in his pocket. At first glance he would appear to be a sort of Villon of his day, but a brief analysis will show that he possessed neither the literary strength nor the mental independence of Villon. He is as derivative in his experiences as he is in his poetry. He would seem to follow the easiest path, and the easiest path for him was hardly the respectable road to intense literary application. There are moments of his life when he touches the high plane of spiritual achievement, but these moments are few and far between. For the most part he displays a curious streak of indifference toward the accepted gentilities of life. Other writers have done this, but their excuse was a profound genius that made it possible for them to do anything they desired. This is not the case with the central figure in "Tramping on Life." The reader will feel this falling short from genius at many points in the book.

Two episodes stand out in bold relief. One is the residence at Artworth Studios and the full-length portrait drawn of the sage of that community group, Spalton. The disguises are flimsy here, and any intelligent reader will arrive at the conviction that Kemp is writing about the Roycroft Studios and the late Elbert Hubbard. The picture drawn of Spalton (or Hubbard) is clear and uncompromising. It is, more or less, an attack on the integrity of that person, and it carries the ring of truth. From what one has heard of that group and the unique figure who controlled it, it is difficult to conceive any extenuating circumstances which would permit Spalton to domineer in the Tzar-like manner in which he did. Kemp's powers of portraiture are at their best here, and the picture drawn is an absorbing one. The second episode occupies the greater part of the last half of the book, and it covers the writer's residence in an idealistic community, his love-affair with the wife of the director, and the smash-up that ensued. This disagreeable episode is now old history, and one has but to turn back to the old files of newspapers to read about it. Whether or not Gregory (I use the name given the hero of this autobiography by Mr. Kemp) is to be excused for his participation in that affair must rest with the reader. It may be taken in different ways. From one aspect Gregory was pretty much of a cad. From another he was an intense lover, a lonely Tristan with a somewhat weak nature, which caused him to drift far beyond his depth. The reader must settle this for himself.

Some few things stand out in a curious manner in the book. For instance, the hero sails to China and wanders through that colorful land for some time. Yet the reader never gets a clear picture of China. Apparently the country did not react on the writer at all. He was there, we know, merely because he says so. But the mystery, the strangeness, even the peculiar differences

*TRAMPING ON LIFE. By Harry Kemp. New York: Boni & Liveright.

(*Continued on page 71*)

In This Month's Fiction Library

Current Novels and Stories

WHAT school boy or girl of America but knows the date, 1492, and thinks he knows all the story of that voyage of discovery! It is a difficult task that Mary Johnston has set herself in her new romance, "1492"—to vivify those happenings about which our minds have become almost as mechanical as about our A B C's. But she has achieved the feat of breathing into the old tale a new breath of life. The story is richly woven of the most colorful materials, and always through it runs blue and gold—the blue of the sky and the sea, which Cristoforo Colombo knew and loved better than the land, and the gold Spain hoped for, men killed for, and El Almirante sought for even to the last voyage.

The story is told by one named Jayme de Marchena, but called Juan Lepe, a believer in Columbus from the time of the first memorable sight of him, while he is yet poor and seeking aid, Juan Lepe meets Columbus at Granada, overhears his pleading before King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella—he knew him for a proud and commanding figure even then, when rebuffed—and is there again when Columbus, on his way from Spain to France, is overtaken by the messenger with the order to return. As if a strong fate willed it, Juan Lepe is drawn by circumstances to become his follower to the end. The age and the country were dangerous to one with a strain of Jewish blood, and to one who had written unorthodox sayings; so it was that Jayme de Marchena called himself "Juan Lepe" and was willing to join the crew of one hundred who sailed from Palos. He later takes the place of physician on the voyage, when necessity causes him to own to a knowledge of medicine. It is during the many weeks of that first long voyage that we come to know Columbus, his simplicity, his lonely courage, his childlikeness. As Juan Lepe writes, "the Admiral had the great man's mark."

History has not been fictionized to any great extent in the telling, but an amazing glamour of romance has been flung about it by the style of the narrator, which is curious and medieval. There is more than one moving moment in the story—the departure from Palos into the great unknown Ocean Sea; the hoped-for and despaired-of first landfall: "never was wind so sweet as that which blew this morning"; the second coming of Columbus to the New World, when Juan Lepe, who had stayed behind, the only one of thirty-eight left to see the Admiral again, saw the boats coming, "folding wings . . . the lovely white swans."

The other voyages follow, but none is so full of interest as the first, for no other was so full of high hopes and daring for the voyagers. But always to the west Columbus pushes, unsatisfied, —to Cuba, Jamaica, Trinidad, the Isle of Pines—until on his last voyage he comes so near to the truth of his discovery as to say: "What if it is not Asia at all? What if it is all New, and all the maps have to be redrawn?" Incidents crowd in that full span of life of which Juan Lepe writes. There is treachery, killing, stealing, plotting. It is a sad, true tale he tells, of how the white men fell from their places as gods in the minds of the Indians; gods who had come to them in winged canoes from heaven turned out to be men of weakness, lust and greed. The story follows through Columbus's arrest and ignominious return to Spain, where he who has said longingly, "What I would is that the Lord would give to me forever to sail a great ship, and to find, forever to find," is no longer El Almirante except in his own signature.

"1492" is a notable achievement in its dignity, sincerity, reality and richness. It is like an old manuscript which makes another age come close to us, glowing and bright. But the actuality of Columbus in the story is the chief accomplishment. He lives in it, to be admired and loved. We see him as a man, but as a man who "knew his star to be a great star." There are some vivid descriptions of places. One sees the islands the adventurers sailed among—almost sees them with their eyes. The reader is also imprest throughout the book with the largeness of Columbus's achievement, a largeness which his friend, the narrator, only glimpses when he says: "In fifty years—in a hundred years—in two hundred? What is coming up the long road?" When one finishes "1492," one says with Juan Lepe, "O Life, thou wondrous goddess of happenings!"

ELIZABETH STEAD TABER

"1492." By Mary Johnston. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Swann's Way

WHILE this review of "Swann's Way" was being written, the news came that Marcel Proust was dead, that his high venture, "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu," had ceased, and that in him one of the most interesting literary phenomena of our time had passed away. It is difficult to estimate "Swann's Way," for it is but the first part of an enormous novel which covers seven or eight volumes, and, besides that, it is a book that never depends on action for its interest. It is a study in mind development, an effort to adhere closely to an intensely subjective method in the rendering of a spirit. To do this the author foreswore action and occupied himself mainly with analytical detail. M. Proust, it may readily be affirmed, started as a disciple of Henry James and carried his formula to a natural conclusion. One must not attempt to bracket M. Proust with James Joyce, for the two men worked in different métiers. Joyce also is subjective, but he displays his subject through the medium of fluid thought running through the mind. Proust does not use fluid thought; his subject matter is conveyed by a careful analysis of things past as the mind looks back upon them. Thought interweaves into thought; every aspect of the problem is surveyed with the intense gaze of a man staring through a microscope at the human soul. The result is a book that moves with an extremely sluggish pace. Indeed, at times there is no movement at all. One stands and observes.

"Swann's Way" has been beautifully translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff, and it is to be hoped that the translator will go on with the rest of the volumes which make up this epochal attempt. In this first section (it comes in two volumes) a picture is given of the child mind through which Swann is first observed, and later Swann himself, having been initiated, is introduced and enters upon his first love-affair. By far the greatest part of this section is the analysis of the child's mind, done through remembered events long afterward. Carefully and with a high degree of tenderness the writer explores the recesses of this mind, fishing up apparently inconsequential episodes and presenting them in their true perspective as important stages of development in the growth of the adolescent. It is a remarkable piece of work and the stamp of authenticity is upon it. One can not but believe that this is just the way in which a child would develop if he were brought up in similar circumstances.

It has been stated that reminiscences of M. Proust's own childhood form a portion of this section, and one is tempted to believe it. The lonely heart of the child crying out for affection, set in a monstrous circle of great-aunts and uncles who do not understand, and who view as molehills the mountains that loom before

this infant mind, is started on its pitiful journey with the utmost delicacy of imagination and visualization. Into this infant mind first comes the impression of Swann, and it is through the eyes of the child that the reader first views this man, who is to be the center of interest in the book. Strangely enough, the acuteness of the child's deductions would seem to set the pace of the book; one feels that this is the real Swann.

With such a lack of action as has been implied it is impossible to do more in a review than note the extremely meticulous analysis of character-development which is really the *raison d'être* for the whole undertaking. The kinship with Henry James makes itself evident before one has traveled very far into the book. And it is not alone in long, involved sentences (altho they are there in abundance) that this kinship is to be felt. It is also evident in the ability of the author to remove strata after strata of thought from a situation, to view all sides of a thought, to pursue it to its inevitable conclusion. This style of writing is the reverse of the impressionistic school. There one is given a hint and the mind fares forth on its journey from that hint, arriving at its own conclusions. But in "Swann's Way" the author does all the labor of the reader's mind. He leaves nothing intimated; he pursues everything to its logical conclusion until the reader realizes that it is impossible to extract anything more from the thought. Strangely enough, this method, which is sometimes dull in the work of Henry James, is never so in the work of M. Proust. Perhaps one reason for this is the Gallic temperament. It is always difficult to discover a French author who writes in a dull manner. The thought of Henry James is often lost in its own convolutions, but this is not so with the thought of M. Proust. Proust's mind is more alert, and altho he takes pages upon pages to encircle and portray the outer and inner meanings of an apparently simple thing, the very grace of his prose, the unexpected developments which occur and then seem most natural after they occur, render the chapters an absorbing mental exercise.

It is undoubtedly true that any reader desirous of plot or action will be bored to death with "Swann's Way," but those readers who take joy in following the immeasurable potentialities of the human mind will discover it to be an experiment of the utmost importance. There can be but small doubt that the course of high fictional endeavor is shifting into new channels, and "Swann's Way" is one of the books that show where this new channel is going to lead. A new school of fiction, which for want of a better name we may term the cerebral school, has arisen.

SWANN'S WAY. By Marcel Proust. Henry Holt & Co.

Millions

ERNEST POOLE has undertaken to do just one thing in "Millions," and he has done that very effectively: he has used the glare of gold as a searchlight to reveal the inner natures of a group of normal people from a country town. The scene is New York City, and the "Millions" belong to Gordon Cable, who lies unconscious after an automobile accident. His sister Madge, who will inherit his money if he dies, has been called from her humble place as cashier of an up-State village store to handle the complex situation at her brother's bedside. With a sure hand Mr. Poole has depicted the sordid yet wholly respectable relatives who gather around Madge in that darkened apartment, ostensibly to protect her interests, but really to indulge in dreams of avarice. Uncle Phil, the unsuccessful country doctor and village druggist; Aunt Abby, the pious mother of a large and struggling family; Ray, her slangy and materialistic son—all gather there to "help" Madge, and incidentally to make her task doubly difficult. For all are hypnotized by Gordon's supposed millions, and are dreaming greedy dreams of what they will do if Madge gives them some of the money.

The situation is piquantly complicated by the presence of Miss O'Brien, an alarmingly unconventional actress, who claims the rights of a passionate attachment to the unconscious man. These, with the surgeon and nurses, and with Gordon's big-hearted partner, Joe, are the characters that play out the tense drama during the week that Gordon Cable lies at the point of death. Gordon seems, like Charles I, an unconscionable time in dying, and any one who reads the book for the dramatic action in it may justly object that this single thread of suspense is stretched out too long; but the author's main object has been to reveal the inner recesses of the human heart under the X-ray of greed, and he does it with humor and insight. His method involves frequent repetition of a phrase, like a Wagnerian leit-motif, in connection with each character; it is an effective method, so far as characterization is concerned, but it tends to get on the reader's nerves. "Millions" is not as great a novel as "The Harbor," but it is an excellent piece of workmanship on a smaller scale, and every character in it is as true and natural as your own family at the breakfast table. It successfully stands the test of being read aloud in the family circle without a lapse of interest from the easy beginning to the surprize at the end.

MILLIONS. By Ernest Poole. 279 pages. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

The Poisoned Paradise

ALTHO Robert W. Service has written two previous novels, most people have known only his poetry—those swinging rhymes of the frozen Northern places, of the lure of hunting for gold, of the powerful and enthralling fascination of life so sketchily touched by civilization. His verses are easy to parody, yet they have meant something genuine to those who have lived, struggled, failed or achieved in the Yukon. His novels may come, in time, to have had the same quality as his poems, but "The Poisoned Paradise" wholly lacks it. Here Mr. Service seems, if not ill at ease, decidedly unhappy. Through the book's most exciting and murderous moments the reader has the feeling that the author must be longing for the moment when it will be finished. Gambling in a miner's cabin is evidently understandable and picturesque to Mr. Service, but Monte Carlo is something very different. Mr. Service admits that Monte Carlo is capable of holding many people year after year, decade after decade, in its unholy grasp; his characters are told they must feel this, but they never convince the reader that they do so.

Yet the pictures which he draws of Monte Carlo are very graphic. They show it as a place of sinister and endless intrigue, misery, crime, hunger and death. It is quite fantastically horrible. "The Casino is like a stage where they enter, play their parts, and make their exits. Old and young, good and bad, rich and poor—they come and go; they lose or win; they sidle across the glossy floor under the great white dome; they smirk and posture, wrangle and vapor. Beefy Englishman and desiccated Yank, flatulent Frenchman and oily Italian, morose Spaniard and bovine Swede; Jap, Chinaman, Levantine Jew—they mix amid the throng that surges around the whirring wheels, and their strange tongues mingle in one confused babble." And for a brief period we are shown Monte Carlo as we might see an adventuress, never utterly subjected, but just for a little seen without her pretenses and her falseness under a pitilessly revealing light.

MARY GRAHAM BONNER.

THE POISONED PARADISE. By Robert W. Service. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

One of Ours

EXCEPTIONALLY well written, yet by no means a great novel, Miss Cather's "One of Ours" tells acceptably the story of one of those gallant young doughboys of whom all true Americans are proud. In the beginning, the long descriptions of farm life are tedious, and the sharp break between the book's two sections, which comes when Claude Wheeler goes to the war, injures its continuity. Its point of view is extremely pessimistic;

Claude's mother, who is obviously the author's mouthpiece at the end, feels that to die was the happiest fate which could have befallen the son she dearly loved. For those who, like Claude, were idealists could not endure their disappointment. "One by one, the heroes of that war, the men of dazzling soldiership, leave prematurely the world they have come back to. . . . One by one they quietly die by their own hands. . . . They were the ones who had hoped extravagantly—who, in order to do what they did, had to hope extravagantly and to believe passionately. And they found they had hoped and believed too much."

Nor is it only in its conclusion that the novel is pessimistic; its view of the farmers and of the general life of the Middle West is almost as unflattering as that of "Main Street." Claude Wheeler was an alien among his own people because he could not share their passion for "things"—for new reapers and new automobiles and talking-machines and cream-separators which were more trouble than anything else, nor believe as they did in the supreme importance of making and spending money. There is little of nobility, little of beauty, much of the materialistic in this Middle Western life as Miss Cather presents it, a life in which flesh is all, and spirit little or nothing. When there is religion, it is a religion like that of Claude's mother, who firmly believed that "the mind should remain obediently within the theological conception of history." Yet Mrs. Wheeler, for all her narrowness, had something of fineness too, and tho the daily existence here depicted scenes nearly as dreary to the reader as it did to Claude, most of the characters have at least a few good qualities of their own. Claude himself has been carefully drawn, and he wins a certain amount of sympathy, while many of the minor characters are flesh-and-blood people—Enid, the exceedingly unpleasant female Claude married, her dissatisfied father, the delightful Sergeant Hicks, and others.

The overseas part of the novel is very much the more interesting. It has incident and color, and tho Claude's friend Victor Morse is not entirely convincing, several of the other people he meets are very well done. The book shows understanding and sympathy, and its descriptions are often vivid. It is an essentially tragic novel; tragic, not because Claude is killed, but because its point of view is that in this world there is no place for the idealist, that just because Claude was fine and sensitive, clean-souled and aspiring, the best that could possibly be wished for him was death.

LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD.

ONE OF OURS. By Willa Cather. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Skippy Bedelle

IN NARRATING the adventures of Skippy Bedelle, Owen Johnson takes us back to Lawrenceville, where the Tennessee Shad, Turkey Reiter and the Triumphant Egghead were wont to disport themselves. These individuals and several others, who will be remembered by readers of Mr. Johnson's earlier stories, appear in the present volume also, but only in the background. Skippy Bedelle and his chum, Snorky Green, occupy the center of the stage. It may be said in passing that Skippy has all the necessary qualifications for a stellar rôle, and that Snorky is a very efficient feeder. The word "feeder" is here used in its theatrical sense. Taken literally, it expresses a quality so common to boys in general, and to Lawrenceville boys in particular, that its possession by any one individual would awaken no comment whatsoever.

Skippy is a genius, altho that fact is appreciated neither by his family nor by his teachers. But Skippy knows, and so does Snorky, that his invention of the Mosquito-Proof Socks will some day make him famous and rich beyond the dreams of avarice. To be sure, there are some details yet to be worked out, and it becomes painfully evident that Lawrenceville is not the place to carry on the necessary experiments, but the idea is there, and time will bring opportunities for its development. In the meantime there are plenty of other things to occupy the attention of a growing boy.

At sixteen, women have no place in Skippy's life. He despises them as inferior beings quite unworthy of the attention of a red-blooded man. But when his friends begin to boast of their conquests and to exhibit photographs, couch cushions and other trophies, he feels that it is incumbent upon him to prove that he is not utterly devoid of the power to charm the fair sex. At first, his triumphs are wholly imaginary, but in course of time he becomes a "fusser" of the deepest dye. He does not escape scatheless, however. More than once his heart, or perhaps it is merely his self-esteem, is deeply wounded, and more than once he swears that he is through with women forever. But such oaths are made only to be broken.

The book is rich in that spontaneous humor which made the author's earlier stories of school-boy life so delightful. Those who read and enjoyed those first stories will doubtless be glad to welcome Owen Johnson back to Lawrenceville.

SKIPPY BEDELLE. By Owen Johnson. With Illustrations by Ernest Fuhr. 316 pages. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The Strange Attraction

JANE MANDER'S New Zealand novel, "The Strange Attraction,"* belongs to the literature of revolt—to the new school that is bent with the desperate earnestness of youth upon smashing the few Victorian conventions and reticences that survive. New Zealand, it seems, is quite as advanced in this respect as the United States. Miss Mander's heroine, Valerie Carr, is thoroughly emancipated. She smokes cigarets, drinks with men, says "Oh, hell!" when slightly annoyed, works in the Dargaville News office at hours of the night that would have shocked her maiden aunts, and is determined not to have her freedom hampered by marriage, though she is desirous of love. Poor Bob Lorrimer loves her, but only in the old-fashioned way that regards a wife, a home and children as desirable. When Bob upbraids her for taking part in a drinking bout or going alone at night to Dane Barrington's tent, she silences him with the remark: "If only we would all let each other go pleasantly to hell the world would be quite a nice place to live in."

Despite the book's title, there is nothing strange in the attraction that brings together Valerie, with her literary ambitions, and Dane Barrington, a brilliant writer socially ostracized. They are kindred spirits, and both despise the old social conventions. Yet when their love becomes overpowering, it is Dane, the man with a bad reputation, who gently urges Valerie to marry him. She protests vehemently:

> Good heavens! What is the matter with this world that nobody can believe that I have a principle, an idea I want to live by! I'm not the first woman in the world who didn't want to marry, and yet everybody treats me as if I were. I'm not the first to say I want a career and a lover instead of husband and children. Women have been acting that way all down the ages, and yet I have to scream and yell and fight to make anyone take any notice of me. And you who have been all round the world, I have to shout it at you. Will you understand me? I am not domestic. I do not want to darn your socks. I do not want to put your slippers by the fire. I do not want to put buttons on your shirts. I do not want children. I'm probably a horrid unnatural brute, but I did not make myself, and I can't make myself like the women who want to do these things. I do want to love you. . . .

Nevertheless, Dane does persuade her to go through the marriage ceremony, at the same time agreeing to Valerie's plan that they shall be bound personally only by an informal agreement which leaves each free to go his or her way when either shall desire it. The story tells how this plan worked out through three years, and how the parting came, and how painful it was. The author registers no doubts concerning the success of Valerie's experiment, but the reader closes the book with mixed feelings. One has to be a thorough modernist to see any promise of happi-

ness in Valerie's solution of the marriage problem, or to avoid a feeling that she is selfishly demanding more than a good man could give. There is a powerful scene in which she strikes her father into silence, but the hard words with which she does it seem to outdo in cruelty even the sins of that dapper reprobate.

It is not the art of the author, but the materials she has used, that hold one's hand from highest praise of "The Strange Attraction." Miss Mander has proved in this novel that she is a skilled literary artist—in dialog, plot construction, style, characterization. Every character is alive, every page contributes to the dramatic action. The author has chosen, however, to depict a group of rather unlovely people, and to do it with a hard realism that shrinks not at the oaths of the men or the mannish traits of the heroine. The result rather chills the admiration which the book might otherwise inspire.

The Strange Attraction. By Jane Mander. 376 pages. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.90.

Dusty Star

OLAF BAKER'S new nature story, "Dusty Star," really has two heroes—the Indian boy for whom the book is named, and Kiopo, his wolf-cub pet. The two are fast friends from the beginning, and when Dusty Star's people hatch a plot to kill his four-footed playmate, he flees with Kiopo far to the West, and there, in a mountain wilderness called Carboona, the two live together and find enough adventures to suit even an Indian boy's taste. Once, when they are attacked by a hostile Indian tribe, Kiopo plunges over a cliff with an Indian he is fighting, and then Dusty Star is captured; thus they lose each other for a time, and before they are reunited they both nearly lose their lives. Dusty Star's escape from captivity—when the camp is raided by a grizzly bear—is only one of many exciting scenes. With Kiopo, especially, life is one long series of battles. Each of the strange friends saves the other's life again and again, and in time each takes on something of the nature of the other. But at last, when both are full grown, there comes the call for each to rejoin his own kind.

One is somewhat at a loss to say whether this is a book for children or for grown-ups, as it is written in a grown-up style and yet is the kind of story most likely to interest young folk. The author has not been content to make a nature book, pure and simple, such as Charles G. D. Roberts used to write; he clothes his animals with more or less human traits, as when he makes Goshmelee, the bear, act as protector and counselor of Dusty Star. His tendency to analyze the mental processes of the denizens of the wilderness also is not very convincing. Nevertheless, the book's wealth of adventure will delight the younger members of the family, especially if their elders will read it aloud to them. The four full-page illustrations are full of the mystery and thrill of forest and mountain.

Dusty Star. By Olaf Baker. Illustrated by Paul Bransom. 302 pages. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Overlooked

IN THESE prolific days of innumerable novels of sex, and of flappers, and of mystery, of woman's new-found freedom, of Freudian trend, and of temperament and unrest—there are dozens under each of these headings—it is a delight to come upon one that is different, that is founded on none of these ingredients. Here, in these hackneyed, over-written times, is a book that can boast originality. It bothers not at all about the pet tendencies of novelists to-day, nor does it mimic the up-to-dateness prevalent among numerous writers (mimicry is a favorite habit of young moderns), but goes its own way, and is intensely interesting. It is clearly and tersely written, and the story, for lack of superfluous embellishments, stands out in dramatic lucidity.

Part one is written in the first person by Anthony Kay, a blind man. Unseeing, he is doubly sensitive to all that is happening around him, and he tells about a group of people he has come among at Haréville, a French cure. Jean Brandon is the center of the wheel from which the spokes of drama jut. She is very lovely, but there is something strange about her, a listlessness, a need to be awakened. She is like a beautiful lamp, glowless, whose light has gone out. Her broken engagement of many years before, the reappearance of the man, and many odd and unexplained actions and reactions in this connection, form the story's vertebrae. There is Mrs. Lennox; her superficial and lion-hunting aunt, Kranitski; the inexplicable Russian, Princess Kouragine, and James Rudd, the novelist. Rudd is conceitedly sure of his analysis of the others and their motives. These people all talk each other over with Kay, and the little drama unfolds in this manner. It is an all-engrossing method. The reader is never quite sure who is reporting things as they are, and who is not. There is suspense and a keen desire to get at the bottom of things in consequence.

Part two is Rudd's novel, "Overlooked." Jean Brandon, disguised by the fictitious name of Kathleen Farrel, is the heroine. It is Rudd's picture, his interpretation, of all that happened at Haréville, the real inside happenings. It is most entertaining reading, this second-hand account of what we have just had first hand, and we keep wondering when he is right, and when he is wrong, and the suspense becomes, somehow, tighter.

Part three is told by Anthony Kay again. It is mostly a conversation between himself and a man who knew the Haréville episode, and has read Rudd's "Overlooked." They discuss the probability of the truth there, and the reader's speculations as to it all grow ever keener. At the close the Princess Kouragine adds some enlightening bits, but she is a little ambiguous too, and even after the book is finished we are left wondering as to exactly who loved whom, and why; and who didn't love whom, and why not. Excellently managed all this, handled with great discretion, the high lights chosen with a good deal of nicety, and the whole smoothly and vividly written.

Overlooked. By Maurice Baring. 200 pages. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75.

Support

THAT "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he" is seldom more clearly shown than in Margaret Ashmun's "Support." Written in simple style, this novel proceeds gently and logically, but undramatically. It is the story of a brave woman wisely bent upon rising above her environment. The theme is the universal problem of a livelihood, and the story works it out on the ethical point of whether or not a divorcee should accept the support of the man to whom she now gives nothing, and whether or not she should settle down upon her parents, who have already done their duty by her.

Unfitted for business, inexperienced in direct contact with the world, confused and annoyed to the point of being crushed by the smug embarrassment of her relatives and former friends because of her "position," Constance Moffatt arrives at her conclusions and courageously executes them—through shadows in which a less honest soul would have been lost.

"Support," while lacking humor, still gives us real characters sympathetically drawn with the Main Street pencil; people who constitute a vivid warning to the countless thousands who unconsciously persist in living this life under the appalling limitation of fear of the next life. The author's work suffers somewhat from an apprehensive desire to vary the good old "he said" and "she said" with newer phrases. Nevertheless, she has made a showing on big lines, effectively differentiating between self-pity and true humility, for instance, which only a real thinker can do. There is inspiration and hope in "Support" for those of us who wallow, now and then, in the mire of indecision.

Support. By Margaret Ashmun. 357 pages. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

Knocking Over the Literary Idols of France

(*Continued from page 17*)

loves most. Nevertheless he buckles his armor, brandishes his lance and goes out to get him; not to slay him, for Baudelaire is more of a *man* than the others—including George Sand—but to label him "Bad Master." One of the important charges brought against Rousseau and Chateaubriand concerns their appearance and conduct, but no one has said of them what Anatole France says of Charles Baudelaire: "He grimaced like an old monkey. He affected a sort of dandyism in his person. He took pleasure in displeasing. He prided himself on appearing odious." Among other things that M. Brunetière calls him is "the extravagant madman."

M. Carrère says, "while he is charming as a poet, as a man, in spite of his defects, he wins from us—by the sincerity of his sorrow and the proud disinterestedness of his life—an irresistible, indestructible sympathy." It is likely that the simple-minded official who was asked by Baudelaire, "Have you ever tasted little children's brains? They are like green walnuts and very good," did not share M. Carrère's opinion. M. Carrère doesn't give the same sauce to his geese that he does to his ganders.

"All great, virile, robust poets have breathed into us the love of life, depicted for us the victory of will over passion." We refer the writer of these words to a fellow countryman, M. Coué, whose daily-increasing fame is based upon the "discovery" that the will is an enemy to man and his moral and physical rectitude. Imagination is the thing.

The bald truth is that M. Carrère, a journalist by profession and an uncompromising champion of classicism in literature, for which he has taste and intimacy, is obsessed, and the obsession now and then displays itself in his conduct. "Bad Masters" represents one of those "now and then" times. He has had examples, such as M. Lasserre who in his "Romantisme Français" made out a much stronger case, and he has had imitators, such as M. Leon Daudet, who thinks the nineteenth century should be called the "Stupid Century," but he has no disciples and it is doubtful if any one calls him master save Mr. McCabe.

Having witnessed this Samson of French literature take hold of the chief pillars on which the Parnassian Temple of nineteenth-century literature stood, and having patiently observed him bowing himself with all his might and seeing no dead Philistines about, we are gratified to find that even he did not perish. His concluding chapter on Frederic Mistral, for whom he has a reverence approximating idolatry, shows that Mistral's "Iphigenie" marks an epoch in French letters. It is a perpetual hail to the rebirth of the classical spirit, the Pharos from which comes the kindly light that leads us on. It is "like those kindly aged relatives whom one abandons in hours of disorder, and to whom, as natural guides, one returns when one seems to be on the brink of eternity."

The translation is good. Here and there are encountered such sentences as "Since his death, even during life, he gave rise to fierce controversies, not only in literature, but also in the courts," but they are a relief rather than otherwise, for they permit one to smile at the text rather than at the testament. It is when Mr. McCabe attempts translation from the poets whose character is being assailed that he fails lamentably. We are willing to admit that Mr. McCabe knows evolution, astronomy, spiritualism, anything he has written about, but we protest any claim to a knowledge of poetry. How otherwise could he render Lamartine's noble lines:

> Le Poète est semblable au prince des nuées
> Qui haute tempête et se rit de l'archer;
> Exile sur le sol au milieu des huées,
> Ses ailes de géant l'empêchent de marcher.

into such gibberish as this?

> Not unlike is the poet to the prince of the clouds,
> Who disports in the storm and for shafts is too fleet,
> *From companionship barred, 'midst the jeers of the crowds,*
> He has wings of a giant and disdains mortal feet.

Baudelaire, the poet that M. Carrère has always loved, said:

> One must be drunk always. Everything is in that; it is the only question. If you would not feel the horrible burden of Time that breaks your shoulders, and bows you to the earth, you must intoxicate yourself unceasingly. But with what? With wine, with poetry, or with virtue—as you please. But intoxicate yourself.

M. Carrère has done it. He has intoxicated himself on classicism, and he has what is known as a "hangover."

Outlining the Wonder-World of Science

(*Continued from page 21*)

The Evolution of Stars, The Nebular Theory, The Birth and Death of Stars, and Astronomical Instruments. This is as thorough a treatment of a great subject as can be comprest into fifty pages and forty illustrations, and its effect on whoever reads it should be to leaven his daily business with a new perspective. His political beliefs will lose a little of their importance when he knows something of the sun whose light and warmth make possible each instant's continuance of his political opponent, his party, his race, his own brain.

The worry about next month's coal appears in more nearly correct relation to the importance of the earth's orbit, and the energy generated by its speed of one thousand miles a minute. When he gets through, he will have the little knowledge of astronomy and the universe which is a dangerous thing only to boredom; the night will be to him something more than the time for sleep, the interval between dinner and breakfast. He may never learn another fact concerning the heavenly bodies, and yet with the information to be gained in these fifty pages he may fairly shine in this subject in conversation with his fellow men. If he is inspired to go on and learn more of the air and the stars and the planet beneath his feet, there is a most excellent choice of books, classified under the various headings, at the end of the fourth volume.

Not satisfied with his own ability in certain restricted fields, Professor Thomson has called upon the masters of these particular subjects, and thus we have essays by Sir Oliver Lodge on "Psychic Science" and "What Science Means for Man," while Julian Huxley writes on "Biology," and Sir Ray Lankester on "Bacteria."

The scope of this great work may be realized from twelve thesis titles selected at random: The Dawn of Mind, The Story of Evolution, The Romance of Chemistry, Applied Science, Electricity, Wireless and Flying, The Wonders of Microscopy, Our Body-Machine, Psycho-Analysis, The Science of the Sea, The Science of Health, and The Story of Domesticated Animals.

There are errors in the text, some hardly excusable, and bad judgment has been shown in the selection of some of the illustrations, but these are minor drawbacks which are not worthy of specific mention; as a whole, the work is as reliable as researches into extant scientific literature by the mind of a single man could well make it.

The final chapter by Professor Thomson deals with "Science and Modern Thought" and is a masterly summing up of the relation of the realm of science to man's activities, ideas and ideals. It is significant that the last quotation is taken from Bacon's "The Advancement of Learning": "This is that which will indeed dignify and exalt knowledge if contemplation and action be more nearly and straitly conjoined and united together than they have been," words which were written three hundred years ago. I can do no more than repeat what I felt of the first volume, that this is a work written by the most able man in his field, who conceived it at the most propitious time, and has executed it in the most admirable manner.

From Mojave Desert to Siberian Steppe

(*Continued from page 35*)

responsibility. "Bob" Cook had never preached it to them. It was a tradition and a very precious legacy. In the truest sense, it was *esprit de corps.*

Paine supported himself in College by acting as sporting correspondent for a number of metropolitan dailies. It was most natural, therefore, that after graduation he should become a reporter and receive assignments from city editors of a decidedly sporting nature. Quite typically he joined a filibustering expedition sailing from Fernandina Bay with arms and men for the Cuban insurgents. A dangerous mission this, since arrest by United States marshals or capture by our naval vessels entailing a penitentiary term were relatively fortunate contingencies. Spain gave short shrift to captured filibusters, who invariably faced a firing-squad in Morro Castle. A brush with a Spanish gunboat, the final landing of men and munitions after weeks of exhausting and cruelly disappointing effort are cleverly, even brilliantly, described. From this episode the story carries us to the Spanish War. Paine was with the Marines who captured the hill at Guantanamo and with the blockading fleet at Santiago.

Now a full-fledged war correspondent of the fellowship of Richard Harding Davis, Villiers and Archibald Forbes, we find him in China with the American Army at the relief of the Legations. When the large German force under Marshal von Waldersee arrived after the fighting was over he first acquired a distaste for the Prussian idea, for its officers who insulted civilians, for the troops who slaughtered defenseless and unoffending Chinese on their murderous punitive expeditions.

The sinking of the Waesland, with the splendid heroism of its Captain, furnishes three of the finest chapters in Mr. Paine's book. The closing chapters deal with adventures in the World War. Mr. Paine was sent by George Creel to describe for the benefit of those at home the activities of the American fleet in European waters. At Queenstown, whither he was sent by the Admiralty's Chief Censor, he first encountered a chilly reception from the British Naval Commander, but at dinner over the wine-glasses the iceberg thawed, and the longed-for permission to go to sea on a destroyer and then on a submarine was granted. Later the author saw our squadron under Admiral Hugh Rodman in the Orkneys.

Mr. Paine writes beguilingly of what he has seen and done in the last thirty years. Not the least of his accomplishments is the rare ability to separate the wheat from the chaff. One suspects that, tho he has written a thoroughly interesting book, like the clever raconteur he does not reveal all his best stories. These other tales will certainly be equally well worth waiting for.

* * *

Here is a fine crescendo of adventure! "The White Heart of Mojave"* is the record of a journey through the Mojave Desert and across Death Valley, undertaken not by explorers who were experienced conquerors of natural perils, but by two middle-aged women who suddenly "took a notion" and proceeded to put it into effect. When Mrs. Perkins and her friend, Mrs. Jordan, told people that they were going into the Mojave Desert for a holiday trip, nobody believed them. The listeners were evidently divided into the group that did not take them seriously, and the group that gave credence to the earnestness of their intention, but did not for one instant believe that they could do what they proposed. As for Death Valley—that was not to be thought of!

Yet the two women not only journeyed through Mojave, but penetrated, crossed, camped in and studied its terrible "white heart," Death Valley itself. Balked in one direction, they tried another. Finding the season too far advanced when they had gone half-way, they turned back for that year, only to return the next and conquer the desert's terrors. Defeated in their innocent aim of reaching Death Valley alone in a motor car, they got a suitable desert outfit and took a guide. But triumph they must and did, in a series of adventures that piled up and up to a fine dramatic climax, and of beauties and strangenesses that reached their culmination in the travelers' conviction that here beauty and terror were one.

"The White Heart of Mojave" is an intensely interesting book. Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Jordan were inexperienced, but they were not foolhardy. They knew nothing about the desert and desert traveling, and they had the great common sense to know that they did not know, and to learn from those who did. The story of their adventure has the charm of freshness and the wisdom of adaptability. From their first approach to the harshness of Mojave to their last thrilling battle with snowstorm and sandstorm after the lassitude of almost unendurable heat, the book of their wanderings is a book for those who enjoy exciting records of human achievement. If this were fiction, instead of matter-of-fact truth, we should call it a corking tale; as sober fact, we declare that it sometimes fairly takes our breath away!

The book is not only adventurous, but finely informative. The quality of the desert, the nature and aspect of Death Valley, the desolate towns where people are living and the more desolate towns from which all the people have gone away; the mountains with their unfamiliar colors, the strange contrasts of height and depth, heat and cold—all these are described with the thrilling and moving description that is a part of the narrative itself. Death Valley is the lowest point in the country—280 feet below sea-level—yet from its sides the mountains tower nearly 12,000 feet, with no break of foot-hills between. It is probably the hottest place in the world, but directly above it the travelers' climb was stopt by ice-fields, and they had to flee through a blizzard from the very positive perils of the cold. We may have read some of these things in geographies, but it is almost certain that they have never lived for any of us as they live in the narrative here!

Moreover, "The White Heart of Mojave" is a record of astounding beauty. The book's charm is not one of style, for it is not written with any particular distinction; but it tells in lucid words about things of wonderful loveliness. There is beauty of color first and last and all the time, beauty in the lines of hills and valleys, beauty in the very strangeness of it all. Mrs. Perkins's book is a unique record that one really can not afford to miss.

* * *

Not very many of us are able, no matter what our longings may be, to journey to the distant East, and next to going there oneself, the best thing is to read the note-book of so interesting and perceptive a traveler as W. Somerset Maugham. For that is what "On a Chinese Screen" is—a note-book, in which he has jotted down impressions, reflections, suggestions for stories, pen-portraits of all sorts of people, Europeans living in China, as well as the Chinese themselves.* We stand with him at the city gate and watch the varied, colorful throng; we go with him to visit the missionary who is the central figure of the wonderful study called "Fear," the man who had disgust in his soul for what his will loved—a suggestion for a tale or a play as rich in possibilities as that story of Dr. Macalister the ex-idealist, which Mr. Maugham admits he would some day like to write.

The bewildering variety, the splendor and the squalor, the virtues and the vices, the teeming hordes of China, all pour across these pages in a succession aglow with color. There is a glimpse of an opium den, which, unlike the opium dens of fiction and the stage, is "comfortable, homelike and cozy"; the Great Wall looms before us; we visit the temples, watch the coolies who

*The White Heart of Mojave: An Adventure with the Outdoors of the Desert. By Edna Brush Perkins. Illustrated with photographs and a sketch-map. New York: Boni & Liveright.

*On a Chinese Screen. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: George H. Doran Co.

"bring the great bales from the junk up the steep steps to the town wall," and whose rhythmic cry "is the cry of souls in infinite distress . . . the final despairing protest against the cruelty of life." It is, indeed, an impression of an enormous, all-enveloping cruelty blended with, and in its way enhanced by, a profusion of beauty, keenly felt, which one takes away from Mr. Maugham's book. And this cruelty and this beauty seem alike to belong, as it were, to the very soul and spirit of the land itself, affecting the Europeans who dwell there as well as the Chinese. It may be due to a subconscious endeavor to escape this influence that the Europeans living in China would seem, to judge from Mr. Maugham's account, so carefully to remain ignorant of the Chinese.

Mr. Maugham touches, more or less briefly, on a great variety of topics. He questions why it is that there should be so much more real equality between men in the despotic East than exists in the democratic West—and finds the answer in the bathroom. "The matutinal tub divides the classes more effectually than birth, wealth or education," he declares; and then is presently telling us how the thrill of "romance" came to him as he lay beneath the bamboo shelter on a Chinese junk. But it would need a much longer review than this can be to give any adequate idea of the wealth of material contained in this new book of Mr. Maugham's. From the Chinese Cabinet Minister who lamented the decadence of China and was himself past master of the "squeeze" to the heavily burdened coolies, from the Mongol chief to the gentle Mother Superior of the orphanage, we see them all, and see behind them the imposing background of one of the oldest civilizations in the world.

* * *

Borne gayly along on the recent tidal wave of sea stories, the emerald sail of Arthur Mason's little Irish barque, "Ocean Echoes,"* makes a bravely independent display of its own. It is quite possible that this unpretentious craft may voyage farther than some of heavier tonnage, for the author's vast friendliness for men and women of all kinds can not fail to appeal to readers of widely different tastes. Because Mr. Mason is so integrally one of the romantic rovers of the world, he contributes something distinctive to the literature of adventure by virtue of his own insatiable zest for the new and distant.

Without any false modesty the author takes the center of the stage. While still a wild Irish lad living on a farm by the sea, he says, ships, "those strange visitors with white sails and dark hulls, spoke their message as they glided by on into haze and adventure." Soon he followed them into adventure often rendered fantastic through his impetuous generosity and gullibility. Many a strange and colorful picture he paints for us of sailors' boarding-houses, saloons, and ships of the '90's (mostly waterlogged)—wherever light-hearted irresponsibility took him. In himself he displays a naïve interest and pride, for he knows that character and strength are the capital of the adventurer. These the life of the sea had challenged to supreme tests, so that the author was able to measure himself in a way that few of us have ever had the opportunity of doing.

For the sea Mr. Mason has a genuine love. It is not perhaps a *grande passion* as with Masefield, but when he leaves it for the land and gold-mining something of the bright glamour is dimmed. The beauty of the sea never becomes a literary commodity to be exploited, but something reverently felt and briefly told with words that have first known silence.

Unhampered by the self-consciousness of the writing dream or by too much reading, the author's words have the fresh tang of wild fruit. It is almost enough to make the prospective writer give up all reading for the fear of tainting his originality. There is a good, bracing stride in every sentence, and no lagging of anecdotes. The author never weakens his easy mastery of style by overreaching himself He is much too wise to blow out his fuses with an overcharge, and so he leaves the reader with a satisfying sense of reserve power.

*Ocean Echoes: An Autobiography. By Arthur Mason. Introduction by William McFee. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

An Observant American in France

(*Continued from page 13*)

our army before the portal of the cathedral of Amiens; it is surcharged with significance (pp. 29–41). I wish that I might reproduce his casual interview with a group of friendly Tommies, one of whom was both a philosopher and a humorist (pp. 48–53). Not less tempting for extraction here is Mr. Wister's colloquy with a disgusted doughboy (pp. 76–78); and that other with four doughboys from Tucson, with whom he foregathered in the Parisian subway (pp. 80–86). But perhaps no one of these is quite equal to the full-length portrait of the voluble and authoritative American woman who sat next to him in the theater one night and who insisted on orating to him with invincible assurance and with the air of one accomplishing a duty which was also a rite (pp. 88–96). But perhaps the gem of Mr. Wister's collection is the full-length portrait of the professional uplifter, a smug self-satisfied pacifist, a half-conscious hypocrite, with the canting vocabulary of his tribe—a masterpiece of portrayal, worthy of being companioned with Tartuffe, brief and swift as it is (pp. 158–173).

Nor must I overlook the record of the cursory meeting of the author with a soldier from Kansas, who was a member of our Military Police, marooned in the middle of a Paris boulevard and who had his opinion of the French—an opinion which he was ready to express frankly and freely. And perhaps I can not do better than to close this review by making an extract or two from this plain-spoken Kansan.

"The French certainly are different and they think we are certainly different, and I think that the less we see of each other the better we are liable to like each other. The Lafayette affair was a good while ago, and I'm not as grateful to him as I was before I met his posterity."

Mr. Wister explained that the French did not expect anybody to pay the first price they ask. "They're used to bargaining. It's part of the game with them."

To this the Kansan promptly retorted: "We play poker in Kansas—but we're not used to playing it for a hen's egg with old ladies. Oh I know. We slapped our money down first go and it was bigger money than they'd ever seen, and they hadn't been seeing much for four years. We all go down when temptation's strong enough, and I don't hold that against them."

Then Mr. Wister asked, "Why hold anything against them?"

Kansas reflected. "I don't know as I do. Not more'n I hold it against everybody—including myself!"

There spoke the American, caught in the act, and saved by the humor which is our birthright. It is partly because Mr. Wister has his full share of our humor and an even fuller share of our shrewdness that this book of his is one which thousands of Americans will read to acquire a better understanding of themselves.

Books dealing with questions of political importance and historical interest continue to be issued in large numbers. Among the most promising of the forthcoming books on international affairs is "Sir Douglas Haig's Command," by George A. B. Dewar, assisted by Lieut. Col. J. H. Boraston, who was private secretary to Lord Haig when he was Commander-in-Chief. This volume, announced by Houghton Mifflin for January, created a profound sensation on its recent publication in England. It is said to be full of facts hitherto kept dark, particularly with respect to some of Mr. Lloyd George's activities in connection with the army. Rumor in London has it that Lord Haig's diaries contributed to the story. Houghton Mifflin are likewise publishing in January Toynbee's "Western Question in Greece and Turkey," an impartial and authoritative consideration of some of the questions lately at issue before the Lausanne Conference. Of similar interest is William Searns Davis's "A Short History of the Near East," lately published by Macmillan.

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Anton Chekhov and the Moscow Art Theater

(*Continued from page 15*)

worked, we suffered, we lost courage, and then found new hope again."

Chekhov came to one of the rehearsals. The players thought that he would explain the places that seemed vague to them. He answered their questions strangely, and they did not know whether his remarks were made in earnest or whether he was jesting. Only afterward they realized the value of his comments. Madame Knipper-Chekhova describes the first performance of "The Sea Gull," the nervousness of all the players, and particularly their fear to fail in their favorite play.

"The first two acts were over," she writes. "During the first act the audience seemed perplexed and restless; there were even protests now and then. All was so new and so unusual—the darkness on the stage, the actors seated with their backs to the audience, and the play itself. They were waiting for the third act. After the end of that act, silence prevailed for a few seconds, and then something happened that was like the bursting of a dam. A riot of madness broke loose. All joined in insane rejoicing; the audience and the players were as one; the curtain was not lowered. We stood as intoxicated; tears were streaming down our faces. We embraced and kissed one another. Excited voices in the auditorium demanded that telegrams be sent to Chekhov, who was in Yalta at the time. 'The Sea Gull' and Chekhov the dramatist were rehabilitated!"

Depicting Anton Chekhov's popularity, his sense of humor, and the last hours of his life, his widow writes:

"Chekhov gave every insignificant little person the right to live, the right to say 'I am also suffering, and I have my own little joys!' . . . People loved Chekhov tenderly and, without knowing him, came to see and hear him. He would exhaust himself and suffer from these visits. He did not know what to say when they asked him the question, 'How shall we live?' He did not know how to 'teach,' and he did not like to do it. He loved life as it is, not as it should be. I asked these people why they were coming to Chekhov. I said that he was not a preacher, that he was a poor speaker, and they answered with a humble and tender smile that even if they sat silently near Chekhov they felt encouraged and rejuvenated. . . .

"Chekhov was fond of all that was humorous; he liked to listen to funny stories, and sitting in a corner, supporting his head with his hand, tugging at his little beard, he would burst out into such contagious laughter, that I often stopt listening to the one who was telling the story, and looking at Chekhov I would also burst into laughter, seeing the story through Chekhov's eyes. . . .

"Even several hours before his death he made me laugh. That was in Badenweiler. After three days of painful alarm he felt better toward evening. He sent me out for a stroll in the park, as I had not left him for three days. When I returned he was uneasy because I did not go to dinner. I told him that the dinner-gong had not yet been sounded. Then Anton began to tell me a story of a very modern watering-place, with many well-fed bankers, and many strong, red-cheeked Englishmen and Americans, who are fond of good meals. They return from various excursions and walks, with the idea of getting a good dinner after their physical exercises. Suddenly they discover that the chef has disappeared, and that there is to be no dinner. He described how this blow at the stomach affected all these pampered people.

"During the last year of his life, Chekhov was planning to write a new play. It was still vague in his mind, but he told me that the hero was a scientist. He loved a woman who did not love him, or who deceived him. The scientist goes away to the far North. The third act was to take place there: An ice-clad steamer; the northern lights; the scientist stands alone on the deck, silent and calm; the grandeur of the night; and there, in the northern lights, he sees the shadow of the woman he loves. . . ."

Henry Ford's Business Philosophy

(*Continued from page 45*)

change. The union leaders have never seen that. They wish conditions to remain as they are, conditions of injustice, provocation, strikes, bad feeling, and crippled national life. Else where would be the need of union officers? Every strike is a new argument for them; they point to it and say, "You see! You still need us." . . .

There is a change coming. When the union of "union leaders" disappears, with it will go the union of blind bosses—bosses who never did a decent thing for their employees until they were compelled. If the blind boss was a disease, the selfish union leader was the antidote. When the union leader became the disease, the blind boss became the antidote. Both are misfits, both are out of place in well organized society. And they are both disappearing together.

Mr. Ford holds that there should be no need for organized charity or for almsgiving in any form in the United States—that the great, fine motive of human sympathy should take the form of "the larger desire to make hunger in our midst impossible." Professional charity degrades the recipients and drugs their self-respect. Real social service, he says, must take the form of giving sufficient wages to those who are competent, and of finding or making jobs for those who are partly incapacitated. The modern subdivision of industry opens places that can be filled by practically any one, and it is up to the employer to use his charitable impulses in fitting the less fit into such places. Experiments in the Ford shops at Detroit "have demonstrated that in sufficiently subdivided industry there are places which can be filled by the maimed, the halt, the blind."

Hospitals and their enormous charges also come in for a share of Mr. Ford's criticism. It is not at all certain, he says, whether hospitals as they are now managed exist for patients or for doctors. The present system, he believes, gives too much scope for exploitation of the patient; especially does he criticise the "professional etiquette" which makes it difficult to change a wrong diagnosis. To avoid these and similar evils the Ford Company has established a "closed" hospital at an expense of nine million dollars. The institution has a present capacity of six hundred beds, and all the physicians and nurses are employed by the year and can have no practise outside of the hospital. The charge to patients for a room, nursing and medical attendance is $4.50 a day, and the charge for a major operation is $125. The hospital has a cost system like that of a factory, and the charges are intended to make ends just meet, without profit. The institution, like the Henry Ford Trade School, is an example of the Detroit manufacturer's idea of proper substitutes for charity.

Mr. Ford's book is a refreshing variation from the conventional biography or autobiography. It is a practical idealist's philosophy—his theories of how private, national and international business ought to be run—with the record of his own experiments in putting his theories into practise. Tho one may not accept all his ideas, any just estimate must give his book a place among the essentially sound and stimulating works of the season.

Dr. Arne Novák, the distinguished Czech critic, has collected twenty-five of his studies of Czecho-Slovak and German authors in a volume, "Krajané a Sousedé" ("Compatriots and Neighbors"), recently published in Prague. The two chapters devoted to President Masaryk—as a personality and as a critic—are cited by European reviewers as especially worthy of translation and of a larger public. There is also an interesting series of four essays on the contemporary Czech novel. The German authors treated have been chosen mostly because they wrote about Bohemia. Thus Gustav Meyrink's sensational and widely read novel of Prague life, "Der Goldem," gets a good deal of attention; Dr. Novák regards it as a feeble caricature of reality, abounding in false romanticism.

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DR. ALBERT SHAW, Editor of *The Review of Reviews*, declared it "the most extraordinarily interesting book I have passed under my eye for years."

ISAAC MARCOSSON writes: "It is one of the most enthrallingly interesting human documents that I have yet seen."

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A Fighting Man-of-Letters a Century Ago

(*Continued from page 27*)

> bare earth and mountains bare, and grass in the green field." He sees nothing but himself and the universe. He hates all greatness, and all pretensions to it but his own. His egotism is in this respect a madness; for he scorns even the admiration of himself, thinking it a presumption in any one to suppose that he has taste or sense enough to understand him.

There are plenty of witnesses to the truth of this arraignment; but, of course, Wordsworth didn't like it. For ever after, Hazlitt was to him "the miscreant Hazlitt." Lamb, however, who had a wonderful way of keeping all his friends without surrendering his own judgment, stood by Hazlitt, in the main, in this, in spite of the difficulty of his position, as Crabb Robinson—who had almost a diary-long bone to pick on his own account with Hazlitt—records:

> Lamb spoke strongly in apology for H. and *at* me. He represented the praise of Coleridge as an ample set-off, and he thought both C. and W. [Wordsworth] had deserved this at his hands.

Precisely—for Lamb knew of reasons why Hazlitt could hardly be expected to handle either Coleridge or Wordsworth with gloves. For example in his early manhood, when Hazlitt had still ambitions of being a painter, like his elder brother John, he had sojourned a while in the Lakes, painting portraits of Coleridge, his son Hartley, and Wordsworth. The portraits of the two great men were not considered successful. "According to Southey, Hazlitt made Coleridge look like a horse-stealer on his trial, evidently guilty, but clever enough to have a chance of getting off; while the Wordsworth, according to another critic, represented a man upon the gallows-tree deeply affected by a fate he felt to be deserved." Hazlitt's offense, however, on this occasion, lay not in the doubtful success of his portraits, but in an amatory adventure with a village nymph, for which he narrowly escaped ducking. The story is shadowy, but there seems to have been no great harm in it. Wordsworth and Coleridge afterward claimed to have been his saviors from the rustic indignation on this occasion, but, if their alleged intervention was true, it did not prevent their gossipping about the episode, with enlargements of innuendo in later years, thereby giving Hazlitt's enemies of The Quarterly and Blackwood's a handy weapon to be, of course, gleefully employed against him. Again, Coleridge, long before Hazlitt's diatribe on the "Lay Sermon" quoted above, had been in the habit of imparting to Hazlitt wholesale plagiarisms from his conversation. Before he found himself as an essay-writer, and even afterward, Hazlitt's first ambition had been that of a philosopher. Even during his schooldays he had begun an "Essay on the Principles of Human Action," on which he kept working off and on, as the apple of his eye, for many years, till it finally got published, when, according to De Quincy, Coleridge asserted that it was derived wholly from him. Later he made the same claim for, he says, "what I should have called a masterly essay on the causes of the downfall of the Comic Drama, if I was not perplexed by the distinct recollection of having convened the greater part of it at Lamb's." Is it to be wondered at that Hazlitt should describe Coleridge as "the dog-in-the-manger of literature?" Later on, Coleridge transferred his charges of Hazlitt's plagiarism from himself to Lamb. Records Crabb Robinson: "He [Coleridge] denies H., however, originality, and ascribes to Lamb the best ideas in H's articles." Needless to say, Lamb himself never did so, and these charges, which present Coleridge's sorry nature at its sorriest, properly provoke Mr. Howe to one of his rare bursts of indignation. "I think it conceivable," he says, "that the reader may have grown somewhat tired of Coleridge's endeavors, having ruined his own career, to prevent Hazlitt from having one."

Surely one may not only feel that in all this Hazlitt had a sufficient *casus belli* against his "Lake" friends, but wonder that, with such grievances in his mind, he could so detach himself as to write with such noble fervor of "My First Acquaintance with Poets." His "second sojourn" with them, as Mr. Howe hints, might well have dimmed the raptures of the first. Moreover, Hazlitt had another grudge against them for an offense which his loyal radicalism could least of all forgive, their smug apostacy on the question of the French Revolution. All three, with Southey included, had started out as fiery advocates of that republican apocalypse. All save Hazlitt had made a swift and advantageous *volte-face* in favor of conservative government, with stable pensions. Southey was not likely to relish this biting reference to his own sudden change of heart: "The sun, indeed, passes from the East to the West, but it rises in the East again; yet Mr. Southey is still looking in the West—for his pension."

Whatever Hazlitt's faults, "trimming" was not among them, and he could forgive anything sooner in a friend than political apostacy. His political faith was something like a fanaticism with him, and in season or out of season, it never failed to appear like Mr. Dick's King Charles's Head in all his writings, however esthetic or idyllic, or otherwise removed from "those storms that rage outside the happy ground" of the arts. It was irrelevant revolutionary propagandism erupting among otherwise placid themes that made his essays, even on books, pictures, or the theaters, something like "hanging matters" for the truculent government men who did the hanging-drawing-and-quartering for the Quarterly and Blackwood's. Then, of course, Hazlitt chiefly wrote for such radical organs as the Examiner, and was identified with the Leigh Hunt, Shelley, Godwin forces. As we read some of the attacks upon him to-day, one is not so much struck by their ferocity—for brilliant ferocity will always have its charm—as by their frequent fatuity and silliness. They read like the dirt-flinging of schoolboys. One can hardly conceive of grown-up men foaming so foolishly at the mouth. Take this from Blackwood's. It is Wilson (Tennyson's "Crusty Christopher") on "Hazlitt Cross-Questioned":

> In an essay of yours on the Ignorance of the Learned, do not you congratulate yourself, and the rest of your Cockney crew, on never having received any education?
>
> Do not you, who can not repeat the Greek alphabet, nay, who know not of how many letters it is formed, pretend to give an opinion of the literary character of Professor Porson?
>
> Do you know what is English, or what is not English, any more than you know that Latin is not Greek?
>
> Do you know the Latin for a goose?

Again, and here we see with what magnanimity Wordsworth had kept the secret of that amatory escapade above referred to, in which he played the self-righteous rôle of rescuer:

> Is it, or is it not, true that you owe all your ideas about poetry or criticism to your misconceptions of the meaning of his conversation; and that you once owed your personal safety, perhaps existence, to the humane and firm interference of that virtuous man, who rescued you from the hands of an indignant peasantry whose ideas of purity you, a cockney visitor, had dared to outrage?

And once more from The Quarterly:

> We should not have meddled with him; but if the creature, in his endeavors to crawl into the light, must take his way over the tombs of illustrious men, disfiguring the records of their greatness with the slime and filth which marks his track, it is right to point him out that he may be flung back to the situation in which nature designed he should grovel.

Of course, it is laughable enough nowadays, and probably Hazlitt himself would have minded it less—for it is needless to say that he himself loved to cry "Ha! Ha!" amid the javelins—but that, as such concerted systematic vendettas will, such stuff as this stopt the sale of his books, and made his very livelihood a perilous struggle. However, he did not write his immortal descriptions of "The Fight" for nothing, and we can almost forgive his enemies when we remember that it is to them we owe his glorious "Letter to William Gifford, Esq.," with the grim business-like beginning: "It is time you were told what you are," from which John Keats, consistently Hazlitt's admirer, sent such delighted quotations to his brother in America. Keats himself, as we know, had a weakness for "The Fancy," and it is "the

(*Continued on page 68*)

An English View of the American Literary Revolt

(*Continued from page 37*)

oblivious of the soul of man. And the same writer puts forward this suggestive criticism:

> Our Society, which does everything by wholesale, is rapidly breeding a race of Hamlets the like of which has hardly been seen before, except perhaps in nineteenth-century Russia. Nothing is more remarkable than the similarity in this respect between the two immense inchoate populations that flank Europe on east and west.

With these clues in mind it will be possible to understand the younger writers who are leading the American literary revolt, authors such as Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, James Branch Cabell, Joseph Hergesheimer, Theodore Dreiser, Miss Willa Cather, and others, who have broken with the old tradition. This new phase of American creative and critical literature made an extraordinary sweep forward in 1920 and 1921 and the years immediately preceding. That movement has been followed by signs of a check, but there is every reason to believe that the check is only temporary. Now that the literary renaissance is an accomplished fact—as is the advance of national self-consciousness of which it is a reflection—one may anticipate the rise of new planets at any moment. I therefore regard the American books of to-day and to-morrow as one of the most important and significant phenomena of our time, and I confidently believe that our interest will not be disappointed.

A South Sea Cruise with Frederick O'Brien

(*Continued from page 39*)

another opportunity for a vivid yarn. And, of course, when he discusses the native women Mr. O'Brien is decidedly enjoyable. Ghost Girl is the one native to stand out the clearest. And as for the men, who will forget Nohea, the diver? Certain famous characters pass in anecdote across the pages of the book and among these may be noted Paul Gauguin, the French painter, Rupert Brooke, the English poet, and Robert Louis Stevenson.

Turning from human interest narrative (and this is by far the greater portion of the book—a method that is no small part of Mr. O'Brien's success as a travel-writer), there are certain other points that might be touched on. For instance, those paragraphs discussing religion in the South Seas are not without interest. The one creed that appears to be making the most headway is Mormonism, and two branches of this Church are struggling for supremacy in the Islands. Roman Catholicism also has a strong hold. Mr. O'Brien even outlines and discusses the native religion of the Islanders, and one of his most interesting chapters is that which has to do with the tapus or taboos, now passing out of observance, which are part of this religion.

Placed beside other travel books "Atolls of the Sun" has much to commend it. It is only when it is placed beside the author's two previous efforts that its shortcomings are felt. Nowhere in this new book, for instance, may be found such a charming tale as that in "Mystic Isles of the South Seas," where Mr. O'Brien passed a day with a Tahitian Princess at the Falls of Loti's Rarahu. This was an idyl complete in itself. But the fact that "Atolls of the Sun" does not touch the high peak of Mr. O'Brien's ability as a South Sea writer should not deter readers from plunging into its charming, amusing and thrilling pages. It moves swiftly from beginning to end. It is compact with color and action. Best of all, it is written with a due perception of the poetical and picturesque qualities of its materials, and this perception is immeasurably aided by the cleanly flowing prose.

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A Fighting Man-of-Letters a Century Ago

(*Continued from page 66*)

punch" behind all Hazlitt's prose, even in its most lyrical, enthusiastic flights, that gives it its unique invigoration. His successive sentences follow one another with the cumulative power of the "gasman's" blows.

This reference to "The Fight" reminds one of an engaging characteristic of Hazlitt which accounts no little for the rich and various humanity of his writings, his "democratic" satisfaction in the companionship of average human beings. Tho he was often to be found at Lamb's "evenings," he had no great taste for polite, and certainly not "literary," society. Life was always more to him than literature. "It is better to be able," he said, "neither to read nor write than to be able to do nothing else." His favorite cronies were unlettered men, such as he would meet o'nights at his favorite haunt, the Southampton Coffee-House—"Mr. John Simpkins, hosier in the Strand," "Mr. Fisher, the poulterer in Duke Street," or that staple law lawyer, Mr. George Mounsey, with whom he drove down to see "the Fight" or "a humorist who has three or four quaint witticisms and proverbial phrases which he repeats over and over; but he does this with the same freshness and vivacity as ever."—"He looks straight forward as he sits with his glass in his hand, turning neither to the right nor to the left. . . . Mounsey without being the most communicative is the most conversible man I know. . . . If he has nothing to say, he drinks your health. . . . His favorite phrase is, 'We have all of us something of the coxcomb.'"

Thank Heaven, the tribe of Mounsey is not yet extinct. The wisest of us still count a Mounsey among our most companionable acquaintance, and have the sense to value him, tho our superior friends wonder what on earth we can see in him. It was the capacity to appreciate the Mounseys in the human scene that, we may be sure, was the deep bond between Hazlitt and Charles Lamb, and, as Mr. Birrell has said, whatever be the conflicting testimony as to Hazlitt's character and personality, the witness of Lamb outweighs all the rest, and is all we need. His famous characterization is too long to quote here. Recognizing the something "difficult" in Hazlitt, he thus concludes:

> I wish he would not quarrel with the world at the rate he does; but the reconciliation must be effected by himself, and I despair of living to see the day. But protesting against much that he has written and some things which he chooses to do; judging him by his conversations, which I enjoyed so long and relished so deeply, or by his books, in those places where no clouding passion intervenes, I should belie my own conscience if I said less than that I think W. H. to be in his natural and healthy state one of the finest and wisest spirits breathing. So far from being ashamed of that intimacy which was betwixt us, it is my boast that I was able for so many years to have preserved it entire; and I think I shall go to my grave without finding, or expecting to find, such another companion.

Lamb was with him when he died, and heard those last words which may well have had on his lips a paradoxical sound:

"Well, I've had a happy life."

On hearing of his death, his hero of "First Acquaintance With Poets," Coleridge, wrote this pitiful, ill-natured doggerel-epitaph:

Obit. Saturday, Sep. 18, 1830
W. H.—*Eheu!*
Beneath this stone does William Hazlitt lie,
Thankless of all that God or man could give,
He lived like one who never thought to die,
He died like one who dared not hope to live.

On which Mr. Howe comments:

> The effect of this epitaph is a little reduced when we find that Coleridge kept it on hand and adapted it to serve a number of obituary purposes.

To which one might add: Who would not rather be damned with Hazlitt than saved with Coleridge? Keats had once written to Reynolds of Hazlitt: "I know he thinks himself not estimated by ten people in the world—I wish he knew he is."

Keats was right. Hazlitt had many more friends and admirers than he knew of, and those the pick of his contemporaries, including amongst them Landor, and Stendhal. If he could not get on with others, the fault seems certainly as much theirs as his, more theirs in fact in the cases we have considered; nor can he have necessitated more social tolerance than either Wordsworth or Coleridge or Crabb Robinson. As we have said, the hostility of his reviewers was either official, or in the interests of the "Lake" coterie. That he did not get on with his wife was no more his fault than hers, and, as a matter of fact, they appear to have remained good friends long after their divorce. The dislike of his wife's brother, John Stoddard, was certainly all in his favor. Indeed, one gains the impression from Mr. Howe's biography that in the main Hazlitt was a man more sinned against than sinning, that his faults were mainly of the surface, and that perhaps his chief offenses came of an imperfect social tact, springing somewhat from gaucherie, and somewhat from an unseasonable sincerity in the expression of his opinions on all occasions, in disregard of the customary social suppressions. He had little give-and-take as a talker, and conversation with him was always likely to develop into an argument, at all events, in certain circles where he was easily rubbed the wrong way. But it was by no means so with every one. Take this attractive picture of him in the "Recollections" of his friends, the Cowden Clarkes. Hazlitt is represented as holding a candle up to a copy that he had made of the Hippolito de Medici—for he was a sufficiently good painter to be a fine copyist—and "descanting enthusiastically on the merits of the original":

> The beam from the candle falling on his own finely intellectual head with its iron-grey hair, its square potential forehead, its massive mouth and chin, and eyes full of earnest fire, formed a glorious picture in itself, and remains a luminous vision for ever upon our memory. . . . Under that straightforward, hard-hitting, direct-telling manner of his, both in writing and speaking, Hazlitt had a depth of gentleness—even tenderness—of feeling on certain subjects; manly friendship, womanly sympathy, touched him to the core; and any token of either would bring a sudden expression into his eyes very beautiful as well as very heart-stirring to look upon. We have seen this expression more than once, and can recall its appealing charm, its wonderful irradiation of the strong features and squarely-cut, rugged under portion of his face.

Such was Wordsworth's "miscreant" Hazlitt to two good observers, and the observation of sympathy is always more valuable than that of hostility. As to those writings which Quarterly and Blackwood's reviewers dismissed as "loathsome trash," the world has long since made up its mind about them, and the more discerning and just-minded of his contemporaries were already of the same opinion as posterity. As a critic, Hazlitt was one of the great pioneer enjoyers alike in books, pictures and the stage, and one of the greatest stimulators of enjoyment in his readers that ever held a pen. And that pen was the instrument of a prose which for masculine eloquence, for natural rhythm, for cumulative descriptive force, for breadth, for sweep, for gusto, has no superior in English literature. We owe Mr. Howe an immense debt for thus having brought this master once more prominently to our consideration. We all read Hazlitt once. It is time that we read him again.

Rudolph Kassner, a German essayist and critic, has turned his attention to a new and curious field in "Die Grundlagen der Physiognomik" (Leipzig: Insel Verlag), a book in which he has studied the human face as an index to character. The volume is an elaboration of a popular lecture on the subject which caused widespread comment. Beginning with generally accepted ideas, such as that long ears mean timidity and a receding chin weakness of will, he proceeds to a more original and philosophical treatment of the subject. He seeks to establish analogies with the animal world, urges that all the features of the face must be judged together, and finally contends that physiognomy and not psychology is the true science for those who wish to study human nature.

Jane Austen Among the Modernists

(*Continued from page 11*)

equirements of self-analysis may surely excuse a little uncer-ainty, especially when combined with a daring originality she howed when she forged her "own will." Only the freest of free pirits could have made her beautifully direct and simple state-nent: "I murdered my father at a very early period of my Life, have since murdered my Mother, and I am now going to murder ny Sister." Tho weak enough to yield to momentary regrets, he never allowed them to turn her aside: "I am now going to nurder my Sister," she concludes, loyal to the last to that modern-st principle that one's nearest of kin must necessarily be the ob-ect of one's deepest hatred—altho it may be that her loyalty ook a somewhat extreme form.

In his very delightful preface to the new book, Mr. G. K. Chesterton tells us how it came about that this little volume emained unpublished for so many years. When Jane Austen lied it went, with all her other possessions, to the beloved sister Cassandra, whose illustrations for the "History of England" are here reproduced. Cassandra left it to her brother, Admiral Sir Francis Austen. He gave it to his daughter Fanny, and she left t to her brother Edward. It is to what Mr. Chesterton justly describes as "the wise decision" of Jane Austen's grandniece, Mrs. Sanders, daughter of Edward, that we owe its belated publication. The first fruits of one of the rarest comic spirits the world has ever seen, it contains the germ of more than one character and incident of those later books which are among the treasures of English literature. The connection with "North-anger Abbey" is of course the most obvious. Isabella Thorpe herself might have written Laura's account of her first meeting with Sophia: "We flew into each other's arms and after having exchanged vows of mutual Freindship for the rest of our lives, instantly unfolded to each other the most inward secrets of our Hearts." But it is not alone the coming "Northanger Abbey" of which a hint is perceptible in this early volume. Mr. Chester-ton has pointed out that in the remark made by Laura's father when he hears the loud knocking on the door of the rustic cottage on the Usk, which caused Laura to venture the assertion: "I can not help thinking it must be somebody who knocks for admit-tance," we hear the unmistakable voice of Mr. Bennet: "That is another point (replied he). We must not pretend to determine on what motive the person may knock—tho that some one *does* rap at the door, I am partly convinced."

The neatness of phrasing, the clear-sighted common sense, the swift perception of character, the keen, intuitive delight in the human comedy so notable in the mature work of the great novelist, are all foreshadowed in the scribblings of the young girl just out of the schoolroom. There is, of course, very little subtlety, much of sheer burlesque. But such admirable burlesque! The recog-nition scene at the inn is almost if not quite as good as the famous one in Sheridan's "The Critic"; the climax of "Love & Freind-ship," with its solemn warning of the dangers of fainting too often on damp grass, and testimony to the superior advantages of "running mad," which is at least "an exercise to the Body and if not too violent, is, I dare say, conducive to Health in its consequences," is one of the best bits of farce to be found any-where. "Beware of swoons Dear Laura . . . Tho at the time they may be refreshing and agreable yet beleive me they will in the end, if too often repeated and at improper seasons, prove destructive to your Constitution," advises the expiring Sophia. The whole book is amusing; one turns its pages chuckling, and is seized with an almost irresistible desire to read certain particu-larly choice passages aloud. How is it possible for any one pos-sest of even a small fragment of a sense of humor to resist that "History of England, By a Partial, Prejudiced and Ignorant Historian," or the account of the young lady "crossed in Love" whose friend solemnly adjured her in "the following line which was an extempore and equally adapted to recommend both Riding and Candour—"Ride where you may, Be Candid where you can"?

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An English Critic's View

(*Continued from page 7*)

year Kathleen Norris's "Certain People of Importance." This has been the best advertised book of the year. It has during the last four months been impossible to open the page of any magazine, or to visit a play at a New York theater, without seeing the faces of Mrs. Norris's characters seated in a row under the pearls of their creator. This elaborate advertising may perhaps have prejudiced me. One has the feeling that there must be something wrong with a book that needs such a deal of pushing, but I do not think that I was prejudiced. I have a passion for long books about families. I began Mrs. Norris's book with eager expectation. Then, when I had read half of it, I discovered that I was lost in a kind of San Francisco sea mist. I was continually having to look back to see who was who. The characters would not stand out in my imagination. I admire Mrs. Norris's conscientiousness, her determination to be a sincere artist, her intellectual honesty, her careful avoidance of melodrama, her good humor; but all these things are of no avail if the genius is not there. To me it was just that which was lacking, but I have a friend who found it absorbing and put it on a level with "The Old Wives' Tale," and further than that there is nothing to be said.

Of the first novels of the year that I have read, by far the most promising seems to me "Fair Rewards," by Thomas Beer. That young man has a great future in front of him, I am convinced, if he keeps his head, refuses to listen to flatterers, and puts his art before his pocket. "Fair Rewards" is not a great novel. I am not sure that it is even a good one. Its narrative skill is poor; there are scenes which should be emphasized or omitted. Movement lies too often on the surface. But Mr. Beer has every sort of gift. He can write dialogue with the best. He has fine sardonic humor. He is not a sentimentalist, but he is not without tenderness, and he has a rare gift of phrase. No one who is interested in the future of American letters can omit him from view.

About work like Ben Hecht's "Gargoyles" there is surely not very much to be said. It seems to me bad work from every possible point of view—bad as realism, because it is not convincing; atrociously bad as grammatical English; bad for its unnecessary obscenity; bad in its failure to create living persons. That is the trouble when remarkable figures like James Joyce come above the horizon. They affect the small fry who produce imitations—works that would not otherwise have succeeded. Mr. Hecht is, I believe, still young. Perhaps he will do better when, to quote Mr. Broun, "he grows older."

So much for the negative side. The six books on my list seem to me to be works, all of them, of which modern America can be truly proud.

"Babbitt" is, I suppose, beyond any question the most successful novel of the year. When I say successful I mean in more than a commercial sense, altho I suppose it is selling excellently. Sinclair Lewis has succeeded in doing what few men can manage. After scoring an amazing and unprecedented success he has followed it with a book better in every way than the earlier one. He has taken more trouble rather than less with the second book. He has cured himself of his earlier faults. He has been humble enough to take his time. "Babbitt" is a sustained and unfaltering satire, and more than that, the author has succeeded in making his central figure lovable as well as ironic. That is not an easy thing to do. He has also created a living man out of a type, and altho Babbitt stands, whether truthfully or not of course I can not say, for the American business man of this period, he is also Babbitt the private individual, whose human affairs interest and move us. I believe Sinclair Lewis is only at the beginning of his art. There were signs in "Main Street" of a poetry and color which he has excluded from "Babbitt." They will reappear, I am convinced, in later works and save him from the charge of being simply a reporter of his time rather than a creator.

Joseph Hergesheimer's "Cytherea" has been, I understand, the cockpit of every sort of attack and criticism. When the smoke has blown away the chief qualities which will be apparent, I think, are the book's honesty and bravery. It is not a question as to whether it is a pleasant book or no. For people who want only pleasant books there are plenty to be had. Mr. Hergesheimer was concerned with the analysis and true picture of the lives of three human beings during a certain emotional crisis. He has thought of nothing but the honest statement of this crisis. He has sacrificed everything to that honesty. The last forty pages of the book are in my opinion magnificent—with the first one hundred pages of the "Three Black Pennies" his finest work yet done. There is nobody, I think, writing so well in America to-day as Mr. Hergesheimer, and by that I mean actual writing. His style is continuously beautiful, rich and deep. It is, of course, a temptation to this author to sacrifice everything to his style and to his colored sense of the visual world. If he resists that temptation there is no limit to what he may do in the future. He is never lazy; never takes the easy road. He is always honest and clear-sighted.

About Miss Cather's "One of Ours" there has been a storm of controversy. The reviewers have almost without exception attacked the second half of her book—the war episodes. I must make a confession here. I first read the book some two months ago and was deeply disappointed in the last hundred pages. They seemed to me sentimental and unreal. I have just reread the book and have considerably revised my opinion. There has been so much grim realism about the war that Miss Cather's views are surprising; and then one reflects that she is a woman who was not, so far as one knows, in the war, and that, therefore, her pictures are at second hand. But on second reading one is expecting her point of view, and one sees how subtly and carefully it is approached throughout the book. More and more symbolism stands out from the latter pages of the book, and altho there is still something of a borrowed vision about Miss Cather's war pictures, they have seemed to me more justified by far than I had first supposed. About the first half of the book there can be no question. It is magnificent in its pictures of nature; its creation of individuals; its humor and its type of American soul. The old farm servant is an unforgetable creation of genius.

When I come to Mr. Van Vechten's "Peter Whiffle" I am tempted to throw aside all criticism. It is altogether so personal and individual you must either love or detest it. It seems at first to owe something to George Moore and James Huneker, but one perceives as one continues that it is a book *sui generis*, Van Vechten's own and nobody else's. It is written, of course, with an immense amount of erudition. The things that Carl Van Vechten doesn't know about anything out of the way or odd are simply not knowable. His humor is so whimsical that it can frequently be missed unless the observer watches very closely indeed. Its beauty is constant. There are unexpected passages of tenderness and poetry. What I think the book does especially is to link up the new intellectual America with old intellectual Europe. If there is one person living to-day dedicated to the service of painting immortal pictures of modern New York, that man is Van Vechten, but there is no knowing what he will do in the future. He would laugh at anybody who took him seriously. He eludes definition—like his own Peter Whiffle, he is always just around the corner.

It is amusing to pass from so whimsical a book as this to the serious New England spirit in Alice Brown's "Old Crow." This surely is the best book that she has yet written. I think it is a little too long, and in spite of its satire a little too touched with the psycho-analytic spirit that seems so especially to intrigue women novelists, but its beauty is unforgetable. I can conceive of nothing more difficult than the creation of the persecuted woman in this book. One touch too many and she is a sentimentalist; one touch too few and she is lifeless, but here she exists like the spiritual emanation of the New England scenery. The story has a dream-like quality, as have so many of Miss Brown's books. It will be tiresome to some to whom the affairs of the spirit are not existent, but there are others who will never

forget it. Miss Brown is perhaps more of the poet than novelist—that is, she is always ready to slip away from her characters into the regions of pictured philosophy. But the characters are there, and two at least should have permanent places in the gallery of American fiction.

I do not know whether I am justified in including Mr. Broun's first novel among my six. There have been perhaps a number of better novels during the year than his. This is the first book he has written, and he has written it, I should imagine, rather with his left hand while the right was occupied with all its multifarious affairs. He has written it, in fact, very easily. I do not know whether he cares to be a novelist; nor whether his column, his sporting and dramatic interests, and all his other occupations will prevent him from the concentration and leisure that are necessary for the creation of a novel of the first rank; but he has, I am convinced, the gifts. It is marvelous to see how in his first novel he avoids so many of the pitfalls which beset the feet of older novelists. His book is charming without being sentimental. His small boy is delightful, and both the father and mother absolutely exist. Charm is a dangerous word to use about any writer. Had Barrie not been a real genius he would have been killed by it long ago. W. J. Locke and many others have suffered grievously from it. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Broun cares sufficiently for the new art that he has attempted. Meanwhile, whether he cares or not, he has drawn two of the most charming boys—father and son—in modern fiction.

I try to give a few of my reasons for my pleasure in these six books. There must be many others that I have not read; many that would have been chosen by a weightier critic than myself, such books as Waldo Frank's "City Block"; Mr. Byrne's "As the Wind Bloweth"; Charles Hanson Towne's "The Chain"; Julian Street's "Rita Coventry." These are all remarkable novels of the year, but these six books that I have named would, it seems to me, be proud work for any country to-day to have accomplished within the space of twelve months. I doubt that any other country can show a list as fine for 1922.

Confessions of a Literary Hobo

(*Continued from page 56*)

of mind between the Orient and the Occident, are never set down on paper. And this is strange, for one would imagine that China would mightily stir the pulses of a young poet going there for the first time. Perhaps, however (and the reviewer is tempted to believe this), the young man possest an ingrowing disposition. He could never see beyond himself. He possest no vision. Indeed, this attitude is perceptible throughout the book, and, of course, such an attitude is all right if oneself is sufficiently interesting. One doubts this at times, tho, while reading "Tramping on Life." There is also evident a lack of a sense of humor, which, one is fain to believe, would have ordered the hero's life far otherwise if he had possesst it.

After one has read "Tramping on Life" one is tempted to philosophize a little about modern American life and its manifestations, especially as it affects the literary temperament. Here is a book which purports to give the physical and spiritual peregrinations of the artistic type. It is a sheerly emotional book, and it makes one wonder if modern letters are shifting into sheerly emotional ways. One looks back at a great autobiography, "The Education of Henry Adams," and considers the cool beauty of that book. Here was a great intellectual type, and the universality of application which may be made with the points drawn in that masterpiece render it a volume that will live. The same is not true of "Tramping on Life." This book is interesting, even absorbing at times, but its value is nil as a picture of American manners, because the protagonist in it never quite rises to his environment. After all, he is not the authentic intellectual type.

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(Continued on page 78)

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Close-up of Books and Authors

THE opinions of Lytton Strachey concerning Racine have been challenged from an unexpected source. Strachey's essay on Racine in "Books and Characters" was an effort to show that lack of appreciation of Racine by English readers was the result of unfamiliarity with the conventions of the French classical tragedy. Now a French critic, M. Charles Viriga, has taken issue with Mr. Strachey in an article to be published in a forthcoming number of The Bookman. It is said that when M. Viriga, who is now in the United States, first picked up the Strachey volume in a publisher's anteroom and read the Racine essay, he asked with considerable indignation concerning the identity of the English critic who so obviously had written about what he did not know!

The sensation of the current literary year in Paris is a novel entitled "Ouvert la Nuit" by a young and practically unknown writer named Paul Morand. It appears to be the product of an unusually fantastic imagination, and French critics have discovered in Morand the most striking new literary figure of the post-war period. An American critic sojourning in Paris says of Morand that "he is a romanticist in his lavish use of gorgeous color, and of unconventional imagery, in his sudden flights of poetic fantasy and in his pronounced predilection for the grotesque," but goes on to comment upon Morand's irony and intense dislike of sentimentality.

One English author has lately defied precedent and visited the United States with a desire quietly to make its acquaintance. Miss I. R. A. Wylie arrived in New York, and without public speech or appearance walked into an automobile sales agency and purchased a second-hand car. With the car and a companion she toured the far Western states for six months, returning mutely to England with whatever facts she may have discovered. She is now in Germany collecting material for another story of pre-war conditions to carry on the tale of "Tomorrow's Dawn."

Novel-writing is apparently the present preoccupation of those well-known Irish writers who have not been taken into service by the Free State government. Reports from Dublin indicate that James Stephens is at work on a new novel, and speak of his desire to come to the United States to finish it at a distance from the atmosphere of strife in Ireland. George W. Russell, "A. E.," probably the most remarkable figure of the Irish renaissance, is likewise said to be engaged in writing a novel. "A. E." is a poet, a painter, an economist, the editor of an agricultural journal, a mystic and philosopher. Fiction will afford only one more channel of expression for a unique personality. Padraic Colum has been in Dublin for several months, finishing his first novel, and after visiting England and France is returning to the United States for several weeks before departing for Hawaii. While in Hawaii he is to edit a collection of the native folk lore, which will be the first Hawaiian literary product to be published in the United States.

Joseph Hergesheimer, having spent a few weeks in New York City, recently proceeded to Cuba to watch the "filming" of his new novel, "The Bright Shawl," the scene of which is laid in the Cuba of the early seventies. Few modern novels afford a better scenario for motion pictures than this highly colored romance of Mr. Hergesheimer's, tho to provide a La Clavel and a Pilar who will sustain the illusion created by the story may well tax the director's ingenuity.

Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, who is now residing in the Villa Fontana Rosa at Mentone, has published a new novel, "La Tierra de Todos," which has already sold more than forty thousand copies in Spain. It is to be serialized in the Cosmopolitan Magazine in the United States and the Revue de Paris in France. The story is in part founded upon the author's experiences in Patagonia, when, many years ago, he was concerned in the founding of a colony in Argentina.

The latest annual award of two thousand dollars made by The Dial to that one of its contributors, who during the year has produced the most significant literary work, goes to T. S. Eliot, whose much-debated poem, "The Waste Land," will shortly be published by Boni & Liveright, with extensive notes by the poet. Mr. Eliot is an American, a graduate of Harvard, and for some years has been living in London, where he is employed in a bank.

Richard Mathew Hallet seems to have been sought out—to paraphrase the title of the play—by some experiences in search of an author. For a year after his graduation at the Harvard Law School he was secretary to a Federal judge. When the judge took a sabbatical year and went abroad, Hallet decided to go also in the only way open to him, working his passage across on a cattle-boat. Landing in London, he was for the next few weeks, as he says, "sitting on top of the world," adding: "I found it more absorbing than anything I can say about it." That was a London unknown to guide-books; London of the dangerous slums. Next he shipped as a sailor on board a British bark bound for Sydney. "I pretended," he says, "that I was coming back to practise marine law; I see now it was a self-delusion. . . . Four months is a long time to stay on a ship, and I deserted. The Captain pocketed my pay and heaved a sigh of relief"—after which Hallet went—"on the Wallaby" in the Australian bush. "The Wallaby goes by leaps and bounds, and that was how I went, picking up jobs as I went." When he got back to Melbourne the necessity to write was strong upon him as the urgency of thirst or hunger. He managed to secure a bare room and some wrapping-paper, and then induced the consul to stand as surety for the typewriter he hadn't money to rent—by showing him his name on an old Harvard class list—and shut himself up in the bare room to an orgy of work. Part of this the Melbourne papers published. Hallet paid for the typewriter and went upon his way again.

Miss Mary Johnston, whose new historical novel, "1492," marks a revival of the form in which she achieved her earliest successes as a novelist, has recently returned to her home in the Virginia mountains after her first visit to New York in eight years. Miss Johnston's first novel, "Prisoners of Hope," published in 1898, was largely written in New York City, curiously enough in the Mall in Central Park. The author continues to do the greater part of her writing out of doors. In her home in Virginia she rises at four o'clock in the morning, climbs to a favorite nook on a neighboring mountain, and writes until nine. The rest of the morning finds her busy with correspondence, reading and various other preoccupations, but in the afternoon she invariably goes for a long tramp in the hills. She finds it exceedingly difficult to work indoors, even in winter, and impossible to do creative work excepting during the early hours of the morning.

Mrs. Josephine Preston Peabody Marks, poet and playwright, died at her home in Cambridge, Mass., on December 4. Mrs. Marks graduated from Radcliffe in 1896, taught English at Wellesley College, and began early to publish her verse. In 1906

he married Professor Lionel Marks of Harvard. She was the uthor of a number of volumes of poetry and poetic plays, one f which, "The Piper," won the Stratford-on-Avon prize in 1910 nd was produced successfully both in this country and in En- land. Her last book, a play entitled "Portrait of Mrs. W.," ealing with Mary Wollstonecraft, William Godwin and their ircle, was published last Spring.

"The Congressional Library"

Brookline, Mass., Dec. 11, 1922.

o the Editor of The International Book Review:

In printing my poem, "The Congressional Library," in your December umber, a most unfortunate thing occurred. By some error, your type-setters ransposed pages two and three, to the utter confusion of the poem. I am ell aware that such mistakes will happen occasionally in spite of every care, ut I am going to ask you to be so good as to print this letter of explanation n your next issue, and follow it with a reprint of the poem as it should be. shall be most grateful for this courtesy, which I know you will accord.

AMY LOWELL.

THE earth is a coloured thing.
See the red clays, and the umbers and salt greys of the mountains;
See the clustered and wandering greens of plains and hillsides,
The leaf-greens, bush-greens, water-plant and snow-greens
Of gardens and forests.
See the reds of flowers—hibiscus, poppy, geranium;
The rose-red of little flowers—may-flowers, primroses;
The harlequin shades of sweet-peas, orchids, pansies;
The madders, saffrons, chromes, of still waters,
The silver and star-blues, the wine-blues of seas and oceans.
Observe the stars at night time, name the colour of them;
Count and recount the hues of clouds at sunset and at dawn.
And the colours of the races of men—
What are they?
And what are we?
We, the people without a race,
Without a language;
Of all races, and of none;
Of all tongues, and one imposed;
Of all traditions and all pasts,
With no tradition and no past.
A patchwork and an altar-piece,
Vague as sea-mist,
Myriad as forest-trees,
Living into a present,
Building a future.
Our colour is the vari-coloured world.
No colours clash,
All clash and change,
And, in changing, new colours come and go and dominate and remain,
And no one shall say which remain,
Since those that have vanished return,
And those no man has seen take the light and are.

Where else in all America are we so symbolized
As in this hall?
White columns polished like glass,
A dome and a dome,
A balcony and a balcony,
Stairs and the balustrades to them,
Yellow marble and red slabs of it,
All mounting, spearing, flying into colour.
Colour round the dome and up to it,
Colour curving, kite-flying, to the second dome,
Light, dropping, pitching down upon the colour,
Arrow-falling upon the glass-bright pillars,
Mingled colours spinning into a shape of white pillars,
Fusing, cooling, into balanced shafts of shrill and interthronging light.
This is America,
This vast, confused beauty,
This staring, restless speed of loveliness,
Mighty, overwhelming, crude, of all forms,
Making grandeur out of profusion,
Afraid of no incongruities,
Sublime in its audacity,
Bizarre breaker of moulds,
Laughing with strength,
Charging down on the past,
Glorious and conquering,
Destroyer, builder,
Invincible pith and marrow of the world,
An old world remaking,
Whirling into the no-world of all-coloured light.

But behind the vari-coloured hall?
The entrails, the belly,
The blood-run veins, the heart and viscera,
What of these?
Only at night do they speak,
Only at night do the voices rouse themselves and speak.
There are words in the veins of this creature,
There are still notes singing in its breast:
Silent voices, whispering what it shall speak,
Frozen music beating upon its pulses.
These are the voices of the furious dead who never die,
Furious with love and life, unquenchable,
Dictating their creeds across the vapours of time.
This is the music of the Trumpeters of the Almighty
Weeping for a lost estate,
Sounding to a new birth which is to-morrow.
Hark! This hurricane of music has no end,
The speech of these voices has neither end nor beginning;
They are inter-riven as the colours of the sky
Over the graveyards of ten thousand generations.

When we are as Nineveh, our white columns thrown and scattered,
Our dome of colours striped with the crawling of insects,
Spotted with the thrust of damp clay—
Our words, our music, who will build a dome to hive them?
In whose belly shall we come to life?
A new life.
Beyond submergence and destruction,
The implacable life of silent words,
Of tumultuous stillness of never-ceasing music,
Lost to being that so it may triumph
And become the blood and heat and urge
Of that hidden distance which forever whips and harries the static present
Of mankind.

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Books Talked About in Literary Europe

FRENCH interest in the period of the Second Empire is especially keen at present, and enthusiasts on that subject have therefore been awaiting with impatience the "Mémoires de la Princesse Pauline de Metternich-Sandor," which Plon-Nourrit is publishing. The celebrated Ambassadress of Austria at the Court of the Tuileries knew all the literary and political notables of her time, and her memoirs, which have been collected by M. Marcel Dunan, are regarded in Paris as among the most charming and important literary offerings of the season. A preliminary article on the Princess by M. Dunan was a feature of the October issue of La Revue Hebdomedaire.

"La Terre et l'Histoire," by Lucien Febvre, is the fourth book in a great series of one hundred volumes which is appearing in Paris under the general title of "L'Evolution de l'Humanité," and under the editorship of M. Henri Berr. The vastness of the enterprise may be realized from the fact that M. Febvre's volume alone contains 450 large pages, besides a bibliography of 237 of the more important works used in writing it. The book is not only an encyclopedic survey of human knowledge on earth and man—in language that makes it accessible to the general reader—but is also an original contribution to knowledge and is intended to take its place in the great synthesis of history. It is a geographical introduction to history, especially a study of the action upon men of their surroundings and occupations. (Paris: La Renaissance du Livre.)

A distinguished German woman, Ricarda Huch, has turned aside from literary criticism, poetry and historical fiction, in which she won her fame, in order to write an appeal for world-wide effort against the intellectual chaos and decadence which she sees descending on western civilization. The title of her book, "Entpersönlichung" (De-Personalization), is intended to indicate what lies at the bottom of all our troubles—a weakening of personality. As a reviewer in the London *Times* sums it up: A mechanistic science, self-deluding ideas about freedom and progress, utilitarianism as our motive, and material comfort as our aim—the philosophy of Bacon is carefully examined as the forerunner of all this—all these are bringing civilized society in Europe to a point where that society must go down and be replaced with something more virile and with a profounder grasp of the spiritual realities of life. The author would find the remedy in the renewed cultivation of personality, "infinite personal development in place of limitless progress," the renewal of the function of imagination:

> Alles wiederholt sich nur im Leben,
> Ewig jung ist nur die Phantasie.

Italy is discussing a new novel, "Il Dio dei Viventi," by Grazia Deledda, whose realistic fiction of Sardinian village life has given her an international reputation. The situation is complicated from the beginning. Basilio Barcai dies suddenly and all his property naturally goes to his brother, Zebedeo, tho he has left an illegitimate son and always said that he intended to make him his heir. Lia, the boy's mother, makes a scene after the funeral, and the scandal of the dead man's past develops into a many-sided affair. As long as the author is dealing with scenes and characters that are familiar to her, her touch is absolutely sure.

Troubles begin to gather around Zebedeo with Job-like intensity. His own son is bitten by the dead uncle's colt, and the wound refuses to heal; his harvest and the cattle do badly, and there is a fire on the farm. The servant believes it is all due to Lia's having "overlooked" the family, and she tries to steal a handkerchief from Lia as the only means of curing the boy's hand, on St. John's Eve, when all in the village go down to the river to bathe their feet—an admirable scene. Then they decide to take the boy to the sea, and the moment that Grazia Deledda's feet are off her own Sardinian soil her magic departs. Italian readers may not realize the lapse into the commonplace, but foreign critics agree that the last part of the novel prevents it from ranking among the author's most successful achievements. (Milan: Treves.)

Two French books on Italy are the theme of a recent article in the Paris *Temps*. One is "Cavour et l'Unité Italienne," by Paul Matter, a magistrate of the Court of Cassation, known in the literary world for a similar study of Bismarck and German unity. The other is Ernest Lémonon's "L'Italie d'après Guerre," a study of the political storms that have swept over Italy since the war. After a thorough examination of the Fascisti and their deeds, both good and bad, M. Lémonon declares—in words that seem prophetic in the light of events since the book was written—that the nation will conquer the difficulties of peace. "Those who have no faith in the latent forces of Italy are deceiving themselves," he says. He recalls the fact that in half a century Italy's population increased 40 per cent. and that to her 38,000,000 inhabitants must be added the influence of 750,000 Italians living abroad. After quoting Professor Rocco's searching sentence: "For centuries Italy's real wound has been the absence of a national conscience, of a spirit of duty and self-sacrifice, and, on the other hand, the diffusion of the narrowest egoism and the most cynical materialism," M. Lémonon adds: "This is exactly what the Fascisti, in these latter years, have realized." He believes that their effect will be profoundly salutary.

Dr. Guido Biagi's researches into the death of Shelley and Williams, first printed in English in 1898, have just been republished in Italy under the title, "Gli Ultimi Giorni di Percy Bysshe Shelley" (Florence: La Voce), as a tribute to the centenary of the poet's death. One of the aged eye-witnesses examined related that a solemn oath among the sailors of Viareggio of that day was "Vorrei esser bruciato come gl'inglesi alle du'fosse," which, as a London *Times* reviewer remarks, "not only shows the profound impression produced by the burning of the bodies, but is additional evidence of the spot where it took place at Viareggio." Dr. Biagi's book contains an appendix which throws light on the romantic tradition about the sending of Shelley's heart to England. Trelawney is shown to have altered the official report of the cremation of the body so as to prevent its invalidating the poetic incident of the heart remaining unburnt. Dr. Biagi comes to the conclusion that the poet's heart must ultimately have been buried with the remains of Sir Percy Shelley at Bournemouth.

Can France and Germany ever approximate anything like friendship in the present generation? A French author, Ambroise Got, has answered this affirmatively in "L'Avenir des Relations Franco-Allemandes" (Paris: Etienne Chiron). Having lived in Germany most of the time since the Armistice, he is able to analyze the present currents of thought among Germans. He says that just now the real power is in the hands of the parties that stand for moderate but sincere republican ideals, groups whose intentions toward France are above suspicion. He also points out that publicists such as Maximilian Harden, George Bernhard and S. Jakobsohn are carrying on a lively campaign on behalf of a rapprochement. The author urges France to embrace the opportunity by going half-way to meet the advances of these more friendly elements in Germany while they are still in power.

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Chas. L. Robinson, Editor, 452 Fifth Av., New York.

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Important Books of the Month

(*Continued from page 73*)

dier, intended to bring comfort to those whose sons fell in the war.

FURY. By Edmund Goulding. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.75.

A novel of the sea, of love, and of reckless, roving youth.

FROM A BENCH IN OUR SQUARE. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.

Tales of human joy and sorrow reintroducing many of the characters that figured in "Our Square and the People in It."

THE TREASURER OF GOLDEN CAP. By Bennet Copplestone. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

A story of mystery and adventure.

THE ROOM. By G. B. Stern. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A novel of a modern girl's desire for a room of her own, where she can "think things out and be herself," and of the problem which matrimony presents to such a woman.

THE QUEST. By Pio Baroja. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

The first novel in Baroja's great trilogy, "The Struggle for Life," translated from the Spanish by Isaac Goldberg.

OVERLOOKED. By Maurice Baring. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75.

A novel founded on none of the ordinary ingredients of fiction—a character study unique in conception.

CHINESE NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS: STORIES OF OLD CHINA. Selected and edited by Brian Brown. New York: Brentano's.

A new collection of Chinese folk-tales, with an introduction by Sao-Ke Alfred Sze, Chinese Minister to the United States.

THE DANCING FAKIR AND OTHER STORIES. By John Eyton. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.

Dramatic tales of life in India, with pen-and-ink illustrations by L. Raven Hill.

Poetry

THE BOOKMAN ANTHOLOGY OF VERSE. By John Farrar. New York: George H. Doran Co.

An anthology of poems that have appeared in The Bookman during the past eighteen months.

MIHRIMA AND OTHER POEMS. By Cale Young Rice. New York: The Century Co.

Four lyrics which are now to be found only in "Sea Poems" and "Songs to A. H. R."—collections which will not be republished.

GRANITE AND ALABASTER. By Raymond Holden. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

Certain of the poems included in this volume have appeared in The Nation, The Literary Review and other periodicals.

DRAMATIC LEGENDS AND OTHER POEMS. By Padraic Colum. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The first collection of Mr. Colum's verse since the publication of "Wild Earth."

LAST POEMS. By A. E. Housman. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

A slender volume of verse by the author of "A Shropshire Lad," the first from his pen in twenty-seven years.

SONGS FOR FISHERMEN. By Joseph Morris and St. Clair Adams. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd Co. $2.50.

An anthology of the best fishing poetry from Shakespeare in England to Edgar A. Guest in America.

THE WORKS OF LIPO, THE CHINESE POET. Done into English verse by Shigeyoshi Obata. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50.

The first adequate English version of the best-known Chinese poet; also the first volume in English to be devoted wholly to a single Oriental poet.

OUR BEST POETS: ENGLISH AND AMERICAN. By Theodore Maynard. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.

A critical study of present-day poets, with examples of their best work.

THE CRY OF VASHTI AND OTHER VERSES. By M. A. B. Evans. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

More than 100 poems, ballades, rondeaux.

LYRIC FORMS FROM FRANCE. By Helene Louise Cohen. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Both an anthology and a description of the ballade, the chante royale, the rondeau, and other old forms of French poetry.

AN ANATOMY OF POETRY. By A. Williams Ellis. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Analytical essays on poetry from half a dozen different points of view.

YANKEE NOTIONS. By George S. Bryan. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.25.

Humorous verses, most of which were originally published in the New York *Tribune* in F. P. A.'s column.

SOUL'S SECRET DOOR. By Swami Paramananda. Boston: The Vedanta Centre. $2.

Seventy-two poems representing the best of this East Indian author's work.

WHEN A SOUL SINGS. By P. M. Raskin. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $1.50.

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SADDLE SONGS AND OTHER VERSE. By Henry Herbert Knibbs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

Songs of the Western plains by one who has spent most of his life in the saddle there.

SAMPHIRE. By John Cowper Powys. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $1.

Twenty poems of the earth and of ultimate space, of buttercups and of the gold dust of Orion.

Religion

BELIEF IN CHRIST. By Charles Gore. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In this book Bishop Gore of Oxford makes a close examination of the road along which the first disciples traveled in reaching the faith formulated by St. Paul.

AFTER LIFE IN ROMAN PAGANISM. By Franz Cumont. New Haven: Yale University Press. $3.

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THE LITERATURE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT IN ITS HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT. By Julius A. Bewer. New York: Columbia University Press.

A documented account of Old Testament literature. Latest volume in the Records of Civilization Series.

DRAMA IN RELIGIOUS SERVICE. By Martha Candler. New York: The Century Co.

A book on the church drama by an author who believes it is entering upon a great period of revival.

JEREMIAH: A DRAMA IN NINE SCENES. By Stefan Zweig. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $2.50.

A Biblical drama translated from the revised German text by Eden and Cedar Paul.

WHY DO THINGS HAPPEN? By Everett King Bray. Minneapolis: The Nunc Licet Press.

In this booklet the author undertakes to answer, along religious lines, such deep questions as "Why Am I? Why I Anyone? Why the Universe?"

I BELIEVE IN GOD AND IN EVOLUTION. By William W. Keen Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co

Commencement address a Crozer Theological Seminary republished with much additional matter.

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NERVES AND PERSONAL POWER By D. Macdougall King. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $2

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THE EVOLUTION OF MAN. Edited by George Alfred Baitsell. New Haven: Yale Press. $3.

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THE HOME VEGETABLE GARDEN. By Ella M. Freeman. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

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GRAVITATION VERSUS RELATIVITY. By Charles Lane Poor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

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CHILD TRAINING. By Angelo Patri. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.

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THE KINGDOM OF EVILS. By E. E. Southard and Mary C. Jarrett. New York: The Macmillan Co.

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STUDIES IN PSYCHOANALYSIS. By Charles Baudouin. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $4.

Leading methods and theories of psychoanalysis explained by the author of "Suggestion and Autosuggestion."

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THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HANDWRITING. By William Leslie French. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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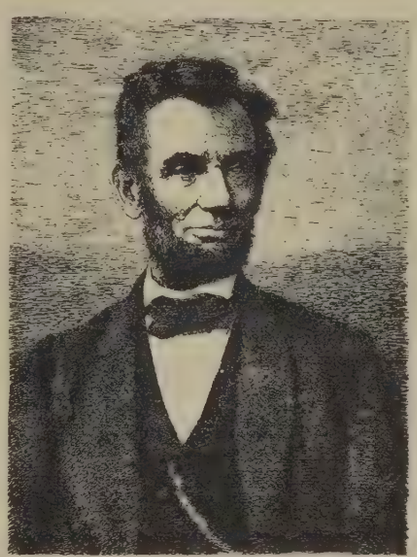

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VOLUME I. The Literary Digest No. 3, WHOLE No. 3.

INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

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TERMS: $1.50 a year, in advance; a single copy 15 cents; postage to foreign countries 50 cents a year, excepting Canada and countries where the United States domestic rate applies. BACK NUMBERS, not over three months old, 25 cents each. RECEIPT OF PAYMENT is shown on address-label, usually the month after a remittance is received; date of expiration includes the month named on the label. CAUTION: If date is not properly extended after each payment, notify publishers promptly. Instructions for RENEWAL, DISCONTINUANCE, or CHANGE OF ADDRESS should be sent *two weeks* before the date they are to go into effect. *Both old and new addresses* must always be given. PRESENTATION COPIES: Many persons subscribe for friends. Those who desire to renew such subscriptions must do so before expiration.

THE LITERARY DIGEST INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW is published monthly by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. London Office, 134 Salisbury Square. Printed in the United States of America.

Entered as second-class matter November 29, 1922, at the Post-Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The Literary Digest
INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

Volume I, No. 3 NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1923 Whole Number 3

The Sensational Lapse of the Spanish Novel

By Vicente Blasco Ibáñez

SPAIN is a country of novelists. For one thing, Spain's national book, known and read all over the world, is a novel—"Don Quixote"—and its author, the glorious Don Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, altho he wrote many poems and plays, passed into history solely as the first, the most original, and likewise the most human novelist in any country in the world.

The oldest example of Spanish literature—I mean the oldest unified and complete work—is "La Celestina." Because of its dialog form and its lack of descriptions it appears to be a stage drama, but in reality it is a novel in which the characters are talking and trying to express what the author is thinking.

The best romances of chivalry, books that delighted the warriors of the Renaissance period and the first sailors and conquistadores that went to America, also were born in the Iberian Peninsula. "Amadis of Gaul," the most famous, and the story of his son's heroic deeds, "Esplandian," are creations of Portuguese and Spanish novelists whose names are known, but whose lives have remained shrouded more or less in mystery.

Many of the writers of the great literary period in Spain, known as the "golden age," produced works of fiction, some of them poetic and pastoral, some of them picaresque, reflecting the adventurous life of the time. The great ironist, Quevedo, laid aside his philosophical and political studies to tell the stirring adventures of Paul of Segovia; and the most prolific dramatist of any age or country, Lope de Vega, who wrote hundreds of plays and millions of verses, also thought it necessary to produce a romance, tho his talent as a novelist remained very inferior to his inexhaustible magnificence as a playwright.

It should be added, no doubt, that after the appearance of prose fiction in Spain, and after its flowering in many fine works in those early times, it finally disappeared for a long time, vanquished by the theater. A most powerful educational reason lay back of this eclipse. The men of the sword, the gentlemen of that age, being men of action little given to solitary meditations, did not like to read, and in time it came to the point where they did not know how to read—a fact which

did not prevent their being heroes on many occasions. It would be unfair to assert that this happened only in Spain. In all the countries of Europe, at that period, the theater triumphed over the book. The novel regained its high place again only in modern times, when democratic governments were established and when popular education became general. As soon as all the people were compelled by law to learn to read when they were children, they felt the need of reading after they had grown up, and books became one of the necessaries of life.

As in old Spain the people crowded into the theater, that institution flourished more and more luxuriantly, and there arose great dramatists such as Lope de Vega, Calderon, Tirso de Molina (creator of Don Juan), Guillen de Castro (creator of "The Cid," imitated afterward by Corneille), and so many others, in fact, that there were more than a hundred Spanish playwrights who achieved celebrity. On the other hand, after the time of Cervantes and the creators of the picaresque romance, prose fiction decayed rapidly in Spain and at length vanished altogether. Two centuries passed before there again appeared a Spanish novel worthy of attention. Not until the middle of the nineteenth century—when the Spanish people, like the other nations of Europe, had begun to feel the need of novel-reading, and when they had to get their spiritual sustenance through translated fiction—did this literary form revive in the Spanish Peninsula. But that renascence, when it came, was exuberant, luxuriant, magnificent, like a plant which has been torn from its native soil, and which, when restored to it, strikes deeper root and grows with redoubled vigor.

Within a period of twenty years—a period so brief in the history of a literature that it may well be regarded as a single unit of time—there arose in Spain a famous group of novelists, which the present generation regards as already old, and which it has to a certain degree unjustly forgotten, but which represents a literary flowering, brilliant and strong, such as few nations have produced. All these novelists were honest and conscientious producers who regarded their art as a sacred thing and who wrote their books, not as a business, but because they felt the imperious need, which the true artist feels, of giving outward form to what the mind has conceived.

Most of these restorers of the Spanish novel are already dead: José María de Pereda, a master of description, whose eyes could better appreciate and interpret mountain and seacoast landscapes than city scenes; Don Juan Valera, the polished novelist of Andalusian life and the diplomat saturated with international ideas; Pedro Antonio de Alarcón, the most genial and genius-driven of all, he who cherished a vision of persons and things which we may call most purely that of the artist; and Perez Galdos, the most prolific of all, a mixture of Balzac and Dickens, producer of about one hundred volumes, creator of innumerable characters and tireless worker in all the diverse varieties of this form of fiction—the historical novel, the novel of manners, the political novel, the novel of dialog, the epistolary novel, etc. One woman also won renown as a novelist—Emilia Pardo Bazan, who had a flexible talent and a great facility in adapting herself to the evolutions of the novel, being naturalist, symbolist or mystic, according to the literary fashion. A noted and somewhat splenetic critic, Leopoldo Alas, who rendered illustrious the pseudonym, "Clarin," also devoted himself to the novel in the latter part of his life, producing notable and very bookish books.

From that period of the glorious renascence of the novel there still survive two authors, but they are men who seem very young by the side of those I have mentioned. They are Palacio Valdés, an admirable novelist, some of whose works the American public knows, as they were translated into English a few years ago; and Jacinto O. Picón, a novelist of love, graceful and polished, who knows how to fathom the feminine soul. But Picón has not written novels now for some years, and the illustrious Palacio Valdés only occasionally issues some book that recalls the impressions of his youth.

Since that generation of masters which revived the Spanish novel, there has arisen a second generation, altogether more numerous and with more productive force. Of the latter generation I am a part; but as, in years, I am the oldest of its members, I may venture to speak as a representative occupying a point of vantage between the two groups. I offered my first novels to the public while most of the masters just mentioned were still living, and many authors of the second generation are so youthful that when they published their first books I was already beginning to consider myself no longer young.

II.

The Spanish novel in recent years has passed through a very serious lapse from its former high standards. I have already indicated that the fiction writers of the period which we may call the "renaissance" were honest artists who respected their public, respected themselves, and were watchful of the prestige of their art. The reader need not, on this account, believe that they were authors with exaggerated scruples or excessive qualms. On the contrary, whatever their religious and political ideas, they showed themselves to be partizans of the liberty of art, and whatever they needed to say in their works, they said it regardless of the comments of the Puritan reader. When artistic truth called for the painting of a rough scene, a little outside the limits of current morals, they did not hesitate to depict it in accordance with the demands of novelistic art. But they all managed to sketch the risky scene with artistic swiftness, with discreet lightness, without dwelling upon, emphasizing or unduly prolonging it.

The most austere reader should appreciate this discretion. If the sincere novelist says certain things, it is because he has to say them, because thus he fulfils the vital part of his work, and not because of a depraved taste or of a desire to avail himself of a love of the scandalous to attract public attention. Of themselves such matters are usually not immoral; the scandal depends upon the purpose back of the utterance. In a word, the true Spanish novel has always been as it was in the time of its glorious father, Cervantes. It has claimed full liberty to say all that it deemed necessary, but it has said it discreetly and for an artistic end, not with a base desire to use immorality for the purpose of attracting a corrupt public.

I am myself a strong partizan of the liberty that should belong to the novelist, and write what I think, guided by my artistic conscience, without bothering myself as to what the reader may say; but when I consider it necessary to depict certain scenes of the darker sort, I do not emphasize them. I seek to get through them rapidly, so that they will not endanger the morals of any portion of the public. It has ever been thus with the Spanish novel.

So far, so good; but in the last twenty years the said novel has passed through a grave lapse into immorality. It is useless to say that the most widely known novelists have kept us at the outer edge of this immoral fashion, which was something like an epidemic; certain it is that during all the period in question there have been published in Spain hundreds of novels that were unworthy, for the most part, of a place on the shelves of a library. I have such respect for freedom in art that I might have overlooked the lack of morals in these novels if their authors had written them spontaneously, that is, as the product of a talent that had gone astray, because it had become morbid and unhealthy. But no; almost all these authors were well-balanced persons who were perfectly well aware of what they were doing. They were writing immoral novels "in cold blood," without feeling them, with the sole thought that the more shocking these novels were the better would be their sale. Some of these authors were fathers of families, who, in the sweet calm of their own homes, concocted veritable literary abominations for the sake of money.

The novel which had begun by calling itself "sensuous" ended by being frankly pornographic. One unhappy novelist, the father of a large family, a man called Felipe Trigo, who was not without literary talent, was in reality the founder and promoter of this regrettable movement. In time, undermined by a mental infirmity and elated by his unsavory fame, he committed a series

(*Continued on page 80*)

A Creator of New Fiction Types

By Joseph Hergesheimer

WE WERE in one of the less obvious stores of the San Francisco Chinatown and I was buying some brocaded pajamas, pajamas of burnt orange and cerulean and glass green, but the three or four Chinamen there paid little attention to a mere purchaser. They were absorbed in Hugh Wiley. They showed me things, but watched him. He was noncommittal . . . except for the glint in his eye, and it was precisely that which the Chinese merchants watched. When a price was inadvertently too high, the glint would become accentuated and in an indefinable manner, communicate itself to the corner of his sensitive mouth. Nothing more! But at once the price would suffer a reduction.

While I was engaged with the heathen night-clothes, Wiley was attracted by a piece of jade in a velvet lined tray; he stirred it with a delicate finger, and, tho Chinamen are supposed to have adamantine faces, the expression of one showed an admiration touched with chagrin. Wiley asked the price of the jade and then smiled openly, a smile of wisdom lightened with humor, and he proposed a counter price. The motion with which the jade was surrendered had the resignation of fatalism.

The Chinamen liked him!

I did, too, enormously; there was nothing strange in that; but to have the Chinese regard you with visible admiration is very different. Very! I bought the pajamas and a dressing-gown, Wiley dropt the carved jade into a pocket, and we went out to a waiting car and left the Celestial City. Wiley regarded it with a quaint affection, the affection of an understanding not without tenderness — for Chinatown — and then almost at once we were at the St. Francis Hotel. There, in my room, we had a drink and then another, and he told me the carving he had found was very old, very rare, very valuable.

HUGH WILEY

I had a good piece of jade myself—an archer's ring more than a thousand years old and green like an evening sky. I knew a great deal about its beauty and service . . . Wiley told me. He had given it to me in the first place.

Wiley was like that—the first day I met him I thought he was a millionaire. He was himself like an Oriental with inexhaustible stores of perfumed jewels at his hand. There was always a car at the curb, things to eat, very special . . . whatever might be called to mind. He was, I soon found out, greatly rich, but not quite in the way I had imagined; what he had, if he liked you, was yours; and he had a quiet and unassailable faith in his ability to get more. This created in him a reality of boundless and unstrained generosity. Even millionaires couldn't be as rich as Wiley. He told me, very casually, that he sometimes had three stenographers—I'm not certain it wasn't four—working at one short story. He wanted to "get the damn thing over with," he said. And, tho I couldn't imagine what such a scene would be like—that multiplication of clattering keys and shrill feminine presence—still I realized that it was characteristic of him.

He did things in extravaganza, with magic, and spoke about them, when he spoke at all, in a voice more American than the sound of the Mississippi River. His voice, always deprecatory where it touched himself, was slow, with a suspicion of drawl, and it was designed at any cost to cover and hide his real feelings. Of course it never did this; the glint in his eye, the delicacy of his consideration, betrayed him; while it was apparently his ambition to be known as a combination of prize-fighting promoter, a cobble-stone and a truckee, he was as sensitive as the leaves of a silver birch . . . and he was an artist. That particularly he tried to conceal; I think he hated the word artist; it seemed pretentious to him, affected; and his hatred of affectation was no less than an obsession.

But, in spite of his repeated surrender of all claim upon pure literature, to pure literature in essence he belonged. It was one of his failures that he couldn't always distinguish between the veritable jade of imaginative writing and the mere appearance. Wiley turned from them both with an equally passionate distrust of seeming, in any phrase, artistic. It was the fault of his peculiar and valid Americanism. Asked publicly for his opinion of the Grand Cañon, he spoke of it as a very convenient place for old razor blades; but then, forgetting that attitude, in itself a pretension, he wrote to me about the Cañon's blue robe of evening, worked with the ermine of its early snows.

His greatest and rare ability, however, lies in the humor of his glance and in his spirit. That quality alone gave him, for example, his deep knowledge of negroes. He never thinks about negroes without at least the trace of a smile. After a long silence he will say . . . "I was in a Pullman car where only the porter and I were left, and the porter, clearing up his car with an expression of disgust, said: 'Oranges I can stand, but bananas I can't abide.'" Wiley repeated this with a penetrative sympathy that not only made the porter live for me, but showed me the secret of his existence—his humanity. The glint appeared in Wiley's eye, a smile stirred his lips from their apparently settled melancholy. It was a story that resembled what was supremely good in his books,*

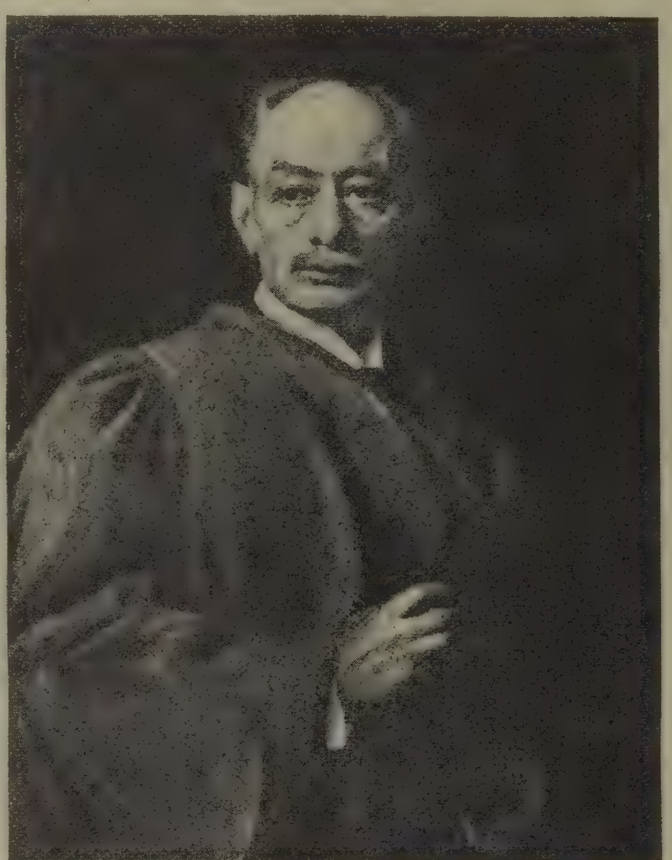
(*Continued on page 79*)

*JADE, AND OTHER STORIES (1921); THE WILDCAT (1920); LADY LUCK (1921); LILY (1922). By Hugh Wiley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Ambassador Page and Woodrow Wilson

By Ray Stannard Baker

"WE DON'T see genius till it has done its job," quotes Ambassador Page in one of his letters. It is true of Page himself. The present writer knew Walter H. Page for many years as a warm friend, knew him with admiration and affection, but he finished the absorbed reading of Mr. Hendrick's two volumes—the most interesting book of the year*—with a remorseful sense of somehow not having appreciated the man at his full worth: knowing that he had great and virile capacities, great human qualities, a great power of pungent expression, but not knowing how great he was in all these things. He was so much what we should like to believe the American really is, at his best. These are letters that will live: as the man himself will live as a spirited figure moving upon a great stage, at a great crisis, and himself speaking wise, witty and noble lines. It is well that the English people should propose opening their historic Abbey to a memorial for this man who embodies so much of what is noblest in the English-speaking race.



Walter H. Page

Two characters stand out in this book, as men against the sky. Page himself, and Wilson. Wilson is in every chapter: often on every page, as he is destined to be in every book written about the War and the Peace. They were men profoundly different in many ways, chiefly temperamental ways, yet men profoundly alike in their essential ideals, their vision, their deep-seated conviction of the duty and responsibility of the American nation in the greatest crisis of its history. They both passionately desired the same thing: American leadership of the world, based upon new moral principles, a new ideal of national service; they did not agree on the method of attaining it.

Too much emphasis has been laid upon the differences of these two men: and too little upon their common Americanism: too little upon those things which were sincere, creative, essential. There is no need of setting them off against each other or of gloating over the hot words which strong men fling out in moments of bitter struggle and passionate suffering. These were both great and true Americans, and as we get further and further away from the heat and bitterness of the conflict, we shall treasure both even more highly: we shall be glad that America, called upon to face a world crisis, should be found with such leaders in the forefront of affairs. "The world," as Emerson said, "has a sure chemistry by which it extracts what is excellent in its children, and lets fall the infirmities of the grandest mind."

*THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER H. PAGE. By Burton J. Hendrick. Two vols., illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $10.

In reading this fine book, one is amazed to see how Page's mind and Wilson's were working, all along, both before the war and after it began, with the same substantial material of ideas. It was not so much that the minds of the two men were similar as that both had drunk deep of the same clear fountains of American tradition and American idealism. Neither was dealing with an individual philosophy of his own, else neither would have presented such a figure of strength: but both were conscious that they were speaking for the true spirit of America. For statesmen are great not as they voice their own thought but as they speak the vision and aspiration of their time and their race. Page indeed embroidered the pattern with a warmth, a wit, a humanity, a courtesy all his own, and Wilson gave it beauty, clarity, chaste eloquence, but, underneath, both men were passionately on fire with the same noble vision of service to the world. Over and over again Wilson said: "These are American principles, American policies. We could stand for no others." He felt that he could rest upon them as upon a rock: he could have faith that because they were true they must prevail.

Well, Page had his feet upon the same rock. His letters overflow with it. About the time that Wilson was making his great prophetic speech at Mobile, October 27, 1913—it must be remembered that this was nine months before the war began—in which he was outlining the principles of American foreign policy in terms of the noblest and most disinterested leadership, Page was considering the same great and vital problems. In a letter to the President, written in London, October 25, 1913, he was putting the question:

> Now, what are we going to do with the leadership of the world when it clearly falls into our hands?

Like the President, he not only had an absolute conviction of the future greatness and power of America, but his mind was also busy with the problem of what America was to do with that power. "How can we . . . use it for the highest purposes of the world and of democracy?" He has the same prophetic vision of a great nation, not seeking its own selfish ends but serving the world greatly:

> We have more people and more capable people and many times more territory than both England and Germany: and we have more *potential* wealth than all Europe. They know that . . . Somebody needs to *do* something . . . in the service of humanity . . . cleaning up the tropics under one leadership and under one code of ethics . . . and nobody may annex a foot of land.

Here is exactly the central idea that Wilson also gave to the world: of a nation so great in leadership that it would ask nothing but to serve.

Page had also the deep and abiding conviction that American isolation was past, that "we are in the international game" whether we like it or do not like it—"not in its Old World intrigues and burdens and sorrows and melancholy, but in the inevitable way to leadership and to cheerful mastery in the future; and everybody knows we are in it but us." He calls "the old talk about keeping aloof, 'Missouri buncombe.'" And where has the utter folly of the American attitude of selfish isolation been more bitingly put than in this letter to his son, written in the last year of his life?

> All your life and all my life, we have cultivated the opinion at home that we had nothing to do with the rest of the world, nothing to do with Europe in particular—and in our political life our hayseed spokesmen have said this over and over again till many people, perhaps most people, came really to believe that it was true. Now this aloofness, this utterly detached attitude, was a pure invention of the shirt-sleeve statesman at home. I have long concluded, for other reasons as well as for this, that these men are the most ignorant men in the whole world; more ignorant—because they are viciously ignorant—than the negro boys who act as caddies at Pinehurst; more ignorant than the inmates of the Morganton Asylum; more ignorant than sheep or rabbits or idiots. They have been the chief hindrances of our country—worse than traitors, in effect. It is they, in fact, who kept our people ignorant of the Germans, ignorant of the English, ignorant of our own history, ignorant of ourselves. . . . *We've been in the world—and right in the middle of the world—the whole time.*

And because he sees all this with such penetrating clarity, he shoots some of his sharpest darts of wit, irony, invective—and he has notable powers in all three—at the American want of a creative foreign policy and excoriates the inefficiency of the State Department, the weakness of our diplomats and the unimaginativeness of a merely legalistic attitude toward these living human relationships. There are no more bitterly barbed arrows in his quiver than those he lets fly at such diplomatic lawyers as Knox and Lansing. He thinks we are dwelling in "a fool's paradise."

"We've had no foreign policy, no continuity of plan, no matured scheme."

He felt a year before the crisis actually came "the danger and the probability of war," and wanted America to be ready—spiritually. He saw the hopelessness of the old diplomacy. He told the President (October, 1913) of the "complete divorce of European politics from morals," and he said to the President:

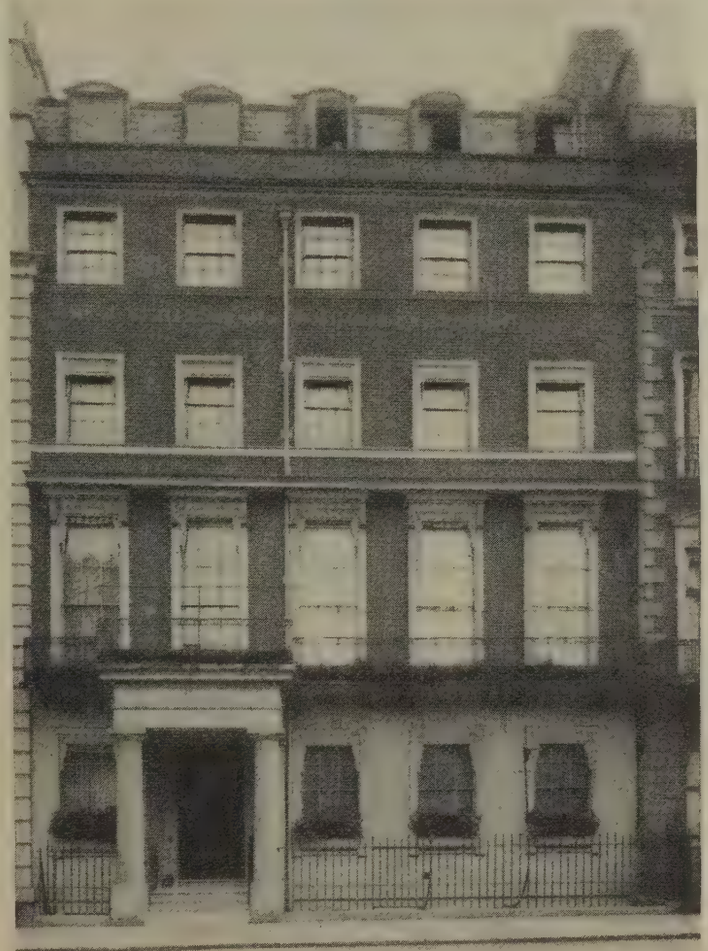
"You have found something better than a policy, namely, a principle: policies change, but principles do not."

When the war burst upon the world, it took hold, as nothing had ever done, upon his strong, warm, vividly sympathetic nature. He had the sense of a monstrous wrong that must be instantly and uncompromisingly put down. He was so fearful of the danger to the world of "the low political morality of the Continent—of Berlin in particular," and so on fire with the idea of American leadership and the need of it to save the world, that he early wanted America in the war; and he wanted us above all to lead an alliance of the English-speaking world to keep the future peace. He had become a devoted, even a passionate admirer of the British, and thought that "*the* thing, the *only* thing is—a perfect understanding between the English-speaking peoples. That's necessary and that's all that's necessary."

And because Wilson, struggling at home with stupendous problems of his own, does not move as quickly as Page thinks he should, or agree with him that a British-American alliance is "all that's necessary," he turns with sharp impatience upon him and criticizes as hotly and honestly as he feels. He can not wait for Wilson to build up a foreign policy or awaken the people and bring them into the war, not in mere blind passion over the wrong done them, but upon a solid basis of principle. And while he charges our people with incredulity—"They simply can't comprehend what the Napoleonic legend can do"—he himself, and Wilson too, for that matter, share in that incredulity. Page thus sends not one word of information to the President regarding those slimy secret treaties which the European nations, the British included, were making: those secret treaties which were later to bedevil and all but destroy the Peace Conference.

Yet beneath these differences of method and policy, both men had the same great and true end in view: and even when criticizing the President, the Ambassador, with his broad human sympathy, caught glimpses of the problems and difficulties which confronted this lonely leader of the American nation, "a much suffering and perplexed statesman." And at the moment of parting, after Page's visit to America in 1916, deep spoke unto deep in two great men: "As he rose to say good-by to the President he (Page) put his hand upon his shoulder. At this Mr. Wilson's eyes filled with tears and he gave Page an affectionate good-by. The two men never met again."

Deep down, and whatever the friction, the two men respected each other, had confidence in each other. The President well knew how sharply Page was criticizing his course—knew it from many sources—and yet he would not let him resign, clung to his service as ambassador, and acted, at times, upon his advice.



NO. 6 GROSVENOR SQUARE, THE AMERICAN EMBASSY UNDER MR. PAGE

On the other hand, when America at length came into the war and Wilson assumed with power that moral leadership which made notable the last years of the conflict, Page, the great-natured, came back warmly and generously in his expressions of appreciation and approval, as in a letter to the President of May 4, 1917:

> God pity us for not having organized the world better than this! We'll do it, yet, Mr. President—*you'll* do it; and thank God for you. If we do not organize Europe and make another such catastrophe impossible, life will not be worth being born into except to the few whose days happen to fall between recurring devastations of the world.

A year later, after Wilson had built up, speech by speech, pronouncement by pronouncement, his splendid program of a world policy of reconstruction, Page was even more ardent in his support. As he says in a letter to Mr. Polk, March 22, 1918:

> The most interesting thing going on in the world to-day—a thing that in History will transcend the war and be reckoned its greatest gain—is the high

(*Continued on page 53*)

Certain Literary Sins of Theodore Dreiser

By Richard Le Gallienne

THIS* is a dull, distasteful and quite unnecessary book. Mr. Dreiser has wasted valuable time in writing it, when he might have been giving Mr. Sumner, at least, new food for thought with a new novel. Nor can young or old who has yet to read any of the great and entertaining masterpieces of the world's literature afford the time to read it, unless their time is paid for, as reviewers. Five hundred and two large pages! Boswell's "Life of Johnson"—really a more entertaining book, in spite of its being a classic—is, I suppose, about twice as long. Either it or, say, Benvenuto Cellini's Autobiography might well have the benefit of the time saved from reading Mr. Dreiser; and from those or any other such inspiring autobiography (what about "The Education of Henry Adams"?) the reader would have risen quickened, instead of deadened and disgusted. For, to be frank, and, quoting a jest of Mr. Charles Hanson Towne à propos Mr. Dreiser's other voluminosity, "I rise from reams" of "A Book About Myself" with some such feelings. The book has some good spots to which I shall presently do justice, but, in the main, to read it is "on this short day of frost and sun" "to sleep before evening."

If a dull book can have any *raison d'être*, one might find it in the importance of the writer. But is Mr. Dreiser important enough as a novelist to justify him in thinking that the world has "awaited" from him such confessions as these? Had he concerned himself chiefly with his processes as a novelist, the case would have been somewhat different, tho even so, he is not so distinguished a master of his art as to make such confidences of any great importance. I would be the last to deny that he is a conscientious workman of the realistic, documentary school; even in America, however, that school already has at least one far more significant representative, Frank Norris, to wit. Had Norris told us about the writing of "Mc Teague," we should have been glad, even eager, to listen. But Mr. Dreiser has brought us nothing to match "Mc Teague." Norris had something of the originality of genius, in spite of his affiliations with the realistic "naturalistic" school. But Mr. Dreiser is only one industrious member of that school, and his prominence is less due to any individuality of talent than to the themes with which the society now represented by Mr. Sumner caused him some time ago to be publicly identified. "Sister Carrie" achieved "greatness" rather, so to say, "by position" than by its intrinsic merits. It was a famous *casus belli* between a stupid Puritan censorship and the representatives of literary freedom in this country, and the part played by it in our subsequent comparative emancipation from such illiterate control of letters deservedly won for Mr. Dreiser the sympathy of his fellow-craftsmen. But even a police-court prosecution can not take the place of genius, tho the newspaper publicity involved is sometimes mistaken for fame.

Mr. Sumner may be a poor judge of literature or anything else you please; but certain publishers and authors are surely unfair in regarding him as their enemy. Some recent occurrences, indeed, have proved that, however involuntarily, they have no better friend. Without his aid, does any one suppose that "Jurgen," or "Women in Love," would have undergone the disgrace of being "best-sellers?" Mr. Cabell would have continued in his sacred seclusion as a purveyor of imitation caviare for the dilettanti, and Mr. Lawrence's genuine neurosis would have attracted only those readers similarly afflicted. As it is, thanks to Mr. Sumner, both these writers are eagerly ransacked by readers who must have great difficulty in knowing what they are all about, but who persevere in the hope of rooting up those choice morsels which have given the books their police-court immortality. Mr. Sumner, too, as well as the authors involved, deserves well of all lovers of literature because the fight against prurient ignorance parading as moral censorship has thus been brought out into the open, and a way been thus cleared for a freer and saner expansion of the literary art in this country. As a pioneer in this fight, Mr. Dreiser deserves our respect and support, and he has had both to something like excess. He has attained to something like a position in the literary martyrology of America, and the value of his work has been exaggerated in consequence. Probably it is for this reason that he considers himself sufficiently a national figure to write "A Book About Myself."

MR. DREISER'S STUDY

*A Book About Myself. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: Boni & Liveright. $3.50.

If this be regarded as egotism in Mr. Dreiser, it must be advanced on his behalf that he is nowise singular in this respect. In an age which has so democratized the "vanity-box" that servant-girls "make up" in public, and powder their noses as they wearily hand round our plates at dinner, anything like personal reticence suggests poorness of spirit. It is the sacred hour of the ego in every direction high or low. Every diminutive beauty is "a queen," and every one who puts pen to paper is an "authentic genius." The roll-call of the "great" taxes the industry of critical recorders, and a young writer's first book is usually followed the week after by his biography. One has seen this amazing distemper of self-inflation and infantile analysis attributed, like all our ills, to "the war." Poor War! We are coming to make it responsible for the entire frailty of human nature. As a matter of fact, however, the war is much more like one of its results than its cause; and, anyhow, its symptoms were well advanced long before the Germanic megalomania came to a head. It was one of the startling and somewhat sinister features of those wicked "eighteen-nineties." Observers of the literary scene at that time could not fail to be struck by the note of pugnacious and ill-bred self-assertion, suddenly affected by *les jeunes* of the time, and particularly strident in what was then known as "the new journalism." It was the more startling because it was only just beginning, and was far from attaining the efflorescence of hard, unsmiling impudence so evident in the literary London of to-day. There was still a smile in it, for it was still something of a pose. It was not then dead serious, as it is now. For after all, it had some humorists for its sponsors, such as Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw.

But it is to be feared that those humorists sowed the wind, of which we are reaping the whirlwind. Certainly we can trace to that period the vigorous beginning in the literary world, with which we are here chiefly concerned, of what one might call the artificial incubation of literary genius. Publishers began to puff their wares as if they were patent medicines, and new talents were scarcely out of the egg before they were half smothered with "interviews," "impressions," critical "studies," and every form of premature laurels. Up till that time a man's biography was not usually written till after his death, that is, when he had lived a life that seemed to call for record. A biography had been regarded as a tribute. Up till that time no one had been smart enough to think of it as an advertisement. Dull-witted old times, indeed! But the eighteen-nineties were soon to change all that. Promise soon became all the performance necessary, and one was hardly expected to attain adolescence to sit for a biography among "men of the time."

From being something like an obituary, biography suddenly became prophecy. One had an uncomfortable feeling that great men were being made too quick. One felt that they had hardly been long enough "in the wood," so to say; and even books on such established contemporaries as George Meredith and Thomas Hardy came with something of the shock of innovation—not to speak of a "life" (already!) of Mr. Bernard Shaw, hardly out of his swaddling clothes as the "G. B. S." of an evening journal. Nowadays, however, Mr. Shaw,—compared with the subjects of contemporary precocious biography,—seems to have the solidity of the Hebrew Prophets. And, at all events, regard him as we may, he has cut a considerable figure in the world. He is the Clown of the Internationale. However unimportant, he is a person of importance; and, if he does not exactly think for himself, he certainly thinks for many others. And, as the Arch-Egoist of his time, he must, I fear, be regarded as the father of contemporary egoism. There is, however, all the difference between egoism as a form of humor and egoism as a lack of humor, and that is just the difference between him and his wearisome progeny; which brings us back to "A Book About Myself."

If Mr. Dreiser's book lived up to its opening pages, one would have a better report to make of it. "During the year 1890," Mr. Dreiser begins, "I had been formulating my first dim notion as to what it was I wanted to do in life." It was Eugene Field's famous column of "Sharps and Flats" in the Chicago *Daily News* which first gave Mr. Dreiser the idea that what he wanted to do was to write: for he was then a young Chicagoan, earning his livelihood by a dreary job, in which, however, by the divine alchemizing power of youth, he was able to find romance, as the same power enabled him to see his native city with a lover's eye—thus:

> To me Chicago at this time, seethed with a peculiarly human or realistic atmosphere. It is given to some cities, as to some lands, to suggest romance, and to me Chicago did that hourly. It sang, I thought; and in spite of what I deemed my various troubles—small enough as I now see them—I was singing with it. These seemingly drear neighborhoods through which I walked each day, doing collecting for an easy-payment furniture company, these ponderous regions of large homes where new-wealthy packers and manufacturers dwelt, these curiously foreign neighborhoods of almost all nationalities, and, lastly, that great downtown area, surrounded on two sides by the river, on the east by the lake, and on the south by railroad yards and stations, the whole set with these new tall buildings, the wonder of the western world, fascinated me. Chicago was so young, so blithe, so new. I thought Florence in its best days must have been something like this to young Florentines, or Venice to the young Venetian. Here was a city which had no traditions, but was making them, and this was the very thing that every one seemed to understand and rejoice in.
>
> Chicago was like no other city in the world, so said they all. Chicago would outstrip every other American city, New York included, and become the first of all American, if not European or world cities. This dream many hundreds of thousands of its citizens held dear. Chicago would be first in wealth, first in beauty, first in art achievement. . . . It is something wonderful to witness a world metropolis springing up under one's very eyes, and this is what was happening here before me. Nosing about the city in an enquiring way and dreaming half formed dreams of one and another thing I would like to do, it finally came to me, dimly like a bean that strains at its enveloping shell, that I would like to write of these things. It would be interesting, so I thought, to describe a place like Goose Island in the Chicago River, a mucky and neglected realm then covered with shanties made of upturned boats sawed in two, and yet which seemed to me the height of the picturesque; also a building like the Auditorium or the Masonic Temple, that vast wall of masonry twenty-two stories high and at that time actually the largest building in the world; or a seething pit like that of the Board of Trade, which I had once visited and which astonished and fascinated me as much as anything ever had. That roaring, yelling, screaming whirlpool of life! And then the lake, with its pure white sails and its blue water; the Chicago River, with its black, oily water, its tall grain elevators and black coal pockets; the great railroad yards, covering miles and miles of space with their cars.
>
> How wonderful it all was! As I walked from place to place collecting, I began betimes to improvise rhythmic, vaguely formulated word-pictures or rhapsodies anent these same and many other things —free verse, I suppose we should call it now—which concerned everything and nothing, but somehow expressed the seething poetry of my soul and this thing to me. Indeed I was crazy with life, a little demented or frenzied with romance and hope. I wanted to sing, to dance, to eat, to love. My word-dreams and maunderings concerned my day, my age, poverty, hope, beauty, which I mouthed to myself, chanting aloud at times . . . and I had a singing feeling . . . that some day I should really write and be very famous into the bargain.

Let no one smile at this romantic transfiguration of Chicago, for the visionary eye of youth is always right about such matters, and that comparison of Chicago "mewing its mighty youth" with the young Florence and the young Venice was imaginative insight rather than illusion, tho there is a certain pathos in such determined idealism of youth born in such sordid and iron-bound environments that, on the surface, seem to have so little to minister to the life of the dreaming spirit, when there are in the world other cities already ripened with history, "crowded with culture," provided already with humanist "backgrounds" which it might be thought are calculated to give youth an earlier start, saving it so much preliminary discovery, so much investigation of blind alleys. Yet youth is probably all the better for having thus to do it is own pioneering. The ready made poetic and picturesque too often fail to develop individual force. To be born in them is too much like being born with a silver spoon in the mouth. It is good for youth to be forced to find its poetry where no one else can see it. In this, too, Mr. Dreiser was of his period,

(*Continued on page 70*)

Some Magnificent Failures

By Charles Hanson Towne

IT IS a common saying in the theater that no man knows whether or not a play will succeed. The prophet who could foretell the fate of a typed manuscript would be worth a hundred thousand dollars a year—if not vastly more—to any manager. The same thing holds good in the publishing world. Put yourself, from time to time, mentally, in the position of first reader for some important house. Would you have accepted "Queed," for instance, or "Main Street," or "This Side of Paradise"? These novels ran counter to all previous standards. "David Harum" was rejected by thirteen publishers—and then achieved one of the most remarkable successes in America. But it must be remembered that the late Ripley Hitchcock, who finally saw its worth, suggested to the author certain radical changes; therefore, it can hardly be said that "David Harum," in the form the public eventually read it, was the "David Harum" which thirteen trained readers declined.

Sometimes—indeed, very often—novels are accepted with enthusiasm, and considerable sums are spent on advertising campaigns, in the belief that enormous sales will surely result. Yet, tho the people are prodded at every turn into noticing a volume—in the subway, in the advertising sections of newspapers, in the magazines, and through colored posters—there is, of course, no means of knowing that a book will "catch on." Also, the critics may praise unreservedly a certain novel, pounding in the fact that it deserves the most careful reading, and for some strange psychological reason it will drop still-born from the press and pass rapidly into oblivion.

One of the most amazing cases of neglect is that of Theodore Dreiser's "Sister Carrie." A small edition of this notable novel was published almost twenty years ago; and the legend runs that, before it could be put on sale, the wife of some member of the publisher's household chanced to read it, and immediately cried out that it was immoral, and should never be offered to the booksellers—much less to the public. The edition was suppprest; but not until a few discriminating people had read it. These "passionate few" were loud in their praise of it; yet nothing happened, for nothing could happen. The book had gone to a limbo as remote from this world as Cain's storage warehouse for vanished plays, and nothing could instil into it the breath of life. It was dead, and the author's heart was well-nigh broken.

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CAPTAIN AHAB STOOD UPON HIS QUARTER-DECK
From "Moby Dick" (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Then a curious thing occurred. William J. Locke came to this country for the first time, and when he was interviewed at the pier, as to his impressions of America, having the usual bromidic questions hurled at him, he refused to discuss anything but "Sister Carrie." The reporters did not know what he was talking about. He upbraided Americans for their stupendous ignorance. A masterpiece had been born among them, and they knew nothing of it. An inconsiderable number of us were thereupon driven to a perusal of the novel, but there was no general awakening to the fact of its greatness. Arnold Bennett followed Locke; and he too was certain that in Dreiser the world had a novelist of genius. I knew Dreiser in those days, and this unstinted praise only served to make him more humble, less sure of his powers. He was editing the *Delineator,* but in every spare moment he was writing another book, he told me. I asked him the name of it. "I think it will be called 'Jennie Gerhardt,'" he answered, simply.

With the publication of that story, there was a desire to read the first book. Here was a realist of the first water, a man who dared to tell of a sordid side of life as he saw it; and tho practically every one agreed that his shortcomings as an artist were only too obvious, there was no denial of his strength as a mere narrator. Yet with all the lavish publicity that Dreiser received, his books—six or eight followed—have never sold. We talk of him, we hail him, but we will not buy him. He is an amazing example of a magnificent failure. There has never been anything like his case, it seems to me. That he has the courage to go on at all is not the least of the extraordinary things about this lonely man. His books are too verbose, perhaps, for popular consumption. "I arise from reams of thee," some one has wittily said of him; and he himself has laughed over that appraisal.

Once in a while we come across a long-short story by Dreiser in one of the popular periodicals; but there are wastes of silence when his name is absent. He is a slow, ponderous man, and he is a slow, painstaking writer. The act of composition wearies him, even bores him, as it does many another author; but a heritage of Teutonic blood makes it possible for him to go sluggishly and doggedly on, piling word upon word, and after two or three years of effort he brings out, say, a volume like "Twelve Men"—undoubtedly one of the finest portrait galleries in all literature. I

knew several of the men whom Dreiser got upon paper in that astonishing book. Only a consummate artist could have revealed so much in a few deft strokes. There they stand, twelve perfect likenesses; but I wonder who reads them—who has read them? Probably the first edition was not exhausted; yet Dreiser has told how, since its appearance, editors have deluged him with requests for similar sketches. They have forgotten that every one of the dozen contained in his volume was originally offered to them.

I suppose that just as there are "poets' poets," there are what we might term "authors' authors." Actors make the best audiences, it is said; and, similarly, writers, in reading a fellow craftsman's book, see all the technical difficulties in the way; see, behind the seemingly easy accomplishment, the desperate struggle for expression, and thus sympathize and applaud even more loudly than the human gallery-god.

Until A. S. M. Hutchinson had written "If Winter Comes," and led a few of us back to our Shelley, he had never had a success, tho there were several novels to his credit. A friend of mine talked so insistently of "Once Aboard the Lugger" to me years ago that in desperation I bought a copy. I, too, sang its praises in the little world where I moved; but there was a strange, an almost iron, lack of interest around me. I don't suppose that book ever went into a second edition until Hutchinson had achieved fame. Then there was an instant demand for everything he had previously written. Sheeplike, as usual, we went the way of the multitude. That "Once Aboard the Lugger" is infinitely superior to the latter work of the English novelist there can be no denying; yet it was a miserable failure, and if his hectic yarn of a man betrayed and scorned had not "caught on" it would doubtless have remained forever unknown, almost unread.

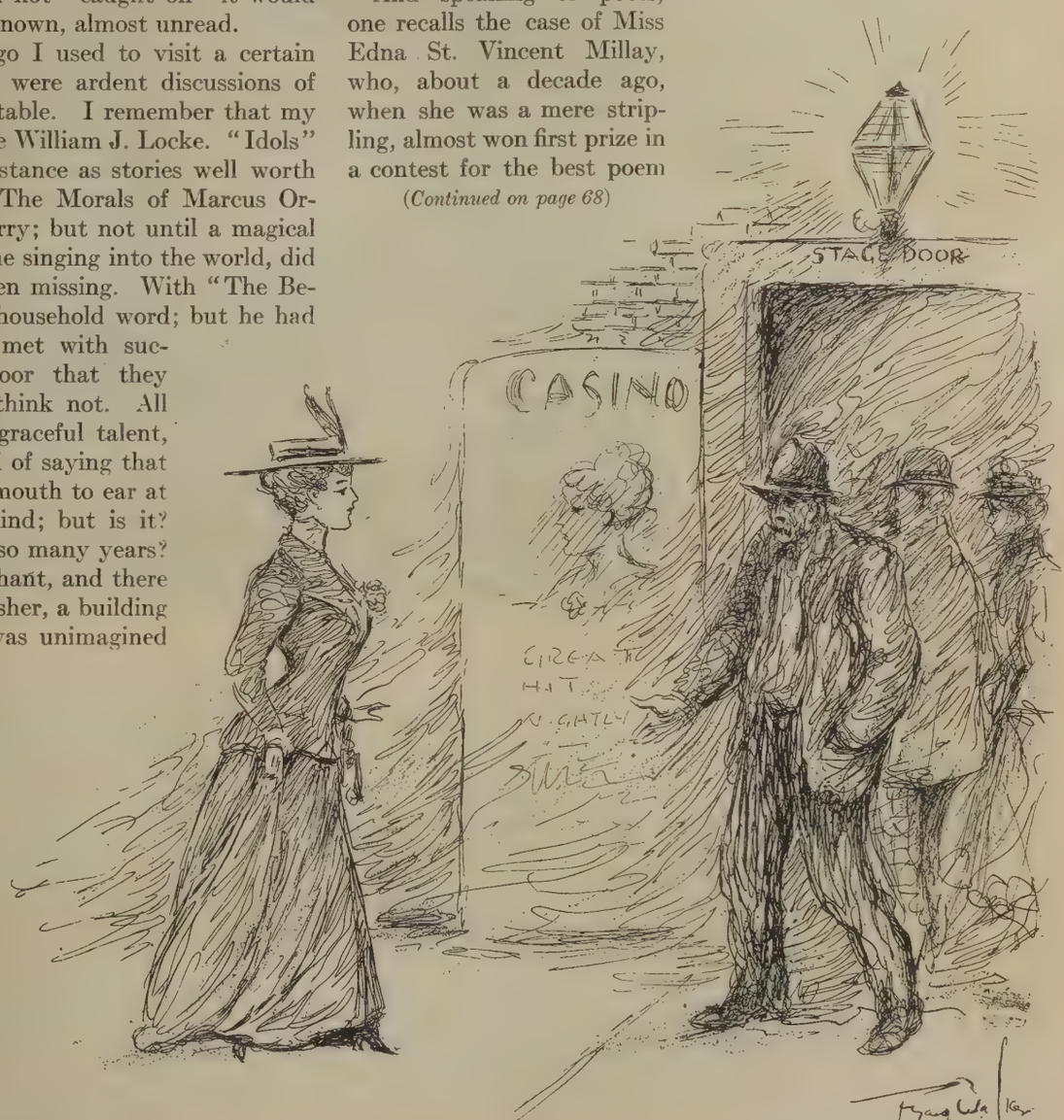
Some seventeen or more years ago I used to visit a certain house in Irving Place, where there were ardent discussions of the latest books around a candlelit table. I remember that my hostess was forever talking about one William J. Locke. "Idols" and "Where Love Is" she would instance as stories well worth looking into. There came along "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," which caused a bit of a flurry; but not until a magical tale, as fresh as a May morning, came singing into the world, did we realize what a writer we had been missing. With "The Beloved Vagabond" Locke became a household word; but he had ten failures to his credit before he met with success. Are his earlier books so poor that they deserved such small attention? I think not. All contain not only the promise of a graceful talent, but definite fulfilment. We are fond of saying that the advertisement which goes from mouth to ear at dinner-tables is the best possible kind; but is it? What caused Locke to be neglected so many years? Of course, in the end he was triumphant, and there was a cumulative value for his publisher, a building up of a sort of cult—tho this was unimagined at the time. His case is similar to that of Hutchinson; but he had to wait longer for the happy sound of the trumpets of praise.

A curious instance of neglect is found in the novel by Zona Gale called "Birth." It was issued at the end of the war, and I do not recall that any one spoke of it at the time. There must have been reviews which, in the midst of the news from the Front, we somehow missed seeing. I know that in my own case I happened to ask Miss Gale, long after "Miss Lulu Bett" had achieved its sudden and deserved success, which of her novels she herself preferred, and without an instant's hesitation she said, "Why, 'Birth.'" That, of course, drove me to it. I confess that the title had prejudiced me against it, as it had many another reader; and I still maintain that if Miss Gale could have been induced to call it "Mr. Marshall Pitt" she would have found a larger audience for this novel. It is indeed an achievement—one of those rich, leisurely, searching books with a Middle West flavor, a background so sharply created that the reader knows his author is familiar with every foot of the way, and, taking her hand, steps into the blissful period of twenty-five years ago, and meets the people of flesh and blood that live in the little village of Burage. There is not much story; but there is that far more important thing—a revelation of the inner sanctities of beings thrown down by fate in a slumbering town; a bringing to the surface of their shadowy dreams and desires; an understanding, an almost clairvoyant knowledge of each inhibition.

Why did "Birth" fail where "Miss Lulu Bett" succeeded? I have heard it said that in the former novel Miss Gale writes of little and unimportant people; that for this reason alone her book lacks value and luster. To me, this is incomprehensible; for if, through his art, a writer transcribes the souls of people, however infinitesimal and mean their souls may be, a miracle is made to happen. Moreover, I am not sure that I know which are the important people of this world. The unknown lad in Gray's "Elegy" is quite as wonderful in his way as Napoleon or Lincoln. So Gray believed; and so I will continue to believe to the end of the chapter. What makes him great? Only the fact that he was dug out of his grave by a poet; that his whole simple life was revealed to us in three deathless stanzas.

And speaking of poets, one recalls the case of Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay, who, about a decade ago, when she was a mere stripling, almost won first prize in a contest for the best poem

(*Continued on page 68*)



THE LAST MEETING OF HURSTWOOD AND CARRIE
(*From "Sister Carrie," by Theodore Dreiser*)

A Stormy Romance of the Ghetto

By James Harvey Robinson

IN OUR never-ceasing search for life, and that more abundantly, we can not be satisfied with our own personal experiences, but must turn for light to the internal and secret struggles of other bewildered fellow creatures. We are curious to see whether they too are the victims of yearnings and frustrations like our own. Our observations upon those nearest us do not carry us far, for our immediate associates have their very special reasons for hiding or misrepresenting their more intimate sentiments. The professional philosopher or moralist is apt to maintain a dignified aloofness, which renders him and his works irrelevant and useless. The poets have, however, been wont to pour out their defeats and occasional triumphs with fair frankness; and of late our story writers are doing the same.

ANZIA YEZIERSKA

It is to these, supplemented by the confessions extracted by the psychoanalyst, that we must look for news about the predicaments of others; for the poet or story-teller inevitably reveals himself and his own range of observation to one able to make a distinction between the more or less conventional setting and the true import of the work. Indeed, our modern novels are so very revealing that one wonders at the boldness of their writers and ponders on the influence they are exercising on old and young. It would seem that to be brought up on "Northanger Abbey," "David Copperfield," "Gates Ajar," or "Little Women" might introduce one to life under quite different auspices from those of the youths and maidens of the present day, who find "The Way of All Flesh," "The Passionate Friends," "The Lost Girl," or May Sinclair's "Anne Severn" lying around as pictures of childhood and marriage, blest and unblest.

There is a great gulf fixt still between the so-called sciences of human relations and the overwhelming facts. I wish that every sociologist and social psychologist and miscellaneous moralizer might read "Salome of the Tenements"*—might not only read it, but put it in his pipe and smoke it, until its wild fumes so beclouded his facile, pompous generalizations and academic abstractions that he would never again suspect them of answering in any degree to the actual heartburnings of the creatures which he pretends to explain.

Sonya Vrunsky, with a madness to rise and a desire that reached for the stars, thought that she had discovered in John Manning all that she needed to save her soul—one who could give her "the high things of heaven and the beauty and abundance of the earth." Manning is a conscientious promoter of settlement work, whose traditional barricades are finally beaten down by Sonya's beauty and fire and madness. The crazy one from Hester Street enmeshes the born blueblood and finds herself living on Madison Avenue. The chances for misunderstanding and final rupture are all too obvious. Sonya leaves Manning after a terrible quarrel, but finds herself an outcast among her old Jewish associates on the East Side. She is an apostate who has left them to marry a Christian. After a painful hunt for a job she finds consolation in her talent for designing dresses and joins her fortunes with those of a Russian Jew, who had struggled from a sweatshop to an independent position where he could "voice his love for color and design."

This is the framework of the tale. Its improbabilities are only the probabilities of exceptional lives. The writer feels every word that she writes. The story is but the setting for the fierce ambitions that may be found in the Ghetto. "Out of the crucible of privation and want, from hovels, basements, and black tenement holes, the unconquerable soul of the Jewish race rises in defiance of its environment."

The recurring contrasts between Manning and his wild, tempestuous Sonya are, of course, contrasts that, in less spectacular form, serve often to make a hell of life—the conflict between respectable and prudent self-restraint on the one hand, and, on the other, the glory of self-abandonment to the ardent impulses of our awakened nature. Sonya, like most of us, really wanted to play both games. She reduced poor Manning from one who believed that "poverty and toil are two beautiful crowns of the spirit" to a state of frankly lustful desire, and then felt sorry enough for them both. "She had seen the whole gamut of this man's personality. She had seen him when he was all drest up for the world in the cultured manners of the Anglo-Saxon gentleman, and she had seen him behind closed doors when he was a naked savage. But the essence of him as a whole was fineness—an unutterable gentlemanness. Always she would be finer because she had known his fineness. Always she would be more human because she had touched the heart of his humaneness." As she rejected him, when he came to reclaim her, she reflected: "So at bottom we're all alike, Anglo-Saxons or Jews, gentlemen or plain immigrant. When we're hungry, we're hungry—even a gentleman when starved long enough can become a savage East Sider." She saw how men and women helplessly and unknowingly destroy themselves and each other in the blind uprising of brute passion, which lies like a sleeping dog within the consciousness of

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*SALOME OF THE TENEMENTS. By Anzia Yezierska, author of "Hungry Hearts." New York: Boni & Liveright. pp. 290.

Mrs. Atherton's Satire on New York

By Lloyd Morris

IT IS perfectly obvious that Mrs. Atherton's new novel * will challenge attention in no uncertain fashion, and in almost all of its aspects. Here, for example, is a theme probably unmatched in its artistic possibilities by that of any American novel since the days of Hawthorne, a theme rigorously exacting in its demands upon the capacities of the novelist—and the novelist has largely sacrificed art to journalism. Here is a story partially motivated in a sensational mystery—and the mystery is completely and explicitly solved before the story has run half of its course. Here is a picture of the fashionable and literary New York of the moment, unfailingly amusing because of its occasional asperity, but falling just short of true distinction as satire. Here, finally, is a novel in which criticism can find much to admire and not a little to regret. It is therefore with necessarily mixed emotions that the critic discerns that in "Black Oxen" Mrs. Atherton has prodigally dispensed the elements of notable artistic achievement in such fashion as to have produced a story of conceded interest and indubitable popular success; a novel of distinct merit, but not of high excellence.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON

My praise of its theme is by no means excessive, nor is the reference to Hawthorne as casual as it may appear. Modern science—contemporary science—has brought into the world of accomplished fact, at least experimentally, what in Hawthorne's day existed only within the limits of the ideally conceivable. Within those limits Hawthorne himself adumbrated the theme in "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," barely suggesting it as a possible illustration of his favorite doctrine that for an individual to evade the normal course of experience is to suffer a tragic fate. The theme as rediscovered by Mrs. Atherton, to whose imaginative power recognition is unquestionably due for its rediscovery, might well be freighted with more imperative significance by reason of its reinforcement through the conquests of science. Those conquests, especially that with which Mrs. Atherton is specifically concerned, add immeasurably to the field within which it is possible for the individual to control experience and to circumvent a natural destiny. And a novelist with so consistent a philosophy of life as Hawthorne, and like him invariably preoccupied with the inward effect of life upon the spirit, might have raised the question as to whether there is not a point at which this control ceases to operate benevolently; whether, in short, its implications are not inevitably tragic. Certainly such a novelist would have envisaged these implications in the career of the exquisite Mary Zatianny. He would have spent lavishly the resources of his power in concentrating upon what alone is essentially significant, the conflict between her miraculously restored beauty, her physical youthfulness, and the disillusioned memory, the cynical wisdom which science can not obliterate. He would, in concentrating upon that inward conflict, subordinate to it the detailed transcription of purely transient actuality which, however properly its setting, in its equivalence of emphasis as employed by Mrs. Atherton, tends only to obscure both the emotional content of the story and the intensity of its spiritual problem.

To regret this diffusion of energy as compared with the sheer concentration that a more sensitive artistic insight might have practised, is by no means to cavil at Mrs. Atherton's craftsmanship. It is, in fact, to pay high tribute to her imaginative capacity and to her ability to conceive and create character. That Mary Zatianny emerges physically veritable and psychologically consistent from the welter of scientific explanation and journalistic detail that all but inundate her, that she survives an unnecessarily ruthless factual diagnosis, that she retains to the last an unique intellectual and physical fascination are in themselves evidences of a mastery of craft only infrequently equalled in Mrs. Atherton's earlier novels. Just as Mrs. Atherton, in "Black Oxen," has dealt with a theme of magnificent proportions and presumptively unusual power, so she has conceived in Mary Zatianny an alluring and recondite character whose complex psychology she has not, however, thoroughly exploited. To refine and particularize these criticisms, to support them by evidence from the novel itself, would make it imperative that the critic explicitly state the theme and to some extent, at least, divulge the story. Such a process, always open to objection, is in the present instance wholly unfair to both Mrs. Atherton and her readers, since the author has deliberately concealed her theme in the earlier chapters of the novel and her plot hinges upon an element of mystery. For these obvious reasons I am reluctant to do more than express my conviction of the fine artistic significance of that theme, and my opinion that, well told as is Mrs. Atherton's story and sustained as is its

*BLACK OXEN. By Gertrude Atherton. 346 pages. New York: Boni and Liveright.

(*Continued on page 66*)

A Russian Diplomat on Russia's Troubles

By Maurice Francis Egan

VARIOUS spectators of events have remarked that nearly all the diplomatists who represented their countries during the war seem now to have been wiser than their governments! There are exceptions, but these exceptions are generally found to be among the Americans, who, perhaps, had more freedom and took advantage of it when they were capable of doing so with discretion, and who took the wisdom of their Government for granted. Certain experiences on the part of the writer of this article, who was obliged, owing to the coming of the war, to know many representatives of foreign Powers, taught him that the revelations made by gentlemen formerly in the diplomatic service ought not to be treated ironically or satirically. These men were, as a rule, much wiser than their governments, and not, as a rule, in sympathy with the views of these governments; but to a man they were nationalists, and were bound by that iron discipline which made all envoys, except the Americans, practically the slaves of their foreign offices or of their sovereigns.

Photo from the American Committee for the Relief of Russian Children

FORCED TO LABOR LIKE CONVICTS

"On every side, the endless plain," writes Maxim Gorky, "and in the center a little insignificant man." The unfriendly environment, says the Russian novelist, makes the modern Russian peasant much like the man of the Middle Ages, superstitious, suspicious, and cruel.

The case of Baron Rosen is very much to the point. It may be said, in truth, too, that the representatives of the smaller nations were much more untrammeled than those of the greater ones, and were more in the way of discovering hidden information and the bases of those secret understandings which, under the old system of diplomacy, helped to bring disaster on the world. One of the few men, for example, who foretold the breakdown of Russia—with careful respect to the moderation imposed by his office—was Count Carl Moltke, the Danish Minister at Berlin. But, as a rule, the Foreign Offices could not be induced to believe that a tremendous and overwhelming revolution was about to break out in Russia. When Roumania hesitated to enter the war—a hesitation which was justifiable—it was the Swedish Legation at Rome alone that seemed to know what was going to happen. The curse of the Foreign Offices of all the great European Powers was that of partizan politics. It hampered men like Baron Rosen by tying the hands of sane foreign ministers when they attempted to help to solve any great problem.

Baron Rosen's two volumes, "Forty Years of Diplomacy,"* are dedicated to our Minister in Sweden, the Hon. Ira Nelson Morris, who followed his invariable custom of being absolutely loyal and self-sacrificing when this friend in distress, like many other Russians of distinction, saw suddenly his career, his means of subsistence, his hopes of a peaceful old age disappear before the Soviet oppression. We look back with compassion on the condition of the French *emigrê* who seemed to have lost all in the French Revolution against the stupidity of his class, but very near to us was the position of men like Baron Rosen, who stood for reforms and amelioration which would have prevented the break-up of a nation that was unfit for unrestricted freedom. I recall the last words I heard from one of his colleagues, a man who had been almost too devoutly faithful to the Czar, who had lost his son, his wife; whose daughter was in the prisons of the Bolshevists; whose rank and position had seemed magnificent. "I am a man," he said, "without a country." In fact, nothing was left to him but his name!

Baron Rosen crowds much into the pages of these two volumes, but there is no effect of crowding. Events stand out clearly in relation to their causes, and it seems as if this book might be considered the definitive work on the phases of Russian diplomatic life that went on behind the curtain. It is not hard, in the presence of so many unexpected revelations made by people behind the scenes in Russia, to correct his facts and his impressions. There is scarcely a statement of his that will not bear strict investigation.

A book like this is of little value unless it has a lesson for our own people at a time when we need to know how to avoid the horrors which so recently burst upon us, and which may be repeated. Russia is not so far off or so economically divided from us that we can afford to look on the evolution of its social and economic life as a mere panorama. Too long we imagined that the autocracy of the Russian Government was the main factor in the temporary destruction of Russia. It is true that the inefficient and vacillating policy of the late autocrat of all the Russias, Nicholas II, had greatly to do with it; but the indifferences of the upper classes, their hatreds and dissensions, and their lack of social and economic training—of seriousness, in a word—had even more to do with it. Baron Rosen and Count Witte and Iswolsky—who has never been fully appreciated—represented a small minority of the Russians who could conceive and apply a constructive policy.

The emancipation of the serfs was, as Baron Rosen points out,

*Forty Years of Diplomacy. By Baron Rosen. Vols. I and II. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., Ruskin House, 40 Museum St., W. C. 1. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

another important factor in the process of disintegration. The whole civilized world hailed this as an act of humanity on the part of the benevolent despot who did it; but neither he nor any of the Russian economists realized that the seed of future destruction was sown when the emancipated Russian citizen was made to believe that the land of the proprietors belonged to him of right. The doctrinaires, who never see quite deep enough, hailed the new system of communistic proprietorship (because the land became in fee simple the property of the commune, not of the individual) as if it were a large lump of manna fallen from heaven. If the grant of agrarian proprietorship among the peasants of France was the beginning of the destruction of the man-power of France, the granting of land to the Russian serfs as a right was the beginning of that determination on the part of peasants to seize all the arable land.

Baron Rosen tells us that there is a mystical, self-denying, serene Russia, and that there is a second Russia which is barbarous, ruthless, and filled with the lust of blood. And he quotes the words of his countryman, Count Alexander Soltykoff:

> The anarchical inconsistencies of Russian national character today are nothing but the ancient chaos of Scythia. Nearly all Russian characteristics make for oppositions, anarchy and chaos. The Russian likes primitive, rudimentary and mechanical things. He detests moderation, which he regards as compulsion, while order seems to him violence and power arbitrariness. He does not like civilization, which is order and subordination; and the only equality he understands is the equality of chaos.

And these are the people who needed, most Americans and Englishmen thought, only the application of the principles of George Washington or of the English Constitution to make them what they ought to be! Baron Rosen holds, too, that the great body of what is called the intelligentsia was as greatly responsible as the reactionaries. The bureaucratic system of Russia was notoriously corrupt, and it made for inefficiency. Strange as it may seem, the relations between the Government and the universities were accessory. Education, it was assumed, would be a remedy for all the ills of Russia. It was forgotten that an education which had for its end the forming of bureaucrats must lead to social chaos. To be a bureaucrat, to be "fixt" for life, it was only necessary to have a university degree and some influence. The university degree could not be bought, but the influence could.

Not only were the graduates from the universities, who followed their courses in order to enter the bureaus, turned against the existing social order when they could control neither money nor influence to enter departments already too crowded, but a great number of them, unfitted in every way for the actual work of the world by a merely academic education, easily became the prey of agitators of every description.

Baron Rosen points out one fact, too, which we are rapidly forgetting—that the disappearance of a belief in Christianity had much to do with the determination of the intelligentsia—the educated or half-educated proletariat—to secure at all risks a certain amount of the goods of this world, and the goods of this world nearest and dearest to them were agreeable offices under the Government. If the peasant of right owned all the land, the university candidate had a right to an office and to a regular stipend from the Government. It is Voltaire who was credited with having said that if God did not exist, wise men would be obliged to invent him. Baron Rosen explains to us that the gods invented by the intelligentsia, troubled and restless and disappointed, were gods made of impossible dreams.

Baron Rosen gives the originators of the plan of communal ownership credit for their desire to facilitate the collection of taxes intended to cover the interest and amortization of the bonds which the Government had to issue to the estate owners in redemption of the lands allowed the peasantry, and for the attempt to prevent the formation of a rural landless proletariat "by assuring to every peasant an unalienable share in the communal property," but, he adds, they

> lost sight of a simple circumstance which was obviously bound in the long run not only to defeat the main object they had in view, but also to render even superficial culture of the soil by traditional methods more and more difficult, and any attempts at improved intensive culture a matter of sheer impossibility—I mean the gradual increase of the population belonging to a naturally prolific race, which would unavoidably necessitate from time to time a redistribution of the individual shares in the common property and their ultimate parcelling into strips of land of such diminutive dimensions as to render them unfit for any kind of cultivation. It is needless to insist on the dangerous character of the discontent which the gradual impoverishment of the peasantry, mainly due to the medieval system of communal land tenure, was bound to breed.

Space will not permit us, in spite of all temptation, to analyze the scrupulously careful statements of Baron Rosen. All who knew him during his life understood that he was as wise as he was discreet, and amazingly unpartizan. His pages on the economic history of Russia are easily read and understood, and they are decidedly worth while.

The relations of Japan, Russia, and the United States to Korea and to Manchuria are at present matters of interest. It is untrue that the United States deserted the Koreans in the midst of their aspirations for freedom, in order to please Japan. Baron Rosen does not throw full light on this question. He thinks, tho, that our country and Great Britain, in rather favoring Japan, "backed the wrong horse." In Eastern affairs, too, we find in these pages great enlightenment; some statements may cause irritation, but one can not help following them with interested attention and great respect.

One feels the pathos and even horror of Baron Rosen's position, when, cut off from his country by the sudden breaking of diplomatic relations on the part of Tokyo with St. Petersburg, he could give no information to his Government that the Japanese fleet had weighed anchor for the Korean coast and that another squadron was about to attack the Russian fleet and to take a position in the outer roadstead of Port Arthur. War had begun, and Baron Rosen was given his passports by the Tokyo Government. But let us mark with what courtesy the Japanese treated this envoy of their hated enemy. It was very different from the manner in which the Christian nation of Germany acted toward the French and her Russian envoys when the war of 1914 broke out. Baron Rosen was ready to go.

> On the Sunday following my last interview with Baron Komura [he writes], a touching incident took place. My wife was alone in her drawing-room when the arrival of the Grand Mistress of the Empress's household was announced. She said that she had been commissioned by the Empress to express her Majesty's profound sorrow at seeing us depart under such painful circumstances, and that she begged my wife to accept from her a small souvenir in remembrance of our sojourn in Japan. This souvenir consisted of two small flower vases in silver, adorned with the Imperial Arms. My wife felt at first a little embarrassed, but of course accepted this small gift in the spirit in which it was offered, and asked the Grand Mistress to transmit to the Empress her warm thanks for her Majesty's kind remembrance.

On his return, when his august master, the Czar, gave him an audience, he felt himself obliged to explain—in answer to statements made by certain Russian bureaucrats—that he had not received a service of solid gold from the Japanese Government as a reward for his having suppress the news of the sailing of their fleets!

He thus describes his departure from a pagan country which seems to preserve from the days of the *sumurai* the habits of chivalry:

> On the appointed day, at eleven o'clock in the evening, the carriages and escort who were to take us to the station appeared in the forecourt of the Legation. We drove through the streets surrounded by a squadron of cavalry, every precaution having been taken to guard us from insult or molestation. We found the entrance to the station surrounded by troops in a wide circle, no one being allowed to pass except the carriages of official people. On the platform the whole diplomatic body was awaiting our arrival to bid us good-by—and all the dignitaries of the Imperial Court, with their ladies as well.

The Latest Goncourt Prize Winner

By Albert Schinz

EVERYONE still remembers the storm of protest that greeted the choice, by the members of the Académie Goncourt, for the yearly prize of 1921, of the nauseatingly realistic "negro novel by a negro," "Batouala," by René Maran. What will be the reaction of the reading public toward the *Prix Goncourt* for 1922 (announced in the third week of December, 1922)? The decision to crown Henri Béraud, the author of "Le Vitriol de Lune" and of "Le Martyre de l'Obèse," will surely not rouse as passionate comments as last year's decision. Here is the result of the ballot: Five votes for Henri Béraud; four votes for Jules Romain ("Lucienne"); one vote for Georges Oudart ("Ma Jeunesse").

The award is well in keeping with the tradition of the Académie Goncourt in two particulars: (1) It brings before the attention of the general public a relatively young writer known so far by a small group only of professional *hommes-de-lettres*. Henri Béraud had published before, in book form, only a small volume of short stories, "Les Morts Lyriques," printed in 1912 and long since out of print. Béraud, who is now thirty-seven, had been for several years dramatic critic of the *Mercure de France*. At present he is on the staff of the daily, *Le Petit Parisien*, for which he is "reporting" from Greece; he sent articles recently on the trial and execution in Athens of the ministers of King Constantine. He is a native of Lyons. (2) The prize goes to a book which reflects very well the *manière* of the Frères Goncourt regarding freedom from academic standards in general, and a pronounced leaning toward realistic treatment. And in commenting on the Goncourt prizes it is well to recall what one often forgets (especially in foreign countries): that their chief aim is to give a chance of recognition to writers of non-academic style; therefore, to blame the small ten-member jury for crowning books that the French Academy would not crown is to blame it for doing the very thing it is appointed to do.

M. HENRI BERAUD
Winner of the Prix Goncourt

One novel feature is that the Goncourt Academy did not crown one single book, but two *best books* of a young author. The writer is not in the secret of the gods, but should think that the reason was to show appreciation of a remarkable diversity of talent in the same man. Just as the first novel, "Le Vitriol de Lune," is austere and even terrible, to the same degree is the second, "Le Martyre de l'Obèse," charmingly humorous and *gaulois*. Some say that they really wanted to crown the 1921 book ("Le Vitriol de Lune") but, the 1921 prize having been awarded to René Maran, they had no other way except to crown Béraud's 1922 novel, "Le Martyre de l'Obèse," including retrospectively the 1921 book. This may be true, and it would not be the first time it occurred; in 1918 the Goncourt Academy crowned Duhamel's "Vie des Martyrs," which had come out in 1917, through "Civilisation," which was the book of 1918.

However that may be, if one reads in succession the two novels one will have the sensation of the ancient Greeks, who after witnessing first the performance of a tragedy in which the Aristotelian theory of terror and pity for human suffering obtained, would witness the performance of a comic play, their faculty for enjoyment of emotions of a comic nature having remained unimpaired.

"Le Vitriol de Lune" adds a fine number to the short list of modern novels without love—one might even say without women, if one excepts a short episode of motherhood at the beginning, and the incidental part played at the end by a King's mistress. It is a reconstitution of the rather obscure circumstances which surrounded the death of Louis XV—who was at the time a mere tool in the hands of the sinister Madame Du Barry. How far the story as told by Henri Béraud will stand the test of historical criticism it is not our affair to examine; but it can at least be said that the keen and searching mind of the author is backed by no superficial erudition, altho there is not the slightest attempt at any *showing* of pedantic learning. The drama as imagined by Béraud is about this: the people of France were disgusted with the king, and, prompted by the terrible misery and hardship imposed upon them, were ready to revolt; the Jesuits—who were the staunch supporters of the throne—were themselves disgusted with *Louis, le bien aimé*, and actually plotted to get rid of him; at the same time, too, much more sordid motives prompted intriguers to break the power which the Du Barry exercised over the king, and desired simply to supplant her. These various and conflicting interests united to bring about the death of the king. The Jesuits had tried to hire the services of the fanatic and simple-minded Damiens, who stabbed the king—with a penknife. Then, this attempt having miserably failed, one Italian, Gambattista and his nephew Blaise (the two real heroes of the novel, and very original characters, of Italian birth, both endowed with Italian passion and cunning) really brought about the death of the king; they had some revenge of their own in mind. The king is then mysteriously poisoned, no trace being left of the crime, and the people remaining convinced that he had died of smallpox.

What shall we say about the farce, "Le Martyre de l'Obèse"? It is dedicated to Marshal Joffre, to Senator Herriot, to the author of "L'Atlantide," Pierre Benôit, and to a number of other celebrated Frenchmen of to-day who are fat, as the author himself seems to be. Mr. Béraud tells very wittily the hardships of being too well endowed with stoutness, especially when trying to win the favors of a slender lady. The story is a *Gauloiserie* ("Frenchy," as we would say in this country); but the *genre* once accepted—and we have seen many many worse themes in American literature of late—it is a remarkably clever and amusing joke two hundred and forty pages long.

A New Master of the Short Story

By Edna Ferber

IF Thyra Samter Winslow's address had happened to be Kew Gardens, England (which it isn't), instead of Kew Gardens, Long Island (which it is), there'd have been a bit of a stir about this relentless young realist, whose short stories have been appearing in the *Smart Set* month after month for the last three or four years. These short stories are character studies; penetrating, keen, pitiless. Ten of them have been brought together now in a book called "Picture Frames."* No one in this country is doing this sort of thing as well as Thyra Winslow. Already she is being copied. Observing this, it is to be hoped that she will shake off her pursuers by striking a higher level, in an altitude too rarified for their present lung-capacity. She has already gone as far along her present path as it will take her.

All the stories in "Picture Frames" concern what is known as commonplace people. Because of this the reviewer will doubtless dip his pen in the bottle marked "Compound Tincture of Bromide" and write: "One of the noteworthy characteristics of this writer is that she can make the commonplace seem so interesting. She takes the people we see all about us," he babbles on, "in the subway, at the movies, on the street, in the elevators, and finds in them the stuff of which stories are made." Just why this should be considered remarkable is one of the things that contribute to my list of bewilderments. Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Eugene O'Neill, and the gentlemen who did the fascinating stories of manger, field, brothel and street, gathered together in the book called the Bible, are only a few of the hundreds who have touched the commonplace with their magic and made it stand forth shining, glorified.

Albin Studios, N. Y

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

The fault to be found with these stories of Thyra Winslow's is, perhaps, that she takes these people and makes them interesting, not in spite of themselves, but in spite of herself. They interest her, but only clinically. She cuts, dissects, lays open and says, "There you are. Observe that dark reddish mass. You will notice that it pulses, or beats. The heart. Interesting organ." So she presents them, starkly, weaving no words of shining fabric to cover their nakedness. Perhaps it was in shrewd reply to a yet unwritten criticism which would express surprise at the charm of the commonplace that Thyra Winslow (she should amputate the Samter) wrote the tale called "Amy's Story." It is one of the most expert and fascinating studies in the book, and for sheer insolence I have never seen its equal. In it absolutely and literally nothing happens. You read down to the last word of the last line before you realize that nothing has happened and nothing will happen. Amy, at thirteen, read somewhere that each person's life has an interesting plot, and that if written out it would make a fascinating story. After that she went serenely on living her life, secure in the knowledge that it was going to be interesting and fascinating, if not to-day, to-morrow. She grew up, loved, was disappointed in love and so married, in pique and desperation, a man she did not love; bore him two children; was widowed; returned to her girlhood home. And there she was, a middle-aged woman. Disappointment and bitterness surged over her. She had been cheated, robbed, tricked. They had said that every human being's life, if written out, would make a fascinating story. But she had lived her life. She'd had only love, wifehood, motherhood, widowhood. Nothing had happened to her. And now here she was, middle-aged . . . done for.

Of the group of stories the most memorable is that one called "A Cycle of Manhattan." That story should have been a novel. It is a novel packed down and forcibly comprest into four or five thousand words. It is the story of the Rosenheimer family, from Lithuania. The Rosenheimers were seven. Abraham Rosenheimer, and his wife, and his wife's little old *sheideled* mother, and four assorted small Rosenheimers, with a fifth added later. This family group is taken in hand by Thyra Winslow and by her conducted expertly, convincingly, inevitably through the cycle of Manhattan. From their first American abode after landing from the immigrant ship—two rooms above a stable in MacDougal Street—to the upper east side tenement; from this to seven-room grandeur in the Bronx; thence to Riverside Drive; to Park Avenue; to a house in the smart east Sixties; to a place in the country; through the years and, at the end, back in MacDougal Street to behold the studio apartment of the family scion, actually the old two-rooms-above-the-stable

*PICTURE FRAMES. By Thyra Samter Winslow. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

(*Continued on page 69*)

Emma Calvé Writes Her Memoirs

By Henry T. Finck

VOLTAIRE coined the expression *bête comme un ténor.* He had reasons therefor. While there have been notable exceptions, like Jean de Reszke and Caruso, there has been little ground for doubting the story of the young man who left his brain with a specialist for repairs and forgot all about it till he accidentally came across the doctor, who asked him: "Haven't you missed your brain?" and got this answer: "Oh no! I am an operatic tenor." No one has ever written "stupid as a soprano." "Bright as a soprano" would be all right. Even Patti was bright in conversation, altho she never read books—not even novels—and when asked to tell about her vocal art replied, "*Je n'en sais rien.*"

Ever since the days of the brilliant Spanish prima-donna, Viardot-Garcia—whose salon in Paris was the favorite gathering place of men like Turgenef, Meyerbeer, Gounod, Liszt, De Musset, Ary Scheffer, Renan, Rossini, Chopin, Delacroix and others of equal fame—operatic artists of the fair sex have aroused admiration for their wit, while tenors were usually admired as singers only. Viardot was a good writer, too; so are, in our day, Lilli Lehmann, Geraldine Farrar, Clara Louise Kellogg, Kathleen Howard, Luisa Tetrazzini, Mary Garden, Emma Eames; and now we can add to this list Emma Calvé.

Her memoirs,* written in the raciest French manner, are as sparkling as her inimitable Carmen, which, by the way, as she informs her readers, was not her favorite part; she preferred—not musically but otherwise—Marguerite, Ophelia, Juliet, Elsa, Santuzza; the character of Bizet's gypsy girl being on the whole, she says, antipathetic to her. "Yet I have been a prisoner to that opera!" she exclaims pathetically.

Poor thing! Yet most women, one guesses, would be willing prisoners to a part which they could do better than anybody else, which is more applauded than almost anything else on the stage, and brings in hundreds of thousands.

When Calvé began to sing Carmen the puritanical Parisians had got over the notion that it was so immoral a show that, as we say over here, a girl could not take her mother to see it. But her family were, from the start, violently opposed to her going on the stage. Her aunt said: "My poor child! You will be everlastingly damned. A little girl of our family going to be an actress—one of those women who could not be buried in consecrated ground in the old days! The curé himself has told me all about it. It's terrible, terrible! I will pray for you!" And her cousin, a Canon, so that she might enter into Paradise, said a mass every morning for twenty years for the salvation of her soul.

It is assumed by magazine editors and by newspaper reporters who interview celebrities that there is nothing the American public likes so much to read about as the early struggles and disappointments of persons who subsequently became rich or famous or both. Emma Calvé had her share of them. She, who subsequently was famed for her voluptuous form, was so painfully thin as a young girl that the family butcher took pity on her and sent her extra cutlets and steaks, saying to the mother she could pay for them after Emma's début on the stage. He was a wit, too. Years later, when Calvé sent him tickets for her performances, he would exclaim proudly: "Do you see that wonderful singer? It is entirely due to me that she is in such fine form!"

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CALVÉ AS CARMEN
From a painting by Theobald Chartran

But the girlish Emma was not only thin, she was also frigid as a singer—she who subsequently became the very paragon of emotional singing actresses!

After two inglorious years at the Opéra Comique in Paris she went to Milan; but, she relates, "I seemed only to have acquired a new timidity which paralyzed my faculties at the most crucial moment. In spite of the burning fires within me, I gave the effect of being cold, for I was unable to communicate with my audience, or in any way to express my emotions. The night of my début at the Scala I was horribly frightened. I sang out of tune and lost my head completely. The audience hissed me, and quite rightly."

No butcher with fat and juicy chops could help her over such difficulties. What did she do? The 375,000 young American girls who are eager to become Calvés, but who do not want to be bothered or to work and use their brains, should read the pages in which this Carmen of Carmens relates what she did to become such.

Her teacher, Mme. Laborde, on one occasion, made her repeat a phrase from the mad scene of Ophelia eighty times. "I was ready," she relates, "to cry with nervousness and exhaustion, when she finally allowed me to rest . . . I truly believe that I will be able to sing that phrase on my deathbed, so deeply is it embedded in my larynx."

*My Life. By Emma Calvé. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Duse was her model among actresses; she followed her from town to town on her tour through Italy one summer: "Hers was the spark that set my fires alight. Her art, simple, human, passionately sincere, was a revelation to me. It broke down the false and conventional standards of lyric expression to which I had become accustomed. She taught me to appreciate sincerity in art, a sincerity which in her case went to the length of being unwilling to make up for the stage."

When Calvé studied the part of Carmen she went to Andalusia, where the gypsy bands lived in caves. She observed them in their daily life, their actions; specifically in the cigaret factories. She learned how the women dressed, and bought from them the very shawls they were wearing. Her emotional life was intensified about this time by sorrows which she alludes to but does not specify.

A realistic actress, Mme. Calvé holds, can not rely on her imagination; like a painter or a sculptor, she needs models—living models if possible. When she studied the part of Ophelia—which became the most emotional and flawless of her impersonations—she accompanied an eminent alienist on his rounds in an insane asylum. She was impressed particularly by a poor girl who had lost her reason as a result of an unfortunate love affair: "It was heartrending, terrible, yet I believe that I was able to interpret the rôle of Ophelia with greater sympathy and understanding than I could possibly have achieved had I avoided the painful experience. How often, as I acted the mad scene in 'Hamlet,' have I thought of that poor girl and her pitiful condition."

In her best moments Calvé was so absorbingly interesting as an actress that one became almost unconscious of her luscious voice, her flawless singing. Verdi found this trait in Victor Maurel, who was one of Calvé's teachers: "When he sings his best he makes one forget he is singing," he said.

CALVÉ AS OPHELIA
From a statue by Denys Peuch

THE CHATEAU OF CABRIERES
Seen from the Highway

In reviewing her Carmen I once wrote: "Few rôles present all the emotions, from mischievous flirtation, amorous dalliance, coaxing, threatening, indifference, scorn, rage and horror, as vividly as that of Carmen, and all of them are mirrored in Mme. Calvé's countenance and helped out with an endless variety of gestures. Nothing could have been truer to the low-life she represents than the self-conscious coquetry with which she adjusts her dress and hair so as to look her best before the soldiers, just after stabbing the cigaret girl."

Very unlike Patti Calvé has been in her attitude toward her art and toward literature. "I devour books," she once said to Mr. De Nevers, the London journalist; "I read pêle-mêle, without system, but books are as indispensable to me as nourishment." And in the place of Patti's "I know nothing about it," she likes to discuss the secrets and true inwardness of her rare art.

She does not hesitate to tackle the explanation of "temperament"—"that combination of qualities, that emanation of personality which plays so important a part in artistic expression." It is this, she supposed, "which carries me so deeply into whatever part I may be acting that I become one with the character I am impersonating. The moment I put on the costume and make-up of Carmen, even I do not recognize myself.

"'You are a stranger to us,' my mother and brothers used to say. 'You are no longer *you*.'"

She has always been particularly fascinated by these changes—this absorption of one's personality in a rôle, which "requires adaptability, a chameleon-like change of one's whole aspect and being." And these chameleonic changes were in her voice, too, which mirrored more subtly than any other voice I have ever heard (the nearest approach are Maurice Renaud, Jean de Reszke and Geraldine Farrar) every slight change of mood in the words and the music.

(*Continued on page 67*)

The Literary Digest
INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW
PUBLISHED BY FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
ADAM W. WAGNALLS, PRES.; WILFRED J. FUNK, VICE-PRES.;
ROBERT J. CUDDIHY, TREAS.; WILLIAM NEISEL, SEC'Y
354-360 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

FEBRUARY, 1923

The Reader as Editor

THERE is need for a treasure-chest in which to gather the waifs and strays of literature. Vagrant tho they are, unconsidered trifles, it may be, these waifs and strays are, nevertheless, treasures, and of a kind that we can not very well do without. Literature is forever losing—and finding again—certain human, vital passages belonging, seemingly, not so much to the printed page as to that homely garland of verse and prose woven of childhood memories and primitive sentiment. The new poem, the latest study in literary expression, may take our attention for a time, launching us upon alluring voyages that have for their goal some novelty in the art of tale-telling, word-painting; but these pursuits, delightful in themselves and fruitful, oftentimes, in high discovery, fail to silence the echoes from a past rich in simple romance and feeling. Moreover, these echoes have an arresting quality about them that is quite indefinable, quite beyond the approved literary canon. Why should one linger over some crude old verse, some flying bit of obvious wisdom, when there is so much that is artistically better, exprest with a finer subtlety, a profounder knowledge of critical values, close at hand?

BUT there it is. Orsino, Twelfth Night's incorrigible sentimentalist, lives in most of us. Like him, we are haunted by the refrain of some "old and antique song," and we must savor it again, line by line. The very simplicity of it, its contrast with the "light airs and recollected terms of these most brisk and giddy-paced times," are its chief attraction. It is easily recognized—

> It is old and plain:
> The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
> And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
> Do use to chant it; it is silly, sooth,
> And dallies with the innocence of love,
> Like the old age.

Just a phrase or so, a line, or, it may be, a whole stanza of some such song as this of Orsino's, "old and plain . . . like the old age," lurks at the back of our memories, in that subliminal self so tenacious of its own secrets, and we cudgel our brains to restore the missing words as they came to us years past. Books of reference, anthologies of poetry are consulted, but the elusive line or verse refuses to be filled out. It remains one of those lost treasures of childhood, that we despair ever of recovering—unless there is some one else, with a well-stocked scrap-book, browned with age, at command, some one gifted with a more obedient memory than our own, who can supply the vanished words, or conjure up the magic clue to their authorship that we lack.

THIS is the literary treasure chest that is needed, the chest that we would fill—something outside the main traffic and commerce, as we may term it, of literature, but freighted with tribute that carries the more value because of its unexpectedness. Into this treasure-chest that grim, ink-smudged creature, the editor, has no right of intrusion. If he has a subliminal memory at all it is doubtless so overlaid with the quirks and mustiness of his daily occupation that the clear-toned chimes of childhood could never hope to penetrate his scowling apprehension. For him the lilting ballad of long ago, the sea-spun chanty, the pithy saying that has become a part of our popular speech and has thence lost all trace of its literary origin—for him, all these are sure to be elusive matters indeed, if he can not dig them out of his cyclopedias and anthologies. If he had a scrap-book, now, dating back, in delicious ancestral indefiniteness, to the days of ballads and runes, proverbs and chanties, this might all be different. In such case he might well continue, even intensify, that fine air of learning and spectacled gravity, traditionally belonging to his profession, and answer, with proper impressiveness, the questions propounded to him regarding the authorship of a favorite line, the origin of this poem, the forgotten stanza of that. But it is of no use; the necessary scrap-book is missing, the anthologies are dumb. And so the editor, with what grace remains to him, must resign, perforce, the leading rôle in the Literary Question Box, opened for the first time in this number of THE INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW for the solution of these high matters, to his good friend the reader.

WITH the reader in the chair, asking and answering questions, there is no doubt of the good things that will flow into this literary treasure chest. It is when one goes outside the beaten ways that the unexpected happens, the discovery is made that, in the ordinary course, would never even have been thought of. The land of ballad and poem, of homely saying and unrecorded wisdom, is full of clues that tempt the curious. Fingal was a shadowy hero of mere shreds and patches, until Macpherson gathered up the desultory songs and traditions that celebrated his prowess in the remote corners of the Scottish Highlands and so put together Ossian's mighty poem. Even the immortal story of the Fall of Ilium and the return of the Grecian heroes may have thus been brought, from countless sources, into the matchless narrative of Homer's verse—altho there were no scrap-books in those far-off days, and scattered song and legend lived only in men's memories awaiting the touch of genius to mold them into epic unity. Those were exhaustless treasure chests, indeed, into which were poured a veritable Golconda of literary riches. To-day there may not be an "Iliad" or an "Odyssey" to be shaped out of the far-flung fragments of tradition. But there is a ripe harvest of excellent grain to be reaped, nevertheless, and in the fine fellowship of books presiding over this new Literary Question Box lies the expectancy of many a forgotten poem, many a shrewd bit of prose that is worth the saving.

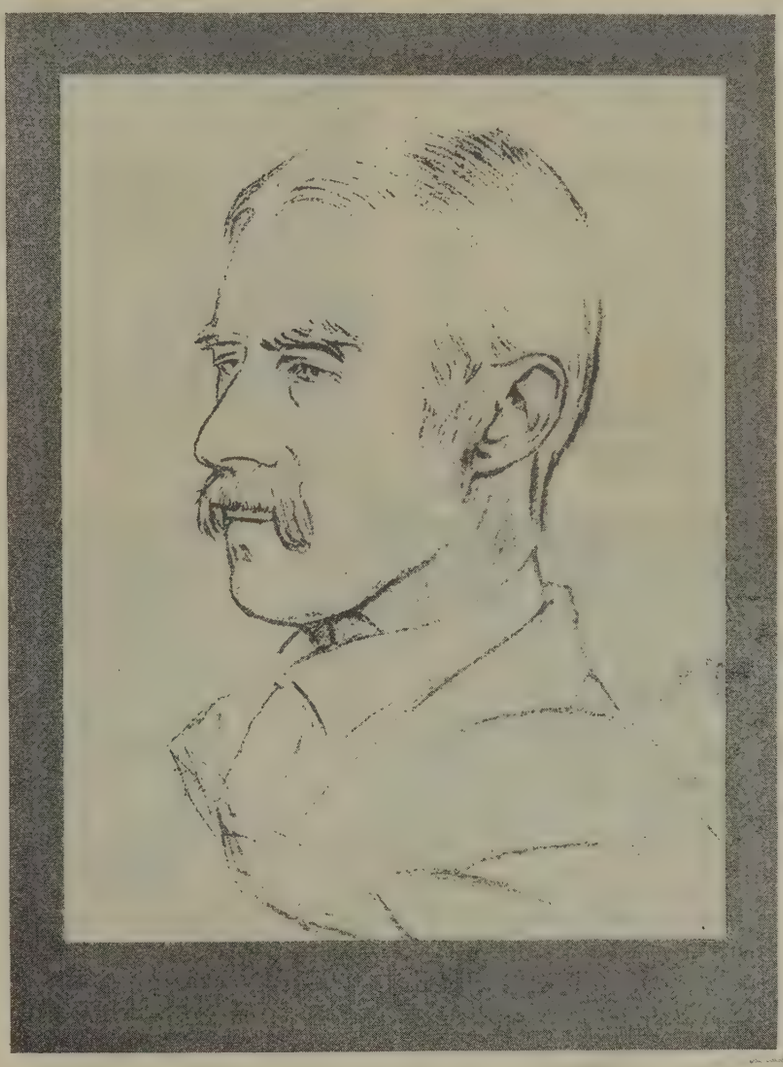
BUT there are more than lost poems, forgotten authorships, incomplete quotations awaiting the reader who asks and answers questions in this new department of THE INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW. Literature is a many-faceted talisman, touching life at its deepest and finest issues, and those who would use it at its best find more than one problem to be solved. What books are most needed in order to attain some desired result, some specific goal of scholarly efficiency? That is a practical question asked by every reader who sets out on a definite course of study. In the last analysis, each one chooses his reading to suit his own taste and need. But there is undoubted help to be derived from the suggestion and experience of others—and it is here, as in the recovery of lost passages of prose and verse, that the readers of THE BOOK REVIEW may develop a fruitful store of mutual service.

CLIFFORD SMYTH.

The Geography of Mr. Housman's Last Poems

By John Erskine

IT IS reassuring of the public taste that the arrival of this slender volume* has been the literary event of the year in English poetry on both sides of the Atlantic. Some verse, at least, we can all agree to love, tho it appears in our own day and tho it happens to concede nothing to the fashions of our day. Twenty-six years ago "A Shropshire Lad" established itself as a classic in this country and probably in England, tho stories came over to us that Mr. Housman found himself a literary lion at first chiefly with the Americans; whether or not that is true, the "Last Poems" have been eagerly awaited here by all classes of verse-readers, and so far as one can judge from the first ejaculations of delight, all readers feel that here is, as it were, a new instalment of the "Shropshire Lad," quite as beautiful as the first garland of lyrics, and curiously unaffected by the difference of a quarter-century between them. Some critic may try to find the mark of time in the second book; the themes on which Mr. Housman plays are fewer now, the versification slightly more varied, perhaps more interesting for its own sake, and the vast literary background of his art is now perhaps more apparent; but such observations, however just, do not establish a real difference between the books, and if we were to put the two groups of poems together, as some editor may some day arrange them, or if Mr. Housman were to tell us that the second group was really written at the same time as the first, we should see clearly that we had only one "Shropshire Lad," after all.



A. E. HOUSMAN

From Wm. Rothenstein's "Twenty-Four Portraits" (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

The success of the early poems we felt perhaps better than we understood. They came home to us poignantly, as great lyrics should, and their subject-matter was our own heart-ache, our own questioning or our own smile over human life. The music of the verse was delicious, and the language had a transparency that seemed to be nature itself. Yet when we talked or wrote of the "Shropshire Lad," we usually implied, as readers of lyric poetry will, that the poet was expressing his own life directly, telling us about his own adventures in Shropshire, his own love of cherry-trees in spring, his friendship among gallant boys, his brief and exquisite passions for maidens cruel or tender, his sense particularly of death, as a catastrophe always impending and making the crowded moment immortally precious. Of course, we ought not to have taken the poems in any autobiographical way; by such a reading we had to endow Mr. Housman with a singularly congested youth, and with many repetitions of a few experiences; we even had to watch some of his friends get hanged, and himself too, several times, since hanging in the early morning was one of his best themes. But the poems all had so perfect a verisimilitude that we cherished the illusion, and were duly surprized to learn how respectable Mr. Housman is; academic in his life and, so far as we know, in his excitements; a scholar and a gentleman, with no unseemly nightmares such as a fugitive from justice should have. In his preface to the "Last Poems" he says he prints the book now while he is here "to see it through the press and control its spelling and punctuation." In that quaint remark is probably all of him that the actual Mr. Housman has yet revealed in print. The poems are—poetry.

On second thoughts, we can now see that our delight was not in autobiography but in very fine art, in the expression not of Mr. Housman's life but of our own. He wrote on few themes in the "Shropshire Lad," and a still smaller number of the same themes, as we said, make up the present volume, but those themes are selected with admirable judgment from the long history of our race. Youth, friendship, love; the conflict of your love with your friendship; spring, delirious and passionate, and all the prizes of life, that look well when new; beauty benign or mischievous; death, chiefly sudden or violent—and the dark question, what it is all about—these are among the most ancient themes of life, and Mr. Housman knows how often they were uttered by Greek and Latin poets (Horace and Catullus speak in him at one and the same time), and how familiar they are in medieval literature. To read the "Shropshire Lad," if one had read no other poetry, would be a marvelous initiation; but to read both these volumes with the Greek and Roman minor poets in one's ear, and the old French poets, too, is an experience rich beyond description, so many ghostly cadences haunt the music, so many old witcheries are called up. These girls and boys once lived in Sicily, and Theocritus knew them; they came with the Greek settlers to southern France in time to share the poetry of Provence; they went to the north of France, on the way to Shropshire, with François Villon, and it was Villon, we must think, who built that gallows and taught them the quality of its shadow.

(*Continued on page 64*)

*Last Poems. By A. E. Housman. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

Scandinavia's Achievement in Modern Art

By Charles De Kay

THE translation into Italian of the famous history of the Northern Nations written in Latin by Olaus Magnus, titular Archbishop of Upsala in Sweden, a work that appeared in Venice some years after his death in Rome, has one of those delightful bird's-eye maps for frontispiece in which a marine monster is making a meal of some luckless ship; the ocean between Iceland, the Faroes and Norway swarms with most truculent man-eaters, so that readers of that folio must have wondered how human beings could exist, even in such mysterious parts, or who could muster courage to embark in skiff or sloop and tempt the obvious terrors of those seas. The artist has cleverly included, not only Scandinavia, with a cordillera of mountains as backbone, but parts of Muscovy, Finland and Lapland, and morsels of Prussia, Esthonia, Holland and Great Britain. This compendious map suggests the fact that, notwithstanding the diversity of tongues about the Baltic, so far as the fine arts and architecture are concerned, there are Baltic rather than Scandinavian arts to consider, and the further fact that it is with difficulty such clever, thoughtful and often eloquent connoisseurs as Messrs. Laurin of Sweden, Hannover of Denmark and Thiis of Norway manage to separate and differentiate the plastic arts of their several countries.*

It is admirable from the point of nationality to see how Norwegians, Swedes and Danes long for a distinct expression in art of their several commonwealths, yet a little pathetic to find these patriotic gentlemen indicate the Italian, the French, the English or the German influences that ruled art and still rule the Scandinavian triad. Their profound knowledge of the output of each country forces them to this; the pathos lies in expressions akin to sadness which accompany their honest confessions. Yet similar criticisms may be made with respect to the fine arts and architecture in Russia, Germany, England and the United States. Is it not time, one asks, to face the music and cease to demand of artists that they must be national or provincial, smack of the soil, flee as from the pest a foreign influence in their work and serve only a local or national expression? As far back as the history of the arts goes, we find such foreign art ideas, generally along with religious innovations, infused into one country after another. But to-day, when swift trains and steamships, when colored photographic prints and an alert press, when international exhibitions combine to bind together all the nations, how can we expect homespun, indigenous art? Why should any one demand that the artists of Denmark and Norway, countries whose language is well-nigh identical, and Sweden, a land of only somewhat different folk and tongue, must produce each a separate kind of art?

THE DISCIPLES OF HAGUE
By Adolf Tidemand. (In the National Gallery)

Really it is remarkable how cleverly these three able writers discover differences of nature among the painters and sculptors of Scandinavia when the outsider is disposed, perhaps too much, to lump them together and "let it go at that." Mr. Hannover remarks casually:

> Every action brings a reaction on its heels, and thus the quest of style was accompanied by a counter-tendency from the very moment, one might say, that it got started in earnest.

Speaking of Fritz Thaulow, it is with a tinge of bitterness that Mr. Thiis of Norway says:

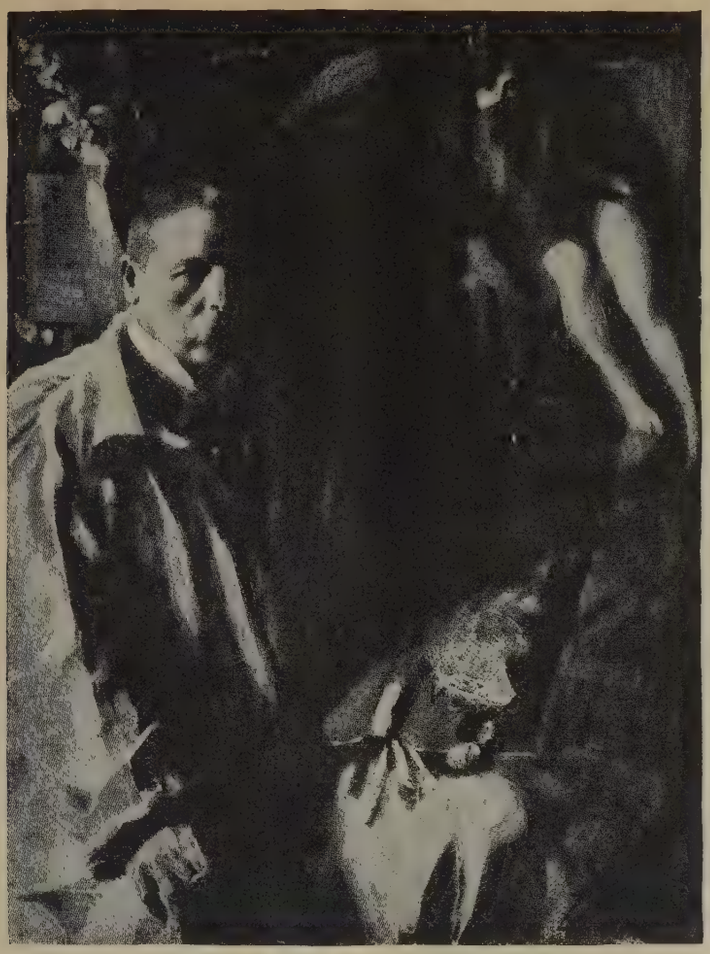
> It seems remarkable that this art-Epicurean who toward the close of his life was influenced by French, Scottish and American painters such as Cazin, Cottet and Whistler, and who found his markets in Paris, in London and particularly in America, should have gained the reputation of being a distinctly typical Norwegian artist. As a matter of fact, in his declining years Thaulow was totally out of touch with art life in Norway.

And with regard to Alfred Wahlberg we are told by Mr. Laurin:

> From the French painters in Paris he learned how to look at nature in a simpler and more profound way; and hereby a new element difficult to define entered into the Swedish landscape art — the spiritual quality known as *stämning*. Moonlight scenes, groups of trees and views had been painted before; now the artists strove to paint the soul of the landscape and to fix on the canvas a transient moment, so that it would produce in the spectators a concentrated sense of evening repose, of the threatening power of a storm, of the frosty clearness of an autumn day or the torturing melancholy of the rain.

Thus we are advised from time to time that Danes represent temperateness and fastidiousness, Norwegians a certain dourness, Swedes joviality and love of life. But, allowing for these dis-

*SCANDINAVIAN ART, ILLUSTRATED. By Carl Laurin, Emil Hannover, Jens Thiis. Introduction by Christian Brinton. Vol. V of Scandinavian Monographs. 662 pages. New York, The American Scandinavian Foundation, 1922.



PORTRAIT OF SELF, BY ANDERS ZORN

In the National Museum at Stockholm

tinctions in the component parts of "Scandinavia," can we, who are outside the Scandinavian bailiwick, say truly that we have ever recognized the same in their literature or art? Certainly not in their art.

The work thus produced may not have much attraction to the general reader, who is likely to weary soon of the condensed biographies of a host of artists whose very names are unfamiliar and whose pictures and sculptures must be sought in their home lands. But as a work of reference and one for specialists in art it has great value, while to Americans in particular who are bothering about foreign influences exerted on American art it will afford many lessons not intended by the authors. Chief of these is the lesson that art always, and never so much as to-day, is a matter not of nationality but of individual power. Suppose we should gather (not from what this book states) that the vigorous Gustav Vigeland of Norway, the sculptor, has been swayed by the output of the Frenchman, Rodin. Why not? A number of American sculptors have had the same inspiration, but that fact is not so important as some critics would have us believe. So has Claude Monet affected pretty much the whole range of painters of Europe and America, with not a few artists in remote Japan.

We get this recurrent note of vexation in Mr. Hannover's remarks on the Danish painter Vilhelm Hammershöi:

> There is nothing un-Danish about Hammershöi; in fact it is easy to recognize something genuinely Danish in his sadness, his renunciation of the world, the melancholy and weariness of his nature. But in the perception of beauty neither Danish painting nor Danish poetry has ever offered anything like his faint and ailing soulfulness. Danish literary art in its highest achievement has been able to vie with Danish painting; in fact, the greatest master of language, J. P. Jacobsen, produced pictorial effects with words before the painters had attained any corresponding success with colors, and in so doing he exercised an undoubted influence on both the older and younger painters. The influence of his prose can best be seen in Zahrtmann, of his poems in Julius Paulsen.

Rarely do critics point out the debts that artists owe to literary men of their own period.

Be that as it may, the large, profusely illustrated octavo here under consideration does honor to the Scandinavian Foundation, under whose auspices it is published. This particular tome, fifth of a series, is endowed by Mr. C. Henry Smith of San Francisco. It has a pleasant introduction by Mr. Christian Brinton of New York. Aimed to interest speakers of English, it will introduce them, by pictures and critical text, to many paintings and sculptures little known, to many artists also, who, unlike Thorvaldsen, Zorn, Sinding and Thaulow, have never had the guiding hand of a dealer to bring them into the American market. We could have wished that the writers had realized more clearly the ignorance of English speaking people regarding the history of the Scandinavian people and dynasties. Mr. Thiis, when speaking of the desertion of Munich by non-German artists, probably makes a mistake in avoiding the main reason, which was more political than writers will allow. The establishment of France in 1871 as a republic and of Germany as an empire profoundly disgusted a host of young men with Bavaria. It was not the American painters alone at that time who shook the dust of Munich from their feet.

INDIAN DANCER

Drawn by Egron Lundgren at a Festival in Lucknow, 1859. (Owned by Fröken Elsa Nordenfalk, Lövsta)

ODIN. ILLUSTRATION FOR SNORRE'S SAGAS OF THE NORSE KINGS

By Gerhard Munthe

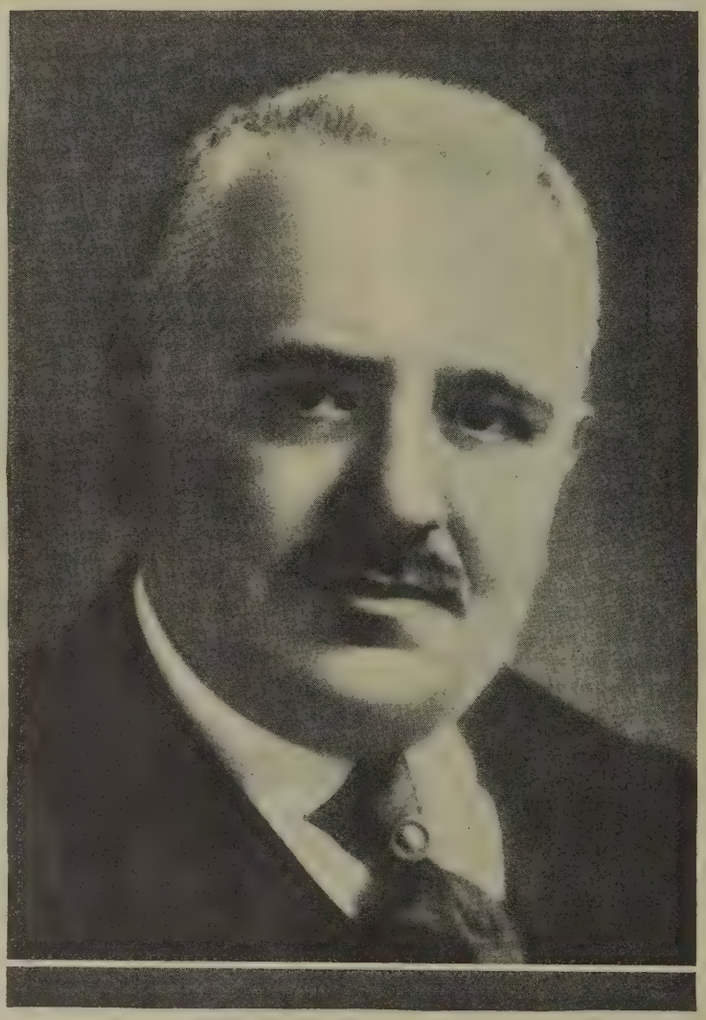
Italian Premiers Discuss the War's Aftermath

Important Books by Nitti and Giolitti

TWO ex-Premiers of Italy step into the ranks of the writers of books, as the Old Year merges into the New.

One, Francesco Nitti, still comparatively a young man, alert and full of vigor, with a cast of mind that has made him a sort of John Maynard Keynes of Italy, comes forward with as somber a word-picture of Europe as has yet been painted, as strong a denunciation of French policy as has been written. Nitti's is emphatically a book of to-day and to-morrow.*

The other, Giovanni Giolitti, Italy's renowned octogenarian, the "grand old man" of Italian politics, who has been several times at the head of the Italian government, presents himself as the author of two bulky volumes telling the story of his life, of his rôle before, during and after the Great War.† His work—despite its indisputable importance as history—is, in comparison with Nitti's book, essentially a thing of yesterday. And in these days of the French occupation of the Ruhr, of Kemal Pasha, of rumblings all over Europe so alarming as to seem to presage another vast conflict, he who deals with to-day and to-morrow must have precedence over him who deals with yesterday, no matter how important the looker-backward and the things upon which he looks back may be.



FORMER PREMIER NITTI

America, declares Nitti, is Europe's only hope of salvation. Through American efforts, reparations must be waived, debts canceled, the world started on a new path leading not toward the gratification of the lust for revenge but toward the fulfilment of the ends of justice. The Treaty of Versailles must be cast aside, the World War liquidated along entirely different lines from those laid down in that document.

All this is a repetition of what Nitti wrote last year in his now famous book, "Peaceless Europe"—translated, in the brief space of a twelvemonth, into twenty-two languages!—and it derives a special value from the fact that the time elapsed has only served to make its author more pessimistic than ever, more convinced that everything done since the Armistice has been wrong, that all must be begun anew if Europe—nay, the whole world and the whole cause of western civilization—are to be rescued from utter annihilation. If anything, "The Decadence of Europe" paints a blacker and grimmer picture than even "Peaceless Europe," which was certainly black and grim enough. Nitti's first book aroused a hurricane of hostility in France; his second is assuredly not of a kind to save him from again being the center of a savage storm of French denunciations.

Just as America imposed victory in the war she can now impose peace after the war—that is the kernel of Nitti's ideas as to how Europe and European civilization are to be saved from destruction.

> The only force which can act upon Europe [he writes] and bring about the end of the present system of violence is energetic and vigorous action on the part of the United States of America. . . . Nations are not great merely on account of their wealth or armaments or civilization, but, above all, on account of the authority with which they are able to clothe themselves. Now it is a question of prestige for America to maintain her moral commitments.
>
> America contributed toward victory not only with her military forces and her immense industrial and economic resources but also, above all else, with her immense moral power derived from being the greatest democratic nation on earth. . . .
>
> To stand aside when all is burning around her, when a conflagration has broken out principally on account of what she herself has done, does not mean avoiding responsibility—it means running away from responsibility. . . .
>
> I have no authority for giving advice to America. But I believe that I am speaking a language which will be understood by the American democracy when I declare that all the democratic states of Europe, of this old continent which is feeding the bacilli of violence and diffusing the microbes of imperialism, are awaiting to-day from the America of Washington and Lincoln the great word of democracy and peace.

Nitti calls upon the United States to align itself with Great Britain in demanding an entirely new program for the reconstruction of Europe, comprising in addition to cancellation of debts, abandonment of all enemy territory occupied as a result of the Peace Treaty, elimination of all systems of control in enemy territory and of every sort of interference by the victors in the lands of the vanquished, and complete reestablishment of liberty and autonomy in all countries.

> There is need [says he] that a firm agreement be made between the United States and Great Britain, which shall bring about a rapid systematization of Europe. If this be not done, new ruins will be heaped up, new wars will be produced, and Europe will be plunged, to the detriment of the entire fabric of world-civilization, into the lowest depths of degradation.

Nitti reiterates in his new book something which he constantly hammered upon in "Peaceless Europe," viz.: irrespective of right or wrong, there might be some justification of the course that has been pursued by the victors in the World War in making the

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*La Decadenza Dell' Europa—Le Vie Della Ricostruzione. (The Decadence of Europe—Ways toward Reconstruction.) By Francesco Nitti, ex-Premier of Italy. Florence: R. Bemporad & Figlio.

†Memorie Della Mia Vita (Memoirs of My Life). By Giovanni Giolitti, ex-Premier of Italy. With an Introductory Essay by Olindo Malagodi. Milan: Fratelli Treves.

Treaty of Versailles and acting as they have acted since it was signed, if it brought advantage to themselves; but, since it has brought them, as well as the vanquished, nothing but ruin, the revision of the treaty and a complete change in the victors' methods become a logical necessity. "Justice, not violence"—in those words the ex-Premier of Italy sums up the new course to be followed in Europe if a catastrophe involving general ruin for all is to be averted.

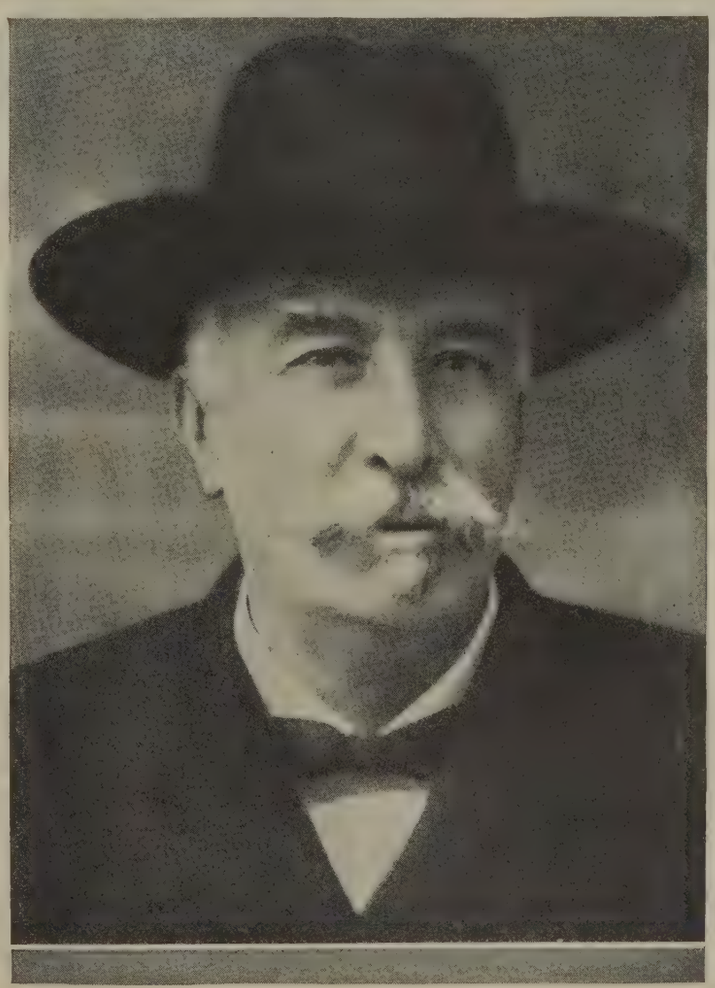
Nitti's criticisms of French post-war policy are unsparing. France, in his eyes, has been the most formidable obstacle in the way of reconstructing Europe on a sound and just basis. In chapter after chapter he pours condemnation upon her, savagely attacks her coercive methods against Germany, paints the conduct of her colored soldiers along the Rhine in somber shades. "The greatest grief to France," he declares, "must be to see that those in England and Italy who still praise her acts are those who praised the policy and acts of Emperor William II." However, there is sure to be a change in the attitude of the French toward the reconstruction of Europe, he adds, since France is merely passing through an epoch of error which must needs come to an end, bringing in its wake an epoch of saner counsels.

Just now, tho, France and, to a great extent, all the rest of the European nations, according to the Italian statesman, are blind to the deadly perils which beset them. They continue their Dance of Death, without noticing that they are drawing nearer and nearer to the abyss.

> Since decadence is produced slowly [he writes], yesterday looks different from to-day; yet, every day that passes, marks rapid decadence in Europe. There is economic decadence, intellectual decadence, and—still more painful—there is moral decadence. The forces of uplift have been replaced by forces working directly toward destruction. Two-thirds at least of the European universities are not functioning, are without means, or have reduced their activities.
>
> Nobody foresaw during the war that they should ever live to see to-day's military paradox: a Europe which, after the war. . . . has more men under arms than before the war. France alone, despite all the difficulties of her demographic structure, with a population which not only does not increase but tends to diminish, has more men under arms than Germany had before the war, tho Germany was constrained to defend herself against Russia and France, which maintained powerful armies.
>
> The more injustice grows, the more ill-feeling increases; the more ill-feeling increases, the greater becomes the apprehension of the victor, who feels the necessity of greater armed power. And all the nations outside Europe look on at Europe's progressing decadence with a feeling between stupefaction and alarm. They seek to hold aloof as much as possible, to fly from the centers of infection; they look upon many forms of intercourse with European nations as undesirable. . . There is about us a dark night of prejudice, greed, and hate; but the forces of life are beginning to manifest themselves more freely in all countries.

Then, doubtless thinking of the storm aroused in some quarters by his former book, and of the storm sure to beat about him as a result of his second, Nitti defiantly adds:

> Perhaps some day it will be adjudged an honor to have swept aside the conventional language of falsehood which weighs us down more than our economic decadence, more than our financial ruin.



FORMER PREMIER GIOLITTI

The memoirs of the octogenarian Giolitti take one back to a past which the war somehow has made to seem more remote than the actual years elapsed really justify. In his pages appear names of men like Crispi and Rudini and Visconti-Venosta, who steered the Italian ship of state through waters which, tho perforce troubled, were not the raging maelstrom which sucked in so many of such craft in the years through which we have just lived. He tells of bygone crises like the one provoked by Italian defeat in Abyssinia; of Italy's little war against Turkey which brought Tripoli under Italian domination.

In the summer of 1914 Giolitti believed that Italy should remain neutral. He defied alike those who insisted that, as a member of the Triple Alliance, she should march her armies to the support of her allies, Germany and Austria, and those who, from the very outset of the war, after the German armies had invaded Belgium, furiously urged the Italian Government to join the Entente and declare war upon the Central Powers. From the beginning Giolitti was of the opinion that Austria, by her attack upon Serbia, had absolved Italy from all duty toward her as an ally; that, since the terms of the Triple Alliance bound Italy only to join with her allies in case of their being attacked, she was entirely at liberty to remain aloof in a conflict provoked by their own provocatively aggressive attitude.

But he soon got into hot water. The agitation in Italy for joining the Entente grew ever stronger. In proportion as it grew, the position of men holding views like those of Giolitti became constantly more uncomfortable. The old statesman takes care to point out that his continued advocacy of Italian neutrality was due, in large part, to his ignorance of the fact that the Italian Government had already entered into an agreement with the Entente Powers to declare war upon their adversaries. He believed, in contrast to many of his fellow-countrymen, that the war would be a long one, lasting at least three years instead of the three months which some sanguine Italian optimists assigned to it.

Giolitti denies emphatically all the tales of his pro-Germanism and of his special dealings with Prince Bülow, German Ambassador to Italy at the outbreak of the war, branding them as malicious inventions of his enemies. He recounts with grim satisfaction the popular manifestations against him when his unpopularity, on account of his endeavors to keep Italy neutral, was at its height. On one occasion, when a mob followed him, uttering all sorts of hostile imprecations, he turned to the angry multitude surging around his carriage, and exclaimed: "Can't you, just for once, shout 'Long live Italy?'"

That there must have been sincerity in his attitude, despite its unpopularity at the moment, was proved after the war, when Giolitti was recalled to the Premiership. The present reviewer, who visited Italy in the days immediately following the war, when Giolitti was again in power, can testify to the rebirth of his prestige.

"How under the sun has it come about that Giolitti, the man whom you branded as a traitor and tried to lynch, is your Premier again?" he inquired in Rome. "How can such a paradox be possible?" And he received,

(*Continued on page 53*)

Robert Keable and His Spiritual Adventures

By Michael Sadleir

THERE was never a greater fallacy than the theory that to write a best-selling novel one need not believe in the truth or quality of what one writes, but must know merely the style and subject suited to the public taste. Consequently, if there are any people who think that in writing "Simon Called Peter" Robert Keable set out deliberately to win a *succès de scandale*, they are very gravely mistaken; for there are two things certain about Keable: that he wrote "Simon" in a passion of indignation against what he himself had seen, and that he was the most surprized of all the world at the astonishing success the book achieved. There is no falsity in the bewildered pleasure with which he still regards the reputation and fortune brought him by this single book. He goes about in a perpetual, excited puzzlement at what has befallen him, encountering every week some fresh evidence of the immensity of his public, treating each new experience as no less inexplicable than the last.

ROBERT KEABLE

It was during 1920, after the manuscript of "Simon Called Peter" had trailed from one English publisher to another, that I first met Robert Keable. I have seen him pretty constantly since that first meeting, and it is striking how little the man has changed between the darkness that preceded the dawn and the full sunshine of his prosperity. I remember that we had lunch together in the corner of a restaurant in Lower Regent Street talking of "Simon" (still unprinted) and of how little of the original manuscript must of necessity be cut before the book could appear. The causes of my implication in this delicate problem need not be detailed. Sufficient to say that a firm had at last been found with the courage to publish what was at that time frankly a dangerous novel and that Keable was good enough to invite collaboration in the task of lessening that danger. England had already thrown off the blind hysteria of the war years, but there persisted none the less at the end of 1920 enough of prejudice and enough of folly to make the publication of "Simon Called Peter" a definitely risky business. It was to minimize the risk, but at the same time to retain the swing and vigor of the story, that we two went into committee beneath the mirrors and gold of that pretentious London eating-house.

The author's patience at this most wretched of ceremonies—a post-mortem on a book which the creative imagination had left for dead—was beyond all praise. At least it has been rewarded. Simon appeared, and after a critical three months began his career of triumph. Keable's future, which before had been dark enough, grew rosy with the hope, altho not yet with the certainty, of success. In a natural eagerness to improve the shining hour he sat down and wrote another story—"The Mother of All Living"—which appeared in England within eight months of the publication of "Simon Called Peter." Between the two books there can be no comparison. The first, with all its faults, has the true flame of indignation and enthusiasm; the second, with all its merits, merely smolders competently. It is the novel of an accomplished writer, written of set purpose, and inspired not by an urgent need for self-expression but by a comprehensible desire to make the best of opportunity and by a technician's joy in craftsmanship.

There is a third novel—in many ways the most interesting that Keable has yet written—but the quality of "Peradventure" is so intimately the quality of the man who wrote it that I would preface a discussion of its merits by an attempt to present more clearly the personality of Keable, by an indication of the life he led while yet unknown beyond his circle of immediate friends.

Realize, first of all, those of you who despise best-sellers for their victory, those others of you who see in "Simon Called Peter" merely a Bolshevist morality, that this Keable is a man of brain and knowledge, a man with a first-class academic record, above all a man who sacrificed his only obvious livelihood for what, with all its defiant paganism, was a genuine principle. Alike in athletics and in study, Keable's career at school and college was a brilliant one. A. C. Benson, the late Father Benson, Father Waggett and other distinguished persons, saw in the eager, questing undergraduate a mind that promised real achievement. Keable played football for his school and won a scholarship to Cambridge college; he rowed in his college boat and took a first in the history tripos the year of his going down. Two years in a clerical training college and he was ordained, sailing to Zanzibar, where, under the Universities Mission to Eastern Africa, he traveled and preached and mountain-climbed and learned to love the natives and to be loved by them. But already doubt was tarnishing the bright shield of his missionary fervor. It is easy nowadays to blame the young man for entering upon a priest's career that could not satisfy for always his keen and challenging intelligence. Of course Keable did wrong to become a clergyman. In the true sense he was never a clergyman at all—nor ever could have been. But youth's enthusiasms are the more

precious for their blindness, and he would not have the lively, fearless mind he has to-day, but for those years of struggle to submit himself to a domination that, in his heart of hearts, he could neither acknowledge nor respect.

With the Kikuyu controversy, then, came the first questionings of an obediently accepted faith. Invalided from Africa in 1914, Keable volunteered to the Chaplain-General's department on the outbreak of war, but was refused as medically unfit. He took up work in a slum parish, and in 1915 seized joyfully an opportunity of a living in Basutoland with the directorate of a mission field five thousand miles square. Another year and he was in France, as Chaplain to the South African Native Labor Contingent. From that moment a split with the religious powers that were became inevitable. An account he wrote of the work of the Native Labor Corps in France was censored by the authorities as too sympathetic to native aspirations. Criticisms of clerical efficiency were even more bitterly received, and the end came with resignation, with a final revolt from the Church of England, and, above all, with the writing of "Simon Called Peter."

Even his worst enemies will admit that there was fineness in this rejection of a creed that was now without meaning to his rebellious mind. He had no occupation and no money. He wrote his tempestuous, angry book, sent it out to find a publisher, and there came no reply; only silence. Like other destitute intellectuals he turned to school-mastering as at least a temporary profession. With the help of his Cambridge record he got a post and settled to the deadening grind of a junior usher's work. All the time he was waiting for some trifling sign that his novel was not forever vanished. None came, for his agent had no such sign to give him. The months passed, and publisher after publisher shrank from the handling of that fierce and glowing coal. At last, when hope was almost dead, the coal was laid to the roots of a still unlighted fire of twigs, and before the blaze of public indignation and of public praise, Keable stept out, an established novelist, and warmed his frozen hands.

To many (as Trollope would have said) "less manly" men so startling a leap to notoriety would have brought conceit and affectation. But, as I have said above, the Keable of to-day is utterly the Keable of two years ago, save that a humorous depression has given place to a humorous, naive joviality. He stumps into a room in the same stained trench-coat that he wore when first I knew him, with the same faded and ancient hat, the same rough ash stick of the countryman in town for market-day. Under the trench-coat, which by now is thrown across a chair-back, is an old Norfolk jacket and grey flannel trousers. Filling his pipe, he paces about the room with that peculiar swinging limp that is like no one else's walk, and tells with an engaging underflow of laughter some fresh development of the "Simon" legend. His broad, freckled face, with its crop of sandy hair, is oddly crooked; his very *pince-nez* are not straight across his nose; and as he bundles to and fro, talking of this film magnate or of that, of plans for plays, of fresh thousands of his book upon the market, one laughs to see him so genial and so absurd, feeling that here at least success is taken as it should be taken, as something jolly but ridiculous.

From this brief sketch of Keable as I know him has been omitted purposely a detailed analysis of his own spiritual pilgrimage during those years of restless, groping priesthood. For such analysis is given, and with the best of all authority, in the man's third story, "Peradventure."

The hero of "Peradventure" goes from an Evangelical missionizing home to Cambridge, there encounters the muscular heartiness of athletic Anglicanism, the polite tolerance of Broad Churchmanship, the vivid polish of the Anglo-Catholics, the ruthless serenity of the Roman Church. One by one he savors the dishes set before him at these varied tables of doctrine and of ceremony; from one by one, after an initial relish, he turns dissatisfied. Almost is he captured by the suavity, the calm and cultured sympathy of a Roman priest. But the conversation of intellectual agnostics in a country house unsettles him again, and he finds what appears to him to be true happiness in the shameless sunshine of a pagan Hedonism.

The pilgrimage of Paul Kestern is, to the date of its writing, the pilgrimage of Robert Keable. If we are unconvinced that Paul has solved his problem or anybody else's by taking a pagan Ursula to his arms, we are merely unwilling to believe that Robert Keable has yet reached the end of his spiritual journey. Certainly it is hard to believe that a mind so dialectical, so quick to balance evidence and evidence, so keen in argument, so impatient of false generality, will for long remain content with a philosophy that at best is romantic generosity and at worst mere self-indulgence. Time will show. This at least is certain—that whatever fresh experiments Keable may make, whether in faith or unbelief, he will remain himself and lovable, because he is of those in whom is great guile of the intellect, but of the spirit none.

Mr. Keable's Fiction-Study of Current Religious Beliefs

By Louise Maunsell Field

IT WOULD scarcely be possible to think of a theme more difficult than the one Robert Keable has chosen for his new novel, which he significantly subtitles "The Silence of God."* For in it he has related the adventures of a soul in search of truth—the truth about God. Paul Kestern, his hero, is one of those rare individuals whose cry is for knowledge; he will not accept any belief or creed, however attractive, unless absolutely convinced of its validity. For him there can be no surrender: "I must *know!*"

The son of an Evangelical clergyman, living in the London suburb of Claxted, we first meet Paul when, at eighteen, he is leading open-air meetings and planning to become a foreign missionary. With a really remarkable vividness, Mr. Keable puts before us the influences then surrounding Paul, the sincere, deeply fervid piety, the ignorance, the narrowness and bigotry which mercilessly condemn, not only all views other than their own, but all those who hold them; which regard the Church of Rome as the "Scarlet Woman," and classify all non-Christians of every faith as simple heathen. This is the interpretation of religion into which Paul had been born, and in the beginning he accepts it joyously, with the frank honesty, the ardent eagerness which characterize him throughout the book. He is never one who does things by halves.

At Cambridge, other and very different influences are brought to bear upon him. Tressor, the philosopher and moderate; Manning, the avowed skeptic, show him that much of what he has always taken for granted as incontrovertible fact, denied only by the wicked, will not bear scrutiny or analysis. Mr. Keable has embodied each point of view in a character, and each of these characters he has made a living human being. High Churchman, broad Anglican, agnostic, atheist, each has his day in court. Paul meets a man to whom the religions and mysticism of the East are something to be deeply and reverently studied, and who gives him his first lesson in comparative religion; he is still more profoundly influenced by that lovable Roman Catholic priest, Father Vassell, who so very nearly makes him a convert.

The book is primarily concerned, of course, with theological discussions. Paul finds a resting-place at last, a resting-place whose permanency some may be inclined to question. However,

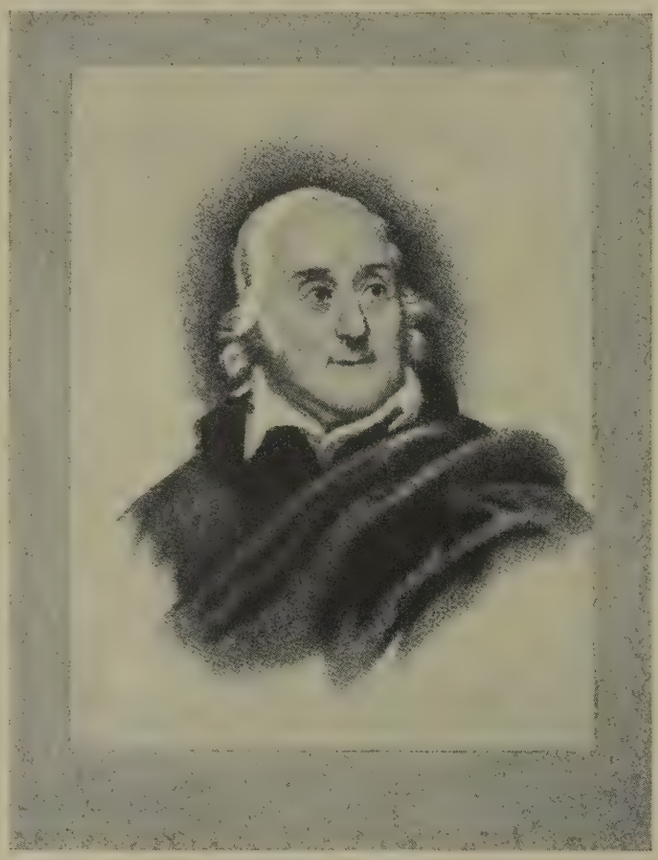
(*Continued on page 64*)

*PERADVENTURE: THE SILENCE OF GOD. By Robert Keable. 353 pages. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

New York's Don Juan of a Century Ago

By T. R. Ybarra

ONE of the residents of the New York of a century ago—that modest little city which straggled cautiously northward from the Battery and deemed what is now Central Park an extra-urban wilderness—was a pompous, fiery and indomitable little old Italian who, before leaving Europe, had written the words for two of Mozart's immortal operas, stood on excellent terms with an Emperor of Austria, played the rôle of an eighteenth-century adventurer and roué in a manner not unworthy of a Don Juan or a Casanova, and produced a volume of memoirs which no less a celebrity than Lamartine had declared as amusing as the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini.



LORENZO DA PONTE
From an old print

Having shaken the dust of the Old World from his shoes, the aforesaid little old Italian bobbed up in America, where he managed to become a professor at Columbia and to open the first Italian Opera House in the United States. Also, he was a grocer in New York—likewise a bookseller, poet, pamphleteer, teacher and distiller. He died at the hale old age of eighty-nine, in a house on Spring Street, in the very heart of Manhattan Island—remaining, to his last breath, as exotic a fish-out-of-water as ever tried to fancy himself a New Yorker.

His name was Lorenzo Da Ponte. Often has his story been told; in fact, more than a score of books have him as their theme. And now comes Mr. Russo with some new material and with a careful and complete presentation of what was already known about this strange Venetian adventurer, to regale us once more with the chronicle of a life, actually lived, which reads like the invention of some clever spinner of romance.* "Seldom, if ever indeed, had a man of more interesting personality come to these shores from Europe," writes Mr. Russo, in describing Da Ponte's arrival here. It is unlikely that anybody will seek to gainsay him.

Lorenzo Da Ponte was born at Ceneda, Italy, March 10, 1749. He died at New York, August 17, 1838. Between those two dates he crowded adventure, activity and achievement enough for six lives. His intimate relationship with Mozart was alone enough to rank him apart from the ordinary run of men. But he did much more than know Mozart intimately.

Born of Jewish parents, he was baptized into the Catholic faith when he was fourteen years old. It was intended that he should spend his life in the priesthood, but there was no priestly timber in Lorenzo Da Ponte. He was far too gay. He used to steal away from Ceneda to Venice, the bewitching Queen of the Adriatic, and indulge in adventures of anything but a pious character. Having definitely moved from Ceneda to Venice, Da Ponte, now duly ordained as a priest, plunged into a life of revelry and love-making. He had adventures of the most approved Don Juanesque pattern. Finally, his bad conduct, combined with an irreverent lampoon written by him, got him into serious trouble with the government of the republic of Venice, which issued a decree of banishment against him. The gay young priest did not wait for the minions of the republic to carry out the decree on his person. Having been warned of what was brewing against him, he took to his heels, not stopping until he reached Gorizia, outside the boundaries of the Venetian Republic. This was in 1779.

At Gorizia he found influential patrons and wrote a large amount of verse. But the place was not big enough for him, so he departed for Dresden, and soon afterward put in an appearance at Vienna, where he was to reach the apex of his strange career.

Vienna was a great musical center, and the Austrian Emperor of that day, Joseph II, was a warm patron of composers, notably those who produced Italian opera. Among the composers sojourning in Vienna, at the time when Lorenzo Da Ponte arrived there, were the great Mozart, Salieri, a noted Italian musician, and a Spaniard who had turned his Spanish name into Martini and devoted himself to the composition of Italian opera, since Italian and opera were indissolubly associated in all music lovers' minds.

In those days the men who wrote opera libretti were highly esteemed; often they were able poets and their libretti creditable pieces of versification; they were anything but the hack writers who but too often produced libretti during the hundred years that followed. Da Ponte, tho he had never written a libretto, had done a lot of verses of various kinds, so he took the bold step of applying for the post of Court Poet to the Italian Theater at Vienna, the duties of which included turning out a certain number of libretti for the fashionable composers of the day. Audacity had its reward; Emperor Joseph II granted the request. The tide of Da Ponte's fortunes had turned.

Soon after his appointment he became acquainted with Mozart, who wrote to his own father, in May, 1783:

> A certain Abbé Da Ponte is our poet here; he has at present a great deal to do in theatrical revision, and has been charged *per obligo* to write a new libretto for Salieri. He will not be able to finish this for two months, after which he has promised to write one for me. But who can tell whether he can or will keep his word? You understand these Italian gentlemen; they are very charming on the surface, but—well, you know what I mean! If he fraternizes with Salieri, I may well wait for the rest of my life for a libretto from him. And yet I should be so glad to show what I can do in an Italian opera.

Mozart soon had a chance to show what he could do, and the

*LORENZO DA PONTE, POET AND ADVENTURER. By Joseph Louis Russo, Ph.D. New York: Columbia University Press.

world became richer by some of the most enchanting music ever written. Da Ponte, despite Mozart's misgivings, kept his promise and began work on a libretto adapted from Beaumarchais's famous comedy, "The Marriage of Figaro." It was Mozart's own idea that he use Beaumarchais's comedy as a basis for the opera. Da Ponte states in his Memoirs that Mozart composed the music almost as fast as the words were handed to him and that the opera was completed in six weeks.

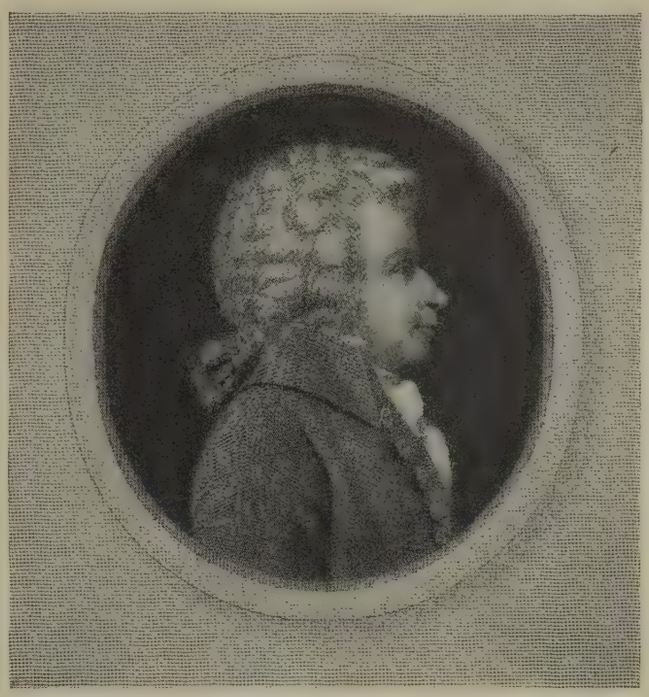
"The Marriage of Figaro" was presented for the first time at the Viennese Court Theater on May 1, 1786. It was received with immense enthusiasm—and it is with us to this day, still hailed as one of the loveliest of all operatic scores. Nor has the librettist failed to earn some share of praise for his part in it. Yet, in spite of the first night's success, the opera was given only nine times during its first season at Vienna. It was not produced again until three years later, after Mozart had definitely placed himself in the front rank of operatic fame by the music which he wrote to Lorenzo Da Ponte's adaptation of the old Spanish story of Don Juan, under the name of "Don Giovanni."

When Da Ponte undertook to supply the libretto for "Don Giovanni" he was at the height of his success, working so diligently that he agreed to write simultaneously three libretti for the three operatic composers most popular at that time in Vienna—Mozart, Salieri, and Martini. Emperor Joseph II, when he heard of this ambitious project, exprest doubts as to its feasibility. But the active Italian refused to be deflected from his purpose.

"I will work for Mozart at night," he told the Emperor, "and I will picture to myself that I am studying Dante's Inferno; I will devote my mornings to Martini, and I will fancy that I am reading Petrarch; finally, the evenings shall be given to Salieri, and I will imagine that I am turning over the leaves of my Tasso." Whatever he meant by that, it satisfied the Emperor, who objected no more.

Da Ponte finished the libretti of "Don Giovanni" for Mozart, and of "L'Arbore di Diana" for Martini, in sixty-three days; and, within the same space, he did one-third of "Axur, re d'Ormus" for Salieri. The Martini opera was given first. It was followed, less than a month later, by "Don Giovanni"—first produced October 29, 1787, at Prague. Mozart's opera was an overwhelming success, and the composer, who directed the orchestra in person, was wildly applauded. Da Ponte, unfortunately, was not present, having been summoned hurriedly to Vienna by Salieri, who wanted him to finish the libretto for his opera. Mozart wrote Da Ponte from Prague:

> Our opera, "Don Giovanni," was given last night before a very brilliant audience. The Princesses of Tuscany, with their magnificent suite, were present. It was received with such signs of approval that we could not have wished for more. Guardassoni (the impresario) came this morning to my room enthusiastically shouting, "Long live Mozart! Long live Da Ponte! While these two live, impresari need not fear poverty!" Good-by, my friend; prepare another opera for your
>
> MOZART.

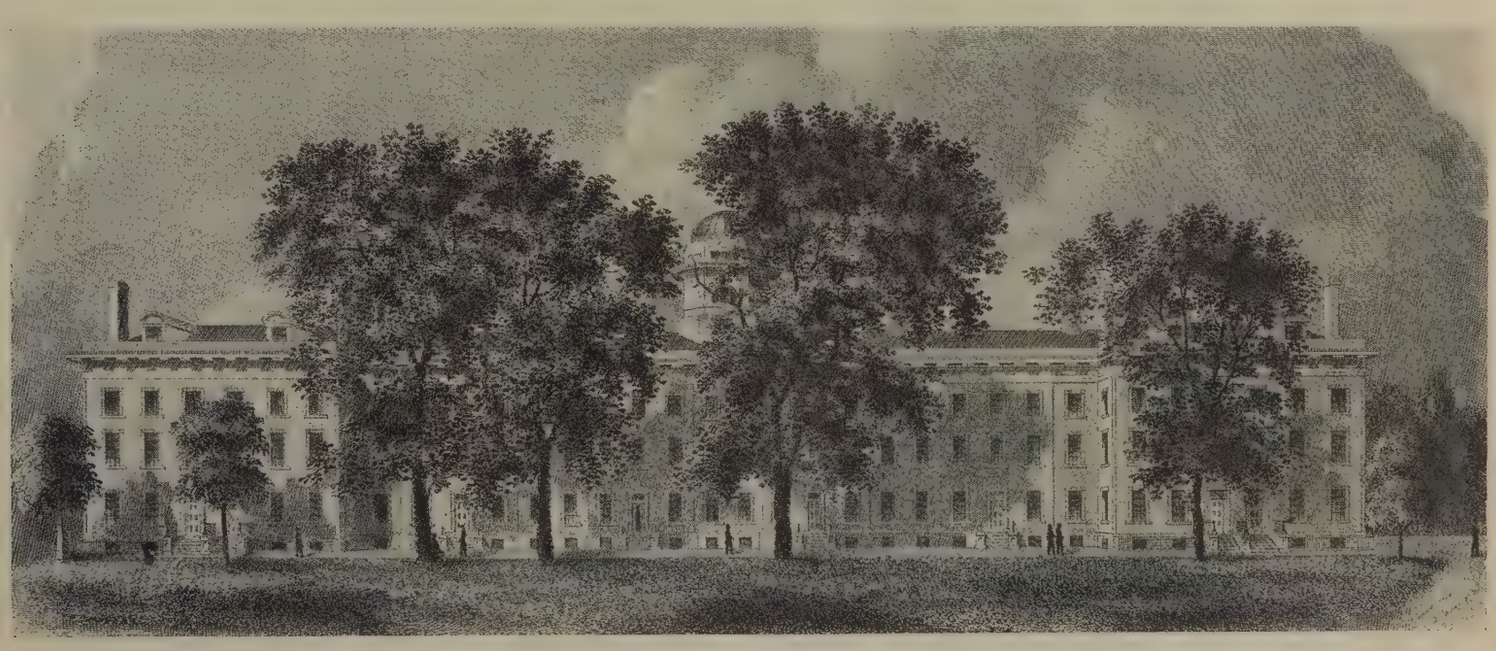


W. A. MOZART

From an engraving by Kohl after a medallion by Posch, at the Mozartmuseum in Salzburg

"Don Giovanni" was not given at Vienna until almost six months after its Prague première, and it was received with marked coldness. On the other hand, both Martini's and Salieri's operas—now buried in oblivion — for which Da Ponte had likewise provided the libretti, pleased the Viennese public immensely. In fact, the Salieri opera was so popular when "Don Giovanni" was brought from Prague to Vienna that Salieri tried to prevent the production of the Mozart work, and it was only by express command of Emperor Joseph II that it was staged in the Austrian capital. Da Ponte wrote in his Memoirs:

> "Don Giovanni" was a failure! All, save Mozart, believed that something was lacking. We added a little, we changed some songs, and it was given again. Again it failed! "The opera is divine," the Emperor asserted; "it is perhaps superior to 'Figaro,' but it is not food suited to the teeth of my Viennese." I related this to Mozart and he calmly replied: "Let us give them time to chew it." He was right. I succeeded in arranging, by his advice, that the opera should be frequently repeated; at each performance the applause increased, and



COLUMBIA COLLEGE AT THE TIME OF DA PONTE'S PROFESSORSHIP

Park Place, near Broadway, New York —*Drawn and engraved expressly for the New York Mirror*

little by little the Viennese began to taste its beauty and to esteem "Don Giovanni" as one of the most beautiful operas ever produced for any stage.

Later Da Ponte wrote the libretto of "Cosí fan Tutte" for Mozart, and, with that closed his relationship with the great composer.

Soon afterward Joseph II died and Da Ponte's luck took a turn to the bad. Having offended Emperor Leopold, Joseph's successor, Da Ponte was banished from Vienna. He went to Trieste, whence he eloped with Nancy Grahl, daughter of an English trader, and turned up with her in London. After being associated some time with the Drury Lane Theater, going through all sorts of unpleasant vicissitudes, and becoming a familiar figure in the London debtors' courts—we hear that he was arrested no less than thirty times!—Da Ponte finally declared himself bankrupt. He sent his wife and children on ahead to America, and, getting wind, as he had done in Venice, that the authorities were after him, escaped from London before they could arrest him again, got aboard a freight vessel, and, after a most distressing voyage of nearly three months, landed at Philadelphia June 4, 1805.

Learning that his wife and family were living in New York, Da Ponte repaired to that city and entered upon his variegated career as a New Yorker. In spite of his financial embarrassments in London, he had a little money, with which he opened a little grocery shop. He writes in his Memoirs:

> Let any one who has a sense of humor imagine how I laughed at myself whenever my poetical hand was obliged to weigh two ounces of tea or to measure half a yard of "pigtail" for a cobbler or teamster, or to pour for him a three-cent "morning dram," which, of course, had nothing in common with my other dramas.

He did not prosper as a grocer. According to him, he was cheated right and left—he had a way throughout life of blaming his misfortunes on others. His business methods were certainly peculiar, for he himself tells us: "I was sometimes obliged, rather than lose all, to take, for notes due long before, lame horses, broken carts, disjointed chairs, old shoes, rancid butter, watery cider, rotten eggs, apples, brooms, turnips, potatoes."

He turned his attention to teaching Italian, which, he says, in the New York of that day "was no better known than Turkish or Chinese." After some discouraging experiences, he enlisted the interest of Clement C. Moore, famous as the author of "'Twas the Night Before Christmas," who formed an Italian class, including himself, with Da Ponte as its teacher.

> Da Ponte, as though his youth were renewed [writes Mr. Russo], threw himself heart and soul into his Italian teaching, ordering books from Italy, arranging little plays to be performed by his pupils at his home, and holding weekly receptions at which Italian classics were read and discussed.

But he still yearned for success in business, so he went into partnership with a distiller. Once more, according to him, he met with "deceit and treachery." His reverses forced him to live for a while at Sunbury, Pennsylvania, where some relatives of his English wife had settled. He returned to New York in 1819, and, for a time, tasted better luck. Tho seventy years old, he threw himself into Italian teaching with the ardor of a young man, and, moreover, set to work writing his Memoirs. The first edition was published in 1823. Soon after, probably through the influence of his faithful friend Moore, Da Ponte was appointed professor of Italian Literature at Columbia College, which was then situated in Park Place, near Broadway.

And then the first Italian opera company came to town! How that old war-horse Da Ponte must have snuffed again the air of operatic battle; how he must have tasted again those dead days in Vienna, when he had hobnobbed with Mozart and the Emperor Joseph and been cock of the walk in musical circles! The company, besides Manuel Garcia, included his daughter, later famous as Madame Malibran. On the first night Rossini's "Barber of Seville" was given—the Barber thereof, it will be recalled, is the self-same Figaro of "The Marriage of Figaro," which Mozart and Da Ponte had made into an opera in the old Vienna days.

Da Ponte called on Manuel Garcia, introducing himself as the librettist of "The Marriage of Figaro" and "Don Giovanni." Garcia was filled with amazement and delight at this most unexpected meeting. Clasping Da Ponte in his arms, he danced about like a child, singing the renowned Drinking Song from "Don Giovanni." Also, he promised that "Don Giovanni" would be given by his company in New York just as soon as it could be rehearsed. And given it was, at the old New York or Park Theater, in Park Row, on the evening of May 23, 1826, thirty-nine years after its première at Prague. It was a huge success and was repeated three times during Garcia's New York season. Old Da Ponte relived for a short space the days of his glory!

But misfortune soon closed in upon him. His last years were filled with bitterness. Again he got into financial difficulties. Everything to which he turned his hand resulted in failure. In partnership with a French tenor he inaugurated a season of opera at the Richmond Hill Theater, but the venture was disastrous. Undaunted, the extraordinary old Italian combined with a compatriot, one Riva-Finoli, on a venture to establish permanent Italian opera in New York. He actually succeeded in having an Italian Opera House built—corner of Church and Leonard Streets, in what is now the Lower Broadway wholesale district—and opened his season with brilliant prospects. The first night—November 18, 1833—was a great social event. Philip Hone, Mayor of New York in 1826 and 1827, describes it in his famous Diary; the theater, he says, was magnificently decorated, rivaling in luxury and good taste the foremost European playhouses; the stage settings were gorgeous and the seats large and comfortable.

Alas! After the twenty-eighth performance, Da Ponte's partner disappeared and he was left once more in dire financial straits. The next year his theater passed into other hands. More misfortunes also befel him, to such a degree that he published the following lament in a pamphlet:

> Eighteen months have passed since I had a single pupil. I, the creator of the Italian language in America, the teacher of more than two thousand persons whose progress astounded Italy! I, the poet of Joseph II, the author of thirty-six dramas, the inspiration of Salieri, of Weigl, of Martini, of Winter and Mozart! After twenty-seven years of hard labor, I have no longer a pupil! Nearly ninety years old, I have no more bread in America!

When Da Ponte died in 1838, he had been thirty-three years in the New World. His funeral was impressive. Among the pallbearers was the faithful Clement Moore, and two other eminent New Yorkers, the Honorable Gulian C. Verplanck and Dr. Macneven.

No trace remains of his burying-place. H. E. Krehbiel, dean of New York musical critics and one of the foremost writers on Lorenzo Da Ponte, tried in vain years ago to find it in the old Roman Catholic cemetery in Eleventh Street, between Avenue A and First Avenue, where Da Ponte was laid to rest. Nor could Mr. Russo, his latest biographer, find grave or tombstone. But what matter? Lorenzo Da Ponte still lives again every time that in the Metropolitan Opera House, or in some other of scores of the world's opera houses, a singer sings the old Italian's words to Mozart's immortal melodies.

Yet another volume of unpublished letters of Mrs. Carlyle is announced by Mr. Murray of London, under the title, "Jane Welsh Carlyle: Letters to Her Family, 1839–1880," edited by Dr. Leonard Huxley. All the letters, with the exception of two addrest to her uncle, John Welsh, are written to her cousins, Helen and Jeannie Welsh, and are full of references to well-known people and passing events. Dickens and Thackeray, Lewes and Forster, the Martineaus and Mazzine Mazzini figure in the correspondence.

The New Spirit in the Art of Fiction

By Gilbert Cannan

THERE are times, and the last few years have been one of them, when the activity of the spirit is best exprest in silence. There are times again when the mass-intuition of the people is full of a knowledge which is hidden from those responsible for the conduct of their affairs. The present is one of those times, and yet much that could be said is better left to the smile that is creeping over human life, the smile that is like the false dawn that precedes the full burst of the sun. Nothing could be more foolish than to instruct the people in what intuitively they know already. Words only spoil it for them, as journalists and politicians are beginning to find to their cost, and yet than words there is no other currency.

The difficulty, then, is so to relate words to human life that they can be made acceptable to the expectancy that is everywhere present in a brooding happiness that is almost intolerably moving. Back, then, the mind goes to the practise of childish eagerness in weaving stories, blending words with human character until they are wrought into some kind of inexplicable authenticity, and can sound such depths as to produce the music of reassurance.

So much, then, for what we are at.

The careful student of fiction, if there be such a wildfowl, will have noticed that for some time the new spirit has been breaking up the old form of the novel, rejecting much that was tritely traditional, and insisting upon some more vital contact between the persons engaged in the story, so as to make forever impossible any such absurdity as Tom Jones's relationship with Sophia Western, upon which until now all the love-making in the novel has been based. This has become as absurd to us as the romances of chivalry were to Cervantes, or as Richardson's "Pamela" was to Fielding. A great turning-point has been reached and henceforth the women also in the novels must be *persons*, that is, they must give and take and play a part more nearly approximating to that they enjoy in life—for women also enjoy themselves (possibly even more than men) and are to be taken down from their pedestals and allowed in the life of the imagination the active share which has so long been denied them, very largely through their own acquiescence in the Dulcinea-Sophia Western fantasy.

This is not a mere technical or mechanical innovation. It is a fundamental development in what is perhaps the most vital human occupation, the telling of stories in an attempt to arrive at some nearer approximation to truth than can be arrived at in the confusion of resistance. It is a question of solvents, and the instinct of the modern story turns from plot to human character, being perfectly certain there is more hope in discovery than in invention.

GILBERT CANNAN

What has happened is this: the human mind, having scanned the universe scientifically without any very encouraging result, has at last turned upon itself at first in an agony of timidity and dread of further disappointment and then at last with a leaping courage as the possibility of grasping and expressing some deep intuitive knowledge became apparent. I think this was first felt by the story-tellers—(let us keep clear of names in these days when the names of writers are more quoted than their works)—about 1910, when the first fruits of the first part of "David Copperfield" began to appear: I mean when men first attempted consciously and deliberately to approach the mysterious years of childhood when character is formed and the pattern of a life is laid down. I think it has been overdone. Childhood for childhood's sake has been ruinously exploited, to the neglect of life—but that happens with any form of exploitation: the artist must penetrate the mystery of that period as Dickens did, but then he must carry his intuitive discovery through the years of fruition as Dickens did not, partly because he was not scientific enough to know what he was doing, partly because, moving as he did from the picaresque to the novel of character, he was constrained by his imagined necessity of constructing a plot instead of letting his characters do it for him as they inevitably must, once they are set in motion, *if they are properly understood;* if not, they will ruthlessly make nonsense of any second-rate invention he attempts to impose on them. *Caveat scriptor.*

The new spirit is young, happy, easy, powerful. It is not going to let artists off as easily as did the old outworn spirit that had been so abused that it wanted nothing but to depart. It has had its way, and with it goes the formless novel of the transition, the story told for the sake of its plot, and the confusion that arose through the substitution of invention for imagination.

The vessel of the novel is at present empty of all content. As the new spirit pours into it with that gentleness which is its unique and novel characteristic, the vessel will yield to its form and take on a form at once recognizable to the modern mind that for the want of form has until now been so completely baffled in its endeavor to master the changing life which is its material. I think there is little doubt that such form will first of all appear in the novel, which, in the hands of the writers of the transition between the age of Dickens and this the age of the modern genius, has led the minds of the curious back into the formative years of childhood and must now lead them out again into adult and eager life.

Lyric Forms and Boiled Strawberries from France

By Brander Matthews

NEARLY forty years ago I wrote a little paper on Austin Dobson in which I exprest my thankful admiration for his adroit adaptation of the fixt forms of French verse to the exigencies of the English language; and I credited the vogue that the ballade and the rondeau were then enjoying both in the United States and in Great Britain mainly to the taste, the tact, the metrical skill, the rhythmical felicity of his own employment of these exotic patterns. The ballade is a highly artificial form and it has rigid rules, which are as the laws of the Medes and Persians; so has the rondeau; and so, for that matter, has the sonnet. If we who speak English had acclimated successfully the Italian sonnet, why should we not also transplant the French rondeau, less dignified and less emphatic than the sonnet, and the French ballade, less stately and less lofty, but none the less appropriate each of them for its several occasions?

I could not then foretell the fate of these Gallic importations after their first popularity had passed; and I did not dare to hope that their appeal would abide undiminished until now, and that, for instance, the most widely known lyric called forth by the greatest war the world has ever known would be cast in the rondeau form, "In Flanders Fields." Yet even two-score years ago I thought it possible that the apparent difficulty of these two artful forms, a difficulty more immediately obvious than that of the sonnet (which is, in fact, quite as arbitrarily artificial) would prove attractive to ambitious rimesters eager for a wrestle with technique. I quoted the pregnant saying of Sidney Lanier, an untiring student of the metrical art and an accomplished craftsman in verse:

> It is only cleverness and small talent which is afraid of its spontaneity; the genius, the great artist, is forever ravenous after new forms, after technic; he will follow you to the ends of the earth, if you will enlarge his artistic science, if you will give him a fresh form.

And I set by the side of this an almost equally significant utterance of Edmond Schérer's:

> We do not like to confess how great in every art is the share of difficulty vanquished; and yet it is difficulty vanquished which gives the impression of surprise; and it is surprise which gives interest; it is the unexpected which gives us the sense of the writer's power.

These suggestive remarks recurred again and again to me as I turned the pages of Miss Cohen's welcome collection of rondeaus and ballades, of triolets and rondels, of villanelles and chant-royals and sestinas. I must confess that I have never seen in English a chant-royal which did not seem to me unduly inflated—excépting only Bunner's unforgetable "Behold the Deeds." The riming scheme of the chant-royal is too cumbrous to be perceived easily by the ear, altho the eye can follow it; but verse is always to be said or sung. And not often has the grace and the daintiness of the villanelle been attained by the bards of our tongue, British or American; indeed, only Lang once and Dobson three or four times have been able to accomplish the feat. But the rondeau and the ballade have proved themselves amply and have sustained themselves. These two French forms are now established almost as solidly in English verse as the Italian sonnet; and they are seen almost as often in our periodicals.

It is now seven years since Dr. Cohen published her dissertation on "The Ballade," a more scholarly and more richly documented study of its history than had earlier appeared in English or even in French. In the introduction to this new volume, "Lyric Forms from France,"* she has judiciously condensed her account of the origin and development of the ballade; and she has supplemented this by brief studies of the evolution of the rondeau and of the other (and to my thinking less important and less interesting) fixt forms. Miss Cohen's historical essay is at once ampler and more accurate than that which Gleeson White provided for his anthology of British and American "Ballades and Rondeaus," published in 1887. And Miss Cohen, coming thirty-five years later than Gleeson White, has been able to enrich her anthology with many examples written since the earlier collection appeared, as well as with not a few that her predecessor had overlooked.

THE "PANTHEON" IN PARIS

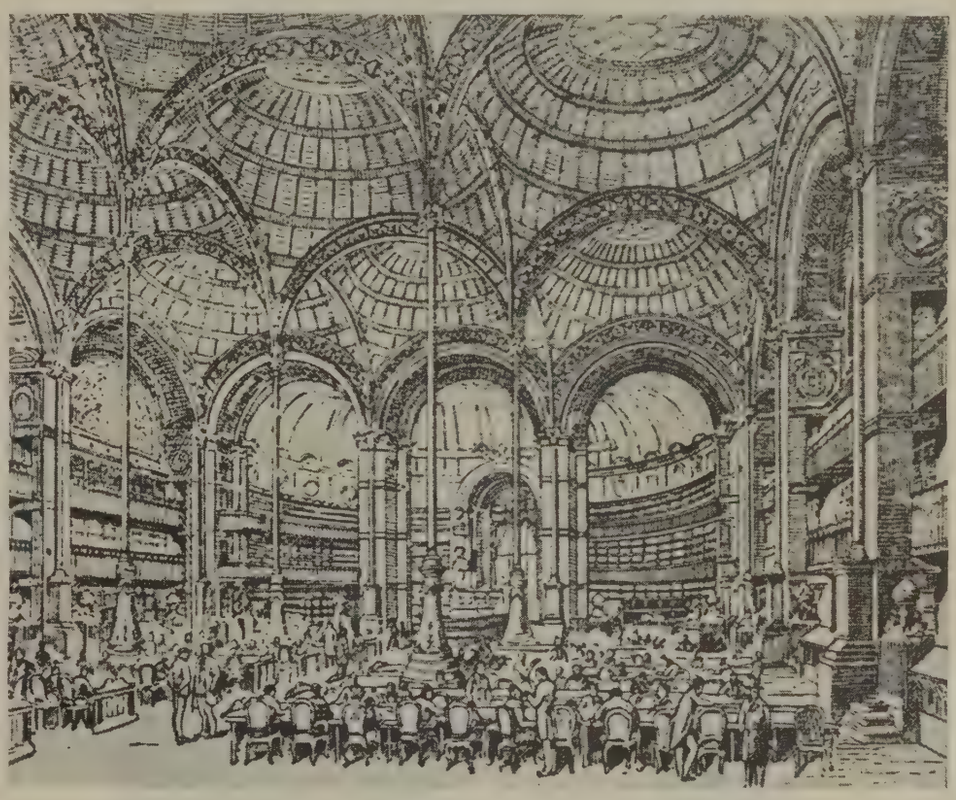
Indeed, I can not discover after diligent search that Miss Cohen has omitted any ballade or any rondeau in English which deserved to be included, with a single regrettable exception—Frank Dempster Sherman's "I've seen her picture by Sarony." Perhaps she has erred now and again on the other side, in so far as she has chosen to include examples of the ballade by writers who have refused to be bound by the strict letter of the law—an unpardonable sin, for which there is no redemption but only endless torment in the seventh depth of damnation. Perhaps, also, she has been a little too hospitable to rimesters who have been guilty of rimes which are no rimes,

*LYRIC FORMS FROM FRANCE: Their History and Their Use. By Helen Louise Cohen. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1922. 527 pp.

in that they compel us to wilful slovenlinesses of pronunciation. For instance, George Wyndham's translation of Passerat's inimitable villanelle about his turtle-dove (p. 371) is sadly disfigured by the absurdity of asking us to accept *enough* and *move* and *grove* and *thereof* as rimes to *dove*, which they are not, and never were, and never will be, all translators to the contrary notwithstanding, now and forevermore. It may be that Passerat's single masterpiece is as untranslatable to Heine's "Lorelei" or Horace's "Lydia dic per omnes." Then why not leave it alone? There is, so far as I know, and I have consulted counsel learned in the law, nothing in the British constitution which commands a member of parliament to translate French villanelles. And if the late George Wyndham felt that he simply had to make an English version of Passerat's lovely lyric he might have sat at the feet of Andrew Lang and studied out the secret of Lang's felicity in rendering several of Théodore de Banville's exquisite ballades.

It is pleasant to be able to report that this same George Wyndham was really successful in his rendering of Clément Marot's "In good old days" (p. 59) altho his translation lacks a little of the lilting lightness of the original. Perhaps a translated poem is almost always "a boiled strawberry," as a cynic once asserted it to be. And it is also pleasant to note that Miss Cohen omits the uninformed attempts of both Longfellow and Bryant to carry over into English the ingenuity and ingenuousness of another poem of Clément Marot's, the famous ballade about Brother Lubin with its two refrains, as neither of the American poets, working as they did prior to the rediscovery of the French forms, was familiar with the inexorable structure of the ballade. This unfamiliarity they shared with Leigh Hunt, whose charming "Jenny Kissed Me" is by him entitled a rondeau, altho it fails to obey the intricate code of that form as this has been laid down by the masters of French verse.

When we examine the five or six score ballades that Miss Cohen has here garnered we are a little surprized to observe that a large majority of them are light in theme, lively in temper and either witty or humorous or both. We find here scarcely a dozen which aim at a serious effect—two or three of Swinburne's, one or two of Henley's, one or two of Dobson's, one or two of Lang's and one of John Moran's, the ballade of "Battle, Murder and Sudden Death," quite the loftiest effort of that incomplete Irish-American lyrist. Yet the master of all ballade-singers, François Villon—that "warm voice out of the slums of Paris," as Matthew Arnold called him—Villon is serious enough, even if we surmise the self-mockery beneath his bravado. He did not hesitate to put his testament into the ballade-form. But when we examine the more solemn attempts of our latter-day lyrists we can not fail to see that the ballade—at least in our plainspoken English—is a little too obviously artificial to be congruous with sustained elevation. For the treatment of a large topic the ballade is at a disadvantage when compared with the sonnet in that its arbitrariness is more protracted and therefore more openly paraded.



THE GREAT READING-ROOM, BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE, PARIS

This arbitrariness and this artificiality are not a hindrance but a help to the songster of society, to the rollicking rimester, to the exuberant humorist and to the skilful wit. In light verse we delight in the dexterity with which the bard conquers his recurring difficulties. So it is that in the hands of Austin Dobson or of Andrew Lang the ballade becomes a three-act comedy with an envoy-epilog; and there is no wonder that Dobson himself thought that he had been most completely successful in his "Ballade of Imitation," with its first octave devoted to the Musician, its second to the Painter, its third to the Poet, while its envoy is a postscriptum addrest to the Critic.

In the adjusting of the ballade and the rondeau to our English ears, attuned to our traditional rhythms, Dobson was at once the pioneer and the preceptor. He did for these French forms what Horace had done of the Greek meters; he acclimated them in his own tongue. It is proof of his intuitive feeling for the right rhythm that he repeatedly makes use of the swift anapest, which gives speed to the "Ballade of Imitation" and to the "Ballade of Prose and Rime" (to my thinking even more successful), with its delicious alternation of its contrasting refrains:

> There is place and enough for the pains of prose

and

> Then hey! for the ripple of laughing rime.

It is proof also of his artistic insight that he stuck to the eight-line stanza with its three rimes, eschewing the ten-line stanza with its four rimes.

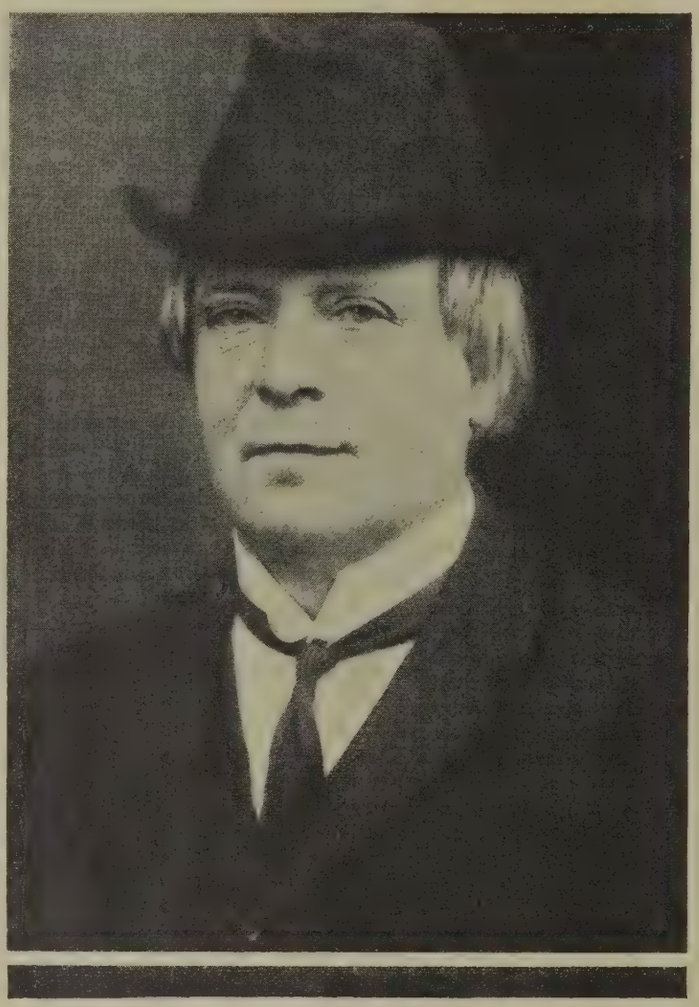
Familiar as I thought myself to be with the ballade-makers of the past forty years I confess that I was not a little surprized at the length of the list of lyrists who had been attracted to this fascinating form. Dobson and Lang, Swinburne and Henley, F. P. A. and B. L. T., and a score of others I knew; but I did not know that among these bards, British and American, were James Branch Cabell, G. K. Chesterton, T. A. Daly, Edwin Arlington Robinson and Margaret L. Woods. Nor was the catalog of the writers of rondeaus less surprizing in its extension. Bunner, of course, has his honored place, not far behind Dobson's—and it is grateful to remember that no one of Bunner's admirers had a higher regard for him than Dobson had. Here in Miss Cohen's golden treasury are also Robert Bridges (the poet-laureate, not his American namesake), Walter Crane, Don Marquis, Theo. Marzials, John McCrae (with the imperishable "In Flanders Fields"), John Payne, Samuel Minturn Peck, D. G. Rossetti, Owen Seaman, and Graham R. Tomson (Rosamund Marriott Watson). Of the chant-royals and villanelles and sestinas I shall not speak, since they have never seemed tempting to me, altho Kipling's "Sestina of the Tramp-Royal" is not unworthy of him and altho Dobson's villanelle, "On a Nankin Plate," is worthy of him. It is to be noted that Miss Cohen has collected here three contemporary villanelles in praise of Theocritus—Dobson's, Lang's and Oscar Wilde's—and that Oscar Wilde's, the third in the date of composition, is also the third in the order of merit.

Arthur Machen, Dreamer and Mystic

By Carl Van Vechten

IT IS a constant source of bewilderment and perplexity to those of us who think about the matter at all, that certain authors, usually those who stand among the greatest, should speak apparently unheard for a long time, in spite of the minor apostles and disciples and imitators who chirp feebly concerning the existence of their masters, but who, unfortunately, are equally inaudible. Inaudible, that is, until a certain day, when suddenly the deaf hear and light pours in through every window to illuminate the hidden shrine and consecrate the secret glory.

If there were a way of explaining this phenomenon—and one often tries to fancy that there must be—one would attempt to explain the long-drawn-out obscurity of Arthur Machen by remembering that he is a mystic, and that the man in the street, the idle bystander, the ecstatic reader of "This Freedom," cannot be expected to find delight in the reading of mystic books. There are, however, three good reasons for not relying entirely on this view of the matter: First, such obviously mystic books as *"The Hill of Dreams" and "The House of Souls" are written in a beautiful English prose, and this should have awakened wider enthusiasm for its own sake. Second, in such books as "The Three Imposters" and "The Chronicle of Clemendy" the mysticism is only creative. The former is a mystery yarn in the manner of Stevenson's "The Dynamiter," quite as good as, probably better than, its more famous prototype. The other is a series of romantic *novelle*, "nine joyous journeys," in the manner, say, of Boccaccio or Marguerite of Navarre. The third reason baffles our understanding: how can it be explained that in this obviously unmystic hour of this particularly unmystic day Machen should at last have come into some of the fame due him these past thirty years? His books, indeed, have finally begun to sell—not, to be sure, to the degree that books by Sinclair Lewis and Mrs. Wharton sell, but at least within speaking distance of the sales of such men as Max Beerbohm and Walter de la Mare. His name, too, may now be spoken in a drawing-room without fear that the speaker will be stared at blankly or be beset with questions—*Who* is, etc.? There is, at last, an awareness on the part of a rapidly growing section of the reading public, that an author named Arthur Machen really exists, an awareness which includes, in a few instances, at any rate, the perception that he is one of the finest living writers of English, and that he has written at least one masterpiece which is not likely to be soon forgotten.



ARTHUR MACHEN

The problem is engaging, but it need not detain us. The points on which attention may be focused are that Machen is indubitably a mystic and that in spite of (or because of) this fact, he is no longer an obscurity. His whole conception of literature is mystic, as any one knows who has read "Hieroglyphics," a modern reader's literary bible, the only book I know which offers a satisfactory test to apply in order to make the distinction between mere books and books which are artistry. And he has been consistent in creating his own works of fiction from his own supreme formula. One subject has always intrigued him—the rending of the veil, and the danger that awaits the adventurer who makes this experiment. And, as he explains in so many different ways in his latest book, *"Far Off Things," his method has always been the same, to proceed from the external fact, a house, a mountain, a sunset, or a tree, to the internal, subconscious suggestion. With Hazlitt he believes that all men of genius tell what they remember of what they knew before they were eighteen.

To the reader unskilled in such mysteries "Far Off Things" will appear to be little more than a somewhat haphazard account of certain incidents, places, and people in the author's early life. Even such a reader will not find the book lacking in charm, for the prose is finely distinguished, simple, supple, and stamped with the writer's personality, and the incidents, places, and people described are far from uninteresting in themselves. But to one who comes to the book prepared, so to speak, by a reading of Mr. Machen's other books, every page every line, in "Far Off Things" becomes a symmetrical detail in a whole which is concerned only with a consideration of method in writing, the method of an adept.

The fact I have just stated is obvious, not only when Mr. Machen asserts that he never thought of literature as a career, but only as a destiny; not only when he affirms that he holds a secret doctrine to the effect that in literature no imaginative effects are achieved by logical predetermination; not only when he says:

> I would suggest that the whole matter of imaginative literature depends on this faculty of seeing the universe, from the æonian pebble of the wayside to the raw suburban street, as something new, unheard of, marvelous, finally, miraculous. The good people—amongst whom I naturally class myself—feel that everything is miraculous; they are continually amazed at the strangeness of the proportion of all things. The bad people, or scientists, as they are sometimes called, maintain that nothing is properly an object of awe or wonder since everything can be explained. They are duly punished;

not only when he plans

*THE HILL OF DREAMS. By Arthur Machen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

*FAR OFF THINGS. By Arthur Machen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

> to invent a story which would recreate those vague impressions of wonder and awe and mystery that I myself had received from the form and shape of the land of my boyhood and youth. . . . Could one describe hills and valleys, woods and rivers, sunrise and sunset, buried temples and mouldering Roman walls, so that a story should be suggested to the reader? Not, of course, a story of material incidents, not a story with a plot in the ordinary sense of the term, but an interior tale of the soul and its emotions; could such a tale be suggested in the way I have indicated?

It could be, and it has been. "Far Off Things" is such a tale. From the early pages in which the author describes his birth, at Caerleon-on-Usk in the heart of Gwent on the border of Wales, a country redolent with memories of the Roman occupation, the center of the romances of Arthur and the Graal and the Round Table, to the end of the book, whether he writes of the Gothic in architecture, apple-tarts, Sir Walter Scott, De Quincey, or the streets of London, the wonder is still there, the strangeness persists. It may be well to inform the intending reader of Machen at this point that this author was first turned toward magic by reading an article in Dickens's periodical, Household Words, and that a performance of "Les Cloches de Corneville" set him to dreaming. Of such dreams is this book compounded.

*"Things Near and Far" is a companion volume to "Far Off Things." Issued subsequently, it covers the author's life from the early eighties to the present day. Between 1881 and 1922, Arthur Machen's output has consisted of eighteen titles, including long translations of the "Heptameron," Béroalde de Verville's "Moyen de Parvenir" ("Fantastic Tales"), and Casanova (in twelve volumes). For this forty-two years of toil Mr. Machen states that he has received 635 pounds! For the translation of Casanova he was paid thirty shillings a week and, irony of ironies, he was permitted to finance the publication of the first issue out of a small legacy that he had received. The birth pains suffered in writing "The Great God Pan," "The Chronicle of Clemendy," "The Three Imposters," and "The Hill of Dreams" are duly chronicled. Herein is also told how the author played the clerk in the court of the Duke of Venice, and other small rôles during a Benson season.

ARTHUR MACHEN
A caricature by J. H. B, 1909

Of all the works of autobiography that I know this is the saddest, because it relates, from the calm dignity of advanced middle-age, in beautiful prose, without malice, with superb courage, one of the most tragic and heart-breaking stories in the history of English letters, the story of Arthur Machen's own career as a writer, his experiences with publishers, his failure with the public, and, above all, his loneliness and solitude in the formative years, a loneliness that found early expression in his masterpiece, "The Hill of Dreams." Was there, one wonders, ever another literary artist who had so few contacts with his fellow men?

There are, it may be suggested, alleviating passages, passages of poetic description, like that evocative of a great mystic adventure circa 1900, passages even of humor, as when he says that his grandfather could not bear radishes or the Adeste Fideles, or when he describes his war with the fleas, but I think it may safely be stated that no one can arise from a reading of this book without a profound feeling of pity, a feeling accentuated as the days go by and the memory of its burning words sinks more deeply into the consciousness. As a matter of fact this narrative of the conception and birth of Mr. Machen's books contains more real drama (in both instances on the spiritual plane) even than his novels and tales, with the exception of "The Hill of Dreams," a book to which "Things Near and Far" is strangely related in mood. And when we read in the latter that Machen in his early days often dined sumptuously on half a loaf of dry bread, green tea, without milk or sugar, with plenty of tobacco for dessert, and compare this with Lucian Taylor's identical banquet in "The Hill of Dreams" we begin to see how literature and life intertwine in the work of this writer, and how Lucian's dreams were the dreams of the lonely boy who came to London from Caerleon-on-Usk.

In "Things Near and Far" Mr. Machen describes the inception of "The Hill of Dreams":

> I started fair. There was to be something different from the former books: I knew that. But I hadn't the remotest notion of what this new book was to be about. I used to go out in the morning and pace the more deserted Bloomsbury squares and wonder very much what it would be like. I got the hint I wanted at last from a most interesting essay by Mr. Charles Whibley, written by way of introduction to "Tristram Shandy." Mr. Whibley was discussing the picaresque in literature. He pointed out that while "Gil Blas" and its early Spanish originals represented the picaresque of the body, and "Don Quixote" was picaresque both of mind and body, "Tristram Shandy" was picaresque of the mind alone. The wandering in that extraordinary book is, in other words, noumenal, not phenomenal. I caught hold of that notion: the thought that a literary idea may be presented from the mental as well as the physical side of things, and said to myself: "I will write a 'Robinson Crusoe' of the mind." That was the beginning of "The Hill of Dreams." It was to represent loneliness not of body on a desert island, but loneliness of soul and mind and spirit in the midst of myriads and myriads of men.

This was the inception of the strange and beautiful book about Lucian Taylor who, in face of the cruelty of life, the futility of life, the ugliness of life, the uncharitableness of life, the hypocrisy of life, the dishonesty of life, creates beauty for himself, vivid, imaginative beauty, from the casual kiss of a servant girl, from the bronze hair of a lodging-house woman, from the chimney pots and streets of London: all are transformed, as the old alchemists changed base metal into gold, into poetic and mystic images.

These three books, "Far Off Things," "Things Near and Far," and "The Hill of Dreams" have, it will be perceived, a definite affiliation, and should be read in the order named, altho the autobiographical books are recent, and the novel was written in the late nineties, published in 1907, and now at last is reissued.

Literature, Mr. Machen asserts with a cynical modesty, is an escape from life, like Alpine climbing, chess, methylated spirits, and Prussic acid. In this particular instance, it might be added, it is something more.

---

*"Things Near and Far." By Arthur Machen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

An Aladdin's Treasure from Ancient Egypt

By Isaac Anderson

WHEN the discovery of the tomb of an Egyptian king who has been dead some 3,500 years finds a place in the front-page headlines of the newspapers, it would seem to indicate a belief on the part of the editors that the general public is deeply interested in archeological research. Else why should the name Tutankhamen be blazoned forth in 36-point type? The secret lies in the character of the objects found in the tomb, for the burial-place of Tutankhamen is the only Pharaonic tomb discovered up to the present time which has remained unplundered. In it were many objects of great intrinsic value, the carving and ornamentation of which are said to be unequaled in artistic merit even by the best work of the Greeks. Foremost among these objects are two wooden statues of the king, shod with sandals of solid gold and wearing golden crowns, a throne encrusted with jewels, royal chariots inlaid with ivory, lapiz-lazuli, malachite, etc., gilded couches, beautifully ornamented chests containing royal robes, a crozier evidently borne by the king in his capacity as a god, and surmounted by two images of ebony and silver, bronze tapers ornamented with ivory and gold, besides maces, staves, toilet articles, etc., making a veritable Aladdin's treasure of dazzling magnificence. It is the universal appeal of gold and precious stones rather than the archeological value of the discovery that has captured the popular imagination.

THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS, SITUATED NEAR THEBES,

400 miles up the Nile, in upper Egypt, where Lord Carnarvon's expedition has, after thirty-three years' search, dug up the tomb of King Tutankhamen, of the eighteenth dynasty. These remarkable tombs, located near the famous Sphinx, are the main sources of information of the Egypt of 3,000 years ago.

Needless to say, the archeologist's point of view is quite different from that of the layman. To the former it is a matter of minor importance whether a relic of the dead past is fashioned from some precious metal or from common clay. Its value to him depends upon whether it can tell him anything that he does not already know about the period from which it dates. As comparatively little is known about the reign of Tutankhamen, it is extremely probable that when the articles found in his tomb shall have been carefully examined, they will throw new light on the history of that time. Tutankhamen was the successor, and possibly for a time the co-regent, of his father-in-law, Amenhotep IV, who was known as the Heretic King because, in opposition to the priests, he advocated a monotheistic religion, the worship of Aten, the solar disk. For this reason, he took the name Khu-en-aten, meaning Light of the Solar Disk. He built and occupied as his capital the city of Khu-aten at the present site of Tel el-Amarna, where Flinders Petrie found the famous Amarna tablets in 1887. During the reign of Tutankhamen, Thebes again became the capital, and the old religion resumed its sway. Whether this was due to a change of heart on the part of the king or to fear of the priests, whose influence with the people was very strong, it is impossible to say. It is an interesting fact, however, that the symbols of both the old and the new religion are found on some of the objects in Tutankhamen's tomb. It would not be surprizing if a further examination should reveal some of the secrets of this early theological controversy.

The wide publicity given to the recent excavations in the Valley of the Kings will, no doubt, have some effect in stimulating interest in Egyptology. Those who would inform themselves about the results obtained by archeological research and exploration in Egypt can do no better than to examine the collections in the Egyptian section of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and to study the bulletins issued by the Museum on the work of its Egyptian Expedition. The Museum was not, however, directly concerned in the discovery of the tomb of Tutankhamen. That was the work of Howard Carter, director of the Lord Carnarvon expedition, and was the result of a search which has extended over a period of thirty-three years. The Museum is excavating near the scene of this discovery and has offered Mr. Carter its assistance and cooperation. Lord Carnarvon has already exprest his willingness to donate a part of the contents of the tomb to American museums, but the attitude taken by the Egyptian government makes it doubtful whether he will be able to fulfil this promise.

The Museum's December bulletin tells of recent excavations and discoveries made by its Egyptian expedition.* While none

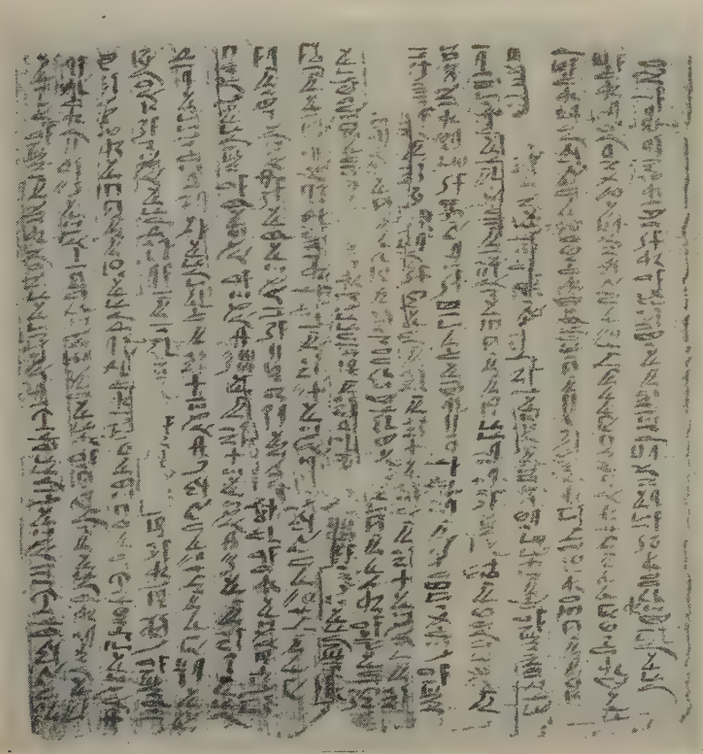
*THE EGYPTIAN EXPEDITION, MCMXXI–MCMXXII. Part II of the Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. 56 pages. New York: The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

of the discoveries recorded there can compare with those made by Howard Carter at the tomb of Tutankhamen, they are, nevertheless, extremely interesting. It is not only the things that were placed in the tombs with the intention of preserving them for the use of the departed in a future life that are important. Sometimes things that were left there by accident are equally illuminating. A curious instance of this is found in the Hekanakht Papers of which Mr. H. E. Winlock tells in his report on the excavations at Thebes. These were mere torn and crumpled scraps of papyri found in a tomb where they had apparently been thrown away by their owner, the Ka-servant Hekanakht. It was a custom among ancient Egyptians of means to endow their tombs with certain estates and employ a priest versed in mortuary lore to manage these estates, take care of the tomb and perform such ceremonies and make such offerings as were needful for the repose of the soul, or Ka. Such a priest was called a Ka-servant. In the course of his duties, the Ka-servant sometimes was obliged to remain at the tomb for several days at a time, and on such occasions he may have taken with him certain papers which he wished to look over. At any rate, that is what seems to have been done in this case.

The Hekanakht Papers consist of accounts and letters, one addrest to the overseer of one of the estates under the priest's charge, and the others to his son, Mersu, or rather, to the entire family. It was probably Mersu, acting as his father's substitute, who left the letters where they were found. One of the letters was evidently written at a time when there had been a crop failure and the country was on the verge of famine. It begins with elaborate salutations according to the custom of the time:

> The son speaks to his mother; the Ka-servant Hekanakht to his mother Ipy, and to Hetepet: How are you in your life, safety, and health, by the blessings of the God Montu, Lord of Thebes?
>
> To the whole household: How are you? How are you in your life, safety, and health? Do not worry about me; I am alive and well.
>
> Behold, you are as one who eats until he sates hunger, until he shuts his eyes, while the entire land is dead with famine.
>
> I have come hither southwards, and I have obtained your victuals as well as possible. Is the Nile not very low? Well, behold, we have obtained victuals in proportion to it. Be patient, you who are named, for you see I have been able to support you up to to-day.

Then he inserts a list of the family and the share due each from the rations he is sending, and continues:



Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

THE FIRST PAGE OF HEKANAKHT'S FIRST LETTER TO HIS HOUSEHOLD IN NEBESYT

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

CHILD'S TOY BURIED IN A POTTERY BOX

> Now you must not be angry about this. See, the whole household as well as the children are dependent on me and everything is mine. "Half-life is better than dying altogether," and they say "the hungry must hunger." Why, they have begun to eat men and women here! There are none anywhere else to whom such victuals are given.

It seems that Hekanakht was a widower, but he had taken a concubine who apparently did not get on very well with other members of the family. In one of his letters he writes:

> And have the housemaid Senen turned out of my house at once, and be very careful every day that Sihathor visits thee. Behold, if Senen spends a single day in the house, thou wilt be to blame if thou lettest her do harm to my concubine. What am I supporting thee for and what can my concubine do to you, you five boys?
>
> Salute my mother Ipy a thousand times, a million times, and salute Hetepet and the whole household and Nofret. And as to doing any harm to my concubine, take warning! Thou art not associated with me as a partner. If thou wouldst keep quiet it would be a very good thing.

Some months later he sends for Iutenhab, the concubine, writing as follows:

> Thou shalt send me Iutenhab. As this man lives—I speak of our tenant Ip—he who shall interfere in any way with the concubine, he is against me and I am against him. Behold, this is my concubine and it is well known that a man's concubine ought to be treated well. See, there is not any one who would do for her the like of what I have done. Even if none of you would be patient should his wife be denounced to him, let me be patient. But how can I ever live with you in one establishment if you will not respect a concubine for my sake?

That part of the Egyptian Expedition which was excavating at the Pyramids of Lisht made a curious find. To quote from the report of A. C. Mace:

> One object, however, we can not refrain from mentioning, for it carries us straight back through the centuries to join a child at play. A rough box of pottery the object was, found just below the surface in the neighborhood of one of the houses. A flat lid kept the contents safe, and within there was a child's toy, an indiscriminate kind of animal, of unbaked clay and with bead eyes, carefully wrapped in cloth to imitate a mummy. A game, yes, but what a characteristically Egyptian one, for the child was playing coffins. How it would have delighted its heart to know that the excavator of so many thousand years later would solemnly carry on the game, photographing the coffin, and devoting just as much care to the unwrapping of the toy animal as he would have done to a really and truly mummy!

Trivial things these, but they bring us nearer to the ancient Egyptian and give us a better understanding of him as a human being than could all the jeweled thrones and golden chariots that ever existed.

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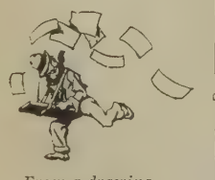

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By Florence Finch Kelly

THE final volumes of Mrs. Asquith's autobiography* are likely to be found quite as astounding by the judicious as were the first ones, altho for a different reason. It is not probable, however, that they will create as much talk as their predecessors. It was the personal element in those two indiscreet volumes that gave them their sensational vogue, the author's utter lack of the sense of privacy about her private life, her heedless baring of details that people of ordinary sensibility of feeling and delicacy of perception are accustomed—if they speak of them at all—to mention only among their most trusted intimates. There are plenty of indiscretions here, plenty of evidences of vanity and insensibility, but most of them are less personal and are more concerned with political and public affairs and therefore offer a less attractive flavor to lovers of sensation.

In these two volumes, which deal chiefly with the author's life and with public affairs during the period of Mr. Asquith's premiership and of the war, his wife presents the aspect, not quite of the proverbial bull in a china shop but rather of a trim Jersey cow plunging about among the porcelain treasures as she endeavors to preserve from harm her beloved calf. For Mrs. Asquith is quite articulate in her conviction that never did the British Empire have such a Prime Minister as it enjoyed in H. H. Asquith; that never did such political iniquity triumph as when he was displaced; that a country that would cast him aside is not worthy of his service.

Photo by Hoppé

MRS. ASQUITH

It is Mrs. Asquith's amazing egotism that betrays her into writing with such lack of sensibility, such indiscretion and, considering her opportunities, such surprizing shallowness and absence of abiding values. It may be that she belongs to that class of people whose pens are nonconductors of their personality and their intellects, who are never as interesting when they write as when they talk. For, notwithstanding her reputation for charm, personality and intelligence, rarely has there been an autobiography so lacking in the first and last of these qualities and so repellent in the second. She is like a spoiled child in her view-point as to both herself and others. Over and over in her pages one sees her judgment of men and of their conduct of affairs influenced by their attitude of admiration—or of its opposite—toward her.

But Mrs. Asquith reveals one aspect of her character which deserves tribute of admiration because of its sincerity, fine feeling and fundamental rightness and goodness—the mother quality which seems to be the most deeply rooted part of her nature. Not only is she a devoted mother—and tells us all about it—but the same innate urge of motherhood is manifest in many of her actions and convictions not concerned with her children. It can be seen in her attitude toward her husband, in the way she flies with furious pen to his defense, and to attack of those who oppose him. It appears as a defect, an excessive defect, of her quality when she writes pages about the infancy, the baby naughtinesses and precocity, of her daughter. The same flaming vanity and egotism, the same lack of modesty and of the sense of proportion which inspired the personal revelations of the former volumes inspire in these the extensive anecdotes about her children that are of no consequence to any one but herself. But she appears in a different phase, that of the thinking, feeling, aspiring human being as well as the mother, when she writes to the schoolmaster who is preparing her son Anthony for confirmation:

> I want Anthony to meet life in the spirit of Christ, whose authority rested neither upon His knowledge nor His position, but upon the Love and Faith to which His life was dedicated. . . . The spirit of man is an inward flame; a lamp the world blows upon but never puts out, and this is what I want you to teach my son. . . . I would like him to be fundamentally tender and humble, without which we can not help one another; and I want him to have no intellectual arrogance, or that fatiguing dialectical skill that scores; but a desire to search for and find the Truth.

It is bewildering to find the same woman who can perceive thus clearly and feel thus finely, presently writing, for world-wide reading, that "My son Anthony, better known in the family as 'Puffin,' combines in nature and intellect the best qualities of an Asquith and a Tennant," and so on for a paragraph of fulsome eulogy; or to find her narrating a conversation with the boy when he was twelve, in which she led him to describe the woman he wanted to marry.

One of the most interesting of the political matters in the two volumes is that which tells how Mr. Asquith went to see Premier Lloyd George just before the meeting of the Peace Conference and told him that "the only service he thought he could render the Government would be if he were to go to Versailles," intimating that he could be very useful there because he was sure that neither President Wilson nor M. Clemenceau knew much about international law or finance. Mrs. Asquith tells us that at this Mr. Lloyd George looked confused, knocked against a chair and threw some books to the ground, then hastily looked at his watch and stooped to pick up the books. Then he said he would consider the proposal, the interview was over and "my husband never heard another word upon the matter."

Mrs. Asquith does not seem to be "a good sport" when it

(*Continued on page 44*)

*Margot Asquith: An Autobiography. Volumes 3 and 4. Illustrated. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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(Continued from page 42)

comes to politics, especially when she is a loser. She takes a high moral ground when she relates the circumstances which led to the downfall of the Asquith ministry in 1916, and writes of it with much indignation and resentment. "I was shocked and wounded," she says, "by the meanness and ingratitude and lack of loyalty shown to a man who in all the years he had been Prime Minister had disproved these qualities in high degree." Her attitude toward the Lloyd George Government does not partake of that tenderness and humbleness which she so much wished for her son, for she writes about "the dog-fight speeches, the heartless swagger and inefficiency of the men who are governing us," and the "Chinese antics of the Government." But her greatest scorn and loathing are cast at the Peace Conference. Apparently she would have liked the treaty to be dictated by Mr. Maynard Keynes, "a young man of genius," she declares, "every word of whose writing has come true. But," she continues, "the minds were loose, the ears deaf and the heads swollen of those to whom he was talking." And if more is needed to show her humility of spirit and moderation of feeling, consider this paragraph, which sounds not unlike a pronouncement by Admiral Tirpitz: "If any of the 'Big Four' had had a vestige of greatness the world would not have witnessed the exhibition of Greed, Grab and Intrigue that reduced the Peace Conference to a Thieves' Kitchen."

One feels, on the whole, that Mrs. Asquith must have been a rather trying wife for a Prime Minister. Apparently, she wanted to help all the time. Perhaps this wifely anxiety was not appreciated by some of the members of the Prime Minister's political family, for she mentions certain antagonisms. She tells, without any apparent perception that not she but her husband was Prime Minister, about questioning Lord French concerning the supply of shells in 1915, to his great confusion. She seems to have had no idea that altho the greatest secrecy surrounded every fact or figure of consequence to the Army there was no reason why she should not badger and question and scold a general whom she suspected of having intrigued against her husband. She records herself as having freely given advice to public men about desirable things for them to do, as, for instance, when she wrote to Mr. Redmond on the outbreak of the war that he had the "opportunity of his life" if he would, in a great speech to the House of Commons, "offer all his soldiers to the Government."

Mrs. Asquith's work is of little value as history, because of her extreme partizanism, her narrow outlook, her many prejudices and her excessive vanity. A woman of different mold who had lived for ten years at No. 10 Downing Street and had known all the makers of English history through the period of the war might have written a valuable and charming work about that long period. But her volumes have neither of these qualities. They are, indeed, very like so many nails in the coffin of the old régime in England, which has always considered government to be a sort of family affair, the prerogative of a governing class.

"Aha! Monsieur Ask-huit! (Prime Minister winces.) One vairy nice room, Sair. Nomber EIGHT—ozzerwise nossing!!"

"That beastly number again! Oh, no it isn't; but I believe that wretched waiter knows something!!"

"Most becoming, Sir! It's a number H'EIGHT, Sir."

"Wot's that a-strikin', Sir? That's EIGHT bells, that is, Sir."

(Reproduced by kind permission of Punch)

MR. ASQUITH AND THAT CONFOUNDED NO. 8

"Caricature of Mr. Asquith when, as prime minister, he wished to increase the navy by four or five capital ships. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George worked together against him with the Little England party in the House of Commons and the Tories wanted eight dreadnoughts. It was a burning question."

Stewart Edward White's Life of Daniel Boone

WHILE Mr. Stewart Edward White's story of Daniel Boone* was written primarily for boys, it will be read with equal interest by older persons who are still able to respond to the thrill of heroic deeds and stirring adventure. Our country is becoming so civilized that we are apt to forget the pioneers who endured untold perils and hardships to open up the country for those who came after them. Had it not been for Daniel Boone and others like him, the vast territory west of the Alleghenies would have remained in the hands of England after the Revolutionary War, the original thirteen Colonies would have had no room to expand, and it is scarcely likely that they would have been able to survive. Strength, endurance and expert marksmanship were qualities possest by all these men. It was not these qualities alone that made Daniel Boone stand out above his fellow scouts. He had, in addition, a capacity for leadership, an unselfish devotion to his chosen work, and an unswerving integrity which have caused his fame to endure.

In detailing Daniel Boone's adventures as an Indian fighter, Mr. White takes pains to correct some false impressions about the aborigines. They were neither the fiendishly cruel "red devils" of whom it was said that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian," nor were they the impossible paragons of virtue, the "noble red men," that some fiction writers have pictured. The truth lies somewhere between these two extremes.

Mr. White has written an inspiring book, one which any father should be glad to place in the hands of his growing son. Not only does the story of Daniel Boone throw light on the early history of our country, but it inculcates those qualities which make for real manhood.

*DANIEL BOONE, WILDERNESS SCOUT. By Stewart Edward White. Illustrated by Remington Schuyler. 308 pages. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Hound and the Rabbit or 42 to 1977

By P. T. Fours

IT'S ALL in the point of view. The hound has a wonderful time catching the rabbit but how about the rabbit? Everyone in the B. & L. office chortles with glee because for the first half of 1923 there are twice as many good books on the list as ever before—books that simply demanded publication. But how about the manuscripts that were rejected? Isn't it pretty sad to reflect that for 42 which are being turned into printed books no less than 1977 (this is an exact figure) were denied immediate judgment by a larger and probably as competent a body of critics? But we are prouder of this 42 than of any other list, considered as a whole, that we've yet stood sponsor for. Fourteen novels and not one, this season, that an intelligent person would hesitate to give to someone on whom he wished to make a favorable impression.... **Gertrude Atherton's Black Oxen,** to our mind, is by far the finest work she's ever done and we venture to predict that it will have the season's largest sale of really good novels. **Anzia Yezierska's Salome of the Tenements** has already been very well received and in two weeks has exceeded the total sale of her fine book, Hungry Hearts. **Warner Fabian's Flaming Youth** will also appear this month. The book is even more interesting than the attempts that are already being made to discover who this Fabian really is. The mere announcement of **Mystery at Geneva** by **Rose Macaulay,** the most brilliant satirist in England, author of Potterism and Dangerous Ages, is sufficient.... In February comes **Poor Pinney,** a first novel by **Marian Chapman,** which strikes us as the finest thing of its kind since Wells' Kipps. For **The Holy Tree** by **Gerald O'Donovan,** author of Vocations, we predict the same kind of success that greets all such lyrical epics as Marie Chapdelaine, or Aucassin and Nicollette, be their milieu what they may. And **Robert Simon's Our Little Girl,** which the author insists is his first novel that is not autobiographical. And **The House of Yost** by **Georg Schock,** compared by William Dean Howells to Hardy, and, to our mind, a novel Hamsun would have been proud to write. Also in February come **The Road to Calvary** by **Alexey Tolstoy,** the only novel of consequence that has come out of Russia since the revolution, and **Demian** by **Herman Hesse,** one of the three greatest living German novelists. And we've discovered the almost impossible combination in **Whose Body** by **Dorothy Sayers,**—a good detective story, all of whose characters are human beings instead of stuffed shirts and shirtwaists.... In March we republish from the original plates, **The "Genius,"** considered by many **Theodore Dreiser's** masterpiece, with an introduction by Lawrence Gilman, together with interesting data and comments on the pseudo-suppression of The "Genius," several years ago. Also for March is **Jessup** by **Newton Fuessle,** author of Gold Shod and The Flail. Mr. Fuessle is recognized by Hugh Walpole, Burton Rascoe, and many others as one of America's greatest realists, so it is fitting that his new novel should appear at the same time as The "Genius".... What need we say about **Murdo** by **Konrad Bercovici** except that it is even better, straight through, than Ghitza or the many other fine stories that make Bercovici the most triple starred author that Edward J. O'Brien ever knighted?.... **Edna St. Vincent Millay** is now on her way back from Europe with the manuscript of **Hardigut.** This first novel by America's greatest lyric poet makes April hard to wait for. And in the same month we publish **George F. Hummel's** first novel **After All.** It is about marriage and divorce and seems destined to cause as much discussion as Brass and Cytherea.

The make-up man says there are only 442 words left in which to say something about our 28 non-fiction books. So brief mention of their authors and titles is all that can be made. **The Eternal Masquerade** by **H. Dennis Bradley** which tells about styles in dress from the cave-man to the cake-eater, appears this month, and **John Macy's The Story of the World's Literature,** profusely illustrated by **Onorio Ruotolo** appears in May. This is our non-fiction pet until **Hendrik Van Loon's The Story of the Bible** comes out in August, and **Gilbert Cannan's** amazingly colorful book on **King Edward VII** appears in September. Macy's book will surely do for literature what **The Story of Mankind** is doing for history.... Between these dates will come out our 6-volume edition (with Heinemann of London) of **Georg Brandes'** epoch-making work, **Main Currents of Nineteenth Century Literature** "undoubtedly the most important work of literary history and criticism of the nineteenth century;" **These United States,** so important a volume that we urge readers of this page to write to us immediately for a special brochure about it; **Wilfred Lay's A Plea for Monogamy,** a most sensational and at the same time the sanest sex book ever written by a psychoanalyst; **Gelett Burgess' Have You An Educated Heart,** a worthy successor to his Are You a Bromide?; **A Short History of the International Language Movement** by **Albert Leon Guerard; Waldo Frank: A Study** by **Gorham B. Munson; On Making and Collecting Etchings** by **E. Hesketh Hubbard,** a beautifully illustrated book; **Teodoro the Sage** translated from the Italian of **Luigi Lucatelli** by **Morris Bishop,** a book about which Christopher Morley is enthusiastic; **Helen Jerome's** answer to H. L. Mencken's In Defense of Women, which she calls **The Secret of Woman;** a real bombshell in the anonymous **Autobiography of a Bootlegger; John J. McGraw's** most unusual **My Thirty Years in Baseball; Francis Hackett's The Golden Calf** and **Edward L. Bernays' In the Court of Public Opinion** announced for last fall; **George Langford's Stories of the First American Animals,** the best since Kipling's Jungle Books. Then there are volumes of plays by **O'Neill, Wedekind, Zoë Aikins** and **Artzybasheff**—(we have just published **Rain**). And poetry by **Jeanne Robert Foster, L. A. G. Strong, Sacheverell Sitwell** and **Paul Geraldy's** famous, **You and Me** (Toilet Moi) which has sold over 50,000 copies in France.

The allotted space is filled but we can't help thinking about those 1977 manuscripts, wondering how many mistakes we may have made, how many unwise judgments we may have passed. Still we're proud of the 42.

❦ ❦ ❦

The five following important novels have been numbered and selected for your consideration. Any one of them will prove of absorbing interest. All of them represent the best in English fiction.

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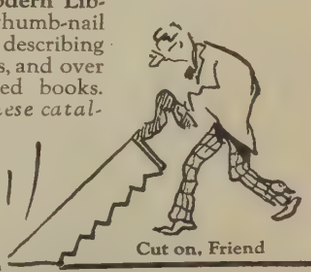

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Mrs. Patrick Campbell Describes Her Stage Career

Humorous Glimpses of Shaw and Bernhardt

THE importance of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's volume of memoirs and reminiscences* does not rest in the facts of her career or in a catalog of the parts she has played. Neither does it depend upon any frank self-portrait of a woman who has been much in the public eye (at least, in England) for several decades. "My Life and Some Letters" is valuable first of all for the letters written by George Bernard Shaw to Mrs. Campbell. The humor and delicious farce represented by this correspondence would render any book of value as a unique bit of Shawiana. However, before commenting upon these it may be wise to orientate Mrs. Campbell as regards her period.

She is probably remembered best of all in America as the creator of Paula Tanqueray in Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's great success, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." This play may be said to have been the opening gun in the rapid succession of problem dramas which changed decidedly the course of the English drama. Certain other rôles created by Mrs. Campbell stand out. Immemediately following her success in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" came her appearance in another Pinero play, "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith." And much later in her career came George Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion." Between these two was the artistic success of Melisande in Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande." For a time she played Melisande to the Pelleas of Sarah Bernhardt. These few titles, together with the title rôles in Sudermann's "Magda" and Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler," will give some idea of the quality of her career on the English stage and the intellectual urge that led her to certain plays of more than ordinary literary value. Naturally her type of rôle, manifesting as it did a distinctly cultured type of mind, brought her into contact with those in England who were working the hardest for a literary drama. Therefore it is to be expected that her volume should contain letters from such men as Oscar Wilde, George Bernard Shaw, Sir James Matthew Barrie, William Butler Yeats, Arthur Symons, Edmund Gosse and Prof. J. W. Mackail. They noted in her a woman who was striving for the best in English drama, and if at times her histrionic ability did not quite measure up to her ambitions, they were willing to slur this defect over. The intent was the thing that counted.

The biographical material to be found in "My Life and Some Letters" is not particularly engrossing, for Mrs. Campbell's career was not startling. She had her difficulties and trials at first. Her husband, Patrick Campbell, was a man who could hardly make a monetary success of life, who was somewhat of an adventurer in the decent sense of the word, and who was killed during the Boer War. Mrs. Campbell possest two children, a boy and a girl; the boy was killed in France during the World War. Mrs. Campbell's career is but a catalog of stage productions. As has been intimated, it is in the Shaw letters that the chief interest is centered. These, apparently passionate love-letters, must not be taken too seriously, for they were written to cheer Mrs. Campbell up after a painful accident. Before she gives a number of these letters, Mrs. Campbell writes:

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

> There was one who, perhaps, through the intelligent grasp of his genius, understood a little the nerve-rack of my illness. Himself living in dreams, he made a dream-world for me. Only those who can understand this, can understand the friendship Bernard Shaw gave to me by my sick-bed—the foolish, ridiculous letters he wrote me, and his pretense of being in love with me.
>
> He reveled in the mischievous fun and in the smiles he brought to my face. He did not care a snap of the fingers at the moment what anybody else might say or think.

With this explanation it is, perhaps, wise to quote one or two of these letters, so that the reader may relish the quality of the book. Here is one:

> Midland Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, 23rd October, 1912.
>
> STELLA:
>
> You must be either better or dead. Say, oh, fairest, are you up and about? If you are, it is your duty to write to me. I hope you have lost your good looks; for whilst they last any fool can adore you, and the adoration of fools is bad for the soul. No: give me a ruined complexion and a lost figure and sixteen chins and a farmyard of crows' feet and an obvious wig. Then you shall see me come out strong. . . .
>
> I haven't been quite the same man since our meeting. I suppose you are a devil: they all tell me so when I go on raving about you. Well, I don't care. I have always said that it is the devil that makes hell; but here is a devil who makes heaven. Wherefore, I kiss your hands and praise creation for you, and hope you are well, as this leaves me at present, thank God for it. This is the Irish formula, which, by the way, I should have adopted earlier in this letter, as every sentence would then have begun with *Dear Stella*. I used to write letters for Irish servants when I was a child. "Dear Mother, I hope you are well, as it leaves me at present, thank God for it. Dear Mother, I saw Bridget on Friday, and she desires to be remembered to you. Dear Mother, I hope you got the flannel petticoat safely. Dear Mother, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc."
>
> I shall be here until Sunday morning I expect.
>
> I have just recovered from one of the famous headaches, and am not quite sane yet.
>
> G. B. S.

*MY LIFE AND SOME LETTERS. By Mrs. Patrick Campbell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

And here is a shorter one, equally amusing:

10, Adelphi Terrace, W. C., 30th October, 1912.

O, beautiful, illustrious, I have mountains of work upon me here, and cannot return to town until Friday morning as ever will be. . . . I can not find "Androcles" here, and am not quite sure that Gilbert Murray returned it to me when I sent it to him to Cromer; but if it be within my reach in London I will come on Friday at four and—unless you write forbidding me—bellow it in your coral ears until Kensington Square shakes down its railings.

O, brave, high-souled lady and cleanser and inspirer of my trampled spirit, I would the post were in hell, since it will not wait another moment. . . . G. B. S.

He did come down, remarks Mrs. Campbell, and read "Androcles and the Lion" to her. She was really too ill to listen, and it nearly killed her. There are a number of Shaw's letters, all written in the vein of the two quoted above, and they form a decidedly amusing exhibit of G. B. S.'s epistolary powers. Mrs. Campbell remarks naively anent the correspondence: "His wildest letters I do not give." This is regrettable, for they must have been extremely amusing. Before leaving these letters by Shaw the reviewer can not resist the delight of quoting part of a poem that the Irish dramatist wrote, perhaps the only poem of his which has seen print. So here it is:

Who mashed Stella?
I, that rejoice
In a nice Irish voice,
I mashed Stella.

Who made her smile?
Dis very chile,
With my winks and my wile,
I made her smile.

Who'll be her man?
Why, he that can,
Apollo or Pan,
I'll be her man.

The verses go on in this vein. The whole episode is a revelation of the playful nature of Shaw.

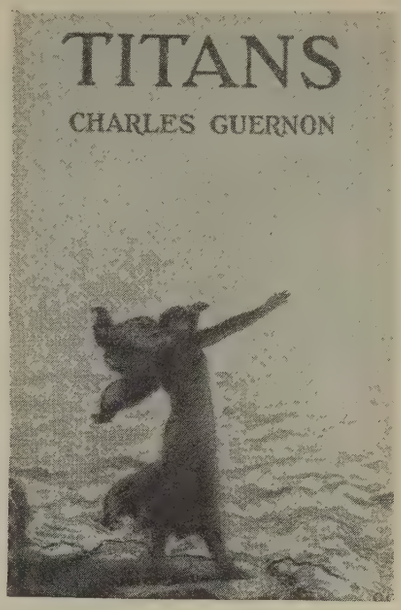
The letters from Barrie are also amusing, altho not in such a broad vein as those from Shaw. Still, he manages to conjure up a mock rivalry between the Irish writer and himself for the affections of Mrs. Campbell. It must have been well worth while being ill to secure such intimacy with two of the finest figures in English letters.

And now for the anecdotes concerning Sarah Bernhardt. One of these concerns the sense of humor of the great French actress, a sense that was popularly supposed to be entirely lacking. Mrs. Campbell, during her engagement with Mme. Bernhardt in "Pelleas and Melisande," purchased a tobacco pouch shaped like a fish and tied it down to the bit of canvas at the bottom of the well at the fountain. When Mme. Bernhardt stood by the fountain she noticed the fish and began to extemporize about "les poissons-là." She stooped over to pick the fish up, but as it was tied it refused to come loose, and the actress nearly lost her balance. Mrs. Campbell laughed, spoiling the scene. Mme. Bernhardt said not a word about the joke, but the next day, when the two actresses came to the cave scene, where Mme. Bernhardt as Pelleas is supposed to take the hand of Melisande most tenderly and help her over the rocks, something squashed in Mrs. Campbell's hand. It was a raw egg. "I did not smile," writes Mrs. Campbell, "but with calm dignity went on with my part. I can see now the tears of laughter trickling down her cheeks, and her dear body shaking with merriment as I grew more and more dignified to the end of the scene."

Striking and poignant is the following cablegram, which Mme. Bernhardt sent at a later date to Mrs. Campbell, then in America.

Doctor will cut off my leg next Monday. Am very happy. Kisses all my heart. SARAH BERNHARDT, Bordeaux.

Of such material is "My Life and Some Letters" composed. It is all written in a whimsical and entertaining prose, and it undeniably holds the reader, except in those passages where Mrs. Campbell attempts to moralize and her book descends into a series of paragraphs. No person is in the book except as that person comes more or less intimately into the author's life. This is wise, for it is a personal book, at best, shaped to amuse and not to narrate the stage history of the past thirty years.



TITANS

by

Charles Guernon

A THRILLING TALE OF THE SEA

At All Booksellers. $2.00

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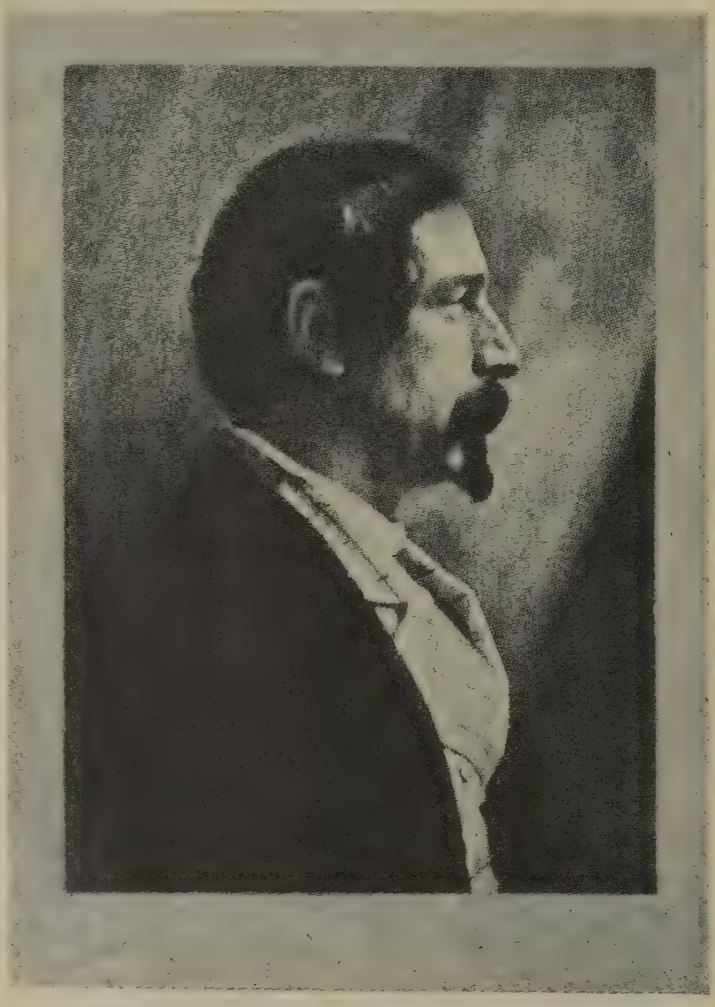
The Tragi-Comedy of the Third Napoleon

A Vivid Picture by Mr. Guedalla

MR. GUEDALLA has achieved something both brilliant and satisfying in "The Second Empire,"* a fresh version of the tragic career of Napoleon and Eugénie. He has assimilated all the voluminous literature on the subject and recreated it into a smoothly flowing narrative embellished with his own scholarship and with a characteristically ironic humor. Beginning with the first Napoleon, he creates a background of the warp and woof of Napoleonism, against which he later paints in bold, sure lines the characters and ideas of Louis Napoleon and his empress.

The strange and romantic career of the son of Hortense Beauharnais and Louis Bonaparte takes on fresh and unsuspected interest at this author's hands. The thirty-odd years that intervened between the fall of the first empire and the rise of the second were full of vicissitudes for Prince Louis, and Mr. Guedalla carries him swiftly, yet always with a touch of humor, through his youthful years. His futile attempt to capture the French throne, by way of Strasbourg, caused his exile to New York—where "as a serious student of the great Republic he resolved to survey the principal sights by visiting the falls of Niagara and Mr. Washington Irving"; in 1840 came the more serious adventure at Boulogne, which landed him for the next six years in the gloomy Fortress of Ham. His ultimate escape, his adroit handling of French sentiment at the fall of Louis Philippe, his rise to the Presidency, which became an imperial throne by means of the coup d'état of 1851, with the years that followed as emperor, all are unfolded with a touch of unfailing charm.



LOUIS NAPOLEON WHEN HE WAS PRINCE PRESIDENT
(*1848*)

France's part in the Italian war for liberation furnishes an important chapter, for that war raised the third Napoleon to a position where even Queen Victoria recognized his potential mastery of Europe—and trembled a little. "The Emperor, with a supreme gesture of Bonapartism, took the command; had not his uncle in his gaunt lank-haired youth made a campaign of Italy against the Austrians, and might not one do the same with a *képi* and a cigaret and a long mustache and a staff of names out of the calendar of Napoleonic saints?" And so we see him at Solferino:

> They fought in the blazing sun of June 24 at Solferino; and once more the bayonets thrust and lunged in the sunshine, as the Emperor sat watching on his horse and smoked, gave an order, smoked again, and watched, muttering, "*Les pauvres gens! les pauvres gens! quelle horrible chose que la guerre!*" It cost him more than fifty cigarets to sit the day out; and when the shadows began to fall longer from the west, a storm of rain and wind swept down between the armies. As it drove away, the Austrians were filing slowly eastward behind the Mincio, and the Emperor telegraphed to Paris "*Grand bataille, grande victoire*" for a weary woman to read in bed at St. Cloud.

In his story of the second empire the author goes quite fully into related episodes, such as the strange adventure of Maximilian in Mexico—Maximilian, the amiable Austrian prince "whose good manners, botanical collections, and the finest pair of whiskers in Europe had imprest his contemporaries with his aptitude for kingship." It is a tragedy, and the author does not injure it by flippancy, yet the story is told with frequent touches of that kindly irony which is his substitute for comment and moralizing.

While Mr. Guedalla makes no hero of Napoleon III, he has little sympathy for the shriek of invective with which Victor Hugo in Guernsey belabored "Napoleon the Little" for eighteen years. "Dreary business of denunciation," he calls it. The events of the empire are related with spirit and sympathy, so far as sympathy is due. Empress Eugénie lives again in these pages, and many of the finest passages of human interest relate to her. We see her acting as Empress Regent in 1859, when Napoleon is away winning glory in the Italian war. We see her in the high noon of the empire, when the European world seemed waiting for a Napoleon to remake it. Again, about 1867, we see Eugénie when her sad-eyed beauty has begun to fade, and when a strange chill, as of evening, has settled upon the empire. The only sounds now about the once gay palace are the young voices of the Prince Imperial and his small friends. The boy is not strong, and the Emperor is already an old man; slowly the Empress is schooled for a future in which she is to govern France in the name of a pale young Emperor. Like a moving picture the shadowy figures come and go in Mr. Guedalla's pages; then the light flickers and fades, the fumbling Emperor's grasp weakens, the power of Germany waxes at Sadowa, and the action of the drama moves inexorably toward the tragedy that leaves Eugénie, dethroned and bereaved, to walk alone through the years.

The swift and dramatic fall of the empire is depicted without an unnecessary word, yet with a completeness that is in itself good proof of the author's craftsmanship. The sick emperor is

*THE SECOND EMPIRE. By Philip Guedalla. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

seen fumbling with his armies round Metz and going down to irretrievable defeat at Gravelotte, while Eugénie agonizes in Paris. At Sedan he gallops across the heights among his falling men, courting death, but in vain, as his last army reels to its last defeat. The little town is quivering with gunfire; there is a crash of falling roofs, and pale flames are licking broken houses in the sunshine. They are urging him to break out of Sedan in a mad sortie, but the tortured Emperor is making his last decision. He will see the King of Prussia, but the firing must cease. A white flag goes up on the citadel, a night of conferences follows, and the next day——

> Bismarck rode up in uniform, and Napoleon took off his *kêpi*. The tall man did the same, and the Emperor's tired eyes seemed to follow the movement of his cap. As they came to a big revolver in his belt, the sick man changed color. There was a little talk between the two men in the cottage by the road. Something was said about terms; and as they sat on a bench outside, the Emperor struggled against the surrender of his army. But Bismarck rode off, and the carriage went down the road to a little house with feudal spires and a conservatory. It was called the Château de Bellevue; and the Emperor went in. They made him take some wine and a piece of bread; and he was reading Montaigne when the King of Prussia came. The tall old man dismounted, and the Emperor stood on the steps with a white face; his cheeks were wet with tears. There was a murmur of courtesy as they went in together. . . . When he came out he gave a hand to the Crown Prince, and with the other he wiped away his tears. When the King had gone, he said, "*Messieurs, nous allons à Wilhelmshöhe.*" The reign was over.

The letter which Napoleon wrote that day to Eugénie belongs among the tragic utterances of history. In it, for once at least, he was simple and sincere. Like the rest of the original citations in Mr. Guedalla's book, this letter is in the original French. The whole volume is for readers of cultured taste, readers who can savor a good French phrase as well as one in English; for all such it will be a delight because of its purity of style, its freshness of spirit, its richness of content, and the deft lightness of its gently ironic wit. George Meredith would have hailed it as a fine example of what he called the Comic Spirit—the smiling spirit that is yet tender enough to include both pity and tragedy.

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BOSTON LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY PUBLISHERS

Certain Radical and Conservative Critics

By Herbert S. Gorman

THIS is an era of critics. One can not turn a corner without bumping against one. In any literary gathering to-day it is perfectly safe to approach an unknown individual and remark, "I enjoy your criticism so much!" Five years ago he would have been a poet. Ten years ago he would have been a broker. There is good reason for this overwhelming avalanche of critics, young, old, good, bad, and indifferent. This is an age of curiosity, of experimentation with new forms. Elaborate dissection, ferocious attack, Swinburnian praise, are the fashion. A hundred little groups growl and snarl at one another. Poets and novelists, not content with confining themselves to the creative art which they regard as their own, continually emerge in cast-iron armor on critical forays, tilting against windmills, the New England spirit, conservatism, radicalism, anything at all. In a period of tottering institutions it is but natural that such an atmosphere should develop. New castles of the intellect are always reared in the midst of a withering fire of critical machine-guns.

So unanimous is the determination of everybody not an actor or a banker to be a critic that it may be of some interest to note the various trends which this bubonic (H. L. Mencken would undoubtedly say 'boob-onic') plague of criticism takes. And a selected group of newly published volumes of criticism (more or less) offers an admirable opportunity to note these diverging paths. It should be pointed out that almost every critic of prominence is a movement in himself; he possesses a peculiar approach that is essentially individual. No one mistakes the work of Mr. John Macy for that of H. L. Mencken or the essays of J. C. Squire for those of Italy's Bad Boy, Giovanni Papini. Some of these men are good and some of them are bad. When they are bad they are very, very bad; there is no middle road in criticism. Others are weak; a few are strong; some are just idle commentators. The loudest would appear to be destructionists; the deepest-minded attempt a construction of new values with the means at hand. Taking the books to be considered in these paragraphs the writers may be divided as follows: conservatives, Caleb T. Winchester and Fred Lewis Pattee; moderns, John Macy and J. C. Squire (who is also represented by a book under the pseudonym of Solomon Eagle); radical individualists, Theodore Maynard (more for what he doesn't say than for what he does say) and Giovanni Papini (certainly for what he does say).

It is usual to note radicals first in these days and therefore the Italian, Giovanni Papini, may be briefly considered, for he represents a strongly individualized type of the modern critic in his "Four and Twenty Minds."[1] He is the sort of critic who turns old established values upside down. He has no patience with caution. Advancing into the midst of the arena he flourishes his glittering phrases until the reader is doubtful whether or not anything was observed in its true perspective before Signor Papini came along. Giovanni Papini is the Playboy of Italy, the H. L. Mencken who snaps his fingers contemptuously amidst "the grandeur that was Rome." He pronounces such astounding things. "We are growing away from Shakespeare," he airily enunciates; "that terrible old dramatic world of his, compact of grandeur and nocturnal dread, is beginning to make us smile." Well, maybe that is so, altho the current theatrical season in New York would not seem particularly to bear out this radical judgment. Hamlet is "a fat neurasthenic, half evil, half imbecile." The famous soliloquy is a "superficial commonplace: life is evil, and if we were sure that the other life is not worse, we would do well to commit suicide." It will be observed that the Italian does not find the poetry in this soliloquy, and this would seem to be one attribute that occasions that quaint radicalism of his thought. He seeks for ideas first of all and poetry is but a secondary matter. He possesses a blind eye toward certain aspects of esthetics. Besides this it can not be doubted that he delights in paralyzing his readers. The opportunity of stating an unusual and iconoclastic thought never finds him wanting. Therefore his essays are a series of surprizes. They are invigorating, but they are not to be taken too literally. As an expression of the Younger Generation knocking idols right and left Signor Papini has his value. At least he writes in a glittering fashion and does not descend to the verbal absurdities of Mr. Mencken. One chapter he devotes to himself, and it is so pertinent an example of his style that it should be quoted. He writes:

> Every one knows, his friends with even more certainty than his enemies, that he is the ugliest man in Italy (if indeed he deserves the name of man at all), so repulsive that Mirabeau would seem in comparison an academy model, a Discobolus, an Apollo Belvedere. And since the face is the mirror of the soul, as the infinite wisdom of the race informs us in one of its proverbial condensations of experience, no one will be surprized to learn that this Papini is the scoundrel of literature, the blackguard of journalism, the Barabbas of Art, the thug of philosophy, the bully of politics, the Apache of culture, and that he is inextricably involved in all the enterprises of the intellectual underworld.

Dear, dear, what an array of astounding terms! One can but point out that while Signor Papini wrote all this with his tongue in his cheek he undoubtedly would not scorn any of the terms if they were seriously pinned upon him. It is one of the complexes of the younger radical critics that they like to be thought scoundrels, blackguards, Barabbases, thugs, bullies, and Apaches. The real truth is that most of them are rather nice little boys who shed more ink than blood. One of Signor Papini's enthusiasms in this book, by the way, is Walt Whitman, who also shed more ink than blood. And, of course, there is a chapter on Nietzsche in the volume.

Turning to Mr. Theodore Maynard's effort, "Our Best Poets,"[2] it will be discovered that he attempts to disarm possible critics of his book by remarking that his judgments are "private opinions, my idiosyncratic preferences." If this is the case he should have called his book "My Favorite Poets" or "Who I Think Are the Best Poets" and not plainly dubbed it "The Best Poets." His judgments certainly are "idiosyncratic." He considers Gilbert K. Chesterton the great English poet and does not even allow Thomas Hardy a place amongst the first twelve, preferring in place of that undeniable master such third-rate rimesters as Laurence Binyon and J. C. Squire. If Mr. Maynard possest but a tenth part of Papini's epigrammatic brilliance there would be some reason to read his misjudgments of contemporary poets. But he doesn't. He is dull most of the time and so prejudiced an observer of the field of modern verse that there does not seem to be any particular reason even faintly to take his book with seriousness. He is an admirable example of the creative writer who is not a critic at all and yet who insists upon attempting criticism. There is really no reason to argue with him, but for the pleasure of readers it may be of interest to set down the twelve

(*Continued on page 52*)

[1] FOUR AND TWENTY MINDS. By Giovanni Papini. Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

[2] OUR BEST POETS. By Theodore Maynard. Henry Holt & Company.

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Certain Radical and Conservative Critics

(*Continued from page 50*)

best poets of England as he sees them (he even puts them in order) and then note a few names which he omits. His Twelve Chosen Ones are Gilbert K. Chesterton, Alice Meynell, Charles Williams (whoever he may be), Walter de la Mare, Ralph Hodgson, W. B. Yeats, Hilaire Belloc, J. C. Squire, W. H. Davies, Lascelles Abercrombie, Laurence Binyon, and John Masefield. He leaves out altogether Thomas Hardy, A. E. Housman, Rudyard Kipling, Arthur Symons, A. E. (George William Russell), Gordon Bottomley, John Drinkwater, James Stephens, Robert Bridges, and Charles Doughty. Assuredly his choices are "idiosyncratic."

The American poets (eighty pages are devoted to them, and 147 to the Englishmen) come off better. Both Edwin Arlington Robinson and Robert Frost have chapters devoted to them, and Amy Lowell, Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, William Rose, and Stephen Benét, Sara Teasdale, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Ridgely Torrence are lucky enough to receive consideration in portions of chapters. George Sterling, Vachel Lindsay, Anna Hempstead Branch, Elinor Wylie, Josephine Preston Peabody and John G. Niehardt are among those missing.

Leaving these two individualistic writers we come to fare that may be accepted more seriously by the reader, for the critical acumen is of a higher average. This fare includes, "The Critical Game"[3] by John Macy, "Books Reviewed"[4] by J. C. Squire and "Essays at Large"[5] by Solomon Eagle (J. C. Squire). Mr. Macy's book is by far the more important. It is a clear victory for the American here. There are times when his prose is, perhaps, not so felicitous as that of the Englishman, but his judgments are always sound and he is an adept at conclusive and logical reasoning. Mr. Macy strays a long way through world literature in this book, for the reader may find chapters on Dante in English, Nietzsche, Tolstoy, Conrad, Tagore, Shelley, Thomas Hardy, H. G. Wells, John Masefield, and even James Joyce, author of that extraordinary volume, "Ulysses." For the most part leaning toward conservative and rational evaluations, the critic will be discovered to be essentially modern in his intimations. He is always open-minded and his attempts at criticism are mainly animated by a desire to get within the skin of the writer discust and to concentrate the spirit of that writer so that the reader may comprehend his nature. Mr. Macy does not falter when he chooses to indict a writer who, he thinks, is undeserving of the vogue he has attained. As evidence of this we have the excoriating chapter on Tagore, the pseudo-mystic who charmed women's clubs all over America not so many seasons ago. Criticism, according to Mr. Macy, who prefaces his book with a credo, is only one form of the writing game. "The function of criticism at the present time," he observes, "and at all times is the function of all literature, to be wise, witty, eloquent, instructive, humorous, original, graceful, beautiful, provocative, irritating, persuasive." One can but devoutly say "Amen" to all this. Mr. Macy, judged by his own standards, is all of these things except, perhaps, beautiful. He does not possess the secret of starting the heart with lovely prose-cadences or beautiful thoughts. After all, however, this is but a minor defect in a critic whose prose is always cool, pellucid, and finely polished, who can extract the meat from his subject in the most graceful manner, and who is always well-tempered, dispassionate and rational.

Mr. J. C. Squire fulfils several of the requirements of Mr. Macy's ideal critic, but he fails so badly in others that his claim to the title of critic is somewhat in doubt. He is graceful, witty, often eloquent, humorous and graceful. But he is rarely wise, instructive, original, provocative or persuasive. In fact he is more a commentator on books than a critic. He knows what he likes and he knows why he likes it, and he can set this down in felicitous prose. Any reader looking for particular critical standards, however, will be doomed to disappointment, for Mr. Squire does not appear to have any. "Books Reviewed" contains a selection from papers on old and new books which have appeared weekly in *The Observer* and they are essentially transient in character. Many of the books are forgotten and many more of them will be. Indeed, there are times when the reader will have the sensation of reading the dramatic criticisms of season-before-last's stage successes. In "Essays at Large" Mr. Squire, under the nom-de-plume of Solomon Eagle, has gathered together a number of papers which originally appeared in the columns of the English *Outlook*. They are of wider significance than books, altho many of them are occasioned by literary subjects. Indeed, they may be regarded as light essays proper and not as criticism at all. In any final analysis Mr. Squire must be set down as a minor English essayist and not as a critic. He comments prettily on life and letters, but he is neither constructive nor destructive when it comes to a consideration of the modern experimentations in letters.

And so we come to two critics who may, without disparagement to them, be designated as conservative. One of them, the greater, died three years ago. He is Caleb T. Winchester, late professor of English literature at Wesleyan University, and his book, "An Old Castle and Other Essays"[6] is, with certain slight reservations, a delight to read from beginning to end. It is hardly to be expected that the subjects he treats will be of particular interest to the modern young man, for they are concerned with such things as Ludlow Castle, Shakespeare's plays, the literature of the Age of Queen Anne, Jonathan Swift, Robert Burns, John Ruskin, Browning, even that almost forgotten English poet, Arthur Hugh Clough. The graceful and smoothly flowing sentences of Mr. Winchester garment thought that is always distinguished, judgments that are those of a cultured and reticent man, and pictures that are delightful because of the ease with which they are fashioned. No one can read the essay "An Old Castle" without the Elizabethan era coming to life within the mind's eye. It is beautifully and gently done. The Shakespearean chapters are as fine, altho readers may object to some of the conclusions. For instance, few lovers of Shakespeare will think that the Bard was wasting himself on an illicit love-affair in "Antony and Cleopatra." The very fire of the passion of these figures lifted their tragedy from the smallnesses of illicit relationship to something higher. The Serpent of Old Nile was more than an abandoned woman. She was a crystallization of a great passion, of an urge that transcended petty everyday loves. It is possibly because of his old-fashioned religious training that we find Professor Winchester unable quite to grasp the tragic significance of such situations. He was born to discover ethical truths of a dogmatic sort in literature. His whole training was in such fields. But it does not deter him from being a keen evaluator of the beauty in genius, and his Shakespearean essays are seldom nullified by preachiness.

The other conservative is Fred Lewis Pattee, and it is like reading a book before the war to travel through his "Sidelights on American Literature."[7] Here are chapters on O. Henry and Jack London. Heavens! we observe; how we have traveled since it was the fashion to write essays about O. Henry and Jack London. There is even an essay on Longfellow—and one can imagine what the Younger Generation would do to this. However, they must be content with a really informative article on H. L. Mencken. Mr. Pattee possesses a peculiarly ingratiating style of writing which is plentifully interspersed with quotations from the writers he is considering. Thus, we may regard him as an expositive critic, letting his subjects betray themselves through their own mouths. It is a successful method when it is well handled and Mr. Pattee may be credited with handling it with a high degree of facility.

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[3] The Critical Game. By John Macy. Boni & Liveright.

[4] Books Reviewed. By J. C. Squire. George H. Doran Company.

[5] Essays at Large. By Solomon Eagle. George H. Doran Company.

[6] An Old Castle and Other Essays. By Caleb T. Winchester. The Macmillan Company.

[7] Sidelights on American Literature. By Fred Lewis Pattee. The Century Company.

Ambassador Page and Woodrow Wilson

(*Continued from page 9*)

leadership of the President in formulating the struggle, in putting its aims high, and in taking the democratic lead in the world, a lead that will make the world over—and in taking the democratic lead of the English-speaking folk. . . .

The bloody Thing will get us all if we don't fight our level best; and it's only by *our* help that we'll be saved. That clearly gives us the leadership. Everybody sees that. Everybody acknowledges it. The President authoritatively speaks it—speaks leadership on a higher level than it was ever spoken before to the world. As soon as we get this fighting job over, the world procession toward freedom—our kind of freedom—will begin under our lead.

Again in May he writes to the President from Sandwich—where he had gone, a broken man, to seek vainly a little rest before he died:

> Your speeches are worth an army in France and more, for they keep the proper elevation.

It is a sad thing that these two strong, true men, serving so sincerely the same fundamental ideals, should have differed: it is sadder still to see those less important differences of method emphasized. America is big enough, broad enough, to contain both, admire both—and if the God of all true things will send the needed fire—to follow both. For we need to-day, more than ever, the vision of leadership and service that both of these men had so abundantly: for without that vision the people perish.

Mr. Burton J. Hendrick has done a fine piece of work in the arrangement and presentation of the material in these volumes.

Italian Premiers Discuss the War's Aftermath

(*Continued from page 27*)

in varying forms, the answer: "Giolitti is back in power because there are enough Italians who believe that he acted as he did for what he believed to be the good of Italy."

In short, Giolitti returned to power because the Italians could see the heaps of dead and the heaps of ruins which the war had brought them rather more plainly than the heaps of benefits which, they had been told, would come to them as a result of their sacrifices. His triumph was the triumph of the "I-told-you-so" party. And the old statesman shows in his book that his return to the premiership was a soothing balm to his feelings.

He eloquently defends his handling of the great labor troubles in Italy during 1920, when a number of factories were seized by workmen, which brought Italy to the verge of a Bolshevist revolution. Giolitti's government was bitterly criticized then and afterward for not having used force in ejecting the workmen from the occupied factories. But, insists Giolitti, to have done that would have been to provoke bloody conflict. By allowing the workmen to continue in possession of the factories, argues Giolitti, he made them realize that they alone could not run the factories, that the cooperation of their employers was essential. This they realized at length, with true Italian common sense, he says; whereupon the situation gradually reverted to normal and the plans of the extremists were foiled.

> Those who deplored my policy most emphatically [he writes], were the agitators who had calculated upon using the occupation of the factories as a step toward the initiation of a revolutionary movement throughout Italy.

Be that as it may, Giolitti was once more ousted from the premiership and the growing belief that official Italian post-war policy in dealing with radical elements was all wrong at last found vent in the overthrow of the Italian Government last fall by Mussolini and his Fascisti, the deadly foes of radicalism, socialism, extremism, Bolshevism and nearly every other political "ism" except nationalism. As to Fascismo, Giolitti keeps his opinions to himself. He had written "Finis" on the last page of the second and last volume of his memoirs before Mussolini's *coup d'état* had inaugurated a new era of Italian history.

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The Thorny Path of the Salaried Employee

By Raymond G. Fuller

BRILLIANCE of thought and style in recent sociological literature has been confined very largely to writers of radical or iconoclastic tendencies. Not that iconoclastic thought is necessarily brilliant in itself, but in combination with brilliance of style it sometimes seems, at least, to partake of the same quality. Brilliance of thought and style can, however, be arrayed on the side of constructive conservatism, for it is so found in the book by John Corbin entitled, "The Return of the Middle Class."*

Mr. Corbin does not defend the old for its oldness or attack the new for its newness. He is not a conservative of the hang-back kind, full of fears; he is rather a social conservationist, looking forward, full of hopes. He takes the old and the new together for his subject matter and goes on, with keen and vigorous mind, to the formation and statement of opinions about the present and the future. Those opinions are worthy of respect, if only for the critical and creative intelligence that went into their making. Their validity may be questioned, as befits opinions—what else are opinions for? What else but opinions can be expected in sociological literature, or that part of it that deals with current problems and the perils and promise of the unknown to-morrow? But opinions are the stuff out of which public opinion is made—the materials of a social will and purpose.

JOHN CORBIN

The author discusses trade-unionism, socialism, democracy, feminism, a hundred controversial topics, but the real distinction of his book lies in his serious attempt to discover and set forth the place of "the middle class" in relation to the anatomy, physiology and hygiene of society. Here is his principal theme, and here he renders pioneer and permanent service, developing the theme with an ability and to an extent that make the book a sociological landmark. Mr. Corbin has done something which students of society, for a long while to come, will have to take into account. William Graham Sumner, in his essay on "The Forgotten Man," and Franklin H. Giddings, in "Democracy and Empire," are his predecessors, but he, too, in his ampler discussion of the middle-class, is surely a predecessor of later writers. As protagonist of the American middle-class he has no equal.

As the warfare between labor and capital progresses this middle-class is slowly but steadily emerging from the inchoate public, assuming recognizable shape, becoming class-conscious.

> The middle-class has, and presently it will cherish [he says], a wrong as deep as the wrong which, over a century ago, gave origin and impetus to the labor unions. While labor and capital floated high on the tide of war-made prosperity, the salaried folk were submerged. Their grievances in the matter of rent, clothing and food are familiar—the tragedy of "the new poor." This economic wrong affords the definite incentive to organized resistance. But underlying it is a moral wrong which, consciously or unconsciously, is raising the irresistible ground-swell of rebellion. Untold millions of Americans are unable to educate their children as they themselves were educated, unable to equip them for the work of their kind in the world. Other millions have been prevented by poverty from having any children at all. We are face to face with an extinction of the best intelligence, the soundest traditions, of American life.

Almost without exception, Mr. Corbin remarks, sociologists write of the present and picture the future without reference to the middle-class—blandly forecasting the resolution of three social forces by reckoning with only two of them. They give their attention to the conflict between labor and capital, between the proletariat and "the masters." In that actual conflict the middle-class is forgotten, or ignored, tho it suffers most. It even forgets itself, until on occasion it raises a cry of protest—and asks if it has any rights. Generally speaking, it takes sides, but not its own side. The report of the Interchurch Committee on the steel strike is cited in this connection—a report "of great value statistically, but deeply tinctured with socialism."

"What is to be the limit, if any," Mr. Corbin wants to know, "to this self-prostration of the brains and the racial integrity of the nation before the ignorant, passion-driven proletariat; of this self-immolation of its spiritual forces in behalf of 'an American standard of living' for the off-scourings of Europe?" And he scores "the leaders in the world of capital" who, "in order to swell their profits, have abetted the importation of brutal and ignorant aliens and have employed them under a régime which makes them raw material for the most dangerous propaganda that has ever risen among us."

Trade-unionism is becoming infected with the socialistic virus, through inoculation of the workers of the new immigration. "This is not the work of vague, irresponsible visionaries. The agitators and many of their converts are upstanding craftsmen, men of American birth and traditions, highly paid, proudly class-conscious." Even the old-line unionism, for which Mr. Gompers tries to stand, disregards the middle-class, quite as truly if not so outspokenly as Marxism and the various forms of neo-Marxism. Marx prophesied, "Between the upper and the nether millstone the middle-class will be ground out." But there are practical difficulties in trying to carry on society

*The Return of the Middle Class. By John Corbin. 353 Pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

without the middle-class. Where was the miscalculation in the Soviet program?

> Was it not [asks Corbin] in Lenin's estimate of the middle-class? At first he regarded them merely as the despised and hated bourgeoisie, and as such he wreaked the class struggle upon them—robbed, starved, imprisoned, enslaved, and foully murdered them. . . . Far from being able to adapt industry to the changing needs of the time, organized labor in control was powerless even to keep the wheels turning. Very soon Lenin was obliged to seek out the old managerial and technical forces—such of them as had not already been starved and shot—and employed them at advanced wages. They took up their posts and presumably did what they could . . . but they made no headway. The Soviet workmen, even at their old familiar tasks, shirked and malingered.

Soviet Russia is controversial ground, but the point that Corbin makes is that in the realm of industry, and in industrial society, there is more than labor, more than capital—more than the two combined and eager to work in harmony. In America the middle-class is threatened with extinction, not by force, but by economic and social forces. The members of this American middle-class are the brains of the nation, the repository and the guardians of all that is best in the racial stock, in the national tradition. They are the dependence of Americanism and of national greatness. But the old stock is dying out. "Those who rise into the middle-class by virtue of their vigor, intelligence, and sympathy with our institutions, inevitably share its fate." "In order that a biologic strain shall be checked and put in the way of ultimate extinction, it is only necessary that it shall encounter the economic conditions now prevailing among the well-born and well-bred." The process going on is one that progressively obliterates ability and perverts the development of American life. The menace was not so serious before the new immigration set in—

> peoples who, having been basely subjected throughout history, still live in medieval filth and squalor, with little sense of the dignity of life or the nobility of womanhood; peoples who have no experience of free institutions and, so far as we know, little or no capacity for them. For the time being we have stemmed the immigrant tide, yet the fact remains that these new immigrants with their children number some 20,000,000, and that after the briefest of rites we hail them as Americans—consider that we have qualified them to take up the traditions of our fathers when we have taught them a few catch-phrases of equality and democracy. . . . As a result of the insurgence of the moron multitude in the modern industrial state, our liberties are threatened with that most degrading tyranny, the tyranny of ignorant and ill-born numbers.

Continued restriction of immigration is one requirement of the situation, says Mr. Corbin, who proposes also eugenic measures. "If the burden of our civilization is to be sustained, the time must come, and very soon, when what little knowledge we have shall be used to snuff out the demonstrably poisoned strains of our national life and liberate those that have shown fitness to cope with the problems of the future of civilization. If that means aristocracy, let the champion of proletarian democracy make the most of it." We must limit democracy, for men are not created equal, equal to receive and equal to give; but those who have native ability, let them rise into a middle-class which shall be no longer the middle but the ruling class—in the industrial republic which Mr. Corbin describes at some length in one of his chapters.

In the Congress of that new nation which Mr. Corbin projects, the creative leaders of farm bureaus, mines, steel mills and railways would find a means of working for the country as a whole while they voiced their nearer interests, and of voicing their nearer interests while they worked for the country as a whole.

In Mr. Corbin's arguments, denunciations, proposals and forecasts there are doubtless many fallacies and errors, but the book contains, as surely, much of incisive criticism and indubitable truth. One can not be utterly just to it without quoting or reading it all—if even then. So read it.

Horace Wyndham

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Translated by D. H. Lawrence, S. S. Koteliansky and Leonard Woolf

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In This Month's Fiction Library

IT IS not always easy to sympathize with the impulsive behavior in which novel heroines are so extremely prone to indulge. This, by the way, may be one reason why the very youthful heroine has so long been popular with writers as well as with the reading public, lack of years being generally regarded as a sufficient excuse for lack of sense. Mrs. Wilkins, the heroine of the latest tale by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," is a married woman "who must have been at least thirty," the dowdy wife of Mellersh Wilkins, a solicitor who "was difficult with fish, and liked only soles, except salmon," and yet it is not difficult to understand her impulsive yielding to the temptation offered by that very alluring advertisement, even tho it did mean parting with the ninety pounds, saved penny by penny out of her dress allowance, which was all she had in the world. London in February; an uncomfortable club; gray skies; mud; splashing omnibuses; a "horrible, sooty rain"—to have only these, and then suddenly see spread before one the chance of Italy, sunshine and wistaria! Who can blame Mrs. Wilkins if she did what she had never done before in all her life of buying fish for her husband and being negligible at parties—spoke to a stranger!

That was how it began, "The Enchanted April," which four women of different ages, dispositions and social classes spent together in the small medieval castle on the shores of the Mediterranean. Ancient tho it was, the castle possest electric light and a patent bath—which was liable to blow up in a disconcerting manner if not handled with care and a judicious attention to the set of rules hung on the wall; and as the rules were printed in Italian, they conveyed precisely nothing at all to the minds of most of the castle's English visitors. Each of the four women is very well and clearly individualized. First and most lovable of them all is shy, freckle-faced little Mrs. Wilkins, with her child-like eagerness, her occasional alarming propensity to "see things" which, like the Spanish fleet discerned by our old friend Tilburina, were "not yet in sight," her love of beauty that had gone hungry for so long, and her touching faith in the power of beauty to affect others as it affected her. Next comes Mrs. Arbuthnot, handsome, grave, serene, narrow-minded, and cursed with a worse than New England conscience, which was the bane of her husband's life, and the source of most of their troubles. Mrs. Fisher, the wealthy, elderly Victorian lady who lived in the past, selfish, unloving and unloved, is more commonplace than any of the others. And last comes the one who is perhaps the most unusual and original of them all, Lady Caroline Dester, "the daughter of the Droitwiches," as Mr. Wilkins called her.

The story tells of the month these four spent together, "The Enchanted April," which brought to each a happiness she had almost ceased to hope for. One is inclined to fear that in at least two instances it was not a lasting happiness, but then they would have memories, which were a good deal better than nothing. The book is drenched with sunshine, full of the color and scent of flowers, the delicious warmth of the Italian spring. If it is rather over-sweetened, over-sentimentalized, it has more than a little sparkle, many touches of wit, and such deft phrasing as the description of Frederick Arbuthnot: "Frederick had been the kind of husband whose wife betakes herself early to the feet of God. From him to them had been a short tho painful step." The misunderstandings which proved so extraordinarily beneficent are cleverly handled, the Italian servants are amusing and competent, and several of the incidents are funny. There are some lovely pen-pictures of the castle and its surroundings.

THE ENCHANTED APRIL. By "Elizabeth." With frontispiece. 313 pages. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.90.

The Lost Mr. Linthwaite

ALTHO Mr. J. S. Fletcher is an extraordinarily prolific producer of mystery stories—his average rate would seem to be about four a year—his imagination, far from becoming weary, appears to thrive on exercise. This most recent tale of his is as fresh as if it were a first novel, and at the same time it shows all the skill of the practised hand.

As its title implies, it is the story of a mysterious disappearance. John Linthwaite was a bachelor, sixty-three years old, sound in wind and limb, with plenty of money, excellent health, a good digestion, and not a care in the world. He had been a successful London solicitor, and had retired in order to devote himself to those antiquarian pursuits which served him as that indispensable adjunct to contented old age—a hobby. Furthermore, he was not known to have any enemies. It is true that he was about to take a trip through the south and southwest of England with his nephew, Richard Brixey, of the editorial staff of the *Morning Sentinel*, and to have a journey in company with a relative hanging over one might often be regarded as a sufficient reason for anything, even for a mysterious disappearance. But, as it happened, Mr. Linthwaite and his nephew were fond of each other, and when the latter learned that his uncle had taken a room at the Mitre Hotel in the old cathedral town of Selchester on Monday, gone out for a walk on Tuesday morning, and vanished, he went to Selchester as fast as the train service would permit. And once there, he devoted himself heart and soul to searching for his lost relative.

Mr. Fletcher's methods have long since become familiar to all lovers of mystery stories, and he does not deviate from them in this new one. First this person and then that comes forward with a bit of evidence. There is here a little seen, and there a little heard, link after link being added until the chain is complete. And the people who give these bits of evidence, however slightly they may be sketched, are all individuals, all human beings. Mr. Fletcher does not depend on the puppets usually found in detective fiction, and he plays fair with his reader; also, he knows how to write clear, straightforward and thoroughly readable English. "The Lost Mr. Linthwaite" is an excellent tale, well constructed, well written, plausible and perplexing, with a likable, intelligent hero, and a mystery that really mystifies.

THE LOST MR. LINTHWAITE. By J. S. Fletcher. 305 pages. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

The Code of the Karstens

"BE LOYAL to your King, keep your word, never turn your back to an enemy and never let any woman suffer from fault of yours"—this is the code of the Karstens, and, as codes of conduct go, it is a very good one. The trouble, as Erik Karsten finds, is in the application. For all the male Karstens, and particularly the curly ones, who are the geniuses of the family, are cursed with an inordinate interest in the fair sex and with the inability to confine their interest to any one member of it. This makes it extremely difficult to live up to rules Two and Four.

The Karstens are Danes of aristocratic lineage. As far back as the history of the family goes, members of it have served the State as soldiers and as statesmen. In every generation there have been one or more Karstens with curly hair, and these have always been successful in everything they undertook, including their amours. Unfortunately, very few of the curly Karstens have gone in for money-making, and the family fortunes, at the

time the story opens, are at rather a low ebb. Erik, whose story Mr. Kinney tells in "The Code of the Karstens," is the only one of his generation, and his up-bringing and education become a joint charge upon the entire family, including his parents, his grandfather and his two bachelor uncles. The father and mother are rather vague personalities, whose influence scarcely seems to have made itself felt. It is the uncles who have most to do with forming the boy's character.

Erik goes to California and, after several amorous adventures, marries an American girl. That puts a stop to his philandering for a time, but not forever. He discovers that he has married the wrong woman, and the only remedy that occurs to him is to carry on an illicit intrigue with the right one. When his wife divorces him, the other woman expects him to offer marriage, and, when he does not do so, refuses to continue their relations. The story ends in Japan, where Karsten takes unto himself a geisha girl. This affair ends in a manner quite in keeping with the Karsten traditions.

THE CODE OF THE KARSTENS. By Henry Walsworth Kinney. 359 pages. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.00.

"Alcatraz" and "North"

IN THE writing of stories in which animals play a prominent part, there is always the temptation to make them too nearly human, to ascribe to them the same emotions, the same methods of reasoning and the same motives that govern our own actions. It is easy enough to believe that some animals are swayed by fear and hate and love and gratitude, but when an author attempts to describe the play of these emotions with the same attention to detail that he would use in writing of a man or a woman, there is always danger that the illusion of reality may be lost.

In "Alcatraz," Max Brand almost spoils a very good Western story by making this mistake. The book takes its name from that of a stallion which escapes from a cruel master and becomes the leader of a band of wild horses. Not content with telling us what the stallion does and letting us draw our own conclusions as to his motives, Mr. Brand tells us what the animal thinks, how he plans and schemes to outwit his enemy, man, and finally how he becomes the willing slave of the man who has saved his life. The tax on the reader's credulity is greater than any author has the right to impose.

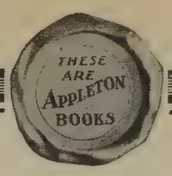
Fortunately, Alcatraz does not have the story all to himself. There is a girl who is making a gallant fight to fill her invalid father's place as manager of his ranch, and there is a red-headed man who can outride, out-shoot and out-bluff anything that walks in shoe-leather.

Another novel in which an animal plays an important rôle is "North," by James B. Hendryx. This time it is a dog, an Eskimo huskie named Skookum. The scene is in Alaska, and the characters are chiefly miners and prospectors. Skookum is the property of Lou Gordon, whose father is known as B'iler Gordon, because he is obsessed by the idea that it would be practicable to thaw out the ground by means of jets of steam so that mining could be carried on more conveniently in winter than by the old method of building wood fires in the shafts. When we first meet Lou, she is a child of eleven years, most of which have been spent in Alaska. She is most emphatically an out-door girl and her father's constant companion in his wanderings in search of gold. She learns to handle a dog team better than most men, and Skookum is the leader of her team.

The story is packed with thrilling incidents of life in the far North among men who have braved death in its most terrifying forms in the search for gold. And brave as these men are, not one of them has a stouter heart than the dog, Skookum. True to his friends is Skookum, and a terror to his enemies. He is not much given to thinking, or, if he is, the author has been considerate enough not to tell us about it.

ALCATRAZ. By Max Brand. 325 pages. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.90.

NORTH. By James B. Hendryx. 334 pages. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.



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The Pointed Tower

WE ARE all familiar with the scientific detective who brings a truckload of complicated apparatus to the scene of the crime, starts the wheels buzzing, and in a few moments is ready to tell us how, when, why and by whom the crime was committed. In "The Pointed Tower" Vance Thompson has given us a master of the science of crime detection of quite another type—one who uses his brains. As Mr. Guelpa is the retired director of the Technical Police Laboratory of Lyons, it is to be presumed that he is familiar with all the devices that have been invented to aid in the detection of crime. If he does not use them in running down the murderer of the Count de Granlieu, it must be because they would not help him to solve the mystery. For which the reader should be very thankful to Mr. Guelpa and to Vance Thompson.

To declare that the Count was murdered and to find the murderer are two quite different things. There are not many clues to go by. Some rude ideographs scrawled on the parapet of a bridge, the impression of an automobile tire in the mud at the side of a road, the print of a rubber-heeled shoe on a parquet floor, and of another shoe, a woman's, on a rug—these are the witnesses who can not talk and, therefore, will not lie. It is known that the Count has squandered the fortune of his American wife and that they had quarreled and had been living apart for some time previous to his death. The police and the Count's old father suspect the Countess of complicity in the murder. Some color is lent to this theory by the presence of her former sweetheart in Paris. He has come as the attorney for her father's estate, with a view of settling her tangled financial affairs, but that explanation does not satisfy the authorities.

Mr. Guelpa goes his own way, unraveling a thread here and a thread there, carefully weighing the evidence, telling the police what he finds, but never what he thinks, until he is sure that he is right. When the murderer has been arrested and the evidence against him is complete, Mr. Guelpa goes back to his retirement, but not, let us hope, to stay. Such a notable addition to fiction's gallery of detectives should not be allowed to remain inactive.

THE POINTED TOWER. By Vance Thompson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The Church on the Avenue

THE chief trouble with the novel which deliberately sets out to teach a lesson is that it seldom, if ever, succeeds in being a good novel. It is one thing to show how human character and personality are affected and developed by social, spiritual and political environment; but to put the author's ideas into the mouths of fictional puppets and permit them to preach to each other is something quite different. It is just this that Helen R. Martin has done in "The Church on the Avenue."

The scene of the story is a small city in Pennsylvania called Leitersville, after its leading citizen, Jake Leiter. Jake is the richest man in town, owns or controls its leading industries, holds its officials in the hollow of his hand, and is an Elder and the chief supporter of the one fashionable church, the Church on the Avenue. Practically every man, woman and child in the town is directly or indirectly dependent upon him for a livelihood, and he expects them to be duly grateful for being permitted to live. He pays his employees the lowest possible wages and believes in the Open Shop. Labor unions are not tolerated in Leitersville.

Robert Watts, the pastor of the Church on the Avenue, is not a brilliant man, but he has a pleasing personality and preaches sermons which sound well but do not mean anything in particular. He is very careful to avoid subjects which might be offensive to the financial supporters of his church. The problems of the laboring man mean nothing to him. He thinks such things are best left to the employers. His wife, Jane, has views of her own as to the duties of a clergyman, but she keeps them to herself, for the most part, in order to preserve peace in the family.

Augusta Lawrence, a college classmate and friend of Jane Watts, comes to Leitersville to take the post of librarian at the public library founded by Jake Leiter. She is a woman who holds decided views about social and industrial problems, and she does not hesitate to express them. By espousing the cause of a number of school teachers who have been dismissed for joining the American Federation of Teachers, she incurs the enmity of Jake Leiter and loses her position, but not before she has stirred the town to its depths. She is ably seconded by the Rev. Clement Calloway, rector of the Episcopal Church, a clergyman of quite different caliber from Robert Watts. Jane Watts, too, is drawn into the controversy, much to the disgust of her husband.

Enough has been told here to indicate that here is material enough for a very good novel, if it had only been treated as such. But so much space is taken up by discussion between the different characters that the story is often lost sight of for pages at a time. As a tract in favor of a new adjustment of industrial relations, the book is well worth reading, but as a novel it is a disappointment.

THE CHURCH ON THE AVENUE. By Helen R. Martin. 348 pages. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Two Mysteries

THE writing of mystery stories is a game in which the author pits his skill against the intelligence of the reader. It is a game in which all the advantage is on the side of the author, but unless this fact is carefully disguised, the reader will refuse to play, and there will be no game. He must be led to believe that it is just as possible for him to solve the mystery as it is for the person who solves it in the story.

The fact that Anna Katharine Green has been writing mystery stories for nearly half a century and that the public continues to read her stories is proof that she has mastered the technique of this class of fiction, and her latest novel, "The Step on the Stair," makes it evident that her brain has not lost its cunning. It is the story of a murder and of a lost will. The murdered man is survived by his daughter, Orpha, and by two nephews, sons of his two brothers. Each of the nephews bears his uncle's name, Edgar Quenton Bartholomew. To avoid confusion, it had been the uncle's custom to call one of the nephews Edgar and the other Quenton. Shortly before his death, he makes two wills, one naming Edgar as the heir to his fortune, and the other naming Quenton, it being understood that the heir is to marry Orpha. On his death-bed he destroys one of the wills and expires just as he is about to tell where the other is concealed. Nobody knows which will has been destroyed. It is not until two days later that it becomes known that his death was not due to the malady from which he suffered, but to poison.

When the solution is reached, it is found that the various pieces of the puzzle fit together perfectly. Nothing enters into it that has not been indicated, however faintly, in some part of the story. There is no detective, or at least none who plays an important part. Both nephews search for the will, and both try to discover the murderer. Each secretly believes the other to be guilty. And the reader does not know what to believe until the author tells him, which is as it should be.

In "The Shadow on the Glass" Charles J. Dutton tells of another mysterious murder. On the morning of his daughter's wedding day, Frank Rice is found dead on the floor of a little study off the library on the top floor of his summer home at Watch Hill. His skull has been crusht, and the weapon, a heavy cane, is found on the floor beside the body. A mahogany box containing five thousand dollars in gold is missing from the library, and a rare and valuable book from the study.

The detective who undertakes to unravel the mystery is John Bartley, who has appeared in other books by Mr. Dutton. There are plenty of clues for him to work on, but Bartley is convinced that

the one important clue has been overlooked, and so it proves. And it is a clue that has been brought to the reader's attention quite early in the story, tho not in such a way as to let him into the secret.

THE STEP ON THE STAIR. By Anna Katharine Green. 380 pages. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.00.

THE SHADOW ON THE GLASS. By Charles J. Dutton. 251 pages. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.75.

Imaginary Portraits

ONE of the duties of a biographer is to account, so far as possible, for those traits of character which have caused the subject of his biography to achieve eminence among his fellowmen. In his "Imaginary Portraits," Harvey O'Higgins has made that his chief aim. What a man is does not matter to the author so much as how he became so. He uses the methods of the psychoanalyst, probing the subconscious minds of the story-people he has created in order to find the secret springs which make them move as they do. But his puppets are so life-like that it seems as tho he were analyzing real persons instead of fictitious ones.

In the case of Peter Quale, for example, he finds that an inferiority complex is the true secret of the man's success as a financial magnate. Fearing lest other people should discover his humble origin and his lack of education, he has assumed a domineering manner which has resulted in their fearing him. The only person who does not fear him is his youngest son, who has divined that his autocratic demeanor is a mask behind which the real man is hiding. But even his son does not know the whole secret. That is not revealed until Peter is on his death-bed.

Then there is Warden Jupp, who has made the prison over which he presides a place where criminals are reclaimed rather than punished. It is Jupp's own consciousness of guilt that has made him realize how narrow is the line that separates the honest man from the thief, the peaceable, law-abiding citizen from the social outcast. Because he himself has transgressed the law, even tho the circumstances were such that his undiscovered transgression was excusable, if not justifiable, he is able to sympathize with those whom Justice has hunted down and placed behind the bars. For this reason he treats his prisoners as human beings, and not as beasts of prey. He is known far and wide as a prison reformer, but only a very few persons have the slightest inkling of how and why he became one.

In like manner Mr. O'Higgins analyzes his other characters. One is an artist who is best known by a building, which he himself believes he designed as a joke, but which really expresses his personality better than anything else he has ever done. Another is a political boss of the grafting type, a buyer of votes and a seller of franchises, extorting tribute alike from petty criminals and from huge corporations. Seen through the author's eyes, he is just "an overgrown boy, with merely boyish ideals of loyalty to his gang, with a boy's immature sense of responsibility to society." A motion-picture director, a surgeon, and a murderess are the subjects of the other portraits. In each case there is something in the person's childhood, something forgotten by the person himself and unsuspected by others, which accounts for that person's acts and thoughts in later years. So well has Mr. O'Higgins succeeded in creating an illusion of reality that it is as tho he were describing people whose names we see in the papers every day. There is the suggestion, too, that if we could know the truth about the real people we see and read about, our judgments of them might be appreciably modified. If Mr. O'Higgins were to follow the forgotten custom of appending a moral to his book, the most appropriate one would be: "Judge not, lest ye also be judged."

SOME DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS: IMAGINARY PORTRAITS. By Harvey O'Higgins. 336 pages. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. $2.00.

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Sea Wrack

THE author who begins his story with a lonely traveler struggling through a storm, and taking refuge at last in an "evil-looking inn" kept by "a toothless hag" and a "white-faced boy," is sure of breathless attention from at least one reader of my intimate acquaintance. Such an author is Vere Hutchinson. One is conscious of a sustained feeling of breathlessness almost throughout his novel, "Sea Wrack," altho an occasional bog of words is encountered through which one can not hurry to the climax, but must plod slowly. The dominant feeling of the book, however, is one of suspense, and such words as "doom," "ominous," "impending," and even "Damocles" hover in the back of one's mind from the picturesque start to the somewhat wholesale holocaust of the finish.

Some of the characters are exceedingly well-drawn. The heroine is a bit unreal, but such is the all-too-frequent fate of heroines. Farmer Swinsco is a fine old chap; Ayerst, the villain of the piece, is perhaps rather too thorough-going in his villainy; Miss Swinsco, of "intense rotundity," is an interestingly despicable female, and Andrew is a likable hero in spite of the nobility with which he endures his sufferings. The author dates his story as mid-eighteenth century, but, except for the first appearance of the lonely traveler in a chaise, it might be entirely modern.

It is a well-written story, with enough sweep and power to carry the reader over some rather stiff melodramatic jumps.

SEA WRACK. By Vere Hutchinson. 322 pages. New York: The Century Co.

No. 13 Toroni

THE market for detective stories is probably more steady than that for any other kind of book, which is not to be wondered at when you consider that such diverse personalities as Amy Lowell, Woodrow Wilson, and the Average Man all profess their devotion to this sort of reading matter. "No. 13 Toroni," by Julius Regis, is very fair entertainment for the multitudes who crave vicarious thrills and deep bewilderment over problems which they comfortingly know will, in the course of the evening, be solved for them.

The plot is sufficiently ingenious along conventional lines. The usual dilettante detective and his devoted moronic friend are present; the people are rubber-stamped, but few readers hope for characterization in this sort of book. We do wish, however, that some one would invent a brand-new kind of detective. A world of detective-story readers waits an opportunity to rise up and call such an inspired author blest. Any one who can write mystery stories containing real people with some glimmerings of humor in them—people who behave like human beings, in short—has a gold mine on his own premises, as Conan Doyle and Mrs. Rinehart can testify.

NO. 13 TORONI. By Julius Regis. 307 pages. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.75.

The Man Who Knew Too Much

EVER since Sir Arthur Conan Doyle introduced us to Sherlock Holmes, that master detective whose name has become a household word all over the civilized world, authors have been endeavoring to invent new types of detectives. We have met, it would seem, almost every conceivable variety; but not quite, for Mr. Chesterton has found a fresh one in his "Man Who Knew Too Much." Horne Fisher "was one of those people who are born knowing the Prime Minister," and have an intimate acquaintance with the private peccadilloes of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the head of the Foreign Office, and all the other powers that be, both official and unofficial, Because he was so much at home behind the scenes, social and political, many things looked very differently to him from the way they appeared to less well informed persons. And because he could see so much to which others were blind, he never brought a single criminal to justice out of the many whose identity he discovered. It must be admitted that in adopting this arrangement for all the eight tales which tell of Horne Fisher, Mr. Chesterton has fastened a heavy weight to his inventive faculty, tho in the best and second best, "The Fad of the Fisherman," and "The Bottomless Well," the weight becomes only a necessary balance, a requisite part of the whole.

The volume includes not only these tales of Horne Fisher, but also a mystery novelette, "The Trees of Pride," one of those stories which illustrate how very far astray circumstantial evidence can go. But the circumstances were peculiar, had been peculiar from the moment when Squire Vane's ancestor, Sir Walter Vane, brought the peacock trees from Barbary to Cornwall, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. At the end of Sir Walter's last voyage the villagers, gathered to watch the landing, saw the boat coming in bringing the strange new trees. They thought it was steering oddly; they presently discovered that it was only drifting, and "when it drifted to the shore at last every man on that boat was dead, and Sir Walter Vane, with his sword drawn, was leaning up against the tree trunk, as stiff as the tree." The trees were planted, and as they grew so did the sinister influence in which Squire Vane refused to believe. But what happened to him, and to those strange trees, the reader must discover for himself. If he is a healthy minded reader who enjoys being mystified, he can be sure of spending some very agreeable hours in the company of "The Man Who Knew Too Much."

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. With frontispiece. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.

From a Bench in Our Square

IF YOU already know "our square" and some of the people in it, you will probably be glad of the opportunity to return to that favored spot, west of Washington Square, "across the Alps of Broadway," and meet again with the old Dominie, the Bonnie Lassie, Cyrus the Gaunt, the Little Red Doctor, and all the other friends who reappear in "From a Bench in Our Square." But the eight tales in this new volume by Mr. Adams are not principally concerned with persons we already know; they tell us instead of various new-comers. Some of these new-comers seemed, at first, altogether alien to Our Square. There was Roberta Holland, for instance, who belonged to the idle rich, and whom war activities had left with "a dangerous and destructive appetite for doing good to people." Our Square is not particularly fond of being done good to, but Roberta, otherwise Bobbie, had proved her mettle and won a certain degree of tolerance if not of actual affection before ever she became "A Patroness of Art," and after various amusing misadventures, found the true romance.

But not all the tales belong to the dreams-come-true variety. Even Our Square has its tragedies, and there is a good deal of real pathos to the story of "The Guardian of God's Acres," who committed "a real crime, which might have sent him to jail," and by so doing won the ability to sleep at night. Hints too there are of the existence of "want and wretchedness" in Our Square, tho Mr. Adams has refrained from relating any of those stories; for if "Plooie of Our Square," whose courtship is so amusingly and sympathetically described, had his period of misery and trouble—trouble his wife somewhat more than shared—in the end their fortune was made in the most wonderful way in the world—a way familiar to every reader of romance. No touch of the sickly-sentimental mars the tales; Mr. Adams's sense of humor, as well as his good taste, saves his stories from any such taint; his rose-color is of an honest, healthy shade. They are agreeable, well-written tales which he has collected in this volume, moving from the farce of the van dweller to the mingled pain and victory of "Triumph," tales which make one feel strongly inclined to emigrate for a time at least to "Our Square."

FROM A BENCH IN OUR SQUARE. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.

The House That Died

HENRY BORDEAUX'S "The House That Died" is the story of a peasant family of Savoy, three generations living together in the same house, Jean-Pierre Couvert and his wife Petronille, their two sons, Benoît and Claude, and the wife and three children of the latter.

The narrator of the tragic events which made the home of the Couverts a place to be shunned by all who knew or guessed the truth is a lawyer who spends his annual vacation hunting the chamois in the near-by mountains and who employs Claude as his guide. In this way he comes to know the other members of the family and to learn something of their attitude toward each other. He is a general favorite with all of them excepting Benoît, an uncommunicative, taciturn fellow who prefers to be left to himself. Claude is the exact opposite of his brother in temperament, good-humored, talkative and full of fun. Claude's wife is an Italian, Maddalena by name, and they have three children, Etienne, Catherine and Jean-Marie. Taken all in all, the Couverts form a fairly harmonious household, at least so far as appearances go. The only discordant element is Benoît, and even he does not seem to be so much openly hostile, except perhaps toward Maddalena, as he is morose and unfriendly.

Then comes the tragedy. Claude is murdered. His body is found in the river, but there are marks on his throat which indicate he was strangled before he was thrown into the water. The authorities can find no clue to the murderer. So far as is known, the man had no enemies. There is no apparent motive for the crime. But gradually suspicion awakes in the minds of certain members of the family. They tell no one what they suspect. It is a matter that too nearly concerns the honor of the family. Even their lawyer friend is not taken into their confidence, but he feels that there has been a change in the relations of these people to each other, and he draws his own conclusions. He, too, begins to suspect. Little by little, as one circumstance after another comes to his notice, he is able to reconstruct the whole story, altho at no time is he in the possession of evidence sufficient to warrant him in bringing the matter to the attention of the authorities. He can only stand idly by and see a proud and respected family brought to ruin by this crime and its terrible consequences.

THE HOUSE THAT DIED (La Maison Morte). By Henry Bordeaux. Translated by Harold Harper. 259 pages. New York: Duffield & Co.

Fool's Hill

THERE is a lot of rollicking fun in "Fool's Hill," by Leona Dalrymple. Sometimes the humor borders on the slapstick, but as there is a mischievous small boy in the story, that is only natural. Small boys are not inclined to be subtle, and refined humor means nothing in their young lives. Teddy Northrop's methods are usually direct and always forcible. But Teddy is not the hero of the book. His activities are merely incidental. It is his older brother, Paul, who is climbing Fool's Hill, which is but another way of saying that he is suffering the first pangs of schoolboy love.

Paul is about sixteen or seventeen years old when he makes the astounding discovery that all girls are not alike. The exception is Minnie Quinn. Paul falls in love as suddenly and as completely as only the very young person can, and from that time on his behavior is so strange that his parents are seriously alarmed until they discover the nature of his malady. Teddy finds out all about Minnie long before his parents do, and he uses his knowledge to levy a polite form of blackmail upon his brother. This leads to situations which, while they are funny enough in themselves, do not appeal to Paul's sense of humor in the least.

But Paul's affairs of the heart and Teddy's mischievous exploits are not the only comedy elements in the book. Grandmother Northrop is quite as great a trouble-maker as either of them. She is a lady of most uncertain temper, and she has a habit of

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running away when anything happens to displease her. At such times, and they are very frequent, she never tells any one when or where she is going, but simply disappears. Altogether, the Northrop household is one where almost anything is likely to happen, so long as it is unexpected. So many things do happen, that toward the end it begins to grow just a wee bit monotonous. One feels that the author is inflicting more trouble upon the Northrops than any one family should be called upon to bear even in fiction. But then, it is an extremely youthful family—even Grandmother has the disposition of a two-year-old—and youth has the happy faculty of being able to laugh at its troubles after they are over.

Fool's Hill. By Leona Dalrymple. 352 pages. New York: Robert H. McBride & Co. $1.75.

Peregrine's Progress

THERE is a certain definite flavor about a Jeffery Farnol novel which sets it apart from the general run of fiction. One knows before opening the book that the story will be what is known in theatrical parlance as a "costume piece," with the scene laid, most likely, in England of the eighteenth or early nineteenth century, and that it will be a romantic tale of undying love and stirring adventure. "Peregrine's Progress" is no exception to the rule.

Peregrine Vereker is a young man of nineteen, an orphan who has been brought up under the care of a maiden aunt and carefully shielded from all influences which might contaminate him. He is in danger of becoming a very ladylike young man, when he suddenly decides to go out into the world and find his manhood. In the course of his quest he meets all sorts of people, each of whom teaches him something that he needs to know. He makes friends of Jerry Jarvis, the traveling tinker who is something of a poet, and of Jessamy Todd, formerly a champion of the squared circle, but now a snatcher of souls. He makes enemies, too, but that is because his chivalrous nature impels him to go to the aid of beauty in distress even tho he is mortally afraid of the men he has to oppose. His various adventures develop in him those qualities of courage and self-reliance in which he was sadly lacking. Long before the end of the story, Peregrine has become very much of a man indeed.

The girl is a gipsy, or at least she passes for one, and she is very, very beautiful. In order to rescue her from the clutches of an undesirable suitor, Peregrine buys her, not understanding that by so doing he has made her his wife according to the gipsy code. When he does learn the truth, he finds himself in a very embarrassing position, tho Diana, as he calls her, does not find it so in the least. But even after these two discover that they love each other, their troubles are by no means over. There is much more to come, and it is all in the book, told in the best Jeffery Farnol manner. And that is a very good manner indeed, for Mr. Farnol's style of writing is peculiarly adapted to just this sort of a tale.

Peregrine's Progress. By Jeffery Farnol. 443 pages. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The Red Redmaynes

A REALLY good detective story, one in which the characters are people, not puppets, the events and motives plausible, the mystery well sustained and the style good, is a very unusual thing. Because the average detective or mystery story, in fact, is a cheap, slip-shod piece of work, the type as a whole has fallen somewhat into disrepute, despite the fact that a genius such as Edgar Allan Poe did not scorn to write about "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" and created one of the best detectives in fiction.

It is to the very limited company of the really good detective stories that Mr. Phillpotts' new novel, "The Red Redmaynes," belongs—as might have been expected by any one who had read his tale of "The Grey Room." Both in their mistakes and in their clevernesses his characters are credible; Mark Brendon is no

(*Continued on page 65*)

The Literary Question Box

QUESTIONS

"Victors and Spoils"

J. S., West End, N. J. — Was the quotation, "To the victors belong the spoils," originated by Napoleon Bonaparte or by General Jackson?

"Evangeline"

E. R., Van ouver, Wash.—Will some reader kindly suggest the best authority to consult for the historical facts concerning the characters in Longfellow's poem, "Evangeline"?

"The Broken Pinion"

L. O. R., Waukegan, Ill.—Can any one give me the name of the poem that in some part of it contains the lines,

And the bird with the broken pinion
Never soared so high again.

"Write No Letters"

S. H. B., Saint Paul, Minn.—I am anxious to know who uttered the wise admonition,

Write no letters and destroy none.

Can any reader give me his name and tell me under what circumstances, when, and where the words were used?

"God Tempers the Wind"

V. T. H., East Orange, N. J.—Where can I find out who wrote "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb"? Are the words of Biblical origin?

"A Night in Honolulu"

G. B., Marion, Ala.—Can you tell me where I can get a copy of the play "A Night in Honolulu"?

Paul's Prayer

Mrs. J. W. L., Wichita Falls, Tex.—If it be possible, will som reader please tell me where I can get a poem describing Paul's "utter agony" of prayer in the Arabian desert? I do not know the name of the author or the title of the poem.

"Dawn after Dawn"

H. J. K., Berkeley, Calif.—Will some reader please tell me (1) who is the author of the quatrain beginning with

Dawn after dawn the last doth nearer bring.

(2) Who wrote

Oh, what a stream is the River of Time,
As it flows thro the realm of years.

(3) And, where can I find

I have hoped, I have planned, I have striven
To the will I have added the deed.

De Rougemont

P. A., Vincennes, Ind.—Where can I get a complete account of the adventures of De Rougemont? Who and what was he?

The purpose of this Department is to develop self-service. Readers will aid each other in tracing and locating elusive literary quips, poetic phrases or lines, popular rimes, aphorisms, ballads, maxims, proverbs, etc. All communications should be written only on one side of the paper, and should be addrest to The Literary Question Box, International Book Review. Replies are printed in the order of their receipt and credit is given to other correspondents in rotation. The space limits imposed on the Department allow the consideration of questions only of wide interest. Such as can be answered direct will be so treated by the Editor on receipt of a stamped return envelope. No notice will be taken of anonymous correspondents.

"The Helm and the Tiller"

C. H. S., Cincinnati, O.—Is the following correct? Is it a quotation, and, if so, who was the author and where may the thought be found:

Some one must be at the helm as well as at the tiller.

A "Strange Meditation"

J. C. A., Babylon, L. I., New York.—Who can refer me to the poem or book in which I can find the following incomplete quotation?

. . . him of prodigious armaments
. . . Besiege his city now,
. . . passage of a mule with gourds—
. . . Then take it on the other side,
. . some trifling fact—he will gaze rapt
. . . por at its very littleness.

The foregoing is from an old torn clipping and is all the information I have, except that it refers to the strange meditation of — ? —, the Arab physician.

Father Tabb

J. K., Nelson, B. C.—Can you identify for me the author of the lines

But a poet I know
That much higher could go,
For he soared till he went out of sight.

Who was he? Where can I get any biographical information about him?

Fortune and Hope

H. V., New York City.—Who wrote the following lines, and where can they be found?

Fortune and Hope, farewell! I've reached the port:
Enough you've tricked me, now with others sport.

In Poppy-Land

W. S., Philadelphia.—Who can help me trace the author and source of the following lines that I recall from a ballad popular about forty years ago?

Short days of desire, long dreams of delight,
They are mine when my poppy-land cometh in sight.

The last line referred to some one waiting "in the hush of the corn."

ANSWERS

Cleanliness and Godliness

M. B. SLATON, Greenville, Ky. —The maxim "Cleanliness is indeed next to Godliness" was used by John Wesley in a sermon on "Dress" cited as Sermon 93 in his collected works.

"Little Feet Be Careful"

Mrs. L. M. NESTOR, Nitro, W. Va.—Of the selections asked for by your corr spondent "I. W.," the poem (1) "Little Feet Be Careful," is by Mrs. L. M. B. Ba eman. It was set to music by J. H. Rosecrans and can be found on page 170 of "Victory Songs," issued by the Rhodeheaver Company of Chicago. (2) "When the Little Boy Ran Away from Home" is by Mrs. S. T. Perry, but is included in "The Treasury of American Verse," published by F. A. Stokes & Co., New York. (3) "The Boy that was Scared o' Dyin'" occurs in "Story-Tell Lib," by Annie Trumbull Slosson, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"The Celestial Army"

W. W. THOMPSON, Huntland, Tenn.—Your correspondent, "T. L.," will find "The Celestial Army" in Kidd's "New Elocution," issued by the American Book Company, New York. It was written by Thomas Buchanan Read.

"Histrio-Mastix"

C. H. FIRTH, New York.—Answering the inquiry for particulars of this work, "Histrio-Mastix" was written by William Prynne in 1633. Its subtitle was "The Players' Scourge or Actors' Tragedy," and it condemned the theater and theatrical exhibitions. For his pains Prynne was arraigned by Archbishop Laud before the Star Chamber, and he was condemned to a fine of £5,000 (about $25,000), to stand twice in the pillory and lose his ears, to have his book burnt by the common hangman, to be disbarred and imprisoned for life. The sentence was carried out during the reign of Charles I of England, sometimes called "The Martyr King."

"To Dianeme"

F. VIDAL, New York.—The words of the sonnet "To Dianeme," about which "H. K." inquires, are from the pen of Robert Herrick, one of the sweetest singers in English verse. He was born in London in 1591 and died at Dean Prior, in Devonshire, in 1674. He was Vicar of Dean Prior from 1629 till 1649. The poem, as printed in "The World's Famous Songs," runs:

Sweet, be not proude of those two eyes,
Which starlike sparkle in their skies;
Nor be you proude that you can see
All hearts your captives—yours yet free;
Be not you proude of that rich haire,
Which wantons with the love-sick aire;
When as that rubie which you weare,
Sunk from the tip of your soft eare,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beautie's gone.

"Keep Your Powder Dry"

GEORGE C. MOONIAW, Dublin, Va., writes: "The admonition, 'Trust in God and keep your powder dry,' is attributed to Oliver Cromwell and may be found in 'Oliver's Advice,' by Colonel Blacker, as given in Hayes's 'Ballads of Ireland.'"

Tyrannous Taxation

WOOD GRAY, Petersburg, Ill., says that "Taxation without representation is tyranny" was a phrase coined immediately before the Revolutionary War. About the same time there appeared in England a pamphlet entitled "Taxation no Tyranny," and the phrase that formulated the basis of the grievances of the American Colonists may have originated in a reply to this. The phrase was used as a slogan in opposing the tyranny of the Stamp Tax, the Sugar Tax, and the Tea Tax. Who originated the phrase is unknown. It may have been derived from the speeches of Edmund Burke or William Pitt, or indeed from the vigorous utterances of some American statesman or orator, such a man as Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, James Otis, Benjamin Franklin, or Samuel Adams, any one of whom naturally gave voice to similar thoughts.

"A Woman Convinced"

L. T. RIGHTSELL, LaGrange, N. C.—Regarding the phrase, "A woman convinced against her will," let your reader consult Hoyt's "New Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations," just issued by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. There he will find the correct quotation is:

He that complies against his will,
Is of the same opinion still,
Which he may adhere to, yet disown.
For reasons to himself best known.

It is from Butler's "Hudibras," part III, canto iii, line 547.

The Geography of Mr. Housman's Last Poems

(*Continued from page 23*)

If we enjoy the "Shropshire Lad" without having read the earlier poets who handled these themes, we can do so because the themes are common to mankind; their recurrence is a sign, not of literary tradition, but of knowledge of life. This Shropshire is no place on the globe; it is in our heart. Moreover, these girls and boys are never particularized; they are universal girl and boy, falling in universal love or universal jealousy or universal quarrel, with a few universal thoughts, fears and hopes. This general breadth in each poem, however small, gives Mr. Housman's art its power to express us all, and it also provides the individual reader with a feeling of release, as tho in each poem, however brief, we had entered a large world. This used to be thought the office of noble poetry, and whatever we now profess as poetic theory, we are not likely to deny that these slight songs make upon us a noble and liberating impression. As we read, we share imaginatively, not in a unique experience, but in an experience that occurred often before and will often happen again. Usually the poem leaves us with this vision of time and of our endless repetitions in it:

So here I'll watch the night and wait
  To see the morning shine,
When he will hear the stroke of eight,
  And not the stroke of nine,

And wish my friend as sound a sleep
  As lads I did not know,
That shepherded the moonlit sheep
  A hundred years ago.

* * *

The nettle nods, the wind blows over,
  The man, he does not move,
The lover of the grave, the lover
  That hanged himself for love.

* * *

But now, since all is idle,
  To this lost heart be kind,
Ere to a town you journey
  Where friends are ill to find.

These quotations, from the earlier book, serve to illustrate not only his constant dwelling upon the flight of time and upon general experience, but also the beauty of Mr. Housman's versification. In an age when we have sought variety in irregularities of rhythm, he has chosen to confine himself to obvious and quite formal patterns, and has produced an effect of astonishing variety by phrasing and emphasis, as Paderewski produces it in a mazurka. Moreover, Mr. Housman reverts to the old use of the rime; he puts the emphatic part of the sense under the rime-words, so that when you read you are not tempted to hurry over the echo or muffle it, as tho it were an excrescence on the thought, but you wield it triumphantly as an instrument to enforce the meaning.

Oh, many a peer of England brews
Livelier liquor than the Muse,
And malt does more than Milton can
To justify God's ways to man.

So far from being cramped and confined, however, to a monotony of rhythms and rimes, Mr. Housman delights in a kind of virtuosity which can say different things in different ways, and—what is more remarkable—can find many ways of saying the same thing. Those theorists who hold that inspiration in art carries with it some inevitable form, would have their hands full with this poet, who often repeats the idea as it were to a different tune, or does the same room over in several tones, red or blue or green, to see which he prefers. In nos. XXV, XXVI, and XXVII of the "Shropshire Lad" he arranged three such experiments on the same theme, in a striking crescendo. Lovers find a new mate when death takes the old—that is the theme. In the first poem the second lover speaks; a year ago he fought for the girl and was beaten, and the girl went walking with the better man.

The better man she walks with still,
  Though now 'tis not with Fred:
A lad that lives and has his will
  Is worth a dozen dead.

In the second poem the man remembers that a year ago he walked with another girl; now she is in her grave. Another year, will his new love walk with another man? In the wonderful third poem the story is told in grim dialog between the dead man and his old friend still living:

"Is my friend hearty,
  Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
  A better bed than mine?"

Yes, lad, I lie easy,
  I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
  Never ask me whose.

"Last Poems" begins with a lovely song by way of preface, "We'll to the woods no more, The laurels all are cut," which is a paraphrase of Theodore de Banville's famous "*Nous n'irons plus au bois, les lauriers sont coupés.*" The "Epithalamium" and one or two other poems, especially "The Oracles," bear further witness now to reading, and to the distance from which Mr. Housman has drawn his wisdom about life. But most of the lyrics, as we said, are undistinguishable in their transparent art from the earlier songs, and we close the book with such music as this in our ears:

The sigh that heaves the grasses
  Whence thou wilt never rise,
Is of the air that passes
  And knows not if it sighs.

Mr. Keable's Fiction-Study of Current Religious Beliefs

(*Continued from page 29*)

he is still only in the early twenties when the novel ends. The book is remarkable, not so much for any profundity of thought as for its fairness, and its excellent characterization. While condemning Claxted for its intolerance, Mr. Keable does full justice to its sincerity. Paul's father is a bigot, but he is also a saint; Manning, the professed atheist, is honest, kindly, generous and thoroughly likable; so, too, is Father Vassell, who "did not pose as a medievalist; he simply was one." Paul himself is admirably done; it would have been easy to make him an intolerable young prig, or a mere wooden puppet. Instead, he moves and lives before us, young, eager, ardent, lovable; pathetic at times, as the beliefs by which he has honestly tried to live crumble about him; charming in his naïveté, his quickness of perception, his broad sympathies, his sensitiveness, the sensitiveness of a born poet.

The different points of view he encounters on his spiritual pilgrimage are embodied in places as well as people; and each place is so presented as to make the reader feel that he also has been there. The book from first to last shows love of beauty, and an ability to put it into words. "Near the woods, the sun caught the slim trunks of the silver birches in a spinney there, and their silver contrasted exquisitely with the stretch of dying bracken beyond. A lark cried the ecstasy of living in the untroubled spaces of light and air above." Over the descriptions of Cambridge life the author lingers affectionately, while the reader is imprest by the maturity of mind shown by these English undergraduates: an impression not confined to this one book. They are very likable, these young men to whom Mr. Keable introduces us, no less fun-loving because they are interested in other things besides sports. The book is full of contrasts; if it takes us to Cambridge it also takes us to Zanzibar. Its dialog is easy, thoroughly simple and natural. Mr. Keable has the gift of dramatic presentation; his book, instead of being stodgily dogmatic, is deeply interesting. We care what happens to Paul; and that caring about what happens to a fictional character is to a great extent the measure of a novel's interest.

In This Month's Fiction Library

(*Continued from page 62*)

fool, Peter Ganns makes at least one very serious error, and the criminal is betrayed at the last through his possession of one of the commonest of human foibles.

The time is the present, and the scene is laid partly on Mr. Phillpotts' own familiar Dartmoor, and partly in Italy, near Lake Como. It is to Dartmoor that the young detective, Mark Brendon of Scotland Yard, comes for his holiday, and is shortly appealed to for aid in solving what seems the fairly translucent mystery of a murder which has shocked the entire region. In its larger outlines the affair seems simple enough, but it presently proves to be not so simple as it at first appeared, and puzzles the reader quite as much as it puzzled Mark Brendon. Not until about the middle of the book does the American detective, Peter Ganns, come from New York to solve the problem. He succeeds in making everything clear at the end, but he is baffled for a while, and there is a decidedly clever bit of irony in the legacy he finally receives.

That the novel is well written and contains some lovely descriptive passages goes without saying, since it is the work of Eden Phillpotts. It holds the reader's interest to such an extent that even a usually welcome interruption, such as a summons to dinner, for instance, is decidedly irritating. There are exciting moments, plenty of surprizes and unexpected twists. A first-rate mystery and murder story, at once exciting and plausible, is this tale of what happened to the three men and one woman who were the last of the Redmaynes.

THE RED REDMAYNES. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Vanderdecken

MR. STACPOOLE says that Prohibition "may be good or it may be bad, but there is one undoubted fact about it, it doesn't improve the social life of a club." This profound observation has nothing in particular to do with the story of "Vanderdecken," except in so far as the condition described therein is partly responsible for the boredom which leads George du Cane to join Hank Fisher's crazy expedition to capture a notorious pirate who has been holding up rich men's yachts along the coast of California. Partly because this pirate is supposed to be a Dutchman, and partly because of his elusiveness, the newspapers have dubbed him Vanderdecken after the captain of the legendary Flying Dutchman. A reward of twenty-five thousand dollars has been offered for his capture. Hank Fisher wants the money to tide him over a crisis in his real estate business, and George du Cane is attracted by the excitement of the chase.

In the beginning the expedition bids fair to be wrecked by too much publicity. The newspapers get wind of the affair and publish full details about the fitting out of the yacht *Wear Jack*, and it is only too evident that the pirate will be fully informed of the plans for his capture. But this makes it all the more imperative that the expedition shall succeed, for neither Fisher nor du Cane can bear the thought of facing the ridicule which is sure to be heaped upon them should they return empty-handed. Another result of the publicity is the arrival of a mysterious red-bearded seafaring man who soon becomes the most important member of the party.

Fate plays some curious pranks with the expedition and leads its members into adventures which are as unexpected as they are thrilling. In fact, nothing seems to turn out according to the original plans. A girl becomes an involuntary member of the party, and her presence brings further complications. The fact that she is a very pretty girl does not make things any easier, altho it does add considerably to the interest of the story. Mr. Stacpoole has handled his material with his usual skill and has provided surprizes and thrills enough to satisfy the most exacting reader.

VANDERDECKEN. By H. De Vere Stacpoole. 282 pages. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

February the 12th and 22nd

THESE two dates are set apart for the commemoration of the birth of two of our noblest Americans — Lincoln and Washington.

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FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
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Mrs. Atherton's Satire on New York

(*Continued from page 15*)

interest, it does not completely encompass its own inherent potentiality.

That it fails of high accomplishment in this direction is perhaps due to a duality of intention and an equivalence of emphasis previously suggested. To the theme to which she has given expression in the story of the love of Mary and Lee Clavering, Mrs. Atherton has conjoined an attempt to present a picture of New York life, at least of fashionable and literary life of the moment, judged by the standards of European civilization and culture. Logically and artistically the theme would find most appropriate expression in the perpetual inward conflict between Mary's physical desires and her memory; to such a presentation the character of Lee Clavering would serve as a purely external accessory upon which that conflict might be projected. But Mrs. Atherton has deliberately externalized the conflict, and both the picture of life in New York and the criticism of it enter into the novel almost overwhelmingly through Mary's experienced, sophisticated and largely snobbish response to what Mrs. Atherton respectively terms—with initial capitals—Society and the Sophisticates. From this point of view, and quite disregarding the major theme, the situation is one which might have served Henry James or Howells, or which might have been deliberately chosen by Mrs. Wharton. Mary Zatianny, born into one of New York's oldest families, escaping from New York through marriage to an Austrian diplomat and having lived the greater part of her life in European diplomatic circles, returns to the New York of 1922 and from the vantage-point of her worldly wisdom and extensive experience surveys the life fashionable and the life journalistic. The picture which Mrs. Atherton provides is exceedingly comprehensive; it includes not only the belated survivals of the eighteen-eighties, that pristine "age of innocence," but the rowdy, jazzing "younger set," and most cleverly of all, the New York of the "columnist."

It is in her "Sophisticates," of which Lee Clavering, columnist and playwright, is the leader, that popular interest is likely to center. It is the group, familiar to readers of any of the "columns" of the New York daily papers, which lunches daily at a certain restaurant in the 'forties not far east of Sixth Avenue, that figures in "Black Oxen" under the transparent disguise of the "Sign of the Indian Chief." And its members figure under disguises no less transparent; so thin is the veil of concealment that such resentment as Mrs. Atherton may have aroused by her picture is less likely to proceed from inclusion therein than to be cherished by the unfortunate undistinguished whom she has incredibly excluded. The group is not only done to the life, but from the life, with amazing cleverness and out of acute observation and a keen journalistic sense. The only equivalent picture is that afforded daily by the various columns, but the picture which they offer is wholly lacking in a slight asperity which gives to Mrs. Atherton's not only piquancy but perspective.

> Their most solemn causeries were upon the vital theme of The American Reputation in Letters. Past. Present. Future. This was the age of Youth. Should any of the old reputations be permitted to live on—save in the favor of the negligible public? If so, which? All the recent reputations they would have liked to pronounce equally great, merely on account of their commendable newness, but they were too conscientious for that. They appraised, debated, rejected, finally placed the seal of their august approval upon a favored few. Claques were arranged if the public were obtuse. The future? A few, a very few, were selected from the older group, many more from the younger, and ordained to survive and shed their undying beams for posterity.

Thus function the Sophisticates. So also that amazing Sophisticate Gora Dwight, successful novelist of the younger school, whose novel, representative of the "new" fiction, earns this criticism from Mrs. Atherton:

> It was gloomy, pessimistic, excoriating, merciless, drab, sordid and hideously realistic. Its people hailed from that plebeian end of the vegetable garden devoted to turnips and cabbages. They possessed all the mean vices and weaknesses that detestable humanity has so far begotten. They were all failures and their pitiful aspirations were treated with biting irony. Futile, futile world!

In literature, as in life, Mrs. Atherton finds only evidences of a "post-war reaction." Those which followed the Civil War, she claims, were on a higher plane, for then "the population had not been maculated by inferior races." The criticism, in the last analysis, is one which Mrs. Atherton has made continuously throughout her long series of previous novels, and it is based upon a passionate defense of ancestry and tradition. Not even Henry James was more passionately devoted to the pallid decora of a declining "elegant society," nor was Howells, for all Mrs. Atherton's well-known dislike of his art, more sensitive to the subtleties of its conventions. Mrs. Atherton's picture of New York life is that of the Howells novel brought down to date.

But in giving this picture through a situation that would have had its charms for Howells, and that might have been employed by James, Mrs. Atherton has used neither of their methods, nor their art. Her method is that of the journalist; she is interested primarily in news. And her novel is replete with news; news of the New York intelligentsia, of Viennese surgery, of European politics, of current events literary, artistic and fashionable. Even her theme which, as I have indicated, has in it the elements of true greatness, is immeasurably cheapened by a clinical discussion that will hold our interest only so long as the scientific discovery reported is sensational and unfamiliar, after which it will expire of its own documentation. It is this very acute journalistic sense that has most seriously interfered with Mrs. Atherton's capacities as an artist, and that has contented her in giving us, in "Black Oxen," a sensational book when she might so easily have given us a fine one. This, after all, is our greatest ground for regret. Mrs. Atherton has superb imaginative power, she has both intelligence and wit, she has at her command cosmopolitan experience and a sophisticated and mature attitude toward life. Moreover, she possesses a resilient, but by no means infallible technique. All of these she has expended liberally upon "Black Oxen." What she has not drawn upon is a discipline and an insight that would have relegated her picture of transient actuality to its appropriate subordination, and made her study of Mary's tragic conflict—the perpetual human conflict between destiny and control—one of the eternally lovely things of art. Other writers, with less equipment than Mrs. Atherton possesses, can bring the Howells novel down to date, can give us amusing and incisive pictures, elaborately documented, of the special coloring and quality of life in New York during this or last or next year. Few of our contemporary novelists have it in their power to write so magnificent a story, enduring and vital and moving, as Mrs. Atherton, in "Black Oxen," might have written—and did not.

A Stormy Romance of the Ghetto

(*Continued from page 14*)

the divine soul. "Yes," she admitted wistfully, "we kill the divine in us. We kill the beauty in those we love. But the very killing makes immortal the contact." And those who might be tempted to reprove Sonya for her contempt of settlements and philanthropy in general must see that she only points out how they not uncommonly fail to reckon with fundamental things.

Miss Yezierska possesses a vivid and colorful style and a varied honesty rarely equaled in our American fiction. Hitherto few of our writers have dared to be quite as explicit as she is. There is, however, a consistent delicacy and appreciation of tangled situations which frees her from the suspicion of any mere desire to startle and shock the reader. Like her heroine, she has been poor and sick—"dying from the blood poisoning of ugliness." She has escaped and lives to tell the tale.

Emma Calvé Writes Her Memoirs

(*Continued from page 21*)

Unlike Geraldine Farrar, who sold all her costumes when she retired from the operatic stage *pro tempore* (she has plenty of money to buy new ones when she comes back with her new voice!), Emma Calvé has kept all hers in her château in southern France. "All my costumes are there, for I have never had the courage to throw any of them away, and so in this room at Cabrières I have collected a strange group of ghostly lay figures, each drest in one of the costumes in which I have appeared on the stage. There they stand, the husks of all my rôles—Carmen, Marguerite, Juliet, Ophelia, La Navarraise, Sappho, Santuzza. These fading rags and ribbons, these chiffons, velvets, tarnished cloth-of-gold, seem to exhale a romantic fragrance. The very atmosphere of the theater clings to their motionless folds—the dust of the stage, the smell of grease paint, the glare of flaring gas over a disordered dressing-table, the heavy perfume of flowers, the orchestra, the footlights, the public, warm and welcoming! I seem to see and feel it all again, as I stand in the gloaming, among the fragile relics of my youth."

One of Calvé's hobbies has been the massing of dolls drest in operatic costumes. During the war hundreds of these were sold to raise money for the wounded. One of her dolls, sold in a lottery at a dollar a ticket, brought $4,000.

The French castle, to which reference has just been made, was one which, as a young girl, she used to covet. "Perhaps," she said to her playmates, "some day it will belong to me." They laughed at her, but her operatic emoluments soon enabled her to make her father a present of it. And that castle has played a prominent part in making her a perennial success. It gave her the needed summer rest and health. Here she could play the milkmaid or shepherdess in the open. One day a shepherd boy heard her sing and promptly suggested that his employer would pay her for such singing, maybe, five francs a day.

"Cabrières," she writes, "is a necessary part of my life. I truly believe that the extraordinary preservation of my voice is largely due to the long months I spend in that quiet spot, far from worldly gaieties and distractions. If I stay away too long, I become ill, like a plant deprived of water. My lungs crave the dry, bracing air of the mountain plains. I need my country, my home."

To this castle she has in recent years taken the scores of girls coming to her from all parts of the globe. "The air in these high places is dry and bracing—a splendid climate for those whose throats and lungs are their kingdom." The proof of the pudding lies in this testimony: "During the forty years of my musical career I have been entirely free from illnesses that affect the voice of a singer."

Chapter XXVI of her Memoirs gives an entertaining account of her experiences with her young pupils, their studies, their sports, their excursions. Not all of them are students *comme il faut*. "I wonder sometimes how these young people have the courage to undertake an artistic career, with such an utter ignorance of what has been accomplished before them, with so little intellectual understanding of the problems they will have to meet and solve."

That remark helps to explain why of every thousand young girls studying in conservatories and private schools barely two or three ever become favorably known. Mme. Calvé might say what Lillian Nordica, another soprano who had brains, wrote: "Plenty have natural voices equal to mine, plenty have talent equal to mine, *but I have worked!*"

Unlike the French in general, Emma Calvé has been very fond of traveling. She tells her readers about some of her tours, to cities as far apart as Petrograd and Honolulu. Her best years she spent among our lucky selves, and luckily she likes us very much. In her own words: "What a splendid, what a great country is this! How happy I am to have consecrated to it the finest years of my career."

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Some Magnificent Failures

(*Continued from page 13*)

of that year. I have completely forgotten the name of the winner; but so much emphasis was laid upon the fact that "Renascence" should have captured the prize that a number of critics read little else in the volume which contained this remarkable poem. Here was a magnificent failure transmuted into instant success. Had she won the prize, she might have been as swiftly forgotten—tho I doubt that, too—as are most prize-winners. A fatality seems to pursue them. They gain something that is in the nature of a false start. The breath of energy seems to be exhausted in one powerful effort, and there is little wind for succeeding tourneys. An ironical essay could be written on the inevitable after-obscurity of those who take prizes.

But tho Miss Millay suffered the loss of a deserved five hundred dollars, she did not suffer neglect. In a sense, her splendid catastrophe proved to be the best thing that could have happened to her. Bitter as it must have been, at eighteen, to lose the plum that should have been placed in her hand, sweeter fruits came to her. I doubt if an early success would have led her to enter Vassar, and later to travel extensively. When her first volume appeared, she was hailed as a new force in lyric poetry; and she has maintained a high and honored place ever since.

There is a collection of short stories called "From the Life." It was published about three years ago, by the house of Harper & Brothers. The author is Harvey J. O'Higgins. Edna Ferber first placed the volume in my hands with the admonition to lose no time in reading it. I felt that such a master of a difficult form as Miss Ferber ought to know something about short stories. Several other writers hailed this volume as deeply significant. When I had finished it that first evening, I joined the chorus of praise. So did Fannie Hurst, Rupert Hughes, and I can't remember how many more. Granted that it is difficult to market collections of short stories, why is it that when a group is issued that stands head and shoulders above the novels of that year, it fails utterly to sell? More and more we place restrictions upon our writers. We bid them create one character—an *Emma McChesney*, a *Judge Priest*, an *Emmy Lou*, or a *You-Know-Me Al*, and then we say, "Give us this character in a certain locality, and we don't care whether you call each separate story a new chapter when you bring it out in a book; we'll make believe it's a novel, and buy it." But if some adventurous writer, wishing to blaze new trails, dares to refuse to conform, we may enjoy him in the magazines, but will have none of him between book covers. A few authors of short stories, labeled as sure-fire winners, somehow reach a profitable public year after year; but their product bears some distinct symbol, and it is their trademark, attached to solid worth, which sells the goods.

In "From the Life" Mr. O'Higgins did a clever thing. He began each story with an alleged biographical note, ostensibly from "Who's Who," and it bore the ring of authority and truth. Even the type was made to conform to that used in the handiest of American reference books. Then, after absorbing the published record of, say, *John Robinson*, the reader was led to some event in his career not set down in "Who's Who"—usually an astonishing whirlwind adventure, psychological or physical. Mr. O'Higgins impaled his people on a pin, much as a naturalist impales a butterfly, holding it up to a searching analysis. It is as fine a study of the temperaments of human beings as I have read in many years. But it failed—failed magnificently. Can it not be resuscitated? Is it too late to ask movie fans to pause for a few hours and read tales quite as exciting as those they see on the screen, yet written with magic and compelling power? One can not but grow uneasy over the insoluble mystery of the failure of such a book, when trash is triumphant and the man-in-the-street leaves it for a while to seek the dubious diversion of some cheap celluloid drama.

Until Ibáñez published "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" he suffered the fate of Hutchinson and Locke in this country. "The Shadow of the Cathedral" and the earliest edition of "Blood and Sand" were flat failures. The former, published in 1909, consisted of only five hundred copies. Not all of that number were sold. Later, with the unprecedented and undreamed-of success of "The Four Horsemen," it was the old story of a rush to see what an author had done in the past.

Much has been said of the psychological effect of a striking title. But could an author have selected poorer selling titles, in the accepted sense, than Ibáñez? Ponderous and dismal, they would seem to be anything but provocative; yet they have not stood in the way of enormous sales. Here again the publisher suffers confusion; for if readers will purchase a novel—and a translation at that—with the undeniably stupid and cryptic title of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," what difference does it make how one's catalog reads next season?

But somehow it makes all the difference in the world; and the loveliest titles languish—like "Green Mansions," for instance. The late W. H. Hudson had never gained an audience in this country; he had found only moderate success in England. Yet Galsworthy wrote of him:

> Of all living authors—now that Tolstoi has gone—I could least dispense with W. H. Hudson. . . . I would that every man, woman and child in England were made to read him; and I would that you in America would take him to heart. . . . As a simple narrator he is well-nigh unsurpassed; as a stylist he has few, if any, living equals.

What shall we say of the inglorious neglect of such a writer? The hope persists that one of these days he will come into his own; for if prose so exquisite lies unread on our shelves, there are few rewards for the artist. Yet our poets have suffered always. Bliss Carman, one of the greatest nature poets of his time, known on two continents, can not earn his salt through his verse. One speaks of Masefield as a success; but it is through his lecture tours that most of his financial rewards have come. He told me himself that traveling about the United States wore him out, diverted him from his art, and he preferred the lean but quiet comfort of Boar's Hill, near Oxford, to the tumult of a lucrative trip through our land. Alfred Noyes is in a like case; and our own Robert Frost and Percy MacKaye must do as he has done—teach at some college, in order, frankly, to make both ends meet.

In that dazzlingly clever soufflé, "Peter Whiffle," Carl Van Vechten speaks of the sore neglect of Arthur Machen—a London journalist who grubs along somehow, in spite of his colossal failure. Save for "The Hill of Dreams," who has read his books? "The Terror," "The Bowman," "Dr. Stiggins," "The Great Return," "Hieroglyphics," "The House of Souls," "War and the Christian Faith"—how many of us have even heard of these? Yet there they are, monumental and beautiful.

And what of the author of that greatest of all stories of the sea, "Moby Dick"? Hermann Melville is but a name to most Americans—if even that. Some of his remarkable letters have been gathered together by Meade Minnegerode (The Brick Row Book Shop, Inc.), and their publication is an event of interest to only a handful of us, more's the pity. Yet here was a writer who is the peer of Hawthorne; and not until this late date are his works becoming in the least known. The Duttons have placed his masterpiece, together with "Typee" and "Omoo," in their Everyman's Library. That puts Melville—a classic—within the reach of all, and there is no further excuse for avoiding and evading him.

In how many professions would men like Leonard Merrick, whose annual royalties amount to a mere pittance, despite his incessant advertising, have the strength and courage to go on? For twelve or fourteen years David Bone's "The Brass Bounder" sold scarcely a copy; now, happily, it is doing very well. Christopher Morley, who loves literature, is largely responsible for the apprehension of a few of us—he it was who discovered William McFee; and if he had done nothing else he would deserve our gratitude.

The truth is that it is the child-heart in every artist which makes it possible for him to stick to his guns. There are gospels of beauty which only the creative mind reads and understands; and these are his manna, his bread in the wilderness when the world for a time fails him in the hunger of his heart—yes, and in the hunger of his body.

A New Master of the Short Story

(*Continued from page 19*)

that housed them on their arrival in America. Carefully, irresistibly, this family group treads the circle. Rosenheimer—Rosenheim—Rosen—Rose—Ross. That is their story. In it is presented, with fine irony and humor, at least one angle of the picture of the Jew in America. It is more illuminating than whole volumes of research pompously entitled "The Jew in America," or of distinguished autobiographies by learned gentlemen too much given to self-psychoanalysis. It is a pity that this Rosenheimer saga was tossed off as a popular song. I'd have liked to know more about this family—their food, their clothes, their amusements, their mental processes, their snubs, their hardships, their aspirations, insults, loves. To receive all this in one short story is like being offered one bite only of each course in a beautifully cooked and perfectly served eight-course dinner. One bite—and the dish whisked away.

There are two stories about old, old women. One of them is called "Birthday." It contains some of the best and some of the worst of Thyra Winslow's writing. It is short and pithy, crammed with a knowledgeous presentation of the keenness and malice and childishness and wisdom of old age. Grandma was eighty-two, and lived with her sons and daughters and grand-children. They never suspected her contempt for them, her understanding of them, her concealment of this contempt and understanding. Two of the young men in the household are dismissed with a paragraph. But what a paragraph!

> They belonged to a couple of lodges. The kind of lodges that are supposed to have international significance—you can give the distress signal and get a ticket to Europe in a hurry, tho none of the Potters would probably ever want to go to Europe. A boast of one of the lodges was that none of its members had ever been electrocuted, and tho none of the boys looked forward to a life of crime, they accepted the fact eagerly and repeated it as something pretty big for the lodge.

But the same story contains a paragraph like this:

> Dinner was ready. Herman had already come home. Herman liked to eat as soon as he got into the house. The old lady went into the dining-room. The boys were already seated at the table. Herman sat down. Fanny was putting the potatoes on the table.

Common, ugly words to describe the acts of common, ugly people. An unlovely paragraph, certainly. And yet that piling up of little vulgar words has, in the end, a tremendous effect.

It is likely that Thyra Winslow's characters will irritate you. They are frequently so petty, and so real in their pettiness, that you will develop ill-temper through having met them.

Of the "girl" stories in the book the finest, probably, is the one called "Mamie Carpenter." But the most poignant and terrible is "A Love Affair." In its three or four thousand words is contained pretty well all that stirred you when you read Booth Tarkington's "Alice Adams." The story of the shoddy girl of "A Love Affair," with her hopeless pretense, her cheap affectations, her reaching frantically after love only to find that it has eluded her, her petty and pathetic retaliation when she finds she has lost it, is done with a grimness and an inevitability that is as tragic as fate's unescapable step.

There are whole pages of writing that make the reader wish for just one graceful phrase, one lovely word, one fluid paragraph. Hard, tough, common, little Anglo-Saxon words about hard, tough, common, little American people. Whole passages are monosyllabic. It is most annoying; as annoying as that other extreme of other writers—"fine writing."

In this book of finely etched and stark stories, Thyra Winslow has spent the pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters of her vocabulary and her emotions. I wish she'd open the strong-box containing her fifty-cent pieces, her dollars, and her five and ten-dollar words and feelings. She must have a glittering hoard of them packed away.

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Certain Literary Sins of Theodore Dreiser

(Continued from page 11)

for young men in England, about the same time, were being forced to find their poetry in similar unlovely surroundings in cities such as Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham, for example, remote, indeed, to all appearance, from Parnassus. Beauty, after all, would seem to be the never-failing by-product of vitality, wherever present, and, as a Baudelaire was able to see it in the rotting carcass of a dead dog, so it is to be found dancing and singing about the slag-heaps and slime-pools of the Plutonian shores of the grimmest modern industrial cities. All that is needed is the eye of the beholder, and very evidently Mr. Dreiser had that eye, and, if he had not been destined for a novelist, he might have been an earlier Carl Sandburg. Chicago was very much alive, and therefore romantic.

> Its bad was so deliciously bad, its good so very good, keen and succulent, reckless, inconsequential, pretentious, hopeful, eager, new. People cursed or raved or snarled, the more fortunate among them,—but they were never heavy or dull or asleep. In some neighborhoods the rancidity of dirt, or the stark icy bleakness of poverty, fairly shouted; but they were never still, decaying pools of misery.

It is easy to see that Mr. Dreiser's experiences as an easy-payment collector were all grist to his mill as a future novelist. It was certainly a rare opportunity for the observation of the human comedy; and presently Mr. Dreiser was to watch the same scene from the observation post of the newspaper press as a reporter. His first attempt to break into literature was to send a packet of manuscript to the object of his early enthusiasm; but Eugene Field missed his opportunity, and made no sign. Later, as he began to lay siege to one newspaper office after another, he was to catch a glimpse, but no more, of his hero:

> One day in the office of the *Daily News* a tall, shambling, awkward-looking man in a brown flannel shirt, without coat or waistcoat, suspenders down, was pointed out to me by an office boy who saw him slipping past the city editorial door.
>
> "Wanta know who dat is?" he asked.
>
> "Yes," I replied humbly, grateful even for the attention of office boys.
>
> "Well, dat's Eugene Field. Heard o' him, ain'tcha?"
>
> "Sure," I said, recalling the bundle of incoherent manuscript which I had once thrust upon him.

It was on *The Daily Globe* that Mr. Dreiser was to get his first chance as a reporter at fifteen dollars a week, with John Maxwell, then one of its copy-readers, for his first and faithful friend. The newspaper career, thus begun, was presently continued in St. Louis on *The Globe-Democrat*. As an interviewer for this paper, Mr. Dreiser came into contact with many well-known figures. "My favorite question," he says, "was what did they think of life, its meaning, since this was uppermost in my mind at the time, and I think I asked it of every one of them, from John L. Sullivan to Annie Besant." Henry Watterson, asked that somewhat leading question, answered in part: "My son, when you get as old as I am you probably won't think so much of it, and you won't be to blame. It's good enough in its way, but it's a damn ticklish business. You may say that Henry Watterson said that if you like. Do the best you can, and don't crowd the other fellow too hard, and you'll come out as well as anybody, I suppose."

John L. Sullivan on the subject gives Mr. Dreiser the opportunity for this vivid sketch of the famous gladiator:

> John L. Sullivan, raw, red-faced, big-fisted, broad-shouldered, drunken, with gaudy waistcoat and tie, and rings and pins set with enormous diamonds and rubies—what an impression he made! Surrounded by local sports and politicians of the most rubicund and degraded character (he was a great favorite with them), he seemed to me, sitting in his suite at the Lindell, to be the apotheosis of the humorously gross and vigorous, and material. Cigar boxes, champagne buckets, decanters, beer bottles, overcoats, collars and shirts littered the floor, and lolling back in the midst of it all in ease and splendor his very great self, a sort of prize-fighting J. P. Morgan.
>
> "Aw, haw! haw! haw!" I can hear him even now when I asked him my favorite question about life, the value of exercise (!) etc. "He wants to know about exercise! You're all right, young fella, kinda slim, but you'll do. Sit down and have some champagne.

Have a cigar. Give 'im some cigars, George. These young newspaper men are all right to me. I'm for 'em. Exercise? What I think? Haw! haw! Write any damned thing yuh please, young fella, and say that John L. Sullivan said so. That's good enough for me. If they don't believe it bring it back here and I'll sign it for yuh. But I know it'll be all right, and I won't stop to read it neither. That suit yuh? Well, all right. Now have some more champagne, and don't say I didn't treat yuh right, 'cause I did. I'm ex-champion of the world, defeated by that little dude from California, but I'm still John L. Sullivan—ain't that right? Haw! haw! They can't take that away from me, can they? Haw! haw! Have some more champagne, boy.

I adored him. I would have written anything he asked me to write. I got up the very best article I could and published it, and was told afterwards that it was fine."

The greater part of Mr. Dreiser's volume is made up of this newspaper apprenticeship. When we close the book his career as a novelist is yet to begin. On page 502 he half suggests a sequel "under some such title as 'Literary Experiences.'" One is inclined to wish that he had written that sequel first. For these newspaper experiences are spun out at far too great a length, nor are they either in matter or manner sufficiently novel or striking to justify the inordinate demand they make on the reader's time and attention. Mr. Dreiser has nothing like the vivid, selective dramatic art of another recent autobiographer, Mr. Harry Kemp, whose recent "Tramping on Life," whatever faults it may have along with its very great excellences, has not a dull page in it. Fault has been found with Mr. Kemp for the frankness of his amatory recollections. The most serious one of them it is, indeed, hard to condone, but, for the most part, there is a naïveté about them, even sometimes a touch of romantic beauty, which earns him absolution. It is the outspokenness of young blood. Now Mr. Dreiser has his amatory recollections, too, and, if his newspaper experiences are for the most part dull, it has to be said that, in his shabby recollections as a sort of Chicago Don Juan, his naïveté, if such it can be called, has no saving grace of poetry or romance. Distasteful and underbred are hard words, but surely they are too mild for this paragraph with which his book closes. To praise the opening pages of his book is but justice as well as a pleasure. But something like "Jersey justice" seems to be called for by the hard unchivalrous tone, not to say cynical brutality, of this concluding "N. B.":

N. B. Four years later, having by then established myself sufficiently to pay the rent of an apartment, secure furniture and convince myself that I could make a living for two, I undertook that perilous adventure with the lady of my choice—and that, of course, after the first flare of love had thinned down to the pale flame of duty. Need anything more be said? The first law of convention had been obeyed, whereas the governing forces of temperament had been overridden and with what results eventually you may well suspect. So much for romance.

One might possibly have overlooked what went before, but what must one say of this? Did a writer ever more deliberately leave his reader with such bad taste in the mouth? And what went before was distasteful and unnecessary enough. "Alice" is the name of the lady who bears the brunt of most of Mr. Dreiser's cubbish philanderings. But there was a "Scotch girl," too, who paled her uneffectual fires when Alice came on the scene. "The thing that troubled me," says Mr. Dreiser "was what my Scotch girl would think if she found out (which she never would), and how I could extricate myself from a situation, which, now that I had Alice, was not as interesting as it had been." The world of Mr. Dreiser's early gallantries was not a very courtly one—for which, of course, he was nowise to blame. It was a world where wooing is done by pressing the lady's toe "in an open, foolish way," and such like advances. Here is a typical scene:

I was alone with her in the front room, looking over the family album. I realized that by now she was as much drawn to me as I to her, and that, as in the case of my Scotch maid, I was master if I chose so to be. I was so wrought up in the face of this opportunity, however, that I scarcely had courage to do that which I earnestly believed I could do. As we stood over the album looking at the pictures, I toyed first with the strings of her apron and then later, finding no opposition, allowed my hand to rest gently at her waist. Still no sign of opposition or even consciousness. I thrilled from head to toe. Then I closed my arm gently about her waist, and when it became noticeably tight, she looked up and smiled.

"You'd better watch out," she said. "Some one may come."

"Do you like me a little?" I pleaded, almost choking.

"I think so. I think you're very nice, anyhow. But you mustn't," she said, "some one may come in," and as I drew her to me she pretended to resist, maneuvering her cheek against my mouth as she pulled away. . . .

* * * *

Was I in love with her? No, as I understand myself now. I doubt that I have ever been in love with anyone or with anything save life as a whole.

There is nothing here or anywhere in the book for Mr. Sumner. But even flaming sensuality, with which the modern reader is all too well acquainted, would have some "relish of salvation in it" compared with such drab silliness, such chronicling of five-and-ten-cent-store philoprogenitiveness. Why should a grown-up writer, in the maturity of his gifts, think it worth while solemnly to make such commonplace revelations? The time is long past when it was necessary, in the interests of the veracious representation of life, to deal frankly with the usual sexual experiences of human beings. Since Whitman defiantly announced his intention to "make illustrious" "that of myself without which I were nothing," "tho I stand sole among men," sex has certainly been made as "illustrious" as need be. There is surely nothing more to learn about it and no necessity for our being told it all over and over again. The purpose of Whitman's protest has been served. Prurient hypocrisy has had its death-blow. Now one would be glad of a few veils once more, so that the romance of sex be saved for us, after all the demonstrations of clinical realism. The romance of it is just as real, and spiritually more important, than the physiological, not to say pathological, "facts." Mr. Dreiser adds nothing to our knowledge. He only makes a beautiful thing silly and distasteful, and his literary exhibitionism only serves to class his book with the mawkish pages of Rousseau, and Hazlitt's unfortunate "Liber Amoris."

One says nothing of "taste." There is no such thing, we are told, nowadays. It has been sneered out of existence in the general Bolshevism of the times. To express oneself is all—whether that self be worth expressing or not. Yet, however deep the present occultation of the finer standards of life and literature, no one acquainted with human history has any fear for their endurance. Honor and reverence, taste and breeding are qualities the world is too wise ultimately to throw away. In fact, it evolves them constantly in spite of itself. Standards of life and literature may change for the better, but never for the worse; and, momentarily eclipsed or not, there are still standards by which that last paragraph in Mr. Dreiser's book must be judged an unpardonable offense, the more regrettable because it does an injustice to Mr. Dreiser's usually genial and humane personality. To much else in it, too, there applies a saying of Napoleon which comes to me by way of a writer for whom, I presume, Mr. Dreiser has respect, Stendhal in "Rouge et Noir": "There are some things which are not written."

A curious instance of book suppression is brought to light in connection with Miss Sackville-West's novel, "Challenge," shortly to be published by George H. Doran Co. This novel was announced for publication in England in 1920, the sheets were printed and the book about to be issued when, for an unexplained reason, the English publisher withdrew the book. It has since been learned that the cause of the suppression was the intervention of the Sackville-West family, who believed that their literary relative had objectionably portrayed certain other members of the family in her novel. The novel deals with the story of a member of the British aristocracy domiciled in the Levant, and the identification made by the Sackville-West family, long prominent in British politics and heirs to the duchy of Dorset, is not evident. None the less, altho the novel is to be published in the United States from the original sheets, it will not be published in England.

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Books Talked About in Literary Europe

RUDYARD KIPLING'S war verses have won him the admiration of the French people. They receive unqualified praise in a new volume by Victor Glachant, professor of rhetoric in the Lysée Hoche, recently published by the Librairie de France, Paris, under the title, "Etude sur Rudyard Kipling." The book consists largely of a long lecture in which the author gives prose and metrical versions, in French, of the poems with which Kipling heartened the poilus during the great conflict. Here is a specimen of the opening of one of his best-known poems:

. . . . Pour ce que nous avons, pour ce que nous sommes,
Pour l'avenir de nos enfants,
Levez-vous, faites face au conflit! . . . Femmes, hommes,
Haut les cœurs! . . . Soyez triomphants! . . .
Notre monde a passé, renversé d'un caprice:
Le Hun grimace a notre seuil! . . .
Halte-la! tombe devastrice que guette defaites et deuil!

After quoting the poem, "France," the author declares that Kipling "is, was always, and remains for us the most frank, the most loyal of friends," and follows with an enthusiastic outburst of praise for both the man and the artist. "What brilliancy, what freshness of imagination, what youthful ardor he still retains in full maturity!" Thus if Kipling's fame has lost any ground in America of recent years it has evidently won a new empire in the affections of France.

A slim volume has been added to the Maîtres de la Musique series by René Brancour on "Massenet" (Paris: F. Alcan), in which he deals with both the life and works of the composer of "Manon Lescaut." The London *Times* quotes two good things from the book. One is Massenet's own opinion of his work as a composer. "I wrote a regular symphony during the siege of Paris," he says; "it was played by the Pasdeloup Orchestra, and I saw I was completely on the wrong tack. The work was bad because it was bound to be so. To make a good symphony it is not enough to have plenty of ideas. They must be developed and made use of, played with till they yield up all they contain. That is not my way. I must out with any musical ideas I have quickly, pointedly, and concisely. My speech is tense and packed, and if I tried to talk in any other way I should be somebody else, not myself." The other good thing is a letter from Gounod (on the production of "Eve"), who calls Massenet one of heaven's elect and bids him to make ready to play the martyr, for he is to remember that of the "chosen vessel" it was said: "I will show him how great things he must suffer for My name's sake." Massenet did not prove to be a martyr, but Gounod seems to have been more of a mystic than was generally realized.

Those who have made the acquaintance of the "robots" of Karel Capek's fantastic play, "R. U. R.," may be interested to learn of a totally different phase of this Czecho-Slovak author's work to be found in a new volume of nine short stories just published in Prague under the title, "Trapne Povidky" (Tales of Distress). In this book he reveals himself as a close, relentless, yet compassionate observer of his fellow men and women. Some of these tales develop about an ironic or semi-tragic motive, to which the characters are subordinated, thus achieving the concentrated quality of the well-written short story. Others make the characters more prominent than the events in which they figure, thus resembling episodes extracted from novels, rather than complete stories. Even in these, however, Capek's power of sympathetic human portrayal is strikingly displayed. European reviewers praise especially the character sketch called "At the Castle," which portrays the mental distress of a governess exposed to the indignities of wounded pride and offended shame. (Prague: Aventinum.)

Italy is commemorating in various ways the centenary of the death of the sculptor Canova, whose works have gone through successive waves of appreciation and neglect in the intervening decades. One of these acts of remembrance has taken the form of a volume by A. Foratti, entitled "Canova" (Milan: Casa Editrice Caddeo). Among other things, it gives fullest information about the beautiful temple which the sculptor raised in his native village of Possagno, which nestles in a fold of the lovely Asolean hills. Since that temple was built, the flaming admiration of Canova's contemporaries has been quenched by a period of neglect and depreciation, and even to-day, England, which contributed more liberally than any other country to the erection of Canova's tomb in Venice, still shows herself languid in appreciation of sculpture inspired by the classic period. There are signs, however, of a swing-back, and Signor Foratti's volume will certainly help to a better understanding of Canova's aims and aspirations.

At the same time that ex-Premiers Nitti and Giolitti are publishing their reminiscences, another Italian, Umberto F. Banchelli, is putting forth his "Memorie de Un Fascista" (Florence: Sassoiola Fiorentina). Signor Banchelli was connected with the Fascio of Florence from its beginning in 1919 until the Fascisti ceased their activities in 1922, being at one time Commissario della Vigelanza. He is thus able to give an inside view of the workings of that mysterious organization, and his pages reveal the jealousies and intrigues that seem inseparable from Italian politics—probably from all politics. As soon as the movement became a success, the old type of politicians crowded into it, many of them ex-Socialists and Communists. Happily the better elements prevailed at last, though there was plenty of jealousy of Mussolini. Indeed, the Florentine Fascio had to be suppressed and reorganized. Signor Banchelli tells how the Fascisti forced down the prices of profiteering merchants. Two days' grace were given after a warning, and then offenders were soundly beaten, after which prices came down with a rush. In the long run, however, high prices came back, and there were backsliders even among the Fascisti themselves. The author is a loyal follower of Mussolini, but criticizes his policy on some points. He thinks it is time to leave prices alone, but he opposes handing back the railways and telephones to private companies.

Robert Louis Stevenson's widow tells, in the preface to the fifteenth volume of the new Vailima edition of his works (London: Heinemann), how Stevenson came to collaborate with Lloyd Osbourne. His stepson was nineteen years old at the time, and had written a yarn to which he gave the name, "A Game of Bluff." It was read in the household, "and it seemed," says Mrs. Stevenson, "to us all a rather creditable effort for a boy of that age, and my husband remarked that it would be very easy to pull it together and 'make it go.'" Money was much desired just then to charter a yacht with. So Stevenson went at it hammer and tongs. The yarn "was overhauled and rewritten in a few weeks"; it emerged as that diverting tale, "The Wrong Box," and Mrs. Stevenson thinks that had it not been for this discovery of an accelerated process for making money, Stevenson would never have settled in Samoa.

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A Close-up of Books and Authors

IN REVIEWING the second series of Dean Inge's "Outspoken Essays" in the London *Nation* recently, George Bernard Shaw attacked, through the "gloomy Dean," college and university training. He finds Dean Inge to be "at once our greatest churchman and our greatest free-thinker." But he deprecates the fact that the Dean has never wholly freed himself from the fetters of his Eton and Cambridge training, remarking that civilization is being destroyed by educated men, and that instead of tearing down the universities and colleges already in existence, it is paradoxically always demanding that more shall be established. He instances as an illustration of the evils of university education Mr. Asquith, who "entered upon his Parliamentary career with a complete 1832 equipment!"

Dean Inge, says G.B.S., "believes in the Wages Fund; accepts existing poverty as proof that the world has entered on the phase of Diminishing Returns and is overpopulated; thinks that the Manchesterism which seeks to get as much as possible for as little as possible is a state of grace for the employer and of damnation for the ca' canny Trade Unionist; and believes that all clergymen who have sons are like his own father and not like Samuel Butler's father, and that the actual gentleman produced by our social system is the ideal gentleman."

Miss Rebecca West, novelist and critic, is to come to the United States for her first visit next November. While in this country Miss West will appear on the lecture platform. Her latest novel, "The Judge," published last Fall by George H. Doran Co., has been among the most discust of the season's books, and by many critics is held to be a significant and permanent contribution to modern English fiction. Beginning her career as a critic while still in her 'teens, Miss West rapidly achieved a considerable reputation as an analyst of peculiarly acute perceptions, and as one of the most brilliant of the younger generation of English writers. Her first book was a study of the work of Henry James; her second, a novel entitled "The Return of the Soldier," created wide comment upon its appearance some two or three years ago.

The first of Luigi Pirandello's novels to appear in English, "The Late Matthew Pascal" (Il Fu Mattia Pascal), is announced for early publication by E. P. Dutton & Co. This novel is said by Italian critics to have inaugurated a new tendency in Italian literature; it has plot, speed of action, subtle character analysis, and reveals Pirandello's individual philosophy. Meanwhile Pirandello's play, "Six Characters in Search of an Author," after having been the success of the intellectual theater in New York this winter and having duplicated that success in Paris, Berlin, and Munich, has been published in book form with others of his plays by Dutton.

Hilaire Belloc is about to sail from England to the United States, where, during the month of February, he will deliver a series of lectures on literary and other subjects of contemporary interest. Known widely as an essayist, poet and novelist, his last book, "The Jews," recently published in this country by Houghton-Mifflin, was so vigorous, outspoken and controversial in its nature as to make his opinions a subject of wide discussion here and in England. It may be noted that his point of view is markedly different from that of Henry Ford.

Literary reputation is at best capricious. The name of Vance Thompson, novelist, essayist and critic of French and Belgian letters, is perhaps better known to a non-literary audience than to a literary one. As the author of "Eat and Grow Thin" he was happily familiar some years ago to a wide population of weight-reducers throughout the land. Such was his fame that at least one bookstore displayed under the protective ægis of his volume, copies of Samuel Butler's "The Way of All Flesh!" Now Thompson has again returned to the novel, his latest, "The Pointed Tower," having just been published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co. It is a murder mystery story centering around the death of an internationally known French aristocrat, and exhibits Thompson's intimate contact with French diplomatic and literary life over a long period of years. For a quarter of a century Thompson has made Paris his home, occupying, before the war, the famous house of the brothers De Goncourt. Here there met each week a group of scientific investigators, among them Flammarion and Richet, to investigate psychic phenomena. From these sessions, held twenty years ago, developed the theory of the ectoplasm. These investigations and experiments are woven into the content of Thompson's new novel.

Russian literature dealing with the domestic life of the Tolstoys is said to be constantly increasing. Apparently as an answer to the "Autobiography of the Countess Leo Tolstoy," just published in the United States by B. W. Huebsch & Co., Vladimir Chertkov, Tolstoy's principal disciple and friend, has written an article on the domestic relations of the couple. Throughout her book Countess Tolstoy makes bitter insinuations against Chertkov, who now attempts to clear himself of the charges. He writes of the Countess as being mentally deranged and afflicted with "perversion of sentiment and imagination" which caused her to spread slanders against Tolstoy himself, whom she sincerely loved. Tolstoy's son, Count Leo, is now writing his reminiscences, relating incidents which his mother refers to, and he concludes that his father retained a strong affection for the Countess until the end, even despite the tragic disagreement that marred their life. Meanwhile Dr. Dushan Makovitzki, the physician who lived as a member of the household of Yasnaya Polyana, is likewise publishing his recollections. The later instalments of that record, dealing with the last tragic years of Tolstoy's life, have not yet appeared, but are awaited with keen interest in Russia.

Among recently published novels in England, Gilbert Cannan's "Annette and Bennett" is one of the most widely discust. The critics appear to feel that the book is important as marking a new step in Cannan's mental progress. S. B. P. Mais, writing from London, says of the novel:

> The story matters very little. What is important is the philosophy that Cannan has found efficacious after his years of wandering. It is obvious that he has found the old world too horrible for contemplation; in the new he finds a new faith, a new thought, a new kindness, habits overturned and a new spirit engendered. "Annette and Bennett" is a most significant book. Taken in conjunction with Sherwood Anderson's work, it makes us feel that truly the thought of man all over the globe is rapidly changing, turning away from materialism to a finer spirituality.

Mr. Cannan himself arrived in New York from England only a few days ago, and arrangements are now being made for the publication of "Annette and Bennett" in this country.

A Creator of New Fiction Types

(*Continued from page 7*)

For what was good in Wiley's books was, explicitly, himself, his humor and his understanding and his patience—yes, and his poetry. I didn't think, while I was with him, to call him a poet, and that was a mistake, for he would have been appallingly picturesque in reply. He would have seemed to be incredibly insulted, damaged beyond repair. Yet the poetry of "The Wildcat's Apostrophy to Lady Luck" is undeniable and distinguished.

That, together with the humor—a combination denied to small talents—first fixt my admiration for his stories, then in *The Saturday Evening Post*. It didn't matter how preposterous the situations and stories were in which the Wildcat appeared, he always triumphed over what Wiley did to him . . . and that was pretty stiff. Wiley treated him with a mingled love and criminal lack of thoughtfulness, knowing that he could never be alienated or actually spoiled.

I don't recall, now, a single episode in the Wildcat's career—there was something about a mass of bubbles and, again, a resurrection from a northern river in a salmon net—I know him as I know an individual, or, rather, as I never could really know an individual, for I have had the benefit of Wiley's understanding. Even the humor is not a humor of incident, but a pervading philosophy of comparison—the gravest dignity disintegrated in profound nonsense.

The dignity of his written Chinamen is totally different. In them dignity is at once a fatality and a faith; it sustains or destroys them, but their hold upon it never fails. There is, for the West, a perpetual mystery at their hearts, and Wiley, who is an artist, has made it doubly mysterious rather than subject it to a questionable analysis. In his stories of China in San Francisco there is always a poetry of justice, a balance kept by bitter revenge. But in the Wildcat stories the poetry is rather like a Greek chorus or the refrain of an English lyric. In "Lady Luck" the rattle of the dice is the decision of the gods, and the vocabulary of that engaging rite of chance Wiley has recorded to the last obscure symbol. Who will ever know why nine is called Nona the Boston Virgin? There is as great a secret at the heart of Africa as of China, but the mystery of the American negro, "Memphis Bound," Hugh Wiley understands. "The Wildcat" is evangelical and authentic, and American as the Mississippi River . . . native with the flavor of Wildcat Wiley.

Caste

THE title, "Caste,"* fits Mr. Fraser's story very well, and when we state that the setting is India much of the plot is revealed. It is the usual story of intrigue, of murderous natives and the one Englishman, who, because a native girl is in love with him, succeeds where otherwise he would have failed. The mysticism of India is not emphasized. That vogue seems to have passed. The love interest, as exemplified by Barlow and Elizabeth Hodson, is exceptionally meager, while the attraction which Barlow feels for Bootea is almost overwhelming. Bootea, of course, loves Barlow with all the passion of the Oriental heart, yet she realizes what the word "caste" means.

Fictional women in India are certainly gaining in prestige. Who ever heard of the women of India being allowed to testify, to unravel mysteries, to speak before Indian authorities with words that are almost commands?

The usual descriptive matter and nature pictures are missing in this story. The book is one of plot, of treachery, of swift reprisal. War between English and native troops is averted, and Barlow gains the necessary alliance after much bloodshed and murder. The conclusion, with all its horrors, is the only consistent one in view of the plot of the story and its development; the reader expects it and is satisfied with it because it is in keeping with the general atmosphere of the book.

*CASTE. By W. A. Fraser. New York: George H. Doran Company.

MANNERS ARE TELLTALES OF

Men—yes, of women, too. As our manners are polite or vulgar, so we are either admitted or denied admittance as an equal to the society of well-bred people.

"The Blue Book of Social Usage"

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ETIQUETTE

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Author of "Purple and Fine Linen," "The Title Market," and other successful novels.

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Photograph by Ira Hill

EMILY POST (Mrs. Price Post)

The Last Word

Emily Post's "Etiquette" has been warmly praised by the critics. Dorothy Hamilton, of the New York *Evening Post*, said, in part: "If it is possible to say of any work on the subject 'this is the last word,' then this verdict may be given to Mrs. Post's book. It is safe to say that Etiquette will be the last word in social matters until at least such time as society has radically changed, for it covers with an almost incredible minuteness of detail every contingency into which a social being may be plunged. From the ceremony of christening a child until the last sad rites after death, the life of a well-bred person is conducted with painstaking care."

Important and Authoritative

The Los Angeles *Examiner* says: "It is not too much to call this book epochal. Of the making of books of etiquette there is no end, but few of them are of the slightest importance or authority. Here is one that is *both*."

Who the Author Is

Says Billy Benedick in the New York *American*: "No one is better fitted to explain the whys and wherefores of high society than the former Miss Price, who from earliest childhood has been associated with only what is best in New York, and has always enjoyed the companionship of those in the most exalted circles. Her father was the late Bruce Price, a noted architect, brilliant writer, man of the world, and one of the founders of Tuxedo Park, in which environment his daughter was reared and married."

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"Etiquette" is printed in one handsome volume of 639 pages, with gold stamping. Contains 16 full-page photographic reproductions, showing in detail table settings for all occasions; weddings, home interiors and decorations.

Cloth Binding, $4, net; $4.18, postpaid. Special Christmas Presentation Edition, Bound in Full Flexible Leather, Gold Edged Paper, in Handsome Box, $7.50, net; $7.68, postpaid.

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The Sensational Lapse of the Spanish Novel

(*Continued from page 6*)

of blunders of the sort peculiar to those suffering from megalomania, and ended by committing suicide.

Trigo's novels—all of them "amorous" in the grossest and most material sense of the word—obtained a *succès de scandale*, but I must add that they were more widely read in the Spanish-American republics than in Spain itself. This success in the matter of sales caused the rise of innumerable novelists of the same sort, who still further exaggerated the immoralities of the man whom they considered their master. It was a shameful race to see who should run farthest on the road of scandal. It seemed as if these wretched novelists were wagering among themselves as to who should depart furthest from professional dignity in order to describe the most intimate and difficult scenes and the most repugnant aberrations of sex. The one thing lacking in their novels was the vile and obscene language used in secretly published and prohibited books. But the spirit and the scenes depicted were the same in both.

A public of raw youths, libidinous old men, and giddy young women, who bought these books in secret, gave fat profits to their publishers. These publishers, thinking only of sales, became powerful agents of immorality. When a new novelist came to them, offering a sincere and honest work, they said to him: "Cease imitating the old-fashioned novelists. Write risky books, for they are the kind that sell." And often the poor young writer followed their advice.

This state of affairs could not last, and it must be said, to the honor of Spanish readers, that the public itself, which at first had encouraged it, condemned it some time ago without any need of government intervention. The nation as a whole really grew ashamed of the existence of this class of novels. The government did not venture actually to prohibit these novels for fear that it should be called an "enemy of artistic liberty." But the critics, the noted authors, the publishers of good standing, all promptly raised their voices imperiously against such literature. The public joined in the protest, and the very readers who had first bought these evil novels came in time to abominate them. They were weary and satiated with so much obscenity, for there is nothing so fatiguing as a monotony of scandal, wilfully sought "in cold blood" in order to attract attention.

The Spanish novel has now freed itself completely from this epidemic of salacity, and is continuing on its true way. The public leaves it to the novelist to say all that he thinks is necessary for the greater beauty of his work, and the novelist, on his part, attends to limiting that liberty and to seeing that he does not abuse it.

III.

A defect of the modern Spanish novel has been its excess of what we may call "nationalism." Spanish novelists have always been, as a rule, men who traveled very little. Don Juan Valera was the only one who, being a diplomat, wandered over the world and reflected the results in his works, a fact which makes him superior in certain respects to other authors of his time. As a general rule, all the old masters of the Spanish novel took at most a short trip to Paris, and some of them did not even do that, dying without having ever crossed the frontiers of Spain. For this reason their stories, beautifully thought out and written tho they were, often became monotonous. The novelists were many, and they all moved in the same circle, which certainly was not very large, so that they soon cleared the field of its flowers. They all put into their works the same rustic and urban types and the same problems of national life, repeating each other in this way overmuch.

It is clear that a novel ought not to be colorless, and that it ought to have a national physiognomy. Every people needs to see its own reflection in the work of its writers of fiction. This is indisputable. But all excess is harmful, and when the fiction of a country limits itself to moving always within its own boundaries, like one who walks about in a closed house without opening the windows, without feeling curiosity as to what is happening outside, it ends by growing prematurely old, repeating always the same things with the persistency of a maniac. Furthermore, a novel can belong in every way to the country in which it appears, and at the same time be a work of universal character, reflecting the whole of humanity. Herein lies the great difficulty—this is the test of a true novelist: to produce a book that is a faithful picture of the country in whose language it is written, and that at the same time, on being translated, interests the readers of other countries and of other languages. This miracle is achieved only by novelists who, tho they be English, Spanish or French by birth, are above their nationality—novelists whom we may call "human."

The living novelists of Spain to-day are less sedentary than their great predecessors, but they still—with some exceptions—lack sufficient travel to accustom themselves to seeing persons and things with a comprehensive vision.

Besides the Spain of Europe, there are in the world nineteen nations that talk Spanish. It seems natural and logical that the Spanish fiction writers should travel through all the republics of Spanish-America, studying at close range the customs and psychology of the inhabitants, who are descendants of the brave soldiers and sailors of the Discovery, or the product of their crossing with the native races. The novelists of other languages have been writing for more than a century about peoples that are, in a manner, sons of their own country. . . .

In this connection, let me say that I was the first Spanish novelist to act upon the idea of taking ship in order to know Spanish-speaking America and to be able to describe it in fiction. That first voyage of mine to South America was made fourteen years ago. Since then, I believe, only one or two Spanish novelists have been to South America, despite the fact that no field can be broader or more interesting for the creator of fiction. It should be understood that the literatures of the Spanish-American republics are very rich and exuberant in poets, some of them truly eminent; but those countries are absolutely poor in novelists. If occasionally one worthy of mention arises, he produces only a single novel (all that is in him) and then disappears forever, like a singer with a weak voice, who can intone only one romance and immediately grows hoarse.

The Spanish novelist of the present day—with rare exceptions—travels little, and this is a defect. If he would more frequently get out of the national environment his work would be less monotonous and more human. But it is almost certain that in time this defect will diminish.

On the other hand, no country of Europe has so many novelists as Spain in proportion to the number of its inhabitants. Limiting myself to the most noted contemporary authors, I can cite the names of Baroja, Valle Inclán, Leon, Concha Espina, Ayala, Zamacois, Pedro Mata, Carmen Burgos, La Serna, Hoyos y Vinent, Carretero, José Francés, José Más, Insúa, Belda, Catá, etc. It would take too long to mention all the living novelists now continuously producing books; some are of mature age, others young beginners, but all have their devoted readers and are producing works worthy of general appreciation.

So great is the production of novels in Spain that there exist in Madrid, and in the other principal cities of the country, publishing houses that issue absolutely new novels in the form of periodicals that are sold at the same price as a daily newspaper. As each of these novels is issued to the public on a certain day of the week, it may be said that Spain—apart from the novels printed by the book publishers in volumes averaging three hundred pages—publishes one novel in periodical form, completely new, every twenty-four hours, or say three hundred and sixty-five novels a year. For a country of twenty million inhabitants that is too many.

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Fiction

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VOLUME I. The Literary Digest No. 4, WHOLE NO. 4.

INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

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THE LITERARY DIGEST INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW is published monthly by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. London Office, 134 Salisbury Square. Printed in the United States of America.

Entered as second-class matter November 29, 1922, at the Post-Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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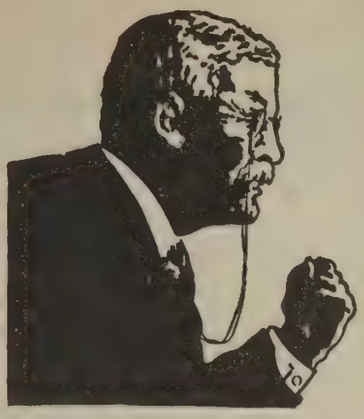

Theodore Roosevelt—*author*

In the writings of Theodore Roosevelt, America has an heritage whose richness grows with the perspective of the receding years. Washington and Lincoln we know chiefly through their historians—Roosevelt future generations will know through his own books, intimately and clearly. No cherry-tree legends will grow up around Theodore Roosevelt—the world will have instead a full and frank revelation of his potent personality, of his life of courage and high adventure, and of the stirring times in which he lived, as seen through his own eyes.

His books are an inspiriting reflection of that zest for living which brought to him, as some one has said, the experiences of five ordinary great men: naturalist, explorer, soldier, statesman, and sportsman. And whether one shares with him his joyous adventures in the open, his stimulating comments on public life, or the personal intimacies of autobiography and letters, there is always to be found that glow of magnetic personality which was one of his characteristics in life.

That deep love of nature which carried him into the wilderness of the earth suffuses all his books of travel and scientific exploration, already recognized as classics of adventure. Here are vivid word-pictures which give the most casual reader a sense of dazzling mountain peaks and festering swamps, of deserts mocked by wavering mirages, of matted jungles, of white cliffs riddled with ancient dwellings. Here is the joy of combat in the world's great hunting grounds, the thrill of danger, and a sensitive appreciation of the hidden mysteries of the world's waste spaces.

Through his writings on public affairs and his autobiography there rings the challenge of a man who never once put personal considerations before the success of the cause for which he fought and who expected from every one else the same degree of natural heroism. And in the books compiled from his letters there are personal revelations of the most warmly human sort, such as the charming intimacy of his correspondence with his children, as well as broadly significant records and interpretations of important events of world history.

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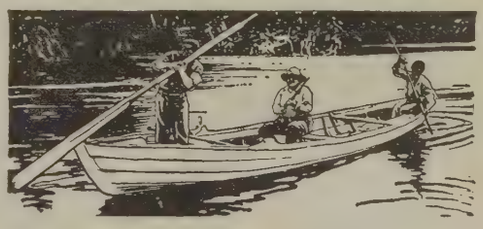

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The Literary Digest
INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

Volume I, No. 4 | New York, March, 1923 | Whole Number 4

An Immigrant Among the Editors

By Anzia Yezierska

EVER since I began to read the American magazines one burning question has consumed me: Why is it that only the thoughts of educated people are written up? Why shouldn't sometimes a servant girl or a janitress or a coal-heaver give his thoughts to the world? We who are forced to do the drudgery of the world, and who are considered ignorant because we have no time for school, could say a lot of new and different things, if only we had a chance to get a hearing.

Very rarely I'd come across a story about a shop-girl or a washerwoman. But they weren't real stories. They were twisted pictures of the way the higher-ups see us people. They weren't as we are. They were as unreal as the knowledge of the rich about the poor. Often I'd read those smooth-flowing stories about nothing at all, and I'd ask myself, Why is it that so many of the educated, with nothing to say, know how to say that nothing with such an easy flow of words, while I, with something so aching to be said, can say nothing?

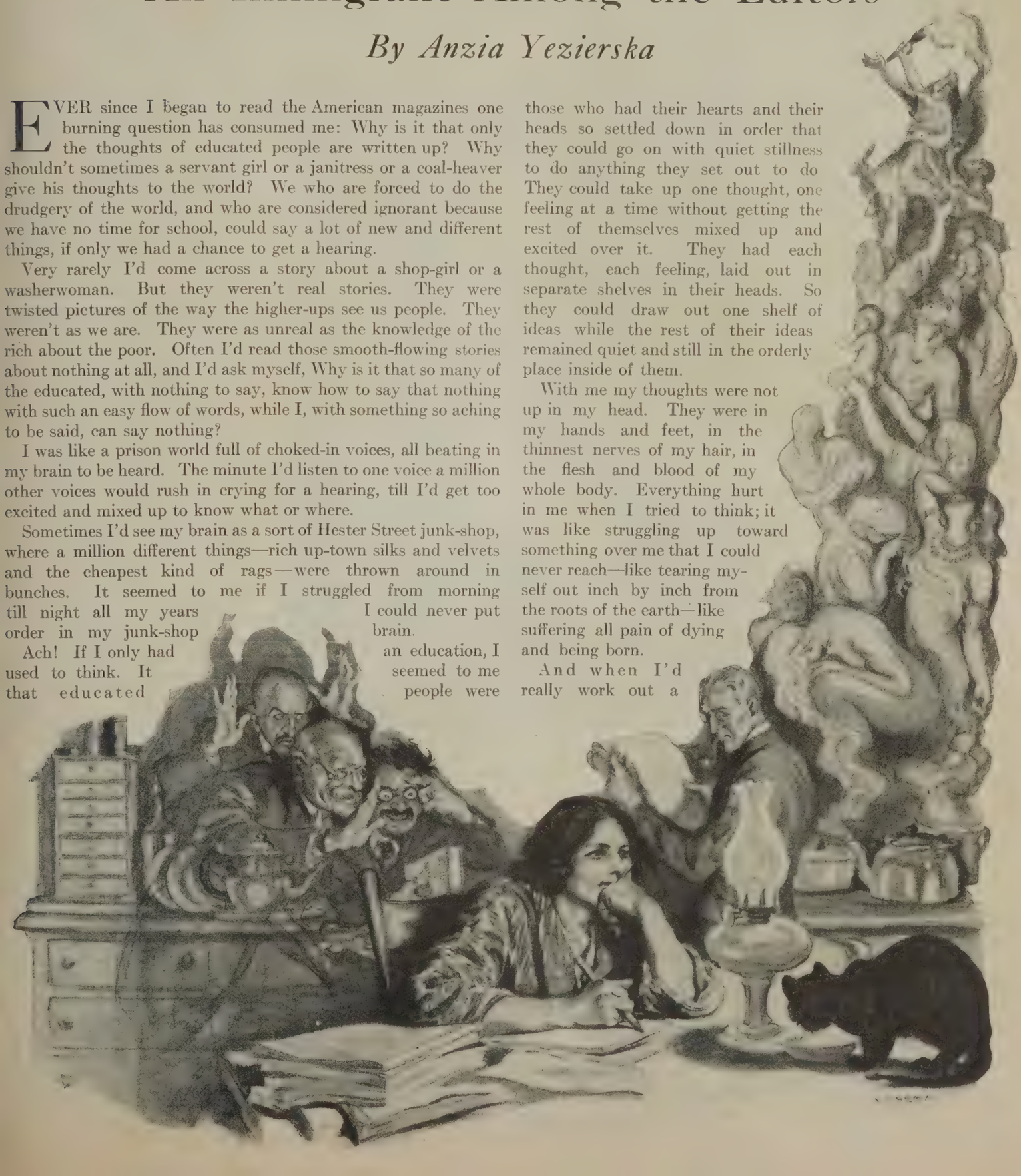
I was like a prison world full of choked-in voices, all beating in my brain to be heard. The minute I'd listen to one voice a million other voices would rush in crying for a hearing, till I'd get too excited and mixed up to know what or where.

Sometimes I'd see my brain as a sort of Hester Street junk-shop, where a million different things—rich up-town silks and velvets and the cheapest kind of rags—were thrown around in bunches. It seemed to me if I struggled from morning till night all my years I could never put order in my junk-shop brain.

Ach! If I only had an education, I used to think. It seemed to me that educated people were those who had their hearts and their heads so settled down in order that they could go on with quiet stillness to do anything they set out to do. They could take up one thought, one feeling at a time without getting the rest of themselves mixed up and excited over it. They had each thought, each feeling, laid out in separate shelves in their heads. So they could draw out one shelf of ideas while the rest of their ideas remained quiet and still in the orderly place inside of them.

With me my thoughts were not up in my head. They were in my hands and feet, in the thinnest nerves of my hair, in the flesh and blood of my whole body. Everything hurt in me when I tried to think; it was like struggling up toward something over me that I could never reach—like tearing myself out inch by inch from the roots of the earth—like suffering all pain of dying and being born.

And when I'd really work out a



thought in words, I'd want to say it over and over a million times, for fear maybe I wasn't saying it strong enough. And I'd clutch at my few little words as a starving man clutches at crums. I could never sit back with the feeling that I had said what I wanted to say, like the educated people, who are sure of themselves when they say something. The real thing I meant remained inside of me for want of deeper, more burning words than I had yet found in the cold English language.

With all the confused unsureness of myself, I was absolutely sure I had great things in me. I felt that all I needed was the chance to reach the educated higher-ups, and all the big things in me would leap out quicker than lightning. But how was I to reach these American-born higher-ups when they were so much above me? I could never get into their colleges because I could never take the time to learn all the beginnings from school to pass their entrance examinations. And even if I had the time to study, I wasn't interested in grammar and arithmetic and dry history and still drier and deader literature about Chaucer and Marlowe. I was too much on fire trying to think out my own thoughts to get interested in the dust and ashes of dead and gone ones. And yet I was so crazy to reach those who had all that book-learning from school in their heads that I was always dreaming of the wonderful educated world that was over me.

Sometimes I'd wake up in the middle of the night and stare through the darkness at an imaginary world of educated people that would invite me in to share with them their feast of learning. I saw them sitting around a table talking high thoughts, all the wisdom of the ages flowing from lip to lip like living light. I saw just how they talked and how they looked, because once I had worked as a waitress in a professor's house. Their words were over my head, but the sound of their low voices went through me like music of all that I longed and dreamed and desired to be.

I used to hold myself tight-in, like a wooden dummy, when I passed them the food. My lips were tight together, my eyes half-closed, like a Chinaman's, as tho I didn't see or hear anything but my one business of waiting on them. But all the time something in the choked stillness of me was crying out to them: "I'm no dummy of a servant. I want to be like you. I could be like all of you if I only had a chance."

"If I only had a chance" kept going round and round in my head.

"Make your chance," a still voice goaded me.

"If I could only write out my wonderful thoughts that fly away in the air I'd get myself a first place in America."

"No, go ahead. Think connectedly for one minute. Catch your crazy wild birds and bring them down to earth."

And so I pushed myself on to begin the adventure of writing out my thoughts.

But who'll print what I write? was my next bother.

In my evenings off I used to go to the library and kept looking and looking through all the magazines to see where I could get a start. At last I picked out three magazines that stood out plainly for their special interest in working people. I will call them The Reformer, The People and Free Mankind.

Free Mankind was a thin, white, educated-looking magazine, without covers, without pictures, without any advertising. It gave me the feeling when I looked through the pages that it was a head without a body. Most of the articles were high words in the air. I couldn't make out what they were talking about, but some of the editorials talked against paying rent. This at once got me on fire with interest, because all my life the people I knew were wearing out their years worrying for the rent. If this magazine was trying to put the landlords out of business, I was with it. So, fired by the inspiration of the moment, I rushed to see the editor of Free Mankind.

I don't remember how I ever pushed myself past the telephone girl and secretary, but I found myself talking face to face with a clean, cold, high-thinking head, Mr. Alfred Nott, editor-boss of Free Mankind. My burning enthusiasm turned into ice through all my bones as I looked into the terrible, clean face and cold eyes of this clean cold higher-up. But I heard my words rushing right to him like the words of a soap-box speaker who is so on fire with his thoughts that even the cold ones from up-town are forced to listen to him.

"I can put a lot of new life into your magazine," I said. "I have in me great new ideas about life, and I'm crazy to give them out to you. Your magazine is too much up in the head and not enough down on earth. It's all words, words, long-winded empty words in emptiness. Your articles are something like those long sermons about nothing, that put people to sleep. I can wake up your readers like lightning. I can make your magazine mean living things to living people."

The man fell back in his chair as if frightened. His mouth opened to speak, but no words came from his lips.

"What you tell us about not paying rent is good enough," I went on. "But you should tell us how to put an end to all that. I know enough about not having a place to sleep in to write you something that will wake up the dead. You're not excited enough with feelings when you write, because you live in a soft steamheated place with plenty of money to pay for it. But the poor like me, with little rent, and drying out their heads worrying for that little, they feel what it is to be under the foot of those Cossacks, the landlords. In my stories I'd write for you, I'd get the readers so mad, they'd rush out and do something."

Even while I was yet talking, Mr. Nott slipt out of the chair and disappeared like a frightened rabbit. I could see him vanishing through the door before I could stop my flow of words. I looked about me in the empty room. I felt as if I'd been slapped in the face.

I ran out of the office with tears in my eyes. And I couldn't stop my crying in the street. So this is his Free Mankind! When a person comes to him with something real he runs away as from a madman. Here was a paper that would reform the world, and its boss wouldn't even listen to one of the people he was setting out to save.

But there were other magazines in America, I told myself. The Reformer flashed before my eyes, because I remember it said on the back page, "It speaks for the average man."

I found myself again face to face with an editor—John Blair, the great liberal, the friend of an American President, the starter of a new school that was to gather all the minds of the new world. With this man I thought I'd begin by asking him a question instead of rushing myself out to him in all my hungry eagerness.

"Mr. Blair," I demanded in a voice of choked-in quietness, "do you think that the educated people know it all?"

He looked at me for a long minute. His lips closed together, his eyes cool like a judge. I felt he looked me over to decide in what shelf I belonged in the filing bureau of his college head.

"No, my dear young woman. I don't say that educated people have a monopoly of knowledge, but they are the only ones that know how to use it."

"Then it's only the thoughts of educated people for your magazine," I cried disappointedly. "How about people like me with a lot to say but can't put it in fancy language? Isn't your new school to be different from the old colleges in that you want to bring out the new thoughts of new people like me? Wouldn't you want to give a person like me a chance in your magazine?"

"But can you express yourself logically, reasonably—"

"Logic—reason! Reason—logic!" I jumped from the chair with excitement. "That's why your magazine is so dull, so dead, because all your living thoughts die down in the ashes of dead logic. Reason and logic aren't life. Hunger and desire is life. I know, because I'm burning up with it. With this hunger they paint pictures and write books and sing songs—"

"You Russians are full of interesting stuff. But you're so incoherent. You'd be no use to us unless you could learn to think clearly."

"I know my thoughts are all mixed up," I pleaded with educated quietness, "but it's only because I have so much to give and nobody wants it. Wouldn't it be better for your magazine to have

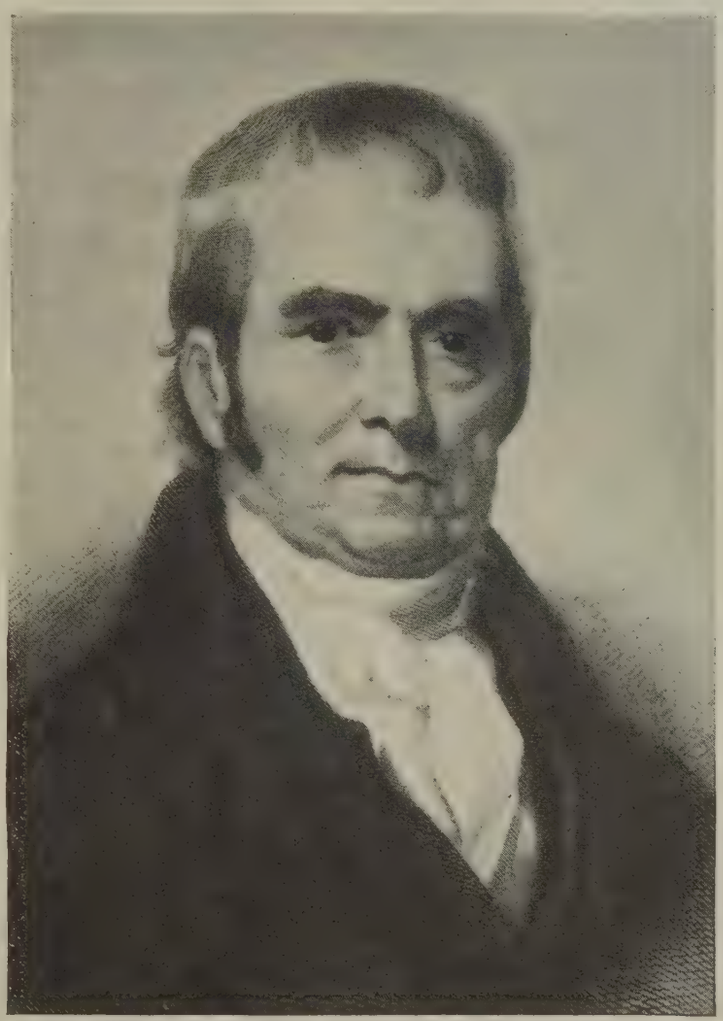
(*Continued on page 67*)

Shaping the American Commonwealth

By James M. Beck

WHEN the author of this review was invited last summer in Paris to deliver an address before the *Comité National d'Etudes Sociales et Politiques* in the *Cour de Cassation*, he asked the society to suggest a subject, and its officers (of whom M. Poincaré is President) at once suggested "The Supreme Court of the United States" as the subject that would most interest them. It has been my experience that both in England and France no feature of our institutions more deeply interests foreign publicists or more profoundly challenges their admiration than our Supreme Court; altho their idea of its jurisdiction and methods is generally very nebulous.

Such admiration is well deserved, for no Court ever occupied a larger place in the life of a nation than did the Supreme Court in the first half-century of American history. It may not be too much to say that it was the greatest forum of intellectual debate of which civilization has any knowledge. There had been great courts before the Supreme Court; but none had its peculiar and extraordinary function of determining in like measure the very form of the Government whose laws it was to interpret. It was in truth a super-Senate, or, more properly, it was, in the greatest of its functions, a continuance of the Constitutional Convention of 1787. The framers of the Constitution, with great sagacity and foresight, only indicated the ground plan of the future edifice of our Constitutional form of Government. The important duty devolved upon the Supreme Court to erect the superstructure. That superstructure, compared with the Constitution in its original form, is as the present Capitol building to the original building. "A government of laws, not of men," was thus nobly developed by the court, which acted, not as partizans, but as sworn interpreters of Constitutional liberty. There is no better evidence of the spirit of self-restraint, which is the very genius of American liberty, than the fact that, after the storm of party strife and the earthquake of popular reaction (which at times marked the reaction of the people to the great pioneer decisions of the Supreme Court), the "still, small voice" of that august tribunal was more potent than either.



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CHIEF JUSTICE JOHN MARSHALL

Such an institution richly deserved that its history be written. No adequate history of the court as a political institution had ever appeared until Mr. Warren placed the nation—and, indeed, the whole thinking world—in his debt by the admirable work herein reviewed.* There had been a volume of Lives of the Chief Justices, and the interest in the subject-matter of Mr. Warren's book was profoundly stimulated by Beveridge's masterly biography of John Marshall. The difficulty with these two books, so far as they incidentally narrate the history of the Supreme Court, was that they were merely biographies of one or more of the earlier Chief Justices. Inevitably the vice of all biography is that, however judicial in tone, it places a disproportionate emphasis upon individuals. Green, in his "History of the English People," clearly showed that such history of a people is far greater than a biography of a man, however conspicuous he may have been. Beveridge's admirable portrait of John Marshall and his times—while a valuable contribution to history—has the weakness of unduly emphasizing Marshall; for great as the greatest of Chief Justices was, the court, as an institution, is very much greater than Marshall or any of its members.

When the Supreme Court completed the first century of its existence Hampton L. Carson of the Philadelphia bar was commissioned by the Judiciary Centennial Committee of the New York Bar Association to write the history of the court. It appeared in 1892. The task was happily entrusted to Mr. Carson, for in our times there is probably no more zealous or brilliant student of the history of the law than he. He told the history of the court from its beginning to the installation of Chief Justice Fuller in 1888. It is inevitable that in the thirty-five years that have passed, this history is now incomplete. Its value largely consisted in the short biographies of the members of the court and an effective statement of its principal decisions in the first century of its existence. Written at the instance of the bar, it was not unnaturally written for the bar, and it is therefore a history of the court from the standpoint of a lawyer. It fails to discuss adequately the profound repercussion of many of these decisions upon the public mind and the immense influence that they exerted upon the development of the American commonwealth. This consideration sharply differentiates the two books; for Warren's history discusses the Supreme Court as a great and unique political institution, while Carson's history deals with it primarily as a judicial instrumentality.

Mr. Warren brought to his great task exceptional qualifications. Not only is he a deep student of the law; but, as an Assistant Attorney-General of the United States in the Wilson Administration, he was brought into that active contact with the Supreme Court which few practitioners in this country have had. He therefore knew the court, not merely in theory, but in its practical

*THE SUPREME COURT IN UNITED STATES HISTORY. By Charles Warren, formerly Assistant Attorney-General of the United States. 3 Vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1922.

workings. He has given us three volumes of over fifteen hundred pages, and the best compliment that I could pay him is that, when I completed this notable contribution to history, I wished that it had been six volumes and three thousand pages; for Mr. Warren, with great skill, has taken a subject which would ordinarily be "caviar to the general" and has sustained the interest of his thoughtful readers to the end.

Inevitably, his treatment of the history of the court in the last thirty years is inadequate, and, to those who have been practitioners in the court in that period, somewhat disappointing. He recognized this and justified his comparatively brief and inadequate discussion of the prodigious developments in our jurisprudence in more recent years by suggesting that we were living too close to these events to make an adequate estimate of them. Even in this respect, he has shown great skill; for his review of the decisions of the court from the appointment of Chief Justice White to the present time shows his knowledge of the recent growth of Constitutional law; but it is so impressionistic, as compared with his previous discussion of the earlier history of the court, as to provoke the wish that, at some convenient time, he will add a fourth volume which will review more adequately the history of the court in recent times.

With the Judiciary, as with every other institution of human society, a quantitative production has been substituted for a qualitative. In the earlier history of the court, men still had time to think with patience and deliberation of the supreme issues of life—a luxury which is, unfortunately, no longer afforded the present generation. Prior to 1825, the average number of cases disposed of by the court each year was only twenty-four; from 1826 to 1830, the average was fifty-eight; and, from 1846 to 1850, the average was seventy-one. In the last five years, the court has had an average of over one thousand cases pending each term, and has disposed of approximately six hundred.

As a result of a qualitative production, and because the public of that earlier time had both the leisure and the disposition to follow with care and interest the great problems of Constitutional law, the court, in its earlier history, enjoyed a truly golden period. As an object of public interest, it was nothing undervalued either to Congress, or to the Executive. Indeed, it was a greater forum for intellectual debate than the Senate. It then had a small but very brilliant bar, and the argument of nearly all the great pioneer cases was restricted to a few intellectual giants. Wilson, Hamilton, Luther Martin, the two Ingersolls, Lewis, Rawle, Dallas, Duponceau, Hopkinson, Sargent, Binney, Wirt, Oakley, Emmet, Rufus Choate, Benton, Quincy Adams, Webster and Clay were the gladiators who crossed swords in that great arena. For forty years, Webster appeared in nearly every important case, and in one volume of the United States Reports, Pinkney, of Maryland, was counsel in more than one-half the cases! The public's interest in their discussions was extraordinary. Men at that time talked of the coming argument in Gibbons versus Ogden for many months, and the interest in the respective champions of national and State rights was as great as is the interest to-day in the latest baseball phenomenon or moving-picture star.

"When a great argument took place, the little court-room was packed with the foremost representatives of official and social life, and the arguments—which frequently lasted for many days—were followed with an intense interest, to which to-day the interest in the world's champion baseball series is only comparable. When the decisions were announced, they became at once the foremost subject of public discussion throughout the country. At times the decisions had a profound influence upon political history. Possibly no single cause contributed more to precipitating the Civil War than the Dred Scott decision; but other cases differed, in this respect, only in degree and not in kind. It was an age when people were profoundly interested in their Government, and some of the great debates in the Supreme Court in those earlier days could fairly be compared, in the public interest which they excited, with the trial of Warren Hastings.

Mr. Warren has developed this phase of our life as a nation with unusual skill. With untiring industry he has gone to contemporary documents and has shown from letters and press editorials of the period the reaction in the public mind to each of the great pioneer decisions. He has not tried to make his history dramatic; he has indulged in no attempts at word painting—except in so far as the quotations of contemporary descriptions are dramatic.

Another admirable feature of Mr. Warren's book is the fine judicial poise with which he narrates the history of those heated times. He plays no favorites. While, as nearly all lawyers, he is probably an almost idolatrous admirer of John Marshall, yet he makes no attempt to put Marshall in the limelight, as tho he alone were the Court. Indeed, he refrains from estimates of comparative worth. He tells his story, as developed by his unwearying researches into contemporary documents, and generally permits the reader to draw his own conclusions as to the rights and wrongs of the innumerable conflicts in the Supreme Court over our form of Government. In this he is indeed a true

(*Continued on page 64*)

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THE SUPREME COURT JUSTICES CALL ON THE PRESIDENT

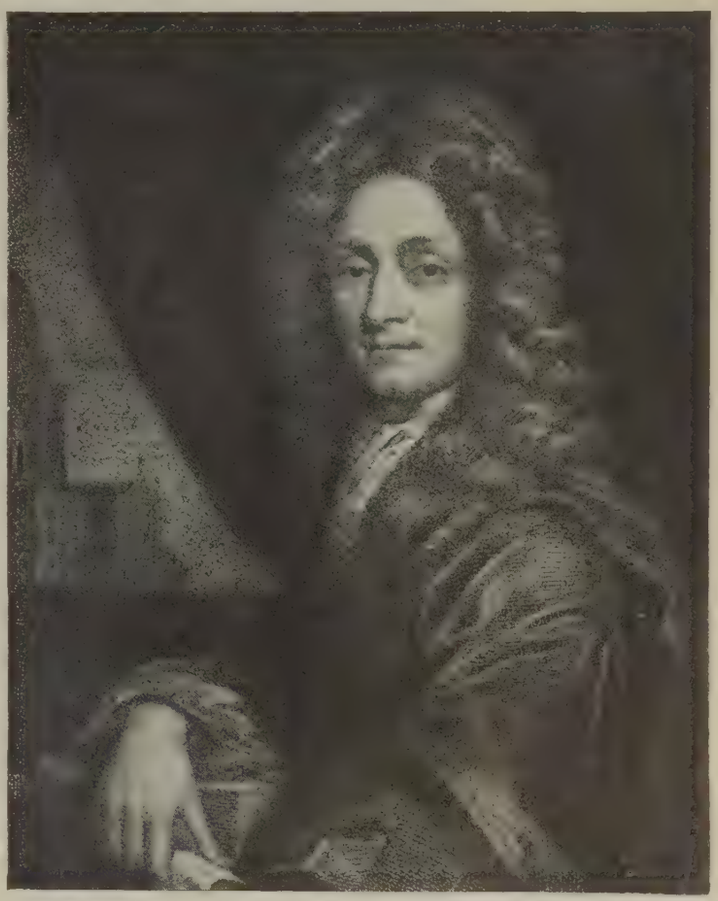
Left to right: Justice James Clark McReynolds; Justice Joseph McKenna; Chief Justice William Howard Taft; Justice Louis D. Brandeis (in rear, head uncovered); Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes; Justice William R. Day; Clerk William R. Stansbury (in rear—bareheaded); Justice William Devanter; Attorney-General Daugherty; Justice Mahlon Pitney.

John Evelyn and Christopher Wren Make a Salad

By Elizabeth Robins Pennell

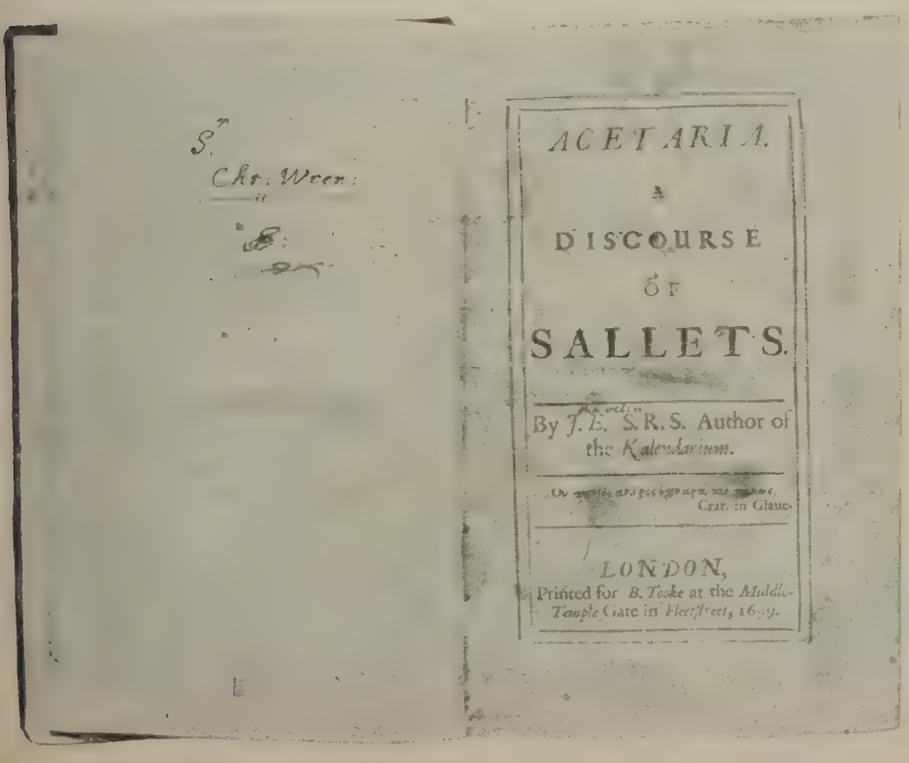
FOR almost thirty years it was my good fortune to live behind windows that looked out upon Wren's City. I had but to glance up from my work or my book or my talk, and there, before me, was his great dome, with his many towers and spires, rising high above a London white as one seldom sees it who only sees it from the streets below. The beauty of Wren's architecture thus became for me, not a tourist's sight starred in Baedeker, nor a mere subject for a technical treatise, but part of my daily life, as familiar as the prints on my walls, the books in my bookcase, and Wren himself less the distinguished architect of the past than a considerate friend who, in the immediate present, was contributing lavishly to my pleasure. Even now that his bi-centenary is being celebrated in London with all possible honors, books being written about him and numerous articles—even now that my windows no longer look out upon his London, I retain this feeling of intimacy, I might call it, with the man. And the man should not be forgotten in the midst of the homage paid to the genius.

Besides the talents now in everybody's mouth, Wren had a talent for friendship. Of this I had an unexpected reminder last winter when, at the sale of Mrs. DePuy's cook-books at the Anderson Galleries, I bought Evelyn's "Acetaria." A cook-book is probably the last thing to associate with Sir Christopher Wren, or, for that matter, with Evelyn, solemn and pompous as he seems in his Diary. But "Acetaria" reveals a lighter side to Evelyn, while on the fly-leaf of this particular copy—from the Heber Library and afterwards in the Herschell Jones Collection—is an inscription to Wren signed by the well-known intertwined "J. E." The Diary shows more than once what Evelyn's opinion was of Wren as architect, astronomer, scientist. "A wonderful genius had this incomparable person" is one tribute; in another Wren and Pepys are bracketed together as "two extraordinary, ingenious and knowing persons." Also from the Diary it can be gathered that Wren and Evelyn were on the friendliest terms. Evelyn was godfather to a son of Wren's. Wren gave his first commissions to Grinling Gibbons on Evelyn's recommendation, tho afterward induced to give others by the beauty of Gibbons's work, proofs of which are in many of Wren's churches. Evelyn, when in need of a tutor for his son, turned to Wren for advice. All this means a genuine, because practical, friendship between the two. Often, as friends will, they dined together. "Came to dine with me, Sir William Fermor of Northamptonshire, and Sir Christopher Wren, His Majesty's Architect & Surveyor, now building the Cathedral of St. Paul & the Column in memory of the City's conflagration, & was in hand with the building of fifty parish churches," Evelyn wrote on May 5, 1681. And other entries record dinners before going together to the Greenwich Hospital Committee, of which both were members, or in other people's houses, or to talk over business, so that we get an idea of their frequent meetings at the dinner table. On these occasions, no doubt, Evelyn learned that the art of dining brought them into as close sympathy as the Royal Society and the various commissions upon which they labored.



SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN

From the original picture by Sir G. Kneller, in the possession of the Royal Society



SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN'S COPY OF EVELYN'S BOOK ON SALADS

Of this important and delightful art Evelyn was a master. Had he not been, he never would have written "Acetaria: A Discourse of Sallets." It ranks him with Grimod de la Reynière and Brillat Savarin and those other masters of gastronomy

(*Continued on page 69*)

A School for Better Manners in America

By Gertrude Atherton

I HAVE always said that there should be a school for manners in the United States, and that every man and woman (particularly man) who has not enjoyed the higher advantages should be compelled to enter it for a post-graduate course. For, as a nation, we are the most ill-mannered in the world. The South may be exempt from this national vice. It has always had the reputation for courtesy, and certainly during three brief visits there I experienced nothing less. It is also picturesque. I remember being speechless with admiration at the manner in which its leading citizens managed to hit the spittoon every time—even when this historic *objet d'art* was on the other side of the room. But I know the north and the east and the west very thoroughly, and outside of certain groups, severely trained from childhood by well-bred parents, manners, even in the good and the kind, are sadly perforated, and polish is nil.

A BRIDE'S BOUQUET

"The radiance of a truly happy bride is so beautifying that even a plain girl is made pretty, and a pretty one, divine."

The awful people so ruthlessly portrayed in "Babbitt" are identical with the awful people we see and hear and are jostled by when traveling across the continent. In summer men go into the dining-car in their shirt-sleeves and suspenders, assuming, apparently, that hot weather is excuse enough for anything. (They must be shuddering people to live with.) They also eat with both elbows planted on the table and make horrible noises. Crossing the ocean one is protected from such people, for they go second or third class, but on a Pullman train, where the expense of the trip is higher, one is as helpless as if in an indiscriminate refugee camp.

But they are by no means the worst offenders. It is the men you meet, not only on trains, but in stations, on the street, in crowded districts, in hotel lobbies, who push and almost trample, who never raise their hats if they nearly knock you down, who shove you aside at a ticket office, who thrust you ruthlessly aside if there is only one vacant seat on a train, who, in the house, come into your presence with their hats on, who merely nod on the street, who cough in your face, who chew gum in public—oh, well, what's the use? The list is endless. But life at home is paradise compared to traveling in the United States of America.

Here are two personal examples out of many. I spent some time once in a small Western city. There was no bootblack in the hotel, only one in the entire town. Like everybody else, I went periodically to this enclosed stand—and had an interesting conversation with the bootblack, who was a character. One day, while enthroned, the chief banker of the town entered, not for service, but because he had seen me while passing. He kept his hat on and his cigar in his mouth, but was extremely genial: he was, indeed, one of the most agreeable men in the place. Suddenly, in the middle of a sentence, he apparently remembered something he had forgotten, wheeled without a word of explanation, and bolted. A few days later I was calling on a woman when her husband entered. He had his hat on and he kept it on, altho he sat and talked for ten minutes or more. When he left, his wife said apologetically: "I know you think that was dreadful, but no one ever taught him any better when he was young, and now it is too late. It is a pity, because he is descended from one of the historic families of America. But his people emigrated here before he was born, and life was hard—they were really not to blame."

Of course, I had no resentment against those two men, nor did I like them any the less. But I felt sorry for them. They were both amiable and intelligent men, more so, perhaps, than many more highly polished, and yet they would appear at a disadvantage in the society of a Raffles. I have met innumerable men and women whom a little polish would convert into delightful members of so-

THE PERFECT EXAMPLE OF A FORMAL DINNER-TABLE

of wealth, luxury and taste, which involves no effort on the part of the hostess of a great house beyond deciding upon the date and the principal guests who are to form the nucleus of the party.

ciety, and I would suggest that Emily Post take up a collection and start Schools in Manners in all the small cities and towns—and some of the larger ones. Her name would go down to posterity as a public benefactor. Failing that, I would suggest that her book* be included in the curriculum of every public school, and that no pupil be allowed to graduate unless he or she can stand an exhaustive examination in it.

THE MOST ELABORATE DINNER-DANCE EVER GIVEN IN NEW YORK

The scene represents the palace and garden at Versailles. There were only four tables. Singers appeared on the balcony during dinner, other performers danced, sang and juggled on the pathways. After the dinner the pathways of grass were taken up to permit dancing by the guests.

I never read any other book on etiquette, and it is probable that I should not have read hers if the editor of this magazine had not asked me to review it. Certainly it is exhaustive! If I were the wife of a profiteer, making ready to storm the portals of society, I should feel primed for the début, and quite—or almost—as certain of myself as if I had been born in lower Fifth Avenue in 1880. Almost, for panic sometimes invades the ample bosoms of profiteer ladies, and memory jumps the track. It would still be quite possible to use the salad fork for the fish fork, or inscribe oneself in a visitor's book as Mrs. So-and-So, under the momentary delusion that one was in a hotel. But at least they will see how to answer a note and not sign it Mrs. So-and-So; how not to introduce their guests by the hideous collocation, "Mr. Blank meet Mrs. Dash"; forbear to laugh in public at the top of their voice, or to look too ostentatiously rich; learn how to furnish their new houses and tables properly; observe the formulae when visiting country houses, particularly in regard to clothes; treat their servants decently; forbid a man to take their arm on the street; and, in short, behave generally as if they were civilized beings.

It is a curious fact that while the lower classes in England are quite frankly vulgar and the middle middle-classes merely smug, and similar classes on the continent either picturesque or inoffensive, the great masses of the American people alone are common. Whether this is a result of democracy, or the terrific pressure and struggle for existence, I can not say, but the fact remains. Commonness is the national vice. It is worse and more deteriorating than alcohol and tobacco, and only a degree less so than drugs. Why has it escaped the reformers?

No doubt it will be asked: "What need of polish when a man has a golden heart?" And the G. H. is the pride of the west, where manners are at their worst. Well, the answer is: If only because good manners give one a sense of superiority not even contributed by success in business, the golden heart, and the Declaration of Independence. And the sense of inferiority, no matter how subtle, has an insidious effect on the character. I fancy there are more inferiority complexes due to this subconscious knowledge of commonness than to the failure to compete with abler men, or to get one's name on the front page of a newspaper.

No man ever was an anarchist who did not have a hideous sense of inferiority; and no man, with or without militance, hates his "betters" if his breeding is as good as theirs. Good manners, if universally cultivated among our Babbitts, would not only give a man a poise and serenity which would enable him to meet the ills of life with equanimity, but possibly to avert them. Many a "deal" has failed because the man bringing a "good thing" to a person of wealth and polish, was found personally insufferable—possibly suspicious. Moreover, the rough edges of contact would be smoothed away; life would be easier, for "feelings" would be respected. Egos are as sensitive as pockets. And if a certain formality were observed in the daily life of every household, no matter how humble, that pride in self, so necessary to human happiness, would ensue as a matter of course. The man with a frowzy household may assure himself that he is as good as the man in the mansion, but he doesn't really believe it, and subconscious wounds canker. There is too much arrogance in America and too little pride.

Moreover, in every business deal, in every controversy, public or private, the man with breeding has an inestimable advantage over the rough diamond or the golden heart in the uncouth shell. Breeding gives poise, and the inferiority sense induces confusion of mind and loss of temper. As for women—a woman who is poor but well-bred is happy in her sense of infinite superiority to the plutocrats that snub her. They do not even wound her pride.

Not that I am arguing—nor does Mrs. Post—that good

(*Continued on page 61*)

A GEM OF A HOUSE

may be no size at all, but its lines are honest, and its paintings and window curtains in good taste . . . and its bell is answered promptly by a trim maid with a low voice and quiet, courteous manner.

*ETIQUETTE: IN SOCIETY, IN POLITICS, IN BUSINESS, AT HOME. By Emily Post. 627 pages, illustrated. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. $4.

The Worst Journey in the World

By Hamlin Garland

IT happens that I know three famous explorers, Vilhjalmar Stefansson of the Arctic, Carl Akeley of Africa, and Apsley Cherry-Garrard of the Scott Expedition to the Antarctic. Two of these men habitually make light of the dangers and hardships of exploration. Akeley is lyrical in praise of the salubrity of desert Africa, and Stefansson names his book "The Friendly Arctic" (as if in humorous contempt of the men who have found "hard sledding" up there), but Cherry-Garrard frankly entitles his book, "The Worst Journey in the World."* I agree that it was, and I am confident that most readers will vote him a decoration for his contribution to Antarctic history.

THE TERRA NOVA, THE EXPLORERS' SHIP

There is no friendly atmosphere about the southern polar region, altho Garrard makes full report of its splendor. His photographs and Wilson's drawings represent it as very beautiful in its desolate archetypal loneliness. Its strange dawns, its circling unsetting suns, its vast smoking mountains, are all set down in the author's reports with the skill of a poet. The author sets his readers among these polar scenes and makes them share the daily life of the explorers.

To begin with, the southern polar cap is not, like the northern, a sea of floating ice; it is a vast continent of desolate, lifeless mountain land. When a man "hops off" for the southern pole, he becomes a mountain-climber. He leaves all animal life behind. There are no seals, no gulls, no penguins, no bears on this high plateau, and the adventurer travels in a temperature ranging from thirty-five to eighty degrees below freezing, amid almost ceaseless blizzards. You can not follow Stefansson's advice and live as the natives do, for there are no natives and no seals. After leaving the shore of the sea, Scott rose to an altitude of ten thousand feet, and traveled over nine hundred miles in a region which was a veritable hell of ice, a battle-field of wind and snow, a desert in which nothing lived but himself and his men. His journey was not only a mountain journey; it was twice as long as that which confronted Peary on his "dash for the pole." All these facts must be borne in mind.

A PROCESSION OF EMPEROR PENGUINS

The author of the book, Mr. Cherry-Garrard—a young man of distinguished family, just out of college, and interested in zoology—was invited to become a member of the Scott party after an endorsement by William Wilson, the scientist of the expedition. He took part in every march, and was in the south three years. He saw and recorded all that went on, except the final stage of Scott's journey. His book is therefore a complete, intimate and skilfully told story of the entire expedition, a frank, unaffected, and at times superbly descriptive chronicle. It adds an enormous amount of information about the Antarctic region, and makes clear the character of the men who explored it. When you have finished this book you know the kind of men Cherry-Garrard's companions were—and they were a fine group, no doubt of that. Not one was a shirker, and they sustained the long, close association of their huts and tents without developing any serious antagonisms.

The author is quite frank about this. He admits occasional "spats," but affirms that no lasting enmities arose. He tells of Scott's moments of irritation and depression, while representing him as the hero he essentially was; but the finest man of the whole expedition, the most marvelous, according to the author, was "Bill" Wilson, the zoologist. For him young Cherry-Garrard had an affection which was almost idolatrous. It was at Wilson's suggestion that he took part in "The Worst Journey in the World," this special expedition out of Scott's camp, which forms the most astonishing chapter of polar exploration in the literature of the world. As a test of human endurance, comradeship, scientific enthusiasm—and folly—it has no parallel.

It all came about by reason of Wilson's scientific curiosity concerning the emperor penguin, which he had studied as best he could without witnessing its breeding methods. No one had seen its nesting-places in the breeding season, for the reason that this illogical bird lays its eggs in the deep of the Antarctic winter night, in a temperature fifty degrees below zero, and in a region almost inaccessible to

*THE WORST JOURNEY IN THE WORLD. By Apsley Cherry-Garrard. Two volumes, illustrated. New York: Geo. H. Doran Co.

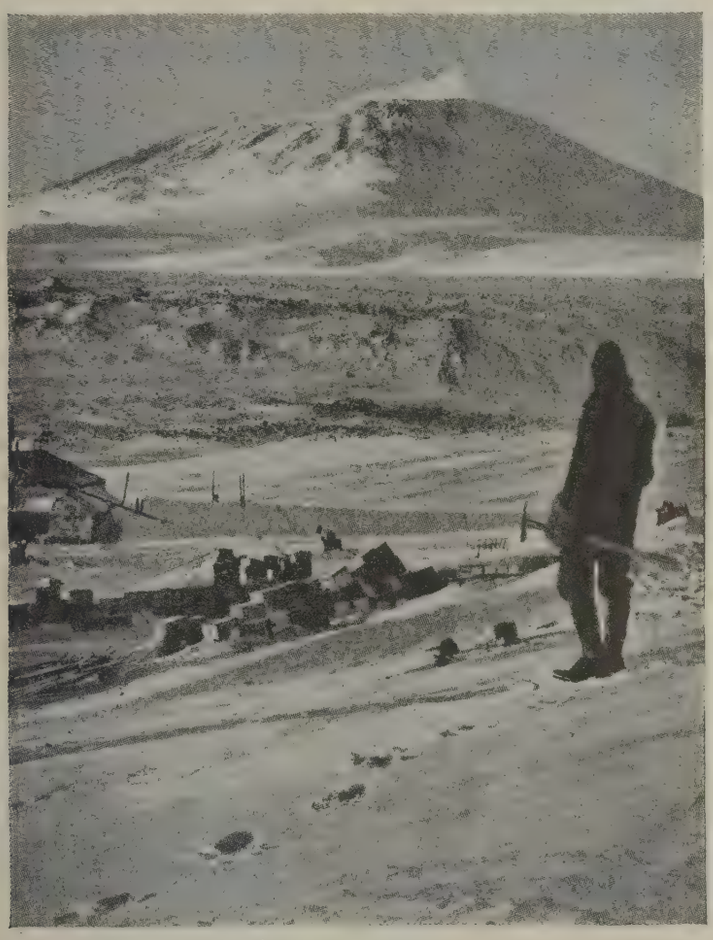
man. Chicks had been seen by Wilson, but no eggs, and hence no embryos. "Plainly there is only one thing to be done," he said; "we must visit the breeding-ground in the breeding season," and he asked Cherry-Garrard to go with him in search of it.

Scott advised against the trip, for the penguin roost was more than seventy miles away, across a high barrier of ice, and to reach it involved a journey with sleds drawn by hand, with only a tent of silk, oil-stoves, and such food as could be carried. It meant finding their way through the never-ending gloom of the Antarctic night, over icy highlands swept by ferocious winds and in the frightful cold of the southern midwinter. No wonder Scott advised against it. "I am responsible for you," he warningly repeated.

Nevertheless, Wilson persisted and Cherry-Garrard, tho near-sighted and unable to wear his glasses, volunteered to accompany him. So did another intrepid man, named Bowers, and on June 22, 1911, with nearly eight hundred pounds of food, instruments, clothing, and oil, packed on two sledges, these men set forth on their dangerous journey.

EMPERORS, BARRIER AND SEA-ICE

They found hard sledding at once. The snow was like sand. They could not draw the two sledges, and they were forced to take one forward a few miles and return for the other. This made their progress very slow—ten miles of travel for every three miles' advance. Cherry-Garrard admits that before they had been out a week, he was convinced of the folly of the expedition, and yet when Wilson asked, "Shall we turn back?" he and Bowers voted "No," and with deeply impressive simplicity of phrase the young writer conveys the darkness, mental as well as physical, into which they now entered, and makes clear the singular, almost mechanical, routine in which they marched, hour after hour, over the obscure, icy plain, filled with crevasses into which they occasionally fell.



MT. EREBUS, THE RAMP AND THE HUT

They walked in silence, and Cherry-Garrard walked always in uncertainty, for he was unable to wear glasses. He speaks of feeling his way with his feet. Nevertheless, altho he believed they were marching toward certain disaster, he voted to go on. The cold was terrific. At times it reached seventy-seven degrees below zero. Noon was so like night that they ignored the conventional divisions of the day and night, and slept when too tired to go on. They had to thaw their sleeping-bags in order to get into them, and when thawed these were wet. They could scarcely light a match without freezing a hand, and the darkness, like the cold, only lifted a little from 11 to 2. Dante's hell was but a pleasure-garden compared to this region of bitter wind, appalling snow, and endless night. "I am not going to pretend that this was anything but a ghastly journey," says the author; "at the same time I have no wish to make it seem more horrible than it was."

They reached the penguin roost at last, only to find that the birds were on the sea-ice several hundred feet below the high slope on which Wilson set his camp. In the dim light, and encased in their suits, which were stiff as iron, the three men found it dangerous, almost impossible, to get down to the nesting-ground.

Nevertheless, they got there once, after incredible daring, and killed several birds, which they contrived to skin. They also carried away several eggs, and when they got back to the tent Wilson was ready to return. He realized their desperate condition. They had now only one can of oil. They were worn out and unable to sleep except in snatches, their hands and feet had been frozen, and they were over seventy miles from Scott's camp.

That night their tent blew away, and Garrard admits that he believed this to be the end.

> What else could I think? We had spent days in reaching this place, through the darkness, in cold such as had never been experienced by human beings. We had been out for four weeks under conditions in which no man had existed previously for more than a few days, if that. During this time we had seldom slept except from sheer physical exhaustion, as men slept on the rack; and every minute of it we had been fighting for the bed-rock necessities of bare existence, and always in the dark. We had kept ourselves going by enormous care of our feet, our hands and our bodies, by burning oil, and by having plenty of hot fatty food. Now we had no tent, one tin of oil left out of six, and only part of our cooker. When we were lucky—and not too cold—we could wring water from our clothes, and directly we got out of our sleeping-bags we were frozen into solid sheets of armored ice. In cold temperatures, with all the advantages of a tent over our heads, we were already taking more than an hour of fierce struggling and cramp to get into our sleeping-bags—

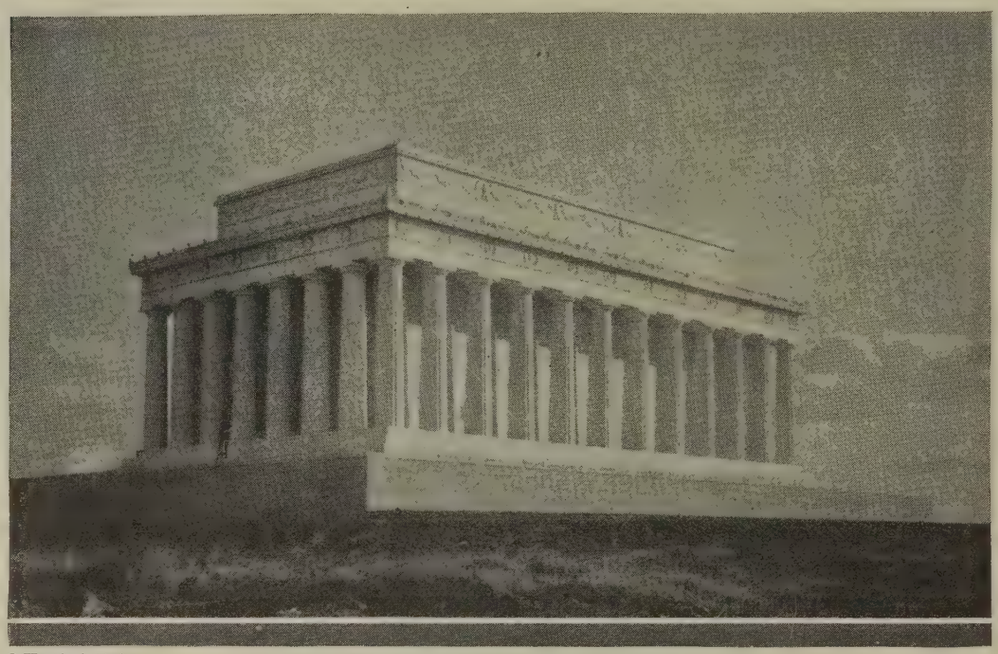
(*Continued on page 62*)

A New Portrayal of Abraham Lincoln

By Albert J. Beveridge

IT IS not at all strange that the interest in Lincoln steadily increases. On the contrary, it would be unnatural if this were not the case; because at this particular time the world is yearning for a man of Lincoln's stature and of his peculiar qualities.

The commonplace and shallow statement that the crisis always produces the man who is equal to it is, of course, untrue. The absurdity of that formula has been demonstrated countless times, but, perhaps, never so completely as at present. After all, dour but wise and forthright old Thomas Carlyle was correct about this; and we shall have to swing back to his view on this subject.



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THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL AT WASHINGTON

At any rate, the amazing situation in the world at present, the mystification of the public mind everywhere, and the absence of anybody with such vision and force of character as to capture the imagination and confidence of the people, make keener than ever our appreciation of the few great men of history.

Warriors and conquerors are not to our liking at present; yet, even Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon engage our interest anew, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Wells has disposed of them with a swish of his pen. And Washington looms more grandly than ever—indeed, we stand in wonderment and awe before that majestic and august personage of whose real proportions we are just beginning to get the true measurement; and, fortunately for Washington and for us, our admiration is now vitalized by affection and understanding, since we have learned that he was as human as any of us—more human, indeed, than most of us.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE

But far greater than our interest in all the mighty figures of the past is our interest in Abraham Lincoln; and any worth-while book that deals with any phase of his life is eagerly welcomed. So intense is our feeling toward Lincoln that even not altogether worthy books on his life are avidly read.

So when a really notable volume about Lincoln appears, our hunger causes us to seize upon it with delight; and such is the strong, scholarly and brilliant book on Lincoln by Professor Nathaniel Wright Stephenson.*

Not for a long while has a single volume of biography or of history appeared which is so attractive as Professor Stephenson's remarkable essay. At the moment I do not recall anything comparable to it since the publication of Oliver's "Hamilton," which so captivated everybody several years ago.

At the very beginning the reader is caught and held by Professor Stephenson's style. He tells familiar facts in such an enchanting manner that they seem to be stated for the first time. One is refreshed by every page, every paragraph. Whoever doubts the power of style, in and of itself, should read Stephenson's "Lincoln"—and he will doubt no longer.

While Stephenson's style is distinctive and entirely his own, there is in it the polish of Oliver, the sparkle and pith of Hackett and the dramatic quality of Carlyle. Indeed, it is, perhaps, just a trifle too Carlylesque.

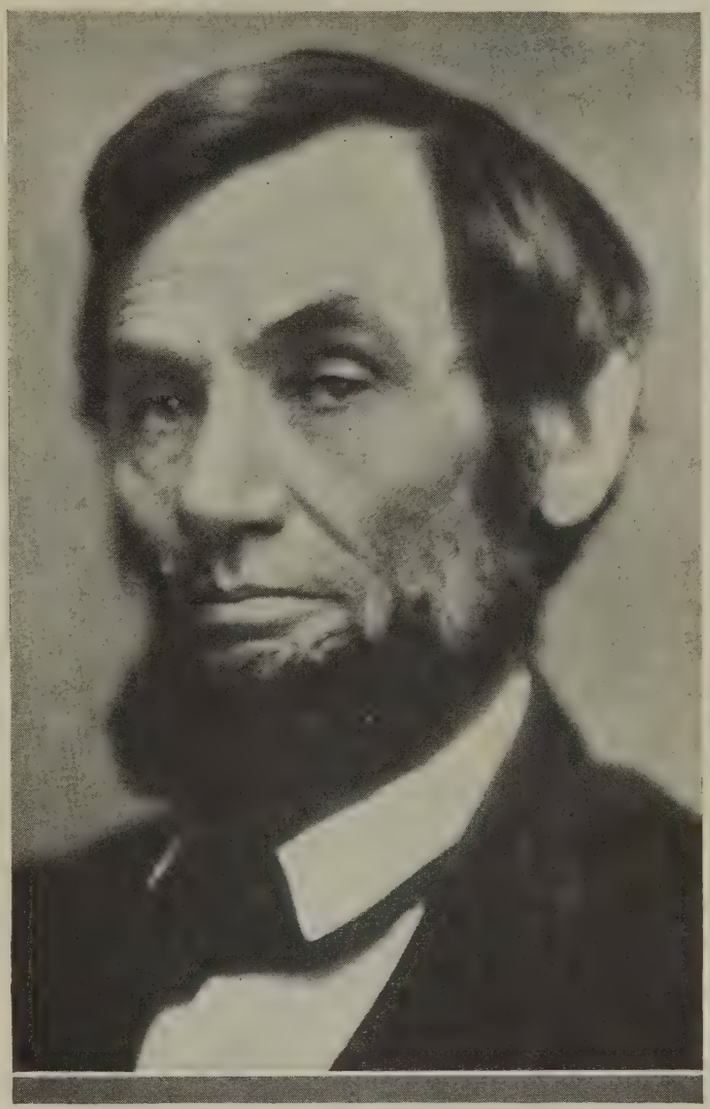
Professor Stephenson has the gift of phrase. Take, for instance, such flashes as these—and his book abounds in them: "Their religion was ecstasy in homespun." New Salem was "a dreary little bundle of houses . . . a casual town created by drifters" whose inhabitants were "a congregation of the worthless." Greeley "wallowed in panic." Seward entertained only "amusement at the furious." Observers noted Lincoln's "oscillation of mood from a gloom that nothing penetrated to a sort of desperate mirth." In the clash between Seward and Lincoln "serene unscrupulousness met unwavering integrity." Lincoln's caution "made the inevitable impression that temperance makes upon fury"; nevertheless, "in his contact with the world his note was an inscrutable serenity." To the war senators—the "Vindictives" as Professor Stephenson brands them—"the thought of conquest sang like the morning stars." Also these men were "maniacs of suspicion"—they were veritable "sons of thunder." After incredible hesitancy Lincoln at last "broke out of the cocoon of advisement he had spun unintentionally around his will." Abolitionism was "the illegitimate child of Calvinism and the rights

*LINCOLN: AN ACCOUNT OF HIS PERSONAL LIFE. By Nathaniel Wright Stephenson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs Merrill Co. $3.

of man." By Lincoln's tactics "Vallandigham was transformed, in an instant, from a martyr to an anti-climax."

These are examples of striking word arrangements, in which Professor Stephenson is peculiarly fertile. But they do not, of course, give any just idea of the smoothness and charm of his writing. Scholar and philosopher, he is also artist; and his artistry is well displayed in the deftness of his character sketches. Witness this picture of Seward:

> The brilliant Secretary, who so promptly began to influence the President, had very sure foundations for that influence. He was inured to the rôle of great man; he had a rich experience of public life; while Lincoln, painfully conscious of his inexperience, was perhaps the humblest-minded ruler that ever took the helm of a ship of state in perilous times. Furthermore, Seward had some priceless qualities which, for Lincoln, were still to seek.
>
> First of all, he had audacity—personally, artistically, politically. Seward's instantaneous gift to Lincoln was by way of throwing wide the door of his gathering literary audacity. There is every reason to think that Seward's personal audacity went to Lincoln's heart at once. To be sure, he was not yet capable of going along with it. The basal contrast of the first month of his administration lies between the President's caution and the boldness of the Secretary.
>
> Nevertheless, to a sensitive mind, seeking guidance surrounded by less original types of politicians, the splendid fearlessness of Seward, whether wise or foolish, must have rung like a trumpet peal soaring over the heads of a crowd whose teeth were chattering. While the rest of the Cabinet prest their ears to the ground, Seward thought out a policy, made a forecast of the future, and offered to stake his head on the correctness of his reasoning. This may have been rashness; it may have been folly; but, intellectually at least, it was valor.
>
> Among Lincoln's other advisers, valor at that moment was lacking. Contrast, however, was not the sole, nor the surest, basis of Seward's appeal to Lincoln. Their characters had a common factor. For all their immeasurable difference in externals, both at bottom were void of malice. It was this characteristic above all others that gave them spiritually common ground. In Seward, this quality had been under fire for a long while.
>
> The political furies of "that iron time" had failed to rouse echoes in his serene and smiling soul. Therefore, many men who accepted him as leader because, indeed, they could not do without him—because none other in their camp had his genius for management, for the glorification of political intrigue—these same men followed him doubtfully, with bad grace, willing to shift to some other leader whenever he might arise.



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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

One of the best bust portraits—from the famous Brady collection.

The clue to their distrust was Seward's amusement at the furious. Could a man who laughed when you preached on the beauty of the hewing of Agag, could such a man be sincere? And that Seward in some respects was not sincere, history generally admits. He loved to poke fun at his opponents by appearing to sneer at himself, by ridiculing the idea that he was ever serious. His scale of political values was different from that of most of his followers.

Nineteen times out of twenty, he would treat what they termed "principles" as mere political counters, as legitimate subjects of bargain. If by any deal he could trade off any or all of these nineteen in order to secure the twentieth, which for him was the only vital one, he never scrupled to do so. Against a lurid background of political ferocity, this amused, ironic figure came to be rated by the extremists, both in his own and in the enemy camp, as Mephistopheles.

No quality could have endeared him more certainly to Lincoln than the very one which the bigots misunderstood. From his earliest youth Lincoln had been governed by this same quality. With his non-censorious mind, which accepted so much of life as he found it, which was forever stripping principles of their accretions, what could be more inevitable than his warming to the one great man at Washington who, like him, held that such a point of view was the only rational one. Seward's ironic peacefulness in the midst of the storm gained in luster because all about him raged a tempest of ferocity, mitigated, at least so far as the distracted President could see, only by self-interest or pacifism.

Or consider this flash on Greeley:

> He was destined many times to make plain that he lived mainly in his sensibilities; that, in his kaleidoscopic vision, the pattern of the world could be red and yellow and green to-day, and orange and purple and blue to-morrow. To descend from a pinnacle of self-complacency into a desolating abyss of panic, was as easy for Greeley as it is—in the vulgar but pointed American phrase—to roll off a log. A few days after the election, Greeley had rolled off his log. He was

(*Continued on page 64*)

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AMERICA'S TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF ITS MARTYR PRESIDENT

View of the beautiful white marble Lincoln Memorial and its reflecting pool.

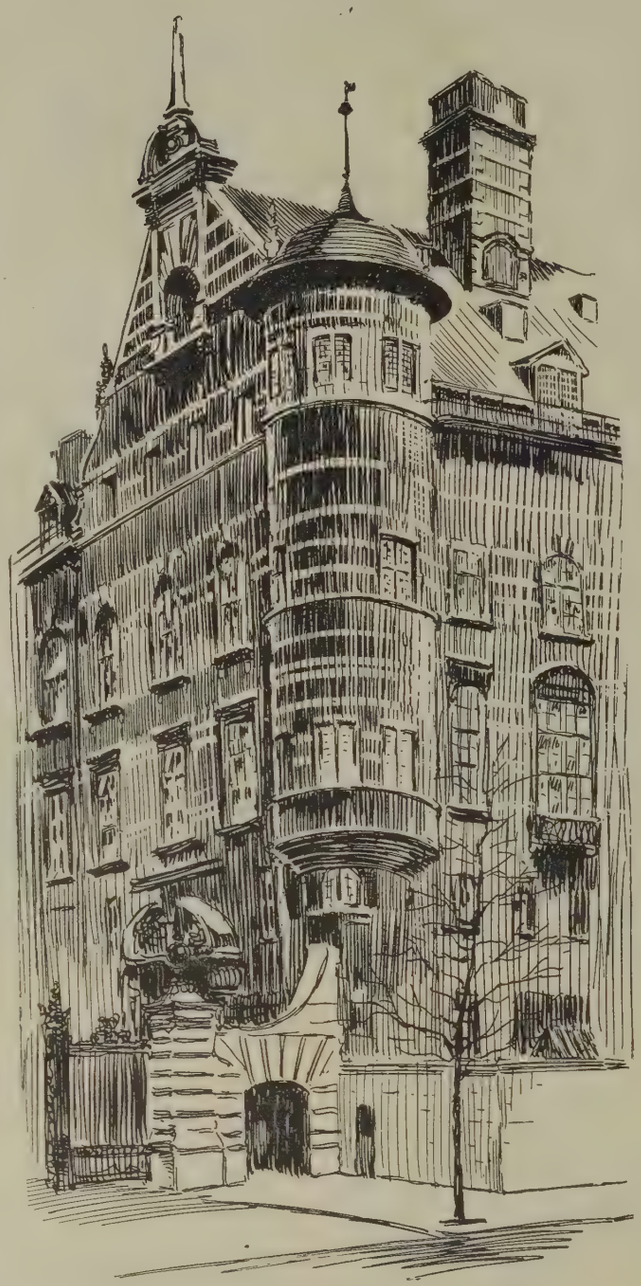
An Inside View of Scotland Yard

By Thomas L. Masson

FOR a long time now the glamour of mystery and the morbid fascination of crime have surrounded the name of Scotland Yard. It is therefore a dramatic moment in contemporary literature when a quiet man, the son of an archbishop, with a keen sense of humor, cultured, conservative, competent and intensely practical, issues forth from Scotland Yard and lays before us the facts without embellishment.* The thing has been done before, but it has never been done with so much real insight into human nature, with so much of what we Americans in our lower moments are so fond of defining as "class."

Sir Basil Thomson disposes of Sir Conan Doyle with charming candor and perfect politeness.

> Real life [he writes] is quite unlike detective fiction; in fact, in detective work fiction is stranger than truth. Mr. Sherlock Holmes, to whom I take off my hat with a silent prayer that he may never appear in the flesh, worked by induction, but not, so far as I am able to judge, by the only method which gets home, namely, organization and hard work. He consumed vast quantities of drugs and tobacco. I do not know how much his admirable achievements owed to these, but I do know that if we at Scotland Yard had faithfully copied his processes we should have ended by fastening upon a distinguished statesman or high dignitary of the Church the guilt of some revolting crime.



SCOTLAND YARD

Sir Basil in his book makes one reference to a spy delusion which is almost parallel to a story told me by Booth Tarkington. During one summer of the war I happened to be living near Mr. Tarkington at Kennebunk Beach, Maine. We were, in common with many thousands of summer residents along the Atlantic Coast, always looking for mysterious signals. One night Mr. Tarkington was aroused by an official of a near-by village, who insisted that in a neighboring cottage signals were being flashed out across the ocean. A small company of investigators hurried to the cottage in the gray night. Sure enough, from a window came intermittent flashes of light. Investigation proved, however, that it was only a lady brushing her hair with a new electric brush. Apparently these cases were common in England, judging from the complaints received at Scotland Yard. "It was not safe," writes Sir Basil, "to ignore these complaints, and all were investigated. In a few cases they were certainly intermittent flashes, but they proved to be caused by the flapping of a blind, the waving of branches across a window, persons passing across a room, and, in two instances, the quick movements of a girl's hair-brush in front of the light." Thus we see that the world is small.

Sir Basil Thomson is an Oxford man, was former Governor of Dartmoor Prison, and in the Colonial service acted as Prime Minister of Tonga. He is the author of a number of entertaining books on the South Seas, and is a prison authority of eminence. I was amused by the comment of an American prison official who met him shortly after his recent arrival in America. I had also passed a pleasant hour with Sir Basil and was curious to know the impression he had made upon my prison friend—an impression largely to the effect that he was much too conservative—that his ideas wouldn't carry very far here. Sir Basil's book, however, reveals much about criminals, and might almost be classed as news.

He has a kind word for murderers, placing them with the unfortunates. A murderer is rarely a criminal—

> But for the grace of God, he is just you and I, only more unlucky. For the real criminal you have to go to the crimes against property. Most murders are committed without any deep-laid plot, whereas the professional thief or forger or fraud has carefully planned his depredations before he sets out to commit them; the murderer is repentant, and is planning only how he can earn an honest living after he is discharged.

Nevertheless, we think this statement should be qualified: there is such a thing as homicidal mania, and this is a very uneven thing. While it is quite true that murder is usually the result of explosions, and is seldom premeditated, and—with very rare exceptions—not made a business of, at the same time there are structural character weaknesses in a murderer which might easily cause him at any time, given the same conditions, to repeat his act. Normal people, so called, may lose their tempers and even indulge in disgusting fights, but they know enough not to go too far.

In his book, Sir Basil makes no attempt to enter into the pathology of crime; the volume bears the same relation to psychology that a popular astronomy does to the higher mathematics. It is packed with "experiences" and what conclusions are drawn from it in the way of science must largely be drawn by the intelligent reader—if, indeed, the intelligent reader peruses it with any other intention but that of being frankly entertained. And the entertainment seeker will not be disappointed. But, aside from this, the book has a much deeper meaning. There are enough stories in it to make up a dozen thrillers. We know that these

*My Experiences at Scotland Yard. By Basil Thomson. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co.

stories are true. This furnishes us with a basis for reflection, and brings up anew the old question as to whether there is actually a criminal type or not. It happened that on one of the very days when Sir Basil Thomson was lecturing here, the death of Max Nordau was announced—that meteoric writer whose "Degeneration," first discovered by an American, created such a furore, and who submitted to the vitriolic satire of Bernard Shaw, and finally died, a broken man, but with the fame of having predicted the debacle of the great war; not in its physical, so much as in its psychological, effects.

Max Nordau's book, in quite a definite sense, was revolutionary. It served to call the attention of the whole civilized world to the alleged "criminal type." It brought on fierce controversies; it developed two opposite schools of thought on this subject, and to it can be traced much of the prison reform literature of the present day; for it is not essential for any book to be accurate to be revolutionary; it is only necessary for it to be explosive.

The book before us is neither revolutionary nor explosive; it is the book of a conservative Englishman, dealing with practical matters; the lesson it gives us is that there is no way to circumvent and control crime except through hard work, done in a quiet manner. It is the difference between the dreamer and the drudge. Of the London detectives, the author says:

SIR BASIL THOMSON

> They are naturally divided into two classes, the detective and the "thief-catcher." The latter belonged to the class of honest, painstaking policemen without sufficient education to pass examinations for promotion, but who made up for this deficiency by his intimate knowledge of the rougher class of criminal, his habits and his haunts, and by personal acquaintance with the pickpockets themselves, who had the same regard for him as a naughty little boy has for a strict and just school-master.

The detective, on the other hand, depends upon painstaking scientific methods. A theory of the late Dr. Mercier, that there is almost an invariable tendency on the part of criminals to repeat the method in which they have formerly been successful, is disproved by experience. The thief is also painstaking in his methods. As between him and his pursuer, there is probably small difference in mental equipment; but the odds are always against the thief, because he is confronted by organized skill, and a system of records nearly infallible. Some of the stories Sir Basil tells reveal the fact that it is the criminal himself who frequently, in unguarded moments, discloses his secret. In the case of a counterfeiter, the name of the man who actually had the plant was given away to a detective by the principal. Once given the name, it was only a question of time when the plant would be located.

The third degree is unpopular with Sir Basil. It is not necessary.

> The suspects [he says] were cautioned that they need not answer any questions, but that what they said might be used in evidence against them, a caution which almost invariably induced loquacity, and questions and answers were recorded in shorthand. . . . We used a low armchair. When the culprit refused to answer he was sent back to think it over. I made a discovery about that armchair. For some time I had noticed that whenever a particularly disconcerting question was put the suspect instinctively raised himself by the arms to reply to it. . . . The fact is that if you want to get the truth out of a witness the worst way is to put him in a box above the level of the cross-examining counsel; if our law courts were intelligently constructed the cross-examiner should take his stand in a kind of lift and be suddenly elevated to the proper position just before the cross-examination begins.

So far as German spies are concerned, the account of what they did—or did not do—is more like an opera bouffe. Most of them were intensely stupid. Few if any of them did any real damage. Some of them, subjected to the mild treatment outlined, confessed. Others kept up the illusion until they were on the brink of the grave. Some of them in prison succeeded in hanging themselves. Many of them met death bravely, shaking hands with their executioners. Indeed, if we may judge from the accounts, this is the proper form when being led out to be shot. You shake hands all around, ask for a light for your cigaret, take a couple of puffs, and it is all over.

Women do not make good spies, but this, Sir Basil hastens to declare, "is no disparagement of the sex. . . . Generally they are lacking in technical knowledge, and therefore are apt to send misleading reports through misunderstanding what they hear. Their apologists have urged that one of their most amiable qualities, compunction, often steps in at a moment when they are in a position to be most useful: just when they have won the intimacy of a man who can really tell them something important, they can not bring themselves to betray his confidence."

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SQUADRON OF THE METROPOLITAN WOMEN POLICE OF LONDON, ENGLAND, leaving Scotland Yard for duty. The force is composed of 500 women wearing the regular uniform of the London policeman

(*Continued on page 66*)

Letters and Libel Suits of Natty Bumppo's Creator

By Brander Matthews

THE author of the "Leather Stocking Tales" died in 1851; and shortly before his death he said to his eldest daughter that he wished his family not to authorize the publication of any biography. A similar request was made by the author of "Vanity Fair," shortly before his death a dozen years later; but Thackeray's daughter gave a liberal interpretation to this behest; she authorized the publication of her father's letters to the Brookfields, and she printed many passages from others of his letters in her introductions to the several volumes of the Biographical Edition of his works. Cooper's daughter obeyed her father's unfortunate injunction more strictly; she destroyed—so the editor of these two volumes* tells us—"a great deal of the material which could have been used in the preparation of a biography, and had buried with her the most interesting of his Journals" (page 3). Yet she wrote her own reminiscences down to 1828, when her father was thirty-nine, and when he had established his reputation as a story-teller. It is with these recollections that these two volumes open; they fill more than sixty pages, and they provide a pleasant view of the peaceful home life of a man whose later years were embittered by acrid controversies.

J. FENIMORE COOPER
From the original painting by Chappel.

It was while the echoes of these controversies were still audible, that is to say, it was in 1852, only a year after Cooper's death, that William Cullen Bryant delivered a memorial oration, a candid portrait painted by an old friend who knew Cooper intimately and esteemed him highly. It gave a clear account of the life Cooper had lived and of the work he had done. It is perhaps the best example of Bryant's critical faculty, of his discriminating taste in literature and of his skill in interpreting character. Nothing, for example, could be franker or more felicitous than Bryant's assertion that Cooper's "character was like the bark of the cinnamon, a rough and astringent rind without, and an intense sweetness within."

Thirty years later, when Charles Dudley Warner planned the American Men of Letters series, he persuaded Thomas R. Lounsbury to undertake the volume on Cooper. This appeared in 1883; and it remains to this day the best biography of an American author (to be companioned only by Mr. Paine's more elaborate life of Mark Twain). With the indefatigable industry of the trained scholar Lounsbury disinterred the facts of Cooper's varied career; and then he told his story with his customary clarity and his customary wit. Cooper did not need a defender; but he gained by having an interpreter as honest and as appreciative as Lounsbury, who set forth the solid grounds for Cooper's abiding fame and made plain the immense service which Cooper had rendered to his country by the "Spy," by the "Pilot," and by the five "Leatherstocking Tales."

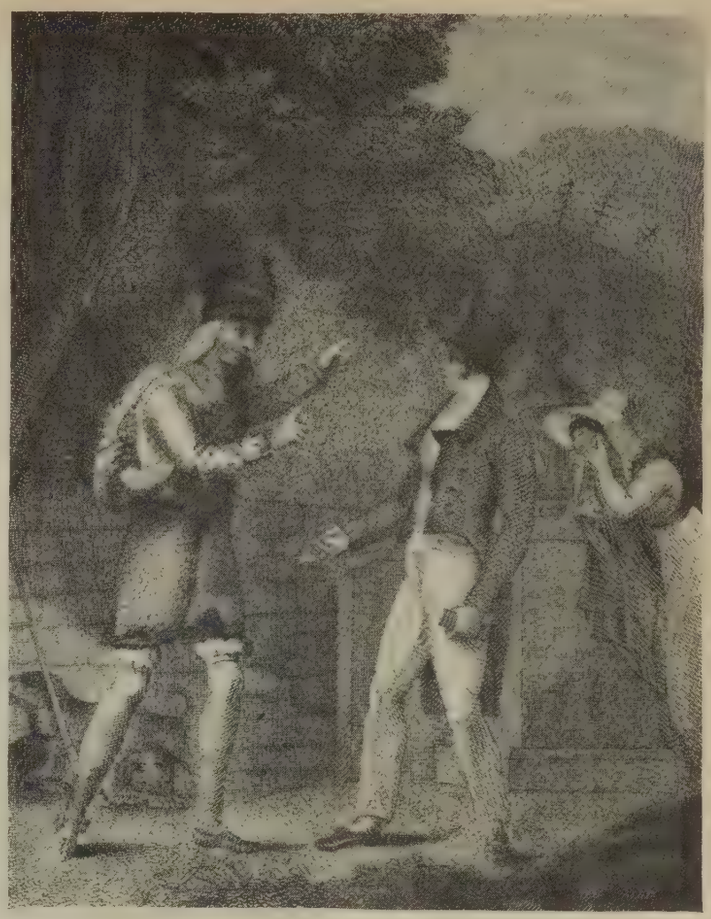
In 1895 Mark Twain wrote an essay on "Fenimore Cooper's Literary Offenses," one of his most infrequent forays into the field of literary criticism, full of half-truths presented as the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Mark did not relish Cooper any more than he relished Scott; and (as he once told a friend) when he wrote about authors he didn't like, he couldn't keep his temper. Certainly he lost it when he wrote about Cooper; and he would also have lost his reputation as a discreet critic—if only he had previously acquired this reputation. Any damage that Mark's ill-balanced article might have done was amply repaired by the cautious and yet eulogistic essay which Mr. W. C. Brownell included in his volume on "American Prose Masters," published in 1909, in which we find Cooper's solid merits adequately emphasized and his incidental demerits more or less explained. In fact, Lounsbury's life and Brownell's study make it evident that the ability to weigh Cooper's worth as a story-teller and as a man might almost be accepted as a test of the critical faculty.

*CORRESPONDENCE OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. Edited by his grandson, James Fenimore Cooper. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1922. Two volumes. 776 pages. $7.50.

Now, at last, Cooper's grandson and namesake has piously printed (1) the reminiscences of Miss Susan Cooper; (2) the letters of Cooper to his own family and the letters he received from many of the most distinguished of his contemporaries, both American and European; and (3) the Journal Cooper kept from January to May, 1848—evidently one of those which Miss Susan Cooper refrained from having buried with her. It is testimony to the insight of Bryant, Lounsbury and Brownell, that a careful reading of all that is contained in these two volumes has not caused me to modify the opinion of Cooper as a man and as a man of letters which I had earlier arrived at. Or, to be more exact, it has caused only a slight modification; the letters written to Mrs. Cooper reveal a liking for petty trifles of gossip which I had not suspected, and they disclose also an occasional willingness to bear testimony against certain of his fellow writers—Washington Irving, for one—which I had also not suspected, and which I can not help feeling to be unworthy of a man as large-molded as Cooper indubitably was.

While this single specimen of Cooper's Journal, this selection from the letters by him and to him, and his daughter's reminiscences are one and all welcome, they do not greatly add to our information. They supplement Lounsbury's book, but they do not supersede it. I might even say they can be understood only by readers who are already in possession of the facts set forth by Lounsbury; and this is because the editor has been unduly sparing of explanatory annotation. In these letters we catch glimpses of the many libel-suits in which Cooper was involved by his combativeness—or, if you prefer it, by his sense of justice; but we see them through a glass darkly for want of editorial elucidation. When, one after another, prominent journalists of the second quarter of the last century—William Watson Webb, Park Benjamin, William L. Stone, Thurlow Weed, Horace Greeley—exceeded the bounds of literary criticism and cast aspersions not only on Cooper the man of letters but also on Cooper the man, Cooper the man rose up in his wrath and instituted a series of suits for libel.

He had abundant provocation, and he seems to have been justified in his insistence on taking the matter into court, for in every case—with only one exception, if my memory serves—he secured either damages or an apology. But I could not say this if I had not the pages of Lounsbury before me; from the two volumes under review I can gather only stray fragments of these old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago. What had moved these journalists to wrath was the frankness with which Cooper, as loyal an American as ever lived, had pointed out one or another of the more obvious defects in our public life. As Lounsbury justly says, "with Cooper love of country was not a sentiment, it was a passion"; and Cooper was vilified because, while he was in Europe, he had "defended his country from detractors abroad," and because on his return to America he had "sought to save her from flatterers at home"—to quote from Bryant. Webb and Benjamin, Stone, Weed and Greeley were not gifted with vision enough to see that, as Brownell has finely put it, "the subject of Cooper's entire work is America, nothing more, nothing less."



DEPARTURE OF LEATHER STOCKING
Drawn by Henry Inman. The Portfolio, 1824

In his introduction the editor of these volumes asserts that probably "the characteristics of a man are shown by his letters more clearly than in any other way except by personal contact. This is especially true where the letters are written to members of his family, without expectation of publication." This assertion may be accepted, but only with the qualification that letters to one's own family are likely to exhibit but a limited number of one's characteristics. Cooper's letters as here printed do not show him in his amplitude; they show only the more affectionate side of his nature, altho they also show now and again his pugnacity and his irascibility. Fortunately they are here companioned by a host of letters written to Cooper, by intimate friends, by chance acquaintances, and by absolute strangers. And as I read these letters received by Cooper, I felt as if I were getting a little closer to him than I did when I was reading his own letters.

All sorts and conditions of men corresponded with Cooper. There is a long series from Lafayette, who seems to have had a high regard for Cooper. Altho Cooper read French, Lafayette wrote in English—in an English which demands for its description the apt adjective that M. Jusserand once applied to Roosevelt's French; it is "succulent."

There is one letter from Poe, written in 1839 and soliciting "some little contribution to our Southern Literary Messenger" (page 356). There are three letters from Irving, one of them written in 1822, showing that he had tried to interest more than one London publisher in Cooper's novels

OTSEGO HALL, HOME OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.

(*Continued on page 60*)

The World War in Vivid Narrative

By Edwin L. Shuman

SIR WALTER RALEIGH once excused himself for not writing the story of his own time by remarking that "whosoever in writing a moderne Historie shall follow truth too neare the heeles, it may happily strike out his teeth." Conan Doyle, in a later century, however, followed very near to the heels of the Boer War and won a knighthood by writing its history. Still more daring, in this regard, was the venture of John Buchan in producing a history of the World War in twenty-four volumes while it was still going on. No doubt the heels of truth, as Raleigh intimates, would have proved fatal by this time, had not Mr. Buchan revised, reshaped, and largely rewritten the whole work, incorporating in it all the new facts and fuller interpretations that have come to light since the war ended. "A History of the Great War"* is now offered to the public in four large volumes, with scores of maps and with an introduction by Major-General Harbord of the United States Army.

JOHN BUCHAN

General Harbord testifies to the grasp and accuracy of the military portions of the author's narrative. "The literary style of his work is charming," he adds; "its movement and color are satisfying, and it is rich, even fascinating, in historical allusion and comparison." The reviewer finds no cause to differ with these judgments. General Harbord's introduction is in itself a valued addition to the work.

As seen from the American reader's view-point, Mr. Buchan's war history has, indeed, certain shortcomings, or let us say limitations, which are natural if not inevitable in the circumstances. The author, an Englishman serving at the British front and later writing for a British public, has confessedly gone somewhat more into detail regarding the British military operations than in regard to those on the French, Russian, Italian and other portions of the long battle line. He also has allowed himself to lapse from the strict measure of proportion occasionally in other directions, as where he devotes a page to the rare personal qualities of his friend, Lieutenant Raymond Asquith, the Premier's son, who fell in battle. These are faults or merits, according to one's view-point. Then the aforesaid heel of historic truth, of course, is ever threatening the close pursuer. For instance, since Mr. Buchan's new volumes have been put into type, his account of the battles of Gaza, based on General Murray's official report, has been impaired in some details by the Memoirs of Djemal Pasha, the Turkish commander. The number of Turks killed and wounded in the first battle of Gaza is given as 8,000 and the British casualties as 4,000; Djemal declares that his whole force at Gaza, including cooks, stretcher bearers and other non-combatants, never exceeded 8,000, the armed garrison being only 3,500; his itemized list of casualties is only 1,627. When Mr. Buchan comes again to revise this page of his work, therefore, he will have to consider the apparent truth of Djemal's boast that each Turkish soldier in that battle killed or wounded an English soldier.

All this is merely saying that every history must be revised at intervals. These things being understood, it may be said at once that Mr. Buchan's revised work is undoubtedly the most complete, accurate, readable and satisfactory history of the war now before the public. It withstands practical tests applied almost at random, whether in the European or in the American sections. Would a British historian discern that the American West and Middle West were not ready to go to war until the German-Mexican intrigue brought the peril to their own doorsteps? Yes, here is the fact duly stated in Mr. Buchan's pages at the proper place. Can a Briton do full justice to the causes of President Wilson's delay in entering the war? Mr. Buchan's pages on this phase of the subject leave nothing to be desired either in intelligent grasp or in even-handed justice. His summary deserves to be quoted here:

> Mr. Wilson had justified his policy of waiting. The debates on the declaration of war showed that the public mind of America was still in some doubt and confusion, and if this were so even at that late hour, it is probable that the President could not have secured the national assent he needed at any earlier date . . . He had played his part with remarkable skill. He had suffered Germany herself to prepare the American people for intervention, and Germany had labored manfully to that end. He had allowed the spectacle of American powerlessness in the Titanic struggle to be always before the popular mind, till the people grew uneasy and asked for guidance. He had shown infinite patience and courtesy, so that no accusation of petulance or haste could be brought against him. But when the case was proved and the challenge became gross he struck promptly and struck hard. If in the eyes of his critics he had not always stated the issue truly and had shown an easiness of temper which came perilously near complaisance, it was now clear that he had had a purpose in it all. As soon as he felt himself strong enough for action he had not delayed. He had brought the whole nation into line on a matter which meant the reversal of every traditional mode of thought; and when we reflect on the centrifugal tendencies of American life, and its stout conservatism, we must confess that such a feat demanded a high order of genius in statecraft.

The military achievements of the American soldiers in France get their due share of attention, tho only as a component part of the larger battle pictures. The problem before Pershing in the Argonne, says the author, "had now become the most difficult of that of any army commander." He calls that battle Pershing's

*A HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR. By John Buchan. With introduction by Major-General J. G. Harbord, U. S. A. Four volumes, with frontispiece portraits in color, and seventy-five large maps. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $20.00.

"Wilderness Campaign" and says our First Army fought it with all the valor and tenacity of the original Battle of the Wilderness, and the result was "a decisive factor in victory."

Mr. Buchan has no strikingly new facts or interpretations to offer. The value of his work consists in its patient marshaling and sifting of all available materials, and in its judicial handling of every disputed point, all in the most limpid and genial English. If he gives a little more space to the British battles, such as the First Ypres—one of the most terrible battles from any view-point—he certainly does not fail of entire justice in his apportionment of credit to the other Allies. His final comment on the First Battle of the Marne, after giving due credit to Joffre's Fabian strategy and all the other deciding elements, is this: "In the last resort the giver of victory was the ancient and unconquerable spirit of France." Again, in the case of Verdun, no Frenchman could pen a finer appreciation of the courage of cold rage that held every French soldier to his post until death, cheerfully and without complaint, in the spirit of a race that was ready to perish rather than accept German domination. Mr. Buchan aptly closes his second volume with the words found scribbled on the wooden casing of a bomb-proof shelter in the French firing line:

> My body to earth,
> My soul to God,
> My heart to France.

To the Italians likewise the author gives a due share of the credit for the ultimate victory of the Allies. The causes of the disaster of Caporetto, the greatest suffered in so short a time by any combatant in the war, are carefully weighed. Tho General Cadorna is blamed with carelessness, both in his choice of strategic positions and in his ignorance of the wavering morale of his troops, Mr. Buchan rightly finds the primary cause of the disaster in the insidious socialist propaganda with which the enemy had long been undermining the stamina of the less intelligent elements of the whole nation. "The poison," he says, "had infected certain parts of the army to an extent of which the military authorities were wholly ignorant." The result was that when the blow came from the Austrian armies "there were found treachery and folly in the Italian ranks," notably at Caporetto. "There were strange tales of men running out with white flags to greet their Teuton 'comrades,' and being shot down or made prisoners. There were tales of troops in reserve who refused to advance." From the overwhelming rout which followed, only one Italian army, the Third, under the Duke of Aosta, snatched safety by orderly retreat and ultimately gave Italy a chance to "come back." The story of that amazing retreat is told here with all the vividness and thrills of a good historian.

> The greatest glory of all [says the author] was won by the cavalry, troops like the Novara Lancers and the Genoa Dragoons, some of the finest horsemen in Europe, who again and again charged the enemy and sacrificed themselves with cheerfulness that the retreat might win half an hour's respite. Said one Colonel to his officers: "The *canaille* have betrayed our country's honor; now we, the gentlemen of Italy, will save it," and wheeled his squadrons into the jaws of death.

Battles and leaders—these are the main substance of Mr. Buchan's volumes, tho they are woven into a smooth fabric of chronological narrative. The blame for deliberately starting the war is laid upon the Austrian and German statesmen of 1914, but the author tries to be fair even to the enemy, and in the main he succeeds. Few readers, for instance, at least outside of the German-speaking nations, will take exception to this judgment regarding Emperor Francis Joseph:

> He was the last believer in the old theory of the divine right of monarchs (for the German Emperor had a more modern variant), and his passionate faith gave him strength and constancy. To this creed everything was sacrificed—ease, family affection, private honor, the well-being of individuals and of nations—until he became an inhuman monarchical machine, grinding out decisions like an automaton. His age and his afflictions persuaded the world to judge im kindly, and indeed the tragic loneliness of his life made the predominant feeling one of pity. But if we try him by any serious standard, we can not set him among the good sovereigns of the world, and still less among the great. He gravely misruled the peoples entrusted to his care, he brought misfortunes upon Europe, and in the end he left his country ruined, bleeding and bankrupt. The cause he fought for was not noble or wise, but only a sumptuous egotism. At no time in his career had he any true perception of the forces at work in the world. He broke his head against new powers which he did not foresee, and then sat in the dust to be commiserated. The tragedy lay in a mind so sparsely furnished being charged with the control of such mighty destinies.

Mr. Buchan holds that Germany had several chances to win the war, even after the Marne, and that she failed because of the blunders of her statesmen and military leaders. He believes that she produced "no single soldier of the highest rank," that even Ludendorff "shared to the full that lack of political insight, that strange incapacity to judge the hearts of other peoples," which lost the war, and that "the High Command were themselves the principal architects of their country's defeat." Ferdinand Foch, judged by whatever standard, he would place among the dozen greatest of the world's captains. "Foch is a happy compound of patience and ardor; he could follow Fabian tactics when these were called for, and he could risk everything on the sudden stroke. He was not infallible, any more than Cæsar, or Napoleon, or Lee; but he could rise from his mistakes to a higher wisdom. In a word, he had a genius for war, that rarest of human talents. In the splendid company of the historic French captains he will stand among the foremost—behind, but not far behind, the greatest of all."

While Russia gets full credit for all that the Tsar's armies achieved for the allied cause, the Bolshevik saturnalia which destroyed the Russian front and culminated in the preposterous treaty of Brest-Litovsk finds no sympathy at this historian's hands. Lenin's recent speech at Moscow ridiculing the Allies for the muddle they produced at Versailles, and asserting that Soviet Russia never did anything so bad, would find a sufficient reply in these pages.

Mr. Buchan has not, unfortunately, attempted to give detailed or tabulated statements of the war losses. He summarizes by saying that more than eight million men died in battle, that the casualties were over thirty million, that disease and famine brought the total of dead in the world to twenty million, while as many more were maimed or weakened for life. Some two hundred billion dollars were spent by the nations in the direct business of war, and the property losses were incalculable. This is well enough in its way, but one wishes the author had added to the appendix a full set of tables of the forces on both sides, the total casualties by countries, the war debts, the shipping losses, and other data useful for reference. The present appendix consists only of the armistice terms arranged with the various Central Powers. There is a useful "Index of Military and Naval Units," which makes it easy to turn to the page, in any of the four volumes, where a certain army or fleet is mentioned. A good general index is another welcome feature, and the seventy-odd maps and diagrams of battles are invaluable. Both its literary charm and its authoritative and orderly marshaling of the war's far-flung activities entitle this work to a high and permanent place in the literature of the great conflict.

Shakespeare in French is now being offered to the people of France in little volumes like those of the Temple Shakespeare. The edition is called "Collection Shakespeare: Texte Anglo-Français," and is issued under the direction of A. Koszul (Paris: J. M. Dent et Fils). The English and French texts appear on opposite pages. The two volumes thus far published are "Macbeth," translated by Professor Jules Derocquigny, and the "Sonnets," translated by Charles-Marie Garnier, each with an excellent introductory essay. The London *Times* pronounces the "Macbeth" especially a triumph of translation, both in scholarship and in literary skill. Professor Derocquigny has kept his French slightly archaic, and this rather daring experiment seems to be extremely successful.

The Literary Digest

INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company

Adam W. Wagnalls, Pres.; Wilfred J. Funk, Vice-Pres.;
Robert J. Cuddihy, Treas.; William Neisel, Sec'y

354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

MARCH, 1923

The Battle of the Critics

IN ONE of his "Recollections of the Alhambra," published in that fascinating collection of miscellaneous papers which he bound together under the quaint title of "Wolfert's Roost," Washington Irving revives an old tale of Spanish chivalry, part legend, part fact, that is still, in a way, as relevant to human affairs as it was when Montemayor first gave it form and substance in his "Diana Enamorada." The story has to do with the gallant exploits of Moor and Spaniard in the days when Andalusia was the last bone of contention between the two races. There were mighty deeds of valor—happily there always are in these ancient tales—uncanny feats of strength and knightly cunning that keep the reader's imagination in a pleasant glow of excitement. But the main interest of the tale lies in the spirit of generous courtesy with which these Spanish and Moorish cavaliers carried on their warfare. Thus, in this story of "The Abencerrage," when the odds are against the Moor the Spaniard promptly relinquishes the advantage that he might have over his foe. When the Moor finds himself free through his captor's generosity, out of a high sense of honor, he voluntarily returns to captivity, altho by so doing he apparently brings to a tragic close a romantic love affair that has reached the very apex of happiness. Finally, when he pays the ransom that is demanded of him, the Spaniard returns it as a wedding gift to the Moor's lady-love, granting him at the same time his unconditional freedom.

SO they go, these ancient tales of chivalry, and whether or not they are founded on actual fact matters little. For, beneath their humorous exaggerations and high-flown sentiment, there is a sound ideal of human relationships that is, after all, quite as permanent and valuable as fact. It is the spirit—not the deed—of chivalry that counts, suggesting, as it does, for our modern literary battles, a standard of conduct as useful and vital as in the old-time warfare of magnanimous Moor and Spaniard. Thus, when some fiery critic snatches up sword and spear to demolish the author that happens to confront him, he not infrequently takes advantage of odds in the combat that it would be more fair and generous to forego. Perhaps the most flagrant dereliction in this kind is the one of which Sinclair Lewis complained in a recent article in the International Book Review—the condemning of an author for writing a book that he never intended to write and, in fact, did not write. To criticize adversely a good mystery or detective story because it does not follow the approved lines of a realistic novel is an instance of this lack of fair play. After all, it is the author who has the right to choose his own field of operations, and it is for the fair-minded critic to meet him on his own ground, to interpret his book according to what it really is, not what the critic thinks it ought to be, and to point out whether or not the author's theme—not the critic's—reaches its logical development.

THIS is merely to be fair—to observe the ideal rules of knightly warfare—both to author and reader. But even the reader is not always as magnanimous in these matters as he might be. Like the thoughtless critic, he is apt to hold an author too strictly to the mood and vesture of his first book. Write a successful humorous tale in the beginning, and critic and public will expect and demand humor in each and every book that follows from the same pen. In his analysis of the genius of Mark Twain, published some four or five years ago, it was thus that Mr. Van Wyck Brooks claims to have found that the rôle of perpetual fun-maker had been forced upon Mr. Clemens quite against any liking that he had for it. Let the latter write what he would, the public looked to find humor in it, altho humor may not have been in the least intended. This was manifestly an unfair procedure, for Mark Twain was not always in humorous mood—his privately printed "What is Man?" is sufficiently conclusive as to that—and it begins to be quite in the realm of probability that those books of his having a marked serious vein are the ones gifted with immortality rather than those that are frankly and boisterously "funny." Had critic and public been less exacting in their demands, what store of unplumbed treasure might have been ours from the unrestrained genius of the author of "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc"?

SO there one comes to the chivalrous rules of conduct that should govern this imagined tournament between author and literary critic. To the latter falls the task, by no means so easy as it may seem at first glance, to be generously fair to the author whom he has set out to interpret on the one hand, and on the other to be as honest and impartial in his report to the reading public as he knows how. This means, for one thing, that he must sink his own personality, his own individual likings and antipathies, so far as that is possible, and render a plain tale, devoid either of exaggerated praise or harsh censure, of what he has found. To do this, let him be the reviewer rather than the critic, putting the case in such manner that the reader is free to judge whether the book under discussion is worth his perusal or not. In his eagerness to be thorough and impartial, however, let not the reviewer tell all that is in the book, for this is to steal the author's thunder, whose privilege and profit it should be to tell his own story in his own way.

TIME was when the necessity for this chivalric usage between reviewer and author found scant recognition. There were doughty and ferocious critics not so many decades past, with a dogmatic, caste-bound way of looking at things that would scarcely be tolerated to-day. By contrast, the growth and development of the broader and more efficient method of the book review, replacing the old-time diatribe of the all-powerful critic of books, is a significant tribute to the higher and larger field accorded literature in our national culture. What to read has become a question of immediate importance, not merely for a restricted leisure class desirous to secure amusement for an idle hour. It is asked insistently to-day by those myriads that belong to and include all classes, and that recognize, as never before, the essential part played in the adventure of living by a wide and varied knowledge of books. For this the ancient battle of the critics seems lamentably ineffective, out-of-date. In its stead, there is something alluring in the chivalrous give-and-take of Irving's Moor and Spaniard, for the modern adaptation of which the new art of the book reviewer shows an increasing proficiency, and which this magazine is pledged to promote.

Clifford Smyth.

An American Portrait Gallery

By Maurice Francis Egan

© By Ewing Galloway

HALL OF FAME, NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

ONE of the most agreeable qualities of Mr. Sherman's "Americans"* is that one can disagree cordially with many of the opinions of its author and yet continue to like him more and more because he utters them. He has in the past been called a reactionary, but nobody is less reactionary. He is not the slave of tradition, national or otherwise; he is the interpreter of traditions for the good of his country—and, logically, for the good of the world. He has read so carefully and thought so clearly that he does not make the mistake of imagining that all the best Americans were democrats in the modern sense, and he has too much knowledge of our own world to fancy that all our best Americans of to-day imagine that the unrestricted rule of the people means happiness, or even progress, for the greater number. Probably the first real democrat among our political ancestors was Andrew Jackson, who broke down the traditions of the old families and appealed to the people. For a long time Virginia, as Gouverneur Morris says in his delectable "Memoirs," believed that she was the chosen mother of Presidents. Ohio rudely pushed her out of the limelight; and Ohio, while she is theoretically a Democratic State, has come to feel that a President not from Ohio is hardly a real American.

As an example of Mr. Sherman's manner, one ought to begin by calling attention to the last essay in the book—for fear, in the passionate fervor of reviewing, one might overlook it. It is on "Mr. P. E. More." Mr. More, the dean of American critics, has never been better done or with such a light touch. It would be pleasanter for some of us, as Mr. Sherman points out, if Mr. More were more ignorant than he is. His learning is so great and his method of using it so simple that it forces the most irreverent of wits to respect him. One can never accuse him of loving learning for learning's sake or in order that he may impress less steady and receptive minds with the fact of his knowledge.

> When I consider [Mr. Sherman says], how rich "P. E. M." is in the very wisdom which our democratic populace needs and vaguely desires, and when I observe how persistently he repels the advances of the vulgar by flinging a handful of political and social icicles in their faces, I wish from the bottom of my heart that he had loved the exclusive, metaphysical, aristocratic Plato less and the hobnobbing, inquisitive, realistic, democractic Socrates more.

Mr. Sherman does well to welcome Mr. More's recent volume, "The Wits," as a plank by which the more cultured of the ignorant may pass into the vestibule of his softly glowing classic temple. It almost confirms the impression of an admirer, through thick and through thin, of Mr. More's work, who said: "There are only two really distinguished writers in all English literature: the late Sir Thomas More and the present P. E. More." "Ah, yes," the receptive listener answered, "I think I have read one of the translations from Anacreon—I forget which!" But, as Mr. Stuart Sherman remarks,

> an inheritor of the high mission of damnation does not fluently mix with the various literary adulation societies in the metropolis. To men of Mr. More's internal preoccupation, the great city offers in vain that life which impresses the eye of a Maupassant from Texas as so rich and various.

To call Mr. More a missionary of damnation is going too far. His main purpose is not to damn; when he observes that the literary sinner has chosen to damn himself, he simply points out the fact.

Mr. Sherman's essay on "Mr. Mencken" is the most careless

*AMERICANS. By Stuart P. Sherman, author of "Matthew Arnold," "On Contemporary Literature." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

and frivolous thing in this book. Mr. Mencken deserves more serious treatment. It is true enough that he is an exile from a German civilization which existed only in his imagination—or if it did exist, it disappeared the moment that even the Bavarians began to hang cannons on their Christmas trees. If he had a heart—or had found one—he would be one of the strongest forces in our literature to-day. He is not merely the apostle of the "flapper," who may have a past, but has no traditions; he is the apostle of a great many young American men and women who have traditions and no past. If he has the misfortune to imagine that the mere proclamation that he is infallible in taste makes him so, it is because he rather despises his surroundings. Because he is supremely clever, no critic ought to set him down as superficial. It may be true that

> he turns with anguish from the pure and simple flavors that please children as the first gifts of nature and that delight great critics as the last achievements of art. His appetite craves a fierce stimulation of sauces, of flamboyance and glitter of cheeses, the sophisticated and appalling ripeness of duck nine days old.

Lovely phrases! Especially "the flamboyance and glitter of cheeses"—almost worthy of some of "Les Jeunes," who, like Mr. Mencken himself, show signs of the tonsure, and who might with some reason use a little shoe-black on their changing locks. Mr. Mencken's impertinences are always so brilliant that if one has a sense of humor, as Mr. Stuart Sherman has, one may be sympathetically tolerant—except where a sacred principle has been struck through its symbol, a man like Roosevelt.

Mr. Sherman's book is an *apologia* for the best American spirit as presented in some of the greatest of Americans. In writing of the different estimates made of Roosevelt, in weighing exaggerated eulogy against exaggerated detraction, Mr. Sherman says:

> In the total estimate, however, there is no significant difference; the biographers agree that Roosevelt was "our typical American" and possessed every important virtue that we admire. When the critical biographer arrives, he will reexamine this total estimate.

Mr. Sherman is discriminating and, in the main, fair. Roosevelt might, he tells us, have succeeded perfectly if he had lent his giant's strength to "a cause of the plain people not of his contriving nor under his leadership." It provokes thought, and perhaps it will provoke some irritation, to read the parallel which Mr. Sherman makes between Roosevelt's characterization of Cromwell and Roosevelt's suggested defects:

> He was too impatient to found the kind of legal and constitutional system which would prevent the recurrence of such evils. Cromwell's extreme admirers treat his impatience of the delays and shortcomings of ordinary constitutional and legal proceedings as a sign of his greatness. It was just the reverse. . . . His strength, his intensity of conviction, his delight in exercising powers for what he conceived to be good ends: his dislike for speculative reforms and his inability to appreciate the necessity of theories to a practical man who wishes to do good work . . . all these tendencies worked together to unfit him for the task of helping a liberty-loving people on the road to freedom.

The study of Franklin is adequate and amusing. Mr. Sherman says that we who desire to know the breadth and humanity of our traditions should give some days and nights to the study of the eighteenth century. During that period the Colonists turned their attention from the problems of Jewish theology—Mr. Sherman calls it medieval, but it was really Hebraic corrupted by a Calvinism always shown—to classical culture and the consideration of inductive philosophy. In a few words he dissipates the myths that cluster about American origins. He points out that Franklin and the potent group which surrounded him, including Jefferson, were mentally the results of the culture of the eighteenth century, and among these Benjamin Franklin, popularly supposed to be that beloved democratic symbol, a printer's apprentice, moving up Market Street in Philadelphia carrying the baked rolls of the period, was one of its most polished examples. In fact, "the homespun Franklin at one time was so smitten with the influence of the era of Queen Anne that he determined to live in England and to continue that aroma into the Georgean era. "Poor Richard" is generally looked on as a picture of Franklin himself, whereas Franklin was an Epicurean who liked to practise the principal virtues that make life serene—even chastity—in moderation.

No better summary of the position of Hawthorne in our national literary traditions than that done by Mr. Sherman has as yet been written. No epileptic rhetoric directed against this master of the psychological romance can dim his fame. It grows year by year, and "The Scarlet Letter" remains one of the great books of the civilized world. No critic has shown a finer appreciation of Hawthorne than Mr. Sherman in this quotation from Hawthorne:

> Here I sit in my old accustomed chamber where I used to sit in days gone by. And now I begin to understand why I was imprisoned so many years in this lonely chamber, and why I could never break through the viewless bolts and bars: for if I had sooner made escape into the world, I should have grown hard and rough, and been covered with earthly dust, and my heart might have become callous by rude encounters with the multitude; . . . but living in solitude till the fulness of time was come, I still kept the dew of my youth, and the freshness of my heart. . . . I used to think I could imagine all passions, all feelings, all states of the heart and mind; but how little did I know! Indeed, we are but shadows: we are not endowed with real life, and all that seems most real about us is but the thinnest substance of a dream till the heart be touched. That touch creates us—then we begin to be—thereby we are beings of reality and inheritors of eternity.

One of the charms of "Americans" is that Mr. Sherman never rides an adjective to death. He has the art of being moderate and of choosing his words as carefully as the word-loving Emerson, of whom he writes with careful regard for his permeating influence on our life and letters. And he does justice to the poetry of Emerson, who himself saw the need of an escape from the danger of an academic dry-rot when he hailed the early poems of Whitman.

Emerson had none of the exclusiveness of Holmes and Lowell, and Henry Adams is quoted as saying that Emerson no doubt looked on the family of Adamses as worldlings, which, in fact, one of the most important of them was. It is significant of Mr. Sherman's good taste that he quotes one of the very first of our essayists, and perhaps the first of our critics, with respect—Mr. William Crary Brownell.

Mr. Sherman on "The Adams Family" will delight the *gourmet* of literature who likes a certain amount of *sauce tartare*. It shows very plainly that there is an aristocracy of intellect in our country, and that there is some reason—to say this is a heresy—for the cherished belief among increasing groups of people in our country that in nearly every State in the Union there are certain families born and bred to rule, and that these are mostly Republicans.

Probably there is no country in the world where people are so intolerant of differences of opinion as in our own; or no country in which facts are looked on more as the invention of liars when they do not agree with certain foregone conclusions. Consequently, Mr. Sherman's "Americans" will be a target for many bullets; but he need not pick up the bullets. One can best show the value of his work by a short quotation. He is speaking of Whitman and of a test applied to our contemporary verse:

> But there is another very simple test, which for some reason or other is seldom applied to our contemporary verse. What is the purpose and the effect of great poetry—of Homer, the Psalms, Beowulf, the Song of Roland, the Divine Comedy, Richard III, Paradise Lost? It is to raise a man in the midst of his common life above the level of his ordinary emotion by filling him with a sentiment of his importance as a moral being and of the greatness of his destiny. Does Whitman's poetry accomplish that end? It does, and it will continue to do so with increases of power as the depth and sweep of his book, its responses to a wide range of need, become familiar in the sort of daily exploration through a number of years, in dull times and crucial, which such a book can repay.

Books That Ireland Is Reading To-day

By Ernest Boyd

THOSE who have followed with any attention the fortunes of Anglo-Irish literature in this country can not fail to have noticed the obvious waning of American interest in Irish books. Within the last few years there has been an increasing reluctance on the part of American publishers to undertake the works of Irish writers in Ireland, especially those deeply marked with the national imprint. There are certain accepted favorites of the general public, George Birmingham or St. John Ervine, for example, whose American readers are provided regularly each season with a new book. W. B. Yeats and George W. Russell (A. E.) also have no difficulty in reaching an audience outside their own country; but the majority of Irish writers whose works are published in Ireland, are practically restricted to the Irish reading public, which is infinitesimal. They get no support from their compatriots overseas, if one may judge by the poor response with which the occasional ventures of enterprising American publishers have been rewarded, when the latter have accepted Irish books of outstanding merit.

Photograph by William Lawrence, Publisher the "Emerald Isle Album," Dublin

NATIONAL LIBRARY AND SCIENCE AND ART MUSEUM, DUBLIN

Opened to the public in 1890. The library is essentially the People's University, and is believed to have a larger daily attendance of serious readers, in proportion to the population of the city, than any other library in the United Kingdom.

Within the past three years the percentage of oooks from Ireland to be published in this country has not exceeded the requirements of the Volstead Act. The results, moreover, have been discouraging enough to lower even that percentage, for altho several fine books achieved the distinction of an American edition, it would be absurd to pretend that they met with adequate recognition. There was "The Golden Barque and the Weaver's Grave" of Seumas O'Kelly; "The Wasted Island," by Eimar O'Duffy; "The Hounds of Banba," by Daniel Corkery; "The Whiteheaded Boy," by Lennox Robinson, and Professor Robert Mitchell Henry's "Evolution of Sinn Fein." Each of its kind a work of distinction, none had the success it deserved. Having escaped the fate which excluded so many contemporary Irish books from American publication altogether, they encountered an indifference which resulted, in several cases, in downright failure, and in the others in a small degree of success out of all proportion to the size of the audience addrest. The smaller and poorer book-buying public in Ireland has called for many editions of works which over here have not even paid expenses.

Thus a great many distinguished Irishmen of letters find no direct avenue of approach to American readers at all. They are dependent upon those—happily increasing—book-shops which import foreign editions for a more or less select clientèle. There it is possible to get the fine stories of Dermot O'Byrne, translations from the remarkable Gaelic prose of Padraic O. Conaire, and the plays, novels and poetry of the generation which has been unfortunate enough to come too late into a world grown tired of the very name of Ireland.

Appearances might naturally suggest that the production of literature must be at a standstill in Ireland to-day. There is support and publicity for the "idealists," who are engaged in the congenial task of disrupting the British Empire by the indirect method of wrecking Irish passenger trains and destroying the homes of mere Irishmen whose lives have been given to the welfare of their country. Next to nothing is heard of the civilized human beings who manage, somehow, to survive the bombs and the absence of that support lavished upon the bomb-throwers by certain long-distance friends of Ireland. They go on with their work, and, even in its distraction, Ireland finds time to give them a hearing, for the production of books by Dublin publishers shows no marked diminution. The aged Irish Senator and scholar, George Sigerson, who recently resigned in order to save his home and his works of art from the patriotic hooligans, has just issued a translation, with a learned commentary, of "The Easter Song of Sedulius" (Dublin: The Talbot Press). This is the first Christian epic, "the Morning Hymn" of Christendom, and is regarded as the true source of Milton's "Paradise Lost." It has been a Christian classic since the fifth century, but it has remained for the venerable Dr. Sigerson, at the age of eighty-six, to make the first translation, adorned with fascinating notes and appendices relating to the Celts in Milan, Bordeaux and Toulouse, an achievement which has moved Augustine Birrell to admiration.

Another work to come out of Ireland during these "years of the shadow," as Katharine Tynan has called them, is "The Interpreters," by A. E., which, as I write, is announced for publication here by the Macmillan Company. The book appeared in London a few months back, but it had been slowly taking shape and maturing in the author's mind. It must be six years since A. E. told me one night that he had started on what he then called a symposium. The characters in the debate were a group of men captured during a revolution and awaiting execution. During their last night in jail they expound their ideas and sketch the different philosophies whereby each of

them was moved and brought to his present predicament. The period during which this idea was conceived and developed has been one of the most disturbed and terrible in Irish history, yet there is not a trace of the dangers, the terrors and the disillusionment with which A. E. was beset as he meditated and wrote.

This serene and lofty work is a philosophical discussion and analysis of the spiritual impulse in politics. The question propounded is: "What relation have the politics of time to the politics of eternity?" The scene is placed in a future age, when a world-state has been welded into unity by the scientific combination of mechanics and high finance. Against the enlightened despotism of this overwhelming centralization of power one small nation has revolted. The arsenal of the chief city has been attacked, aerial warships patrol the skies, and the rebellion is in its first phase, A. E. drawing a remarkable picture of the state of mind of the leaders in the desperate enterprise. Finally these leaders are brought into a cell in a prison overlooking the conflict, where there comes also, through an error of the military authorities, one of the chief personages in the organization of the state, the director of its aerial forces. With this character to act as the spokesman of imperial authority, the debate begins.

Leroy, the anarchist, asks: "What relation have the politics of time to the politics of eternity?" Lavelle, the poet, asks: "How can right find its appropriate might?" Four typical answers are developed, and then Brehon, the historian, endeavors to sum them up into a synthesis. Man has three qualities in his being—matter, energy and mind—and he creates his universe in his own image. His deities are manifestations of these qualities, and his aspirations are turned toward power, when the spirit is fixt in the will; toward fulness of being when fixt in the life principle; toward beauty when immersed in matter. The Yogi philosophy is the will to power, the Brahmin is the will to fulness of being, the Platonic is the will to beauty. The ancient theocratic states were affected by the dominance of such religious or spiritual moods in the highest minds, and A. E.'s argument is that these moods persist in the subconscious. In modern politics this triumvirate of mind, energy and matter has its analogs. "All that is substance in us aspires to the ancestral beauty. All that is power in us desires to become invincible. All that is consciousness longs for fulness of being." The first of these impulses is translated into the nationalism of the poet, Lavelle; the second into the imperialism of Heyt, the organizer; the third into the socialism of Culain, for whom love and pity are the only bond that can hold men together.

There is, however, another spokesman, the anarchist, Leroy, whose claim is on behalf of individualism. "Whichever it be of you that achieves the harmony of society, individuality must be weakened, and the will lose that diamond hardness which can only be maintained by continuous effort never relaxed." In the anarchist A. E. finds the integration of beauty, power and pity combining to exalt human individualism. The source of political unity resides in a combination of power shared by these diverse types, who have traced their impulses to their ultimate spiritual reality. Such is the politics of eternity which A. E. sees in an intimate relationship to the politics of time. This work falls at once into its place as the logical chapter in the philosophy which the author has expounded in his poetry, and in the prose volume which preceded this, "The Candle of Vision."

His English critics have listened with characteristic incredulity to this elaborate metaphysical theory concerning what is to the English-speaking peoples everywhere a matter of practise, governed, not by immutable laws or principles, but by the exigencies and possibilities of the moment. The political mentality of Ireland, it is true, is very dissimilar, but I fancy even the generous optimism and faith of A. E. must be strained when he confronts this beautiful and eloquent meditation with the brutal facts of the time. In its dispassionate honesty "The Interpreters" finely reflects its author, who is the unrepresentative man in Irish politics. His capacity for fairly presenting every shade of opinion is well illustrated in this book, and adds enormously to its stimulating value. A. E. is not so disingenuous with his interlocutors as Plato represents Socrates to have been. His preoccupation with the ideal in politics is undoubtedly characteristic of a strong side of the Irish character, with its baffling indifference to the actual and the possible, those keystones of British tradition. Unfortunately, Irish idealism, of late, has exprest itself in forms strangely contrasted with the serenity of A. E.'s vision. However, when read in the light of his previous political masterpiece, "The National Being," this work explains and clarifies the position in modern Ireland of a unique personality, who has proved himself the wisest of statesmen and the profoundest of seers.

It is an abrupt transition from A. E., who once complained of the dramatists who "delight in the broken lights of insanity, the ruffian who beats his wife, the weakling who is unfortunate in love and drinks himself to death," to the new play of T. C. Murray, one of the leading figures in the ranks of the younger Irish playwrights thus criticized. "Aftermath" (Dublin: The Talbot Press) is not exactly so harsh and violent as those plays a few years before the war to which A. E. refers. It is, however, a depressing and powerful drama, composed of the simplest elements, but forcibly presenting one of the innumerable social problems that harass the new Ireland in its painful evolution. Mr. Murray presents us with the situation which arises when the educated farmer's son returns from the city and finds himself in conflict with the traditions of generations of peasants, whose prejudices and practises are untouched by urban ideas. Here the returned son is a schoolmaster who has been appointed headmaster of the school in the village where he was born. His mother welcomes him back and prepares to make a match for him, according to local custom, by selecting, not the girl who would conceivably make a suitable companion for him, but the girl whose dowry and land will rehabilitate the fortunes of the family and give their name the luster it requires. The young man revolts, but when he is rejected, largely through his mother's machinations, by the schoolmistress with whom he has much in common, he marries the woman of his mother's choice. Four years of life with this well-meaning creature have reduced the once cheerful and creative personality to that of a soured and desperate man. The attractive young schoolmistress has also married unsuitably, and when the curtain falls it is upon the despairing revolt of the son, sacrificed to peasant conventions and ideals he has never shared, who walks out of his home in full flight from his miseries.

"Aftermath" is a sincere and effective play, and enjoyed some success when first produced at the Abbey Theater a year ago. It shows how little the dramatic tradition of the Irish Theater is affected by all the experiments in play-writing which have come to this country from Europe and have begun to influence the American dramatists. T. C. Murray's first considerable play, "Birthright," was produced by the Irish Players in 1910, and technically his work shows no advance in the intervening years. He has mastered his medium, the peasant play, but there is no innovation in his technique The comparative failure of Lennox Robinson's admirable comedy, "The Whiteheaded Boy," seems to indicate that in this field, also, Ireland has nothing that America wants very badly. The heyday of the Irish Theater is over, and we must wait for the innovator who will renew its vitality.

The only work of fiction worthy of note is "Wet Clay," a posthumous novel by Seumas O'Kelly, whose volume containing "The Weaver's Grave" I have already mentioned as an undeserved failure. That amazing little masterpiece has now been issued separately by the Talbot Press of Dublin in an edition illustrated by Jack B. Yeats, whose art so peculiarly harmonizes with the spirit of the text. But I fear the appearance of this garish and over-ornamented book will not assist the fame of either the author or the artist. "Wet Clay" is not so handicapped and is having the same success on the other side of the Atlantic as O'Kelly's previous works, the two collections of short stories, "Waysiders" and "Hillsiders," and "The Golden Barque and the Weaver's Grave."

The story deals with the adventures of Brendan Nilan, a young

(*Continued on page 62*)

The New Literary Map of Central Europe

By Eugene S. Bagger

Photo Underwood & Underwood

THE NATIONAL THEATER AT PRAGUE, IN THE NEW REPUBLIC OF CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

SO LITTLE is known in the United States about the literatures of Central Europe — with the exception of that of Germany, which, if none too thoroughly studied, is at least not completely ignored—that I present this elementary sketch with a consciousness of fulfilling a mission, and with a sense of responsibility such as may have been felt by a Marco Polo telling an incredulous thirteenth-century Venice about the wonders of Cathay, or, to quote a more modern example, by a Dr. Gilbert Traprock introducing the American public to the delicious mysteries of the Filbert Islands.

Geographically and historically, Central Europe includes Germany and what was once Austria-Hungary. I shall deal here, however, only with the non-German sections of this territory. Non-German Central Europe includes four national units: Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Jugo-Slavia and Roumania. Politically, at least, the pressure of the late war has forced upon America some superficial half-hearted cognizance of these nations. Culturally they have remained as remote as the inhabitants of Mars. Time and again I have been asked by people who could be expected to know better whether the native language of the Magyars was German. Others, intellectually more aggressive, advanced the theory that German was the polite language of Hungary, and Magyar merely a patois of Slav origin, restricted to the servant class. And not long ago a prominent literary editor sought enlightenment as to whether Roumanian or Ruthenian was the language spoken at Prague.

I shall begin with a summary of common terms of development and common traits of physiognomy. Compared with the literatures of the West, the literatures of Central Europe appear scanty, cramped, one-sided and backward. This is due not to inherent racial inferiority, as "scientists" of the Nordic school of ethnology would try to prove if they knew about it, but to political and economic conditions determined by geography and history. Among these four are outstanding: remoteness from the Western centers of culture; linguistic isolation; political repression; and economic backwardness. The first two are more or less self-explanatory. As to the third: The four non-German nations of Central Europe have never been able to live their own lives without constant and violent outside interference. They never knew the blessings of prolonged peace, safety and prosperity. Safety is the *conditio sine qua non* of culture. For a thousand years the Czechs, a Slav people, had to fight German penetration; for five hundred years this penetration was combined with a ruthless campaign of the Roman Church against a people temperamentally Protestant. For centuries the Magyars waged war on two fronts: against absorption by Germany and conquest by Turkey. The larger part of the Jugo-Slav nation lived under Turkish tyranny for 450 years. The case of Roumania is most complicated of all—here a people of mixed Slav and Latin stock, speaking a language essentially Latin, was subjected first to Slavonic cultural penetration, then to Turkish political rule aggravated by Byzantine Greek spiritual tyranny.

The effect of this continuous outside interference is that all these cultures have become militantly—not to say pathologically—nationalistic. In the preface to "John Bull's Other Island," Bernard Shaw points out that the greatest damage wrought by alien political domination is the disproportionate importance with which it invests the idea of nationality. The son of an oppressed race can think of nothing but his nationality, just as a starving man can think of nothing but food. To Americans the hypertrophied nationalism of Central European literatures may be explained by another analogy. American literature of the last decade has been much more self-conscious about sex, more ostentatiously preoccupied with it, than the literature of the Continent. This self-consciousness betokens a rebellion against the Puritan tradition, and that rebellion will wane in proportion to its own victory. What sex repression was in America, nationalistic suppression was in Central Europe. Both resulted in focusing on one aspect of life the energy which should have been evenly diffused among many. Where the American heretic preaches that virtue is its own punishment, the Central European rebel, stunted by centuries of alien domination, declares that nationality is an end, not a means.

Wedged between German and Turk, the four peoples of Central Europe have lived their lives on a battle-field. This accounts for

the fact that economically the larger part of Central Europe is a century behind Western Europe. Industrialism, late in arriving, hasn't done its work yet—and if some of its curses are absent, so are most of its blessings. No crystallization of a strong and prosperous bourgeoisie has taken place. The genteel tradition in Central European literature, up to the twentieth century, was feudal and rural, not urban. The reaction to feudal influence has come, not, as in England and France, from an industrial and commercial bourgeoisie, but from the peasantry and a propertyless educated middle layer, an *intelligentsia* in the Russian sense. The middle-class intellectual in Central Europe is not liberal, as in the West, but radical, as in Russia.

Intense cultural nationalism has, with the rise of this intellectual proletariat, evoked a reaction toward cosmopolitanism and internationalism. This cosmopolitanism was determined by the realization of national unimportance, of the necessity of importing from abroad ideas and forms, Western or Russian. The amount of foreign literature—French, English, Italian, Russian, German, Scandinavian, Spanish—translated into Central European languages, especially into Hungarian and Czech, is prodigious. The literary internationalism thus born is usually tinged with tendencies of social revolt, and it wages a *Kulturkampf* of extreme bitterness on the narrow outlook of academic nationalism, which as a rule is an ally of political reaction. In Hungary and Roumania, where the intellectual outlook is branded by a kind of inferiority complex, this internationalism expresses itself in a nostalgia for the West—in the essentially oriental Magyar's yearning for the splendors of French and English culture; in the Roumanian's dream of Latin unity.

One of the strongest common traits of Central European cultures is the prodigious outlay of energy spent by these four peoples in ignoring one another. Many Hungarians display a knowledge of French and English literature that amazes the foreigner. They also cherish the queerest misconceptions, tempered by blank ignorance, concerning the culture of their next-door neighbor. The same is true of Roumanians, Czechs and Jugo-Slavs. This, of course, is the penalty of turning education into a vested interest of chauvinistic propaganda. To-day, with the national aspirations of the once opprest races fulfilled, the spirit of mutual interest and cultural cooperation is slowly waking, chiefly in Roumania and Czecho-Slovakia, and it may be hoped that the politico-economic destruction wrought by the war will be compensated for by a spiritual approchement. Having fulfilled their "national destiny," the peoples of Central Europe may be expected to forget about it and to turn their attention to something really worth while.

Having thus surveyed the general tendencies and characteristics of Central European literatures, we may now turn to an individual consideration of the four national units. After the political and cultural extinction of Bohemia, which followed upon the victory of the Counter-Reformation in the seventeenth century, the Czech national renaissance dawned at the end of the eighteenth century. Its dominant factors were European enlightenment and the intense national reaction provoked by the Germanizing tendencies of Emperor Joseph II.

Czech literature begins with the realization that the Czech nation is alive. Soon the realization follows that the Czech nation is alive in Europe, and that it is a member of the great Slav family of nations. The first half of the nineteenth century is Romantic and Slavophile. About the middle of the century the reflective stage sets in: modern Czech literature is born. Its father is an encyclopedic genius of unparalleled compass, Jaroslav Vrchlický. (The name is not so terrible as it looks: you may pronounce it as Verkhlitsky and let it go at that.) His works fill more than a hundred volumes. He was a poet, novelist, dramatist, historian, critic—and a translator from a score of languages. His cosmopolitan stamp is all over modern Czech culture.

Svatopluk Cech is the great national epic poet of Czecho-Slovakia. The three great lyricists of the last generation are disciples of Vrchlicky and contemporaries of Verlaine, Baudelaire, Mallarmé—J. S. Machar, Antonin Sova and the greatest of them all, Otakar Brezina, a poet of marvelous depth and color, perplexingly rich in imagery—one of the greatest of symbolists. His essays are distinguished by fineness of perception and perfection of style. Viktor Dyk is a skeptic and ironist in verse, novel and play. The poetry of social revolt is represented by Stanislav Neumann, whose "Thirty Chants from the Upheaval" reflect his experiences in the World War; by Frana Sramek, a a pupil of Dostoievsky and Hamsun; his "The Bells," a realistic picture of wartime in a Czech village, was one of the dramatic successes of last year: he also writes poetry and short stories; by Otakar Fischer, author of another post-war drama of realism, called "The World's Timepiece," produced last year; and by the brothers Josef and Karel Capek (please *do* pronounce it Chapek) whose satirical dramas "R. U. R." and "The World We Live In" need no introduction to the American public. Among critics, F. X. Salda, disciple of Taine and Lemaître, and F. V. Krejci stand out. Other cultivators of the social drama are F. X. Svoboda, M. A. Simacek, J. Hilbert and J. Kvapil. These authors all represent various shades and degrees of the western cosmopolitan ideology, which in Czecho-Slovakia is stronger and more realistic than in the other Central European countries. The nationalistic school is represented chiefly by the historic dramas of Jaroslav Maria, Arnost Dvorak and J. Mahen, by the brothers Mrstik (pronounced Merstik) and by the Silesian poet Petr Bezruc.

In Hungary, as in Czecho-Slovakia, national culture was shaken out of its torpor (caused here by constant fighting against the Turk and the stifling influence of the Latin official language) by the last squalls of enlightenment and the Germanizing attempts of Joseph II. In the early nineteenth century the Magyar language (a member of the Finnish-Ugrian group, though racially the Magyars belong with the Turks) was recreated by the efforts of a handful of scholars. The historic and artistocratic romanticism which dominated up to 1848 evoked a popularistic reaction, a spiritual return to the soil and its people in the lyrics of Alexander Petöfi, bard of love, social revolt and world brotherhood, and in the epic and meditative poetry of John Arany. But this wholesome reaction soon petrified into an academic tradition, a ritualistic worship of village customs and costumes, of a housebroken and manicured peasantry.

The revolt was ushered in by the coming of age of the first generation that grew up after 1867, the year that brought peace with the Hapsburgs and Austria, the enfranchisement of the Jews and the advent of European industrialism. It was a revolt of the young intellectuals, mostly Jews completely Magyarized, of Budapest. The program of the innovators was summed up in the name of their brilliant monthly magazine, Nyugat (The West). They turned their back both on heroic history and on idyllic mock-ruralism; they were radicals and internationalists; Paris became the Mecca of their dreams. They produced a number of excellent critics—the best is Hugo Veigelsberg, who writes under the pen name Ignotus and is well known in Germany too—a few clever playwrights and short story writers. But the man who embodies the genius of the new Hungary is a lyric poet—Andrew Ady. Had he written in one of the world languages he would be to-day, four years after his premature death, recognized as one of the greatest singers of modernity. He represents that dualism of the Magyar character which imparts to it its hopeless melancholia. He is a nomad, a wanderer and seeker, uprooted descendant of the horsemen of Central Asian steppes, who, in the savage provincialism of his native land, dreams of the glory that is Paris; atheistic son of stern Calvinist squires, whose life is spent in a passionate quest of a lost God; decadent aristocrat who has become the Tyrtaeus of world revolution; a blend of Hebrew psalmist, Shelley and Baudelaire. Another poet of an entirely different type, second only to Ady in stature, is Michael Babits, a formalist who has made of the Magyar language a musical instrument comparable to the English of Swinburne at his best, and whose outlook and manner are derived from

(*Continued on page 63*)

Leaders of French Fiction Since the War

By Albert Schinz

THE richness and variety of after-the-war French literature seems all the more astounding as everything seemed to cooperate to discourage authors from writing. The cost of paper (higher in France than anywhere else) and of labor of all sorts caused the prices of books to soar high, very high, while the general poverty, especially in the classes which formed the bulk of the reading public, seemed to preclude any buying. But something was irresistible. After all, literature means discussion of ideas; and the world needed ideas more than ever; many had something to say, and many more had hopes of hearing something. The French still like the old saying, *Primo philosophari, deinde vivere*—first the mind, and then the body.

One might say that the writers of novels in France to-day fall into three categories.

First, there are those who simply continue French literature as it had developed before the war; they do so, either because they think that art ought never to concern itself with such disturbing circumstances as war, or because—consciously or unconsciously—they wish to react against a pressure at home, to make French literature conform (to a certain extent, at least) to Anglo-Saxon standards. Against such suggestions of bending national individuality in art, some rebelled so decidedly that instead of toning down, they rather emphasized what is—rightly or wrongly—considered by some as specifically French. Some emphasized it aggressively; thus, two women, Rachilde, in her "Souris Japonaise," Colette Willy, in "Chéri"; some did it less ostentatiously, like Henri de Régnier, in "Pécheresse." Again, some do it, as it were, with the idea that there is really nothing more congenial than the genuine French spirit; thus Jean Aicard, in his "Gaspard de Besse," Henry Pourrat, in his "Gaspard des Montagnes" (Prix littéraire du Figaro, 1922), and especially Raymond Escholier, in that exquisite "Cantegril" (Prix de la Vie Heureuse, 1922).

MARCEL PROUST

Secondly—diametrically opposed in temperament to those who want to dissociate literature from after-war life—there are those who intend to use art as a means for moral and social uplift. They hold that more than ever, since the war, is the support of literature imperative to guard the nation from going astray. Two gospels are at present preached in France with earnestness and talent: One is the return to the cultivation of the soil, which means a healthier life, physically and morally, than the one offered by modern industrialism; moreover, it is the life that inspired in the people of France the sterling qualities that came out so splendidly in the Great War. The late Bazin had started the movement as much as fifteen years ago, and some of his books, like "La Terre qui Meurt," "Le Blé qui lève," or "Donatienne," are still much read. Such novels as Perrochon's "Nène" (Prix Goncourt, 1920), and Louis Hémon's "Maria Chapdelaine," leave behind even more the wholesome flavor of the soil tilled by man.* The other gospel is that of the return to the old national religious beliefs of France. Paul Bourget continues to be the best exponent of this tendency, with Henri Bordeaux as a younger brother. More catholic in dogma—somewhat like Claudel on the stage—are such recent novels as Emile Baumann's "Job le Prédestiné" (which just took the Prix Balzac—sharing it, however, with J. Giraudoux's "Siegfried et le Limousin"), and Francis Mauriac's very stern "Le Baiser au Lépreux" (1922).†

In the third category are to be found authors—by far the most numerous—who are not indeed forgetful of the crisis of the war, but who do not indulge in any dogmatism; they are groping, feeling the pulse of France and of the world. They can be classified in a number of different groups according to certain marked tendencies.

In the field of fiction, for instance, is the group of those who think that France showed her deepest soul during the war, and that one must study the Frenchman of the war while he is still with us; here belong such different types as Barbusse, with "Clarté" (1919), and Roland Dorgelès, with the admirable "Croix de Bois" (Prix de la Vie Heureuse, 1921); Pierre Villetard, with "M. Bille dans la Tourmente" (Grand Prix du roman, 1921)—the "Mr. Billings Sees It Through" of France, but much less interesting; Valmy-Baisse, with his excellent "Le Retour d'Ulysse," Ulysse being the Gaspard of after-war days.

Another conspicuous group is that formed by the novelists who propose to restore the nerves of the people by telling them stories—just good stories—if possible neither too childish nor too philosophical. The king of them all is Pierre Benoît, the author of tales of adventure, among which are "Koenigsmark," "L'Atlantide," and recently "La Chaussée des Géants," a romanesque interpretation of the Irish troubles. About the same thing, altho on a distinctly higher plane, Maurice Barrès tried with his keenly romantic "Un Jardin sur

*See the article of Beaunier, in Revue des Deux Mondes, June 1, 1922, "Les Géorgiques Nouvelles."

†Is Roland Dorgelès' "Saint-Magloire" (1922) to be considered a criticism of this whole tendency, or simply a warning against religious fanaticism?

l'Oronte." And again the same intention—resting the mind from the urgent every-day problems, while at the same time keeping readers in touch with real life—inspired some fine historical novels, as L. Bertrand's "L'Infante," and Marcel Tancrède's "Ce que Coûtent les Rêves."

There are those novelists also who maintain that we ought to concern ourselves with those races with which we have become better acquainted during the war, and for whom we must feel morally responsible. Exotism has inspired—once more in recent years—some very remarkable novels, from the wonderful "Café Chantant," by Eliza Rhaïs, to the altogether too famous "negro novel by a negro," "Batouala," and pointing *en passant* to the powerful series of novels by the brothers Tharaud on the Near East.

One of the most interesting groups is that of the three newcomers in the realm of literary fame, dealing with moral and social outcasts: Pierre Mac Orlan, for the "Soviet" type, in "La Cavalière Elsa"; Francis Carco, for the "Apache" group, with "L'Equipe," and "L'Homme Traqué" (Grand Prix de roman, 1922); and Paul Morand, for picturesque outcasts of all sorts of types and nationalities, with "Ouvert la Nuit," which was the great novelistic success last summer.

There are quite a number of novelists who think that women's nerves have been more deeply affected than men's by the war, and who find no end of cases to study; e. g., J. H. Rosny, Ch. H. Hirsch, Marie Laparcerie, J. de Granvilliers. Among them all let us mention only the two most successful novels, Gaston Chérau's "Valentine Pacquault," and especially Marcel Prévost's "Les Don Juanes."

But the most interesting of these groups, the most typical of those years as well as the one which seems to have roused the most genuine curiosity, is that which we might define as the group of the *exhaustive psychologists.* The idea of these writers—often masters—is evidently this: the only way to regain the world's balance, to achieve something useful by way of reconstruction, is to begin once more from the very beginning and go to the bottom in analyzing the human mind.

Who are we, who constitute society? Well, we are very complex beings, and the two hundred, three hundred, four hundred, even five hundred pages of a yellow-covered volume are not enough to express this complexity; one will need three times, six times, ten times, five hundred pages; and then one may have made but a beginning.

The first attempt, on a big scale, at the "exhaustive psychology" novel antedates the war; it was written by a man who had felt a catastrophe coming and had hoped it might be averted by discussing things thoroughly before the storm burst. This man was Romain Rolland, and his novel was the famous ten-volume "Jean Christophe." One remembers the leading thought: The world must change its standards of philosophy and art. Where shall we find the new inspiration? The answer was: In the traditional virtues of the French people—the French *people,* not the French nation. The political circle, the society people, the intellectual milieus, the artistic coteries—these are, of course, part of the nation, but they will not do; all the hope lies—and there is plenty of hope—with the plain people, unsophisticated in their feelings, their spontaneously good nature having been refined by centuries of civilization; they are the people with solid moral backbone, deep humanitarianism, from among whom had come a Joan of Arc. Such people do exist; Jean Christophe had found them right in Paris, he lived among them, he was kindly treated by them, he had become one of them.

Even before the war was over the idea of the "exhaustive psychology" novel was taken up again. And as years go by, more authors try their hand at it with ever-increasing success.

The most famous author belonging to this group is Marcel Proust, whose untimely death (on November 18, 1922) has been recorded. He was only a little over fifty. He had been awarded in 1919 the much coveted Prix Goncourt, which spread his fame from a select circle of admirers to the public at large.

A man of great wealth, Proust had indulged nonchalantly in literature: two books only before the war—"Les Plaisirs de les Jours" and "Pastiches et Mélanges." Then he started that monumental undertaking, now left unfinished, bearing the characteristic title: "A la recherche du Temps perdu." It means the analysis of those hours in our lives which we live without having the sensation of life; hours in which we are aware of no action, nor even of much consciousness which would leave an imprint on our memory; such hours most people might call "temps perdu." It is, however, so Proust maintains, in these hours that our real being expresses itself, much more than in hours of accidental exaltation of the self. This fundamental self is there all the time, but there is nothing to mark it for the superficial observer; precisely for this reason the writer must endeavor to detect the man of the "temps perdu"; the writer must watch for thoughts apparently the least interesting, describe the actions the least relevant in appearances; write rather ten pages than one on an incident of apparently total insignificance. The less a novel contains what men call "action," the more chance is there, that the novel will be superior. The reader can open the successive volumes of M. Proust—printed in compact type—at any page, and he will find these "infiniment petits de la vie morale." The first part of "A la recherche du Temps perdu" is in two volumes, called "Du côte de chez Swann"; the second part is in two volumes again, and is called "A l'ombre des jeunes filles qui pleurent" (that was the part crowned by the Goncourt Academy); then comes "Le côte de Guermantés." Then comes "Sodome et Gomorrhe," one volume of which is out, while the second volume, with the subtitle "Le temps retrouvé," is said to be almost ready for the press.

This method of minute analysis has been independently followed, as already said, by a number of men. The reputation of some of them at least, was firmly established already. Here is Henri Lavedan; under the general title "Le chemin du salut," his first volume "Irène Olette" came out in 1921; the second part, "Gaudias"—two volumes—came out in the year just ended; the third part is due: "Madame Lesoir."

Quite in keeping with the recent revival of interest in spiritualist problems is Lucien Graux's trilogy, the last volume of which, "L'Initié," has just appeared. Romain Rolland himself has just started a new series, which will probably not be as long as "Jean Christophe," altho nobody can tell in advance. The first volume of "L'Ame Enchentée" came out under the title, "Anette et Sylvie." And at the moment of this writing, special attention is being given to Roger Martin du Gard's "Les Thibault," which stands many chances of being crowned by the Académie Goncourt this winter. Martin du Gard was, before the war, the author of a remarkable novel, "Jean Barois." Of the series now in process of publication, two parts are out—"Le Cahier Gris" and "Le Pénitencier."

To this group belongs Jules Romain's recent "Lucienne." It has just one volume, but it uses exactly the same method of microscopic psychological analysis. The range of Romain's productions is so varied and so large that even when it comes to "exhaustive psychology" he is obliged to perform at high speed. In a very commonplace love story he describes as follows what happened the first time Lucienne heard mentioned the name of the man she was going to marry. We quote these few lines as a good sample of the "exhaustive psychology" style:

> Meanwhile I was gazing steadily at Madame Barbelenet [the lady at whose house the meeting took place]. So closely did I observe her, that her face and speech, blending perfectly in my mind, seemed to be one and the same thing. Her expressions, both facial and spoken, followed the same movement, as if each were a part of the other. They gave one the impression of being identical by nature, and of having always been so. The story of the eavesdropping maid entered my consciousness together with the granular relief and the tuft of grayish hair of Madame Barbelenet's wart. The name of Mr. Pierre Lefebvre reached me in such a close association with Madame Barbelenet's swollen and quivering eyelid, that I raised my look to the eyebrow and the first line on the forehead to help out, as it were, the relation of what she was about to tell me of Mr. Pierre Lefebvre.

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Olive Schreiner's Posthumous Stories

By Hildegarde Hawthorne

THE first night of Ibsen's "A Doll's House" was over. The curtain had fallen on that slammed door, so jarring to the sensibilities of all that was proper and respectable in the life of woman, woman the devoted slave of home and man, the creature of rules and customs, the fine flower of civilization as man had made civilization. The crash of that door, that to us to-day sounds merely like some far-off echo of a time that has gone, was loud as the crack of doom to the ears of that time itself.

The audience sat aghast, and then burst into excited comment, into factions that warred, into a mounting disapprobation that downed the opposing small number of delighted and approving men and women by the weight of its ponderousness and quantity. Yet all of London's literary and artistic set were assembled in the theater. Still, there were limitations, absolved as one might be from the trammels of the past! For a young woman to slam the door on her husband, her children, her home, her duty, her everything, not because these offended, but because she must needs "be herself," whatever that self might be, this was going a bit far.

But there were two at least in the audience who rose from their seats with a feeling of elation and that strange and deep joy that comes from the seeing of a light on the horizon, a horizon long, dark, and toward which they had pointed in vain. One of these was Mrs. Havelock Ellis. The other was Olive Schreiner.

But the hubbub roused by Ibsen did not stay inside the walls of the theater where his disturbing play had been given. It spread. It roused women to fury. It so acted on some of them that they formed into an indignant body, which waited upon the librarian of the Crystal Palace lending library, and insisted that a shocking and subversive book, particularly dangerous in a time like this, when old established and divine things were being attacked, that this book should be removed from the shelves and burnt. Not a copy must survive. This mandate was forthwith carried out, and "The Story of an African Farm" disappeared from the library of the Crystal Palace.

OLIVE SCHREINER

Olive Schreiner was born in 1862, in Basutoland, South Africa. Her father was a German, a missionary sent out by the London Missionary Society, her mother being an Englishwoman. She was nineteen when she made her first visit to England, and she remained there ten years. In 1883 her first and greatest book, under the pseudonym of Ralph Iron, was published, the book burnt later by the Crystal Palace librarian. The rough draft for the story had been made several years earlier. It was but a child who wrote it.

Back to Africa, where she made her home in Masjesfontein, and in 1890 published her second book, "Dreams." Four years later she married Dr. S. C. Cronwright, and had one child, a little girl who died in infancy. This was a blow from which she never entirely recovered, according to the testimony of her friend, Mrs. Havelock Ellis. In 1897 came her "Trooper Peter Halkett of Mashonaland," a scornful and bitter presentation of the methods of the Chartered Company in South Africa. There is more of the propagandist and less of the artist in this book than in anything else written by Miss Schreiner, naturally excepting her "Woman and Labor," which was not a work of fiction or imagination, but an exposition of her doctrine that women must enter every field of economic activity, be freed from parasitism, and become equal citizens of the world with men.

In everything she wrote there is a tense and passionate devotion to the cause of her sex. She was desperate in the service of liberty, the liberty of the spirit and the body, bitter against the mistakes and crimes of a world that tore human happiness and goodness to shreds, that fed cannibal-like on the blood of its brothers. She saw much of tragedy in her homeland, the waste of men and women under the lust of greed and dominion. And with all her artist soul she turned against what she saw.

But she was a great artist, a creative writer, who worshiped beauty, and her books hold life and truth beyond any mere personal convictions. "The Story of an African Farm" is as great a piece of fiction as "Wuthering Heights." It holds the wo and the joy and the passion of life, the soul's vision of beauty, the lust of the body, loss and courage and despair and faith. It is told with the simplicity of great art, and it has that unforgettable quality which clings to such a story as "Ethan Frome," or "La Mare au Diable." Once read, it remains a part of existence, a part of experience. Even the opening pages, with their picture of the farm and the night and the lonely persons under it, hold something indelible. It is a book from which you can never escape.

The Boer War hit Olive Schreiner hard. She suffered too in health, and wrote but rarely. "Dream Life and Real Life" was another African story holding much of the feeling of the first book, a tale of sacrifice and martyrdom and aspiration. But she was never fluent. She testifies in "Dreams" that several of the pieces were written with an interval of several years between the first and second portions. A small handful comprises her entire literary work. She tended more and more to the composition of short allegorical fancies exquisitely done in a haunting, musical prose, with vivid pictures of imagined scenes.

Olive Schreiner labored under the suspicion of immorality from a large part of the public who never read her, but who had vague notions that she was peculiar, a woman's rights devotee, a person impatient of rules and regulations, and therefore bad.

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A Norwegian Epic of Womanhood

By Hanna Astrup Larsen

NOT since the publication of Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil" has any Norwegian book made such an impression on the reading public at home and in neighboring countries as Sigrid Undset's "Kristin Lavransdatter," the first part of which appeared in 1920 and is now presented in English under the title "The Bridal Wreath."*

Tho different in every other respect, these two great works of Norwegian literature have in common their appeal to the elemental, the universal in human nature. When Hamsun wrote his epic of man's conquest of the earth, he achieved the boldness of outline and the primeval quality he sought, by reverting to the crudest, most primitive mode of living, where he could show his hero alone with nature. Sigrid Undset has written an epic of womanhood, of woman's experiences as daughter, mistress, housewife, mother, and lastly in the loneliness that comes to every human soul when the world has fallen away from it. She, too, has sought the simpler conditions where not too many layers of artificiality interpose between the human spirit and the forms of life it creates for itself. She has found it by transporting her heroine to a distant age, so that we see her in the long perspective of the centuries. Tho Kristin is a distinct individuality, the cup of fate she drinks is distilled from the joys and sorrows of womanhood in all ages.

SIGRID UNDSET

The scene is laid in Norway in the first half of the fourteenth century, that is after the close of the Viking period and on the eve of what is commonly known as the dark age in Norway, an age definitely ushered in by the Black Death which devastated the country in the middle of the century. But tho the glory of the preceding age had faded, there was a fine stock of landed aristocracy, a kind of peasant nobility peculiar to Norway. Of this class Kristin's father, Lavrans Björgulfssön, is a splendid type. He has followed knightly pursuits in his youth, but has settled down to care for his lands; and his qualities of leadership are seen only in the undisputed first place always accorded him in the neighborhood. With his manly beauty, his tremendous strength, his kindliness and good humor, he is adored by children and dependents.

The conflict in the book comes from the clashing of wills between father and daughter, and Sigrid Undset has heightened the effect by sketching the beautiful relation between the child and her father. The book opens with an account of how Kristin goes with her father and his men to a mountain sæter, when for the first time she passes out of the home valley and sees the mighty upland slopes with glacial streams fringed by dark forests and snow-capped mountains in the distance. Later she goes with him to Hamar and Oslo (the old name for Christiania), where she hears mass in the cathedrals and is thrilled by the pictures of God's Mother and the saints.

Kristin, grown to a young maiden, is a pathetically lovely figure, dowered with a capacity for intense feeling which can not but bring tragedies on herself and others. Her love for Erlend Nikolaussön, whom she meets at Oslo, possesses her with the inevitability of fate, altho she knows that Erlend is bound by a disgraceful entanglement, and altho she herself is betrothed to Simon Andressön, the son of a neighbor. She is fully conscious that the kindly Simon would have smoothed her path and bent down to pick up every stone that could have hurt her feet, while the fickle, undisciplined Erlend will certainly bring upon her more than the allotted share of anguish. Nevertheless she chooses the latter and sacrifices everything for him.

Nothing could have been more terrible to Lavrans Björgulfssön than to know that his daughter, who still seemed to him the little girl that rode in his arms to church, should stray on the wild ways of passion. Sigrid Undset here touches on a deep-lying human impulse—the repugnance of parents and children to meet the problems of love together, and the dislike of a father to the thought that his daughter is a woman who yearns toward a strange man. Not only that, but Lavrans underneath his genial warmth has a vein of asceticism, either innate or the fruit of his deep piety, and he turns with shame and aversion from the hot breath of passion which he dimly senses in his daughter's relations with her lover. Finally, however, he gives reluctant consent, and "The Bridal Wreath" ends with the wedding of Kristin and Erlend, celebrated with medieval pomp. The next book, called "Housewife," describes Kristin's life with Erlend on his paternal estate, Husaby, where she bears him seven sons. The third and last, entitled "The Cross," pictures the process of dissolution both of the family and of the country, and ends with the advent of the terrible Black Death, which finds Kristin in the convent where she has retired.

The effect of the story is enhanced by the colorful background. It is not merely a local or national picture, but an interpretation of medieval life, based on such wide and thoroughly assimilated scholarship that we are never conscious of an uncertain touch. The author seems to have actually entered into the minds of the people in that day; their views and thoughts come to us with a freshness that gives us a thrill of new discovery, and yet they are never alien from our common humanity. In "The Bridal Wreath" the historical element is merely a setting, a milieu. In "Housewife" the action touches on the larger affairs of the kingdom, altho

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*THE BRIDAL WREATH. Translated from the Norwegian of Sigrid Undset by C. Archer and T. S. Scott. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1923.

The Parlous Times of Catherine de Medicis

By Charles De Kay

DR. PAUL VAN DYKE, like his brother, Henry van Dyke, has displayed a lifelong taste for letters; but his bent is history, and for a quarter of a century he has devoted special attention to the Renaissance period. For his latest work, "Catherine de Medicis," he has chosen the thorny field of the sixteenth century, and in that century the most complicated and tragic land, France, under the reigns of Francis I, Henry II, Francis II, Charles IX and Henry III. All these reigns are comprised in the lifetime of the daughter of the Medicis of Florence, married to Henry II of France, a princess who in time came to represent for Catholics a defender of their faith, and for Protestants a monster who used murder in every fashion to attain her ends—murder wholesale and retail—at one time culminating in a massacre of St. Bartholomew, at others winnowing the ranks of her enemies by poison and sudden death. It is the century of Charles V and Philip II of Spain, that of Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots, of Shakespeare, Rabelais and Cervantes and Montaigne, while its repercussions reached our own shores in Spanish attacks on French Protestant colonies in Florida, followed, of course, by expeditions in revenge.

CATHERINE DE MEDICIS, QUEEN OF FRANCE

From a Painting in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence

In this period we find the fires heating for the subsequent intolerance of the British Pilgrims, which the reasonableness of their teachers, the Hollanders, could not remove; and here, too, we find certain forerunners of a passion to be observed right at our sides, namely the Ku Klux. For the processions of masked men in French towns—at one time led by Henry III himself—some of whom were flagellants who scored their bared shoulders with whips, were made up of men urged on by the same complication of motives that instigates the Klan; first of all, by religious fervor that insists on obedience to one church, then by a longing to interfere with the morals of their neighbors, but thirdly, and more than anything else, by a yearning for more drama, more sensation in the dulness of dull lives.

As we follow Dr. van Dyke's clearly told story of Catherine's life, it becomes more and more borne in on us that the four centuries that elapsed after François Premier went gaily a-warring southward into Italy, like the ancient Gauls, may have changed our laws and customs profoundly, our methods of transportation and our outward habits, but have taught little to the inward man, his reason or his soul, notwithstanding all the warnings given, generation after generation, that hatred and greed bring ruin to the world. How much farther have we got from the passions that tore to pieces the French and other Europeans of the sixteenth century when we find portions of our own commonwealth inspired by ugly feelings against colored folk, Japanese, Jews, and believers in certain Christian doctrines? The groundswell of resentment against nations recently at war with us is understood; but these ancient layers of hatred . . . !

The Etruscans exported bronze wares, wine and religious ideas over the Alps, and the Gauls rid themselves of surplus mouths by invading Italy to conquer Etruscans and other Italiots. Romans subjected Gauls and Teutons and were overridden in turn. The to-and-fro of invasion carried on into the sixteenth century, when the influx of Italian artists and *condottieri* into France was reinforced by Italian rulers, of whom Caterina de Médicis was conspicuous. So that, despite the fact of her being the daughter of a French mother, the French resented the Italian side of her family and complained of the Italians whom she placed in posts of grandeur and command. While Dr. van Dyke does not deprecate the wickedness of Catherine in her struggles with the ambitious Catholic lords and malcontents and with the Lutheran and Calvinist reformers of the Church, he does set forth, and very rightly, the kindly side of her character, her morals, which were comparatively strict for that most immoral Court, and especially her mother-love, which was to a large extent the cause of her most flagrant crimes. As time goes on, he shows how her naturally jovial, happy and generous nature became warped by the troubles that met her, first in the death of her husband, the dissolute King, whom she loved tho he openly dishonored her; then by the successive deaths of her young weakling sons as they came to the throne. While always careful to perform her religious duties, Catherine was ready to work with Protestant

*CATHERINE DE MEDICIS. By Paul van Dyke, Professor of History at Princeton University. Two Volumes, XII, 390; VIII, 448. Notes, bibliography, index. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1922. Nine illustrations. $9.00.

leaders whenever that seemed best for France and the Crown. She was not different in this respect from the lay and religious magnates who, for their own ambitious ends, made use of the fierce passions engendered by the Reformation and fed the fires of persecution to advance themselves.

Says Dr. van Dyke concerning himself as a writer on this subject:

> He is far from any desire to defend the character of Catherine de Medicis and equally far from any interest in attacking it. He only desires to show her as she was, and he leaves the reader to decide about the wickedness. This does not mean that he considers it the duty of a historian to be unconcerned about right and wrong or to assume that they are entirely shifting and relative. Such an attempt at artificial demoralization is never entirely successful, and, in a writer of biography, it can result only in a picture affected by a bias of which the reader has no warning. But he has tried meticulously never to let his sympathies interfere with the full and balanced presentation of fact. He wants to draw a portrait, not to pronounce a judgment.

In his researches at the Bibliothèque Nationale and at the Archives in Paris, at the British Museum and the archives of many cities of Italy and Switzerland, he has found great wealth of letters from Catherine never published; of these he may be encouraged to issue no fewer than 484 in a subsequent volume. For Catherine was a very voluminous if at times somewhat incoherent letter-writer, with a spelling of French even more chaotic than that used by the men of her time. Then there are the reports of ambassadors from Spain, England, Tuscany, the Popes and the Empire which contain much solid information along with a mass of gossip. Catherine and her Court have been used by great novelists, but until to-day no biography of the Queen has appeared which is based on authentic documents, altho just now M. Mariéjol has issued one in French, but too recently to be used in this history. In English, at least, Dr. van Dyke has a free field. Readers will enjoy the picture he spreads before them of those perilous times concerning which Michel de Montaigne, for instance, has left in his Essays more than one illuminative passage. Clear and concise, fair-minded and judicial, he offers a book that is more absorbing than a novel because it describes as closely as possible the actual actors of great tragedies, not the imagined.

HENRY II, HUSBAND OF CATHERINE DE MEDICIS

From a Painting in the Louvre attributed to François Clouet

While much of the work concerns Catherine herself and the comparatively petty concerns that form the basis of her letters, the biographer now and then attacks big historical problems with strong strokes in order to place these smaller facts against a bold background. Thus in the chapter on "The Great European Convulsion":

> Feudalism, which conquered the rather fantastic echoes of Roman feeling throughout all western Europe between the Baltic, the Alps and the Pyrenees, did not indeed remain based simply upon the material necessities which had brought it into being: the need of defense against savage violence and the attempts of communities to assure to their members at least the necessities of life. Nothing that has any historic reality, nothing that gives to masses of men more than a continuance of existence in time, can remain based on purely material necessities and desires. . . . The higher side of the human soul began to express itself in the germs of what became the ideal of feudal loyalty between man and man. The Church, led by a force within her that at every crisis in her history strikes a sympathetic observer as greater than the sum of intelligence and goodness of her officers and servants, began to twine about these growing, nobler elements the golden threads of the teachings of Christ. Chivalry, a strange mixture of heathen strength, Roman virtue and the gentle manliness of Jesus of Nazareth came into existence. The ten thousand political units which at the end of the tenth century existed between the Baltic and the Pyrenees were gradually combined, sometimes forcibly and sometimes by federation, into larger units. Local customs were amalgamated into general customs which became roughly codified and hardened into what was in effect a series of provincial laws. Great political ideas began to reappear, like the idea of freedom resting on authority; though still a sort of freedom which could be defended only by a reference to a particular bargain recorded in a written agreement or charter. Then we see the idea of a higher justice incarnate in the royal person beginning to associate in the popular mind the sword of the King with the invisible sword of the justice of Almighty God, which reckless barons who saw in power nothing but privilege defied. Then, compounded of loyalty, a sense of right, liberty guaranteed by authority, and the ideal of Kingship as incarnated in a ruler like St. Louis, patriotism began to form in the hearts and in the minds of men.

The term "Huguenot" appears to date from the middle of the sixteenth century; it became more common later on. Under Francis II the first President of the *Cour des Aides* of Paris, speaking of the abortive attempt to capture the King at Amboise, remarks that while its purpose was to oust the Guises from power, yet among the conspirators were a number "who held the doctrine called new, who were named Huguenots. This name began to be used in the city of Tours, a few days before the conspiracy, because of the gate of the city named after King Hugo, near which those of the said religion were wont to go to say their prayers; taken up by the courtiers, it has become universal. The said religionists called Huguenots said that they had joined with the others in order to present their confession of faith, to get mitigation of the persecution and to demand the assembly of the Estates General." This derivation differs widely from the commonly accepted origin, viz.: that the word came from Calvinistic Geneva, where it arose from a dialect form of the German word *Eidgenossen*—comrades of the oath or fellows in belief. The initial H in Huguenot would not be sounded in French. The latter derivation seems by far the likelier.

No one who knows anything of the character of Catherine de Medicis through her letters, or who has studied her tortuous state policy, the author thinks, would ever suspect her of religious fanaticism. From one point of view this may be considered to militate against Catherine, for what might possibly find an excuse because of the blindness of sectarian prejudice becomes a raw enough crime if inspired by ambition alone. We may guess that in Catherine there was a mixture of both, which varied from time to time. Certainly the Bartholomew massacre seems to have been planned and carried out in cold blood. Dr. van Dyke thinks it possible to divide the killings roughly into two classes; first, the killing of Huguenots who would be dangerous. The greater part were lodged in the palace or near Admiral Coligny's house, and these were slain by the French guards with the aid of Italian and German mercenaries, few of them escaping. The other Huguenots were destroyed by the Paris mob, which killed men, women, and children, known or even suspected of heresy. The corpses of the guests bidden to the wedding of the King's sister with the Huguenot who afterward became Henry IV, lay piled in front of the King's door. As an observer wrote: "Blood ran down the gutters like water after a heavy rain."

Yet the woman who engineered this treachery and applauded these murders died in her bed a pattern of piety, having outlived almost all her sons and the great majority of the friends and foes of her youth.

It would be well if space permitted more quotation from these two handsomely printed and illustrated tomes. Dr. van Dyke has produced a scholarly and most attractive work in simple, limpid English, which may not indeed always please sectarian readers, but will be enjoyed by those who try to keep themselves free from national and religious bias.

Minnesota's Capital in the Rôle of Main Street

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ALONG comes another of those annoying novels of American manners, one of those ponderous steel scaffoldings upon which the palaces of literature may presently arise. It is something native and universal, clumsy in its handling of an enormous quantity of material; something which can be called a document, but can in no sense be dismissed as such.

Grace Flandrau's "Being Respectable"*—the book of the winter and in all probability of the spring, too—is superior to Sinclair Lewis's "Babbitt" in many ways, but inferior in that it deals with too many characters. The characters are complete and excellently motivated in themselves, but there is no one Babbitt or Nostromo to draw together the entire novel. It is a satirical arraignment of the upper class of a Middle Western city—in this case St. Paul, Minnesota, as "Babbitt," speaking generally, was concerned with the upper middle-class of Minneapolis. Poor Minnesota! Sauk Center, Minneapolis and St. Paul have been flayed in turn by the State's own sons and daughters. I feel that I ought to take up the matter of Duluth and make the thing complete.

Photograph by Arnold Genthe

GRACE FLANDRAU

Now St. Paul, altho a bloodbrother of Indianapolis, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Milwaukee and Co., feels itself a little superior to the others. It is a "three generation" town, while the others boast but two. In the fifties the climate of St. Paul was reputed exceptionally healthy. Consequently there arrived an element from the East who had both money and fashionable education. These Easterners mingled with the rising German and Irish stock, whose second generation left the cobbler's last, forgot the steerage, and became passionately "swell" on its own account. But the pace was set by the tubercular Easterners. Hence the particular social complacency of St. Paul.

"Being Respectable" starts with a typical family of to-day—the sort of family that Tarkington sketched brilliantly but superficially in the first part of "The Magnificent Ambersons." There is the retired father, a product of the gilded eighties, with his business morality and his utter lack of any ideas except the shop-worn and conventional illusions current in his youth. His son, Charles, is the typical healthy vegetable which Yale University turns out by the hundred every year. The younger daughter, Deborah, is a character frequently met with in recent fiction—and also in life—ever since Shaw shocked the English-speaking world with his emancipated woman of 1900. In her very Carol-Kennicotting against the surrounding conventions Deborah is the most conventional character of all. Her conversations (which, of course, consist of the author's own favorite ideas) are the least important part of the book. The unforgetable part is the great gallery of dumb-bells of which the elder sister, Louisa, is Number One.

Louisa is a woman completely engrossed in St. Paul's passionate imitation of Chicago imitating New York imitating London. Every once in a while some woman's imitation becomes ineffective. The woman "gets in wrong and drops out." The society itself, however, goes on in its distorted and not a little ridiculous fashion. It is a society from which there is no escape. On one side there is nothing but the "common fast set" and just below are the thousand Babbitts, who from time to time furnish recruits to society itself.

Louisa is the real protagonist of the book—Louisa and her

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*Being Respectable. By Grace Flandrau. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.00.

young married crowd. They are portraits to the life, differing by less than a hair from each other and from the women on whom they are modeled. They are set down here in all their energy, their dulness, their fear, their boredom—forty well-drest automatons moving with deft, unpleasant gestures through their own private anemic and exclusive Vanity Fair. It is a fine accomplishment to have captured them so—with sophistication, satire, occasional bitterness, and a pervading irony.

A thoroughly interesting and capable novel. The writing is solid throughout, and sometimes beautiful. Like Sinclair Lewis and Woodward Boyd, the author has little sense of selection—seems to have poured the whole story out in a flood. The book lacks the careful balance of "Three Soldiers," and it is not nearly so successful in handling its three or four protagonists. It skips from character to character in a way that is often annoying. But there it is, the newest and in some ways the best of those amazing documents which are (as Mencken might say) by H. G. Wells out of Theodore Dreiser, and which yet are utterly national and of to-day. And, when our Conrad or Joyce or Anatole France comes, such books as this will have cleared his way. Out of these enormous and often muddy lakes of sincere and sophisticated observation will flow the clear stream—if there is to be a clear stream at all.

Incidentally, the remarkable portrait of Valeria is the best single instance of artistic power in the book. The entire personality and charm of the woman is conveyed at second-hand. We have scarcely a glimpse of her, and she says only one line throughout. Yet the portrait is vivid and complete.

Freudian Psychoanalysis and Common Sense

By R. Pintner

CAN psychoanalysis help the teacher? Not by psychoanalyzing the minds of the pupils, is the answer of H. Crichton Miller, author of "The New Psychology and the Teacher."* The technique of psychoanalysis is difficult and intricate and can not safely be employed by the amateur. Furthermore, the analysis of the child and adolescent is a specially delicate task. If the child is normal, there is no need for analysis, and if abnormal he should be treated by the specialist.

The teachings of Freud and Jung have, nevertheless, a vital significance for the teacher, according to Dr. Miller. He has, therefore, published this series of lectures given to educators in England, and he intends to follow this with two other volumes on the "new" psychology in its relation to the parent and the preacher, respectively. Well, if we are destined to see psychoanalysis and Freudianism emerge from the clinic and be spread around in all directions in the school, the home and the Church, it is fortunate to have a man of Dr. Miller's poise and restraint do the spreading for us. For Dr. Miller, altho a great believer in what he terms "the new psychology," is by no means an out-and-out Freudian. There are other instincts in addition to the sex instinct in his scheme of things, and the true disciple of Freud would stand aghast to see how well this author gets along for many pages at a time without the "libido." Indeed, Freudianism is severely criticized for having neglected completely the significance of the herd instinct, and, therefore, for failing to recognize the necessity for the individual to adjust himself satisfactorily to society.

The chief gain to the teacher from a study of this so-called new psychology, it is hoped, will be a greater power of self-knowledge. It may help him free his own mental and emotional life from bias and repression. It may serve to make him understand more fully and sympathetically the mental struggles and conflicts of youth. Just how this greater illumination will come is difficult to imagine. Is the teacher to attempt the interpretation of his dreams, which the author warns us is a difficult and dreary task? And if so, what will be the fruits of his labor? Must the teacher hunt for hidden and unconscious motives for his actions? And if he finds them or thinks he finds them, what then? It is all very vague and confusing, and one who sets out on this road may be confronted by all sorts of doubts and difficulties. And it is hard to conceive that this sort of study will result in more effective teaching. Nevertheless, Dr. Miller's book is well worth reading by any one who is interested in this new psychology, for it is, after all, a simple and readable account of the principal ideas of the Freud or Jung school of psychologists with large additions of sound common sense. There are good chapters on "Authority and Suggestibility," with appropriate warnings to the teacher not to insist upon his authority overmuch, lest he thwart the developing individuality of the young. How youth must gradually adjust itself to the reality of life, and how "fantasy is the magic that tempers the winds of reality to the shorn lamb," is skilfully described. Just how to adjust the balance between reality and fantasy is the difficult problem. Fantasy is a necessary part of a child's development, but it must give way in due time to a recognition of reality, and it must not be allowed to become a substitute for reality and a safe place of withdrawal. All this seems good common sense, so that one is somewhat startled to find the author giving as a concrete example the advice of banishing all fairy-tales that end with magical solutions and substituting for them stories of triumph over circumstances, such as the Arthurian legends, stories of Drake, Raleigh and the like. Little Red Riding Hood must go, alas, because it will develop a belief in effortless salvation and add a wolf to the "fear-concepts" of our children! I wonder what the psychoanalyst would say about Mother Goose. Will the coming generation have to be brought up without her?

As the book proceeds, there seems to be less and less attempt on the part of the author to connect up his topic with education, and we have interesting chapters on the unconscious motive, mental mechanisms and dream symbolism. The instinct of self-preservation is recognized as a power as well as the sex instinct. Any repression may unconsciously lead to the development of a neurosis in order to shield the individual from an intolerable situation, for the "first function of every neurosis is defense." In addition the neurosis has to defend the individual from his own self-criticism, as the "second function of every neurosis is deception." The chapter on dream symbolism is a sane presentation of the psychoanalyst's view-point, once the reader is prepared to admit the assumptions involved in that theory.

Freudianism, psychoanalysis, the "new" psychology, or whatever we wish to call it, is attracting a great deal of attention, and it has led to the publishing of numerous books, both wise and unwise. This is one of the wise ones. It will not delight the heart of the fervent disciple of Freud, because the author has mixed in too much sound common sense. It will not help the teacher in her daily work in the schoolroom. It will be found interesting to anyone, whether teacher or not, who wishes a simple and well-written discussion of some of the important aspects of this type of psychology.

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*The New Psychology and the Teacher. By H. Crichton Miller, M.D. 225 pages. New York: Thomas Seltzer, 1922.

Confessions of a Confidence Man

By George MacAdam

DESPITE the old warning anent the danger of superlatives, I have no hesitancy in saying that this book* is unique. At first glance it is something of a surprize to discover that it is issued by the Scientific American Publishing Company. We have always looked to that company for technical treatises, informative, staid. This book seems an incongruity—as tho we had caught a pillar-of-the-church shooting the chutes or otherwise disporting himself on the Midway. But we need do little more than open the book to discover that the operations of the "con man" have been raised to a science. The con men have kept step with the age. The somewhat crass operations of the bunco steerer, the gold brick and the green goods man, are *passé*. We are told that they are "old and sterile frauds." Says our confidence man:

> In the old days of plain bunco steering, which I think ended back in the 1890's, the average haul from a victim was a few hundred dollars. When the famous Hungry Joe Lewis cultivated Oscar Wilde on his American tour and got a five-thousand-dollar check from the poet it was considered a remarkable coup and two countries were struck with mirth and wonderment, even tho Wilde saw through the scheme in time to stop payment of the check. But nowadays a first-class confidence operator would spurn a scheme that promised only five thousand dollars. That is almost the irreducible minimum and most swindles of these times are aimed at pots from five to fifty times as great.
>
> One other change has come over the confidence man. Once he tackled only the rustic, the simpleton, the suburban merchant, the stranger in town. Now he pays little attention to this class. To-day your swindler goes after the most experienced and most cynical. The banker and man of moneyed affairs has recently become a favorite mark of the most expert confidence man.

THE TRADITIONAL IDEA OF A CONFIDENCE MAN

It is in recognition of this fact—that the confidence game has been raised to a science—that the Scientific American Publishing Company has given the book the subtitle, "A Handbook for Suckers." To this terminology I must take exception. If I understand handbooks, they are manuals that are designed to lead toward perfection. A handbook for the violet culturist, for instance, informs a man how to grow day by day better and sweeter and lovelier violets. The purpose of this so-called handbook for suckers is the exact opposite. It is intended to denature suckers, to root out and destroy any sucker propensities that a man may have.

I must also take exception to the picture on the jacket of the book. It does a gross injustice to the artistry of the man whose acquaintance we make within the covers. This picture shows a man who, at considerable trouble and expense, has labeled himself "a sport." He wears a luxuriantly fur-lined overcoat, vociferously checked waistcoat, bright red neck-tie, a noticeable diamond horse-shoe scarf-pin, palatial watch-fob, rakishly tilted derby, a pre-Volsteadian complexion, and a wearied but foxy expression. It is a good picture of a type that, in the old days, we used to see in certain Tenderloin bar-rooms.

It may be that confidence men dress this way when they are at leisure; it may be that their vivid imaginations seek this florid sartorial expression. If such be the case, I can only say that, for the sake of the sheep, it's too bad the wolf does not always dress this way. Be assured, he wears no such resonant costume when he's on the job. At such a time, his rôle is usually that of a conservative, substantial citizen. For scenic effect, he may use an elaborate suite of offices, mahogany furniture, a corps of stenographers, an imposing cash balance in the local bank. His costume harmonizes with his carefully planned background.

Let me now introduce to you Mr. W. C. Crosby, recently of Atlanta, Ga., where he spent two years as a guest of the Federal Government:

> A man who has been intimate and more or less continuously associated for upward of thirty years with the modern confidence or get-rich-quick game in a hundred of its variations, who has known nearly all the contemporary large operators in this field and has been closely or distantly connected with most of them . . . a man who had taken perhaps one and a half million dollars from the public as his personal profit from his schemes.

We are told by Edward H. Smith, who recorded the "Confessions" (and did it in a style that has won the admiration of an experienced reporter), that Crosby is "a very different person from the crook as he exists in the mind of the general public, very different from the old type of confidence man." Crosby is "a person of education and rather general culture . . . a graduate engineer . . . always an indefatigable reader of everything that concerned his multifarious activities and much that did not."

> He defrauded persons in all parts of the country and in all stations from the obscure sucker to the city banker. He worked every imaginable type of superior confidence trick. His activities took him over a good half of the United States and he has been engaged in scores of industries—mining, oil, inventions, lands, brokerage, banking, local and general promotions, building, real estate, engineering, electrical and mechanical devising, hotels, produce and what not. To many of the enterprises he initiated he brought the intent of honesty. As often as otherwise he planned his adventures along legitimate lines, but the itch of quick-and-easy money always overcame him and in the end his projects uniformly eventuated in fraud. Why he does not attempt to say, unless it was that the oblique was always easier for him than the straight.

In the course of this variegated career he was arrested "several dozen times," but for years the officials were unable "to close retentive doors against him." The officials attributed their failure "to bad luck, and Crosby to his own perspicacity." After

*CONFESSIONS OF A CONFIDENCE MAN. By Edward H. Smith. 293 pages. New York: Scientific American Publishing Co., Munn & Co. $2.

reading his "Confessions," one is inclined to agree with Crosby. However, pitchers have a way of going once too often to the well. Several years ago, Crosby was placed on trial in the United States District Court in New York, charged with using the mails to defraud. He was convicted, sentenced to the Atlanta Penitentiary.

Mr. Smith says that the fallen confidence man was "punished beyond what is implied by a sentence of two years in prison." One would like to know what story is hidden behind those thirteen words.

> Not long ago, Crosby returned from his expiatory pilgrimage, punished, chastened and even contrite. He is done with that moving and changing world in which he was for more than a quarter century a large and perhaps a luminous figure. He is finished with con. And in token of his resolution he intends here to burn his bridges behind him by revealing completely the secrets and conspiracies of his craft. He goes on the assumption that he knows his subject as thoroughly as any one living to-day—this with all proper modesty.

Please reread the last sentence of the foregoing extract. There you will find, I think, the real impulse that led Crosby to make these so-called "Confessions." I do not doubt the sincerity of the old con man's reformation. But the real thing that has prompted him to talk is pride, a justifiable pride—leaving morality out of the question—in the neatness of his past exploits. It is one of the most universal traits of mankind, this endeavor to save from oblivion the record of personal achievement. The old warrior sits by the fireside and tells of his doughty deeds. Even the fisherman must recount the tale of his catches, measuring his boasts in ounces of trout. Shall we deny the same reminiscent pride to one who sits on the bench of the penitent, one who can measure his boasts in tens of thousands of dollars fished from the pockets, often of the wise and crafty? Can't we understand a man saying: "I am sorry that I was a swindler during the active years of a rather long life; but, since such is the fact, let me ask you—'Wasn't I a corker?'"

Nowhere in his "Confessions" does Crosby say that in so many words, but I think he says it just the same. For one thing, the "Confessions" do not exude the spirit of a penitent. I'm glad they don't; it would have devitalized this portrait of one of the cleverest rogues the world has ever seen. Instead of that, his exploits are recounted in the same spirit that he lived them—debonair, laughing, cynical, stopping now and then to comment on the beauties of nature or to philosophize on the weaknesses of humanity.

Nor has he succeeded in preventing his pride occasionally bubbling to the surface. In telling of "a series of schemes aimed exclusively at banks and bankers," he says: "I guarantee that all these devices have been successfully demonstrated by myself and others and that they are being worked at this very hour. *At least two of these tricks originated with me,* tho I wish now I had been better employed." The italics are mine. The penitential clause has the air of having been hauled in by the scruff.

Crosby's pride again bubbles to the surface when he describes his automatic typewriter. He says: "We come now to what I consider a high development—a perfect flower—of my con creations." This amazingly clever flim-flam, in a single operation, netted Crosby and his confederates $40,000, extracted from the pocket of a small town banker who thought he was buying stock dirt-cheap from the widow of the inventor.

He speaks of Colonel Novena, who, in the 1860's, visited this country with considerable profit to himself. He quotes George S. McWatters, an old-time member of the American Secret Service, as saying that the Colonel was the "confidence man par excellence," this primacy being due to "his artistic superiority." Crosby narrates some of Novena's achievements, tells how to this handsome swindler, who "dressed faultlessly and never, never overdrest, Society opened its doors, Fifth Avenue took down blinds and barriers." He even "managed to insinuate himself within the White House." Crosby does not begrudge the Colonel recognition of his ability; he speaks of him as "one of the first American con masters." But Crosby, after narrating some of his own achievements, indulges in this little flare of pride:

> And so, my good Colonel Novena, the traffic keeps up. Strange tides have washed up marvelous flotsam on the shores of hazard since your time. Wondrous birds have left your nest. We are not so beautiful as you in these days, and Fifth Avenue is strangely cold. Still we have accomplishments of a sort, and perhaps even some graces which you lacked.

Mr. Smith, who, as I have already told, recorded these "Confessions," says of Crosby:

> No man without unusual equipment could have done his deeds. Above everything else, he is a shrewd and sophisticated knower of life. He has watched the vain procession for years with eyes that defeat all masquerade.

He should also have said that Crosby was an artist, both in conception and execution. He had the imagination to see a golden romance in a heap of coal refuse, in a motor car that wouldn't start because of the cold. With what consummate skill did he angle for his suckers: no matter from what quarter the wind blew, he knew just what bait to use.

I regret that Crosby did not respect his skill sufficiently to refrain from angling for the simple. The story of how he detached some thousands of dollars from a venerable gentleman who, in his retirement from active business, invented a device by which one could close a window on a cold morning without getting out of bed, makes painful, tho interesting reading. It was bad sportsmanship.

But, if his "Confessions" are an index, his real zest was in the pursuit of the subtle. His profitable peccadillo with the wireless piano may be instanced. Here is his description of the sucker with whom he matched wits:

> In one of the large cities of the Northwest, which I happened to visit on other business, I discovered a lawyer politician of a type familiar to all of us—a shrewd, hard, ruthless fellow, not much on law, but long on worldliness and chicane. This man interested me, because I knew he was fox bitten, serpentine, crafty. A man who lives by his wits wearies of dull bait. He longs for a foeman worthy of his armament. He takes a devilish delight in humiliating those who deem themselves proof against their fellows. In doing so he breaks some laws—and teaches some humility. Everything has compensations. As soon as I found this man I moved up my batteries.

For a time Crosby did not know whether he "was conning or being conned." How did it end? I quote the tail-end of the last talk the two men had.

> "You mean," I asked dramatically, "that I am frozen out of my invention? You mean that you want to strip me of the thing I've put four years of work into?"
>
> He walked to the other end of the room and began dictating letters to his stenographer. I followed him and remonstrated with all the passion and bitterness I could put into my voice.
>
> "I wish you wouldn't annoy me," said he.
>
> I went out with forced tears on my cheeks. Down-stairs I turned into a barroom, bought myself a long drink and burst into uncontrollable laughter.

Fifty thousand dollars was what tickled Crosby.

Nothing appeals more to a man's sense of humor than to see the biter bit. That's how this book provided us with some hearty laughs. Time and again we see the man who is being trimmed, trying to play the sharper.

> Did he mean to rob us? No, but he had a block of our stock and he meant to keep it. Business was business. That was his invariable and final answer. How sweetly it tinkled in our ears! How wonderful this pronouncement of greed and crookedness always sounds on the lips of a dupe. I have heard it a thousand times from men who thought they were doing me and were, in fact, about to be done—and my heart always leapt up at those pregnant words. Business is business!

For those who desire that life's lessons shall be moral, let me wind up this review by stating the stern fact with which fate wound up Crosby's career of crookedness: he profited a million and a half by his crimes—and has nothing left.

E. H. Harriman as Hero of a Novel

By B. P. Adams

"PROBABLY he is the only one who could have written this remarkable story." After one has read Garet Garrett's "The Driver,"* these words from the book's "jacket" gain significance. For the story, which first appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post,* is nothing more or less than a fictionized, or rather dramatized, life of E. H. Harriman. The dramatist has an advantage over the conscientious historian or biographer. To get dramatic effect he condenses lifelong efforts, the slow development of years, incidents unrelated in point of time, chance remarks, into one swift, furious, unified action of a few hours. He omits irrelevancies, all acts and words inconsistent with the chosen main motive of a career. Untruth in detail is admitted to make the whole more true. Thus we have seen Lincoln, Disraeli, Mary Stuart done on the stage. Mr. Garrett does this with Harriman, not in a play, but in a dramatic novel. Its hero, Galt, is Edward H. Harriman—not the actual Harriman of sober history, but Harriman in caricature; Harriman cast, not life-size, but in the heroic; the man is the hero of our heroic period of railroading, a Carlylean "railroader as hero."

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MR. HARRIMAN (at one of his directors' meetings): "Gentlemen, I propose we appropriate $100,000,000 for the purchase of a few railroads."—McCutcheon in Chicago *Tribune.*

Mr. Garrett is an experienced writer on Wall Street and things financial, and is, of course, familiar with the generally known facts of Harriman's life. Writing the story as mere fiction, he confesses to no deep peculiar acquaintance with the great railroader's methods, motives and personality. But there is much Wall Street gossip of Harriman which has never appeared in print. To what unpublished material has the author had access? Well, we have the publishers' word for it: "Probably he is the only one who could have written this remarkable story." And what is the story?

Henry M. Galt is "a small man, weighing less than one hundred pounds, with a fretful, nagging body." He moves "with a bantam, egregious stride." He is "a member of the Stock Exchange, professional speculator, floor trader, broker, broker's broker, private counselor, tipster, gray bird of mystery." After minor ventures in railroading, he is closely associated with President Valentine of the Great Mid-Western and is becoming a large stockholder, when the road goes bankrupt during the Cleveland panic. One reorganization plan fails. Galt, already better acquainted with the road than its president, makes a six-weeks' trip over the lines, in which he "went over every mile of the right-of-way, inspected every shop and yard, talked with the agents and workmasters and finally scandalized the department of traffic by going over all the contracts in force with large shippers." He then visits the road's bankers with an elaborate reorganization plan, and persuades them to adopt it, his price being control of the Great Mid-Western. He demands, and is given, the chairmanship of the board of directors. He obtains, and retains, the confidence and backing of the road's old bankers, Mordecai & Co. He dismisses the old traffic manager and takes charge. His first sensational act is to come back, after a flying trip over the road, and propose to the directors of this just-bankrupted system that "fifty million dollars be raised at once and spent for new engines, cars, rails, and roadbed improvements." The directors, "daft with astonishment," half hypnotized, agree. No sooner is this equipment at work than Galt appears again with a proposal "to raise one hundred millions for more equipment, for more rails, elimination of curves and reduction of grades." The Great Mid-Western begins to make money. The earnings go into improvements. In four years the road has been "rebuilt from end to end." Now it would be worth nearly fifteen million dollars a year for the Great Mid-Western to own the Orient and Pacific. The board puts its O. K. on Galt's purchase of the Orient and Pacific through a syndicate. President Valentine is jealous of Galt's power, quarrels with him, attacks him in the board-room, appeals to the stockholders, loses and resigns. Not only is Galt the Great Mid-Western, but that road has become the "Galt system," owning a dozen other railroads, steamship lines, and all sorts of properties; the system reaches "from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with antennæ to Asia and Europe." The Missouri River rises in flood and leaves its bed. Galt, over the telephone, orders: "Put a ring in her nose and lead her back to her trough." It is done in a few days, at a cost of several millions. Galt acquires a new home on Fifth Avenue and builds a country palace on a mountain top not far from New York. He is "the Wall Street monarch." End of Act I.

Galt's success brings his enemies upon him. A conspiracy is formed to destroy him. Mrs. Valentine attacks him from the

*THE DRIVER. By Garet Garrett. 294 pages. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00.

social side, the Government is led to attack the Galt system under the Anti-Trust Act. The fight against him in Wall Street is led by Jerome Bullguard, the leading banker in the Street. Galt is sued in connection with a life insurance company; he is arrested on a trumped-up charge. As the attack culminates it starts a panic in the Street, "the Galt panic." Great Mid-Western stock falls from 220 to 100, but Galt is not beaten. He has converted half of his fortune into cash. As Great Mid-Western touches par, Galt tells Mordecai: "Buy all the Great Mid-Western there is for sale up to 150." Victory.—End of Act II.

At the height of his power, the hero is stricken with illness. He lies for weeks between life and death. For a while he directs his business. Great Mid-Western has touched 300. Galt grows weaker. "The newspapers established a death watch in the private Galt station, and kept reporters there day and night to flash the news away." Galt dies, and "all his past enemies come to assist at the obsequies." Curtain!

Such is the tale, except for a negligible love story which concerns the younger generation. Is Galt Harriman? The likeness cries aloud. For Great Mid-Western, without natural terminals, put the Union Pacific running from Omaha to Ogden; and for the Orient and Pacific, put the Southern Pacific. The story of the acquiring and rehabilitation and expansion of the Great Mid-Western is the Union Pacific story, almost exactly as it happened, with the ousting of Stuyvesant Fish from the presidency of the Illinois Central inserted to round out the action. We could cite many parallels from the recorded words of the late Jacob H. Schiff, senior partner of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and of his partner, Otto Kahn, as quoted in Kennan's biography of Harriman.* The Missouri River incident is, of course, the great feat of the Southern Pacific in putting back the Colorado into its bed when it threatened to engulf the Imperial Valley. Then, of course, there is the Galt house on the mountain near New York, like Harriman's mansion at Arden. Minor characters may be identified with more or less certainty: Schiff, Stuyvesant Fish, H. H. Rogers appear. We have noted Galt's personal appearance. His traits of character are described in the novel very much as they have been described by some of Harriman's closest associates, tho the novelist leans to caricature. Harriman once said to Otto Kahn: "All the opportunity I ask is to be one among fifteen men in a Board Room." Three times in the novel, Galt says: "I shall be one of ten men in a Board Room. Everything else follows from that." The Garrett hero, with his power to move men's minds, his clear reasoning, his intuition, his power of decision, his contempt for public opinion, his lack of smooth ways, his abruptness and rudeness, are all characteristics of the Harriman portrayed by his most recent biographer. It would be nonsensical, of course, to say that the picture is complete. Harriman was a bigger, broader man than the Galt of the story, but the essential likeness is there. It is only fair to say that the Galt family circle may be considered wholly fictitious.

It is at least a coincidence that the fictitious story of Harriman comes out almost simultaneously with the first authorized biography. George Kennan's "Life" lacks unity, being made up for the most part of carefully prepared chapters on the more important episodes in Harriman's life. The Chicago and Alton reorganization, for instance, gets nearly a hundred pages—an elaborate piece of whitewashing. The fight with the Colorado River gets nearly the same space. The Roosevelt-Harriman episode is treated at length. The author's topical method, however, allows him to omit a great deal that is needed to round out the story. But the sense of unity, the sense of personal greatness, the hero-worship that a really good biographer usually succumbs to, the drama of railroad-making—all these things, which are absent in the truthful biography, are present in the novel.

*E. H. Harriman: A Biography. By George Kennan. Two volumes: 842 pages. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $7.50.

Mr. Wells Writes a Short World History

THE man who finds that he has forgotten most of the history he learned at school, and who wishes to replenish the limited store of knowledge he possesses about the past, is often at a loss how to begin. The vastness of the subject appals him. He feels that, with the limited time he is able to devote to study, the results will be so meager as to be scarcely worth while. It is for such men that Mr. Wells has written his "Short History of the World."* Its aim is to give a broad, general view of history which will not only refresh the reader's memory of what he has learned before, but will also serve as a preparation for further and more detailed study. Only the big movements of history are recorded—the growth and spread and decay of civilizations, the rise and fall of great dynasties, the migration of peoples, and, above all, the development of ideas which have influenced men's relations toward each other. Wars and conquests are regarded as merely incidental to these great movements, and their importance is gaged by the extent to which they have advanced or retarded the progress of mankind.

Mr. Wells has been remarkably successful in holding his story together. There is nothing fragmentary about it. As we read the history of one race or nation we are reminded by frequent references of what is going on at the same time in other parts of the world. The volume is in no sense a text-book. It should be read, as the author recommends, "straightforwardly almost as a novel is read," for it is in that way that the reader can best grasp what may, by analogy, be called the plot of it, and see all history as a whole, not as a collection of unrelated records of separate nations.

In his opening chapters, Mr. Wells goes back to the very beginning of time and discusses what astronomers have thought about the origin of the solar system and the earth. He then tells what geologists have read in the Record of the Rocks about the beginning of life on our own planet and its development into the forms we know to-day. Mr. William Jennings Bryan and others of his way of thinking will no doubt take exception to the author's acceptance of evolution and his other deviations from the Biblical story of mankind, for Mr. Wells looks upon the Bible as he does upon other writings from the past, as a record of what men have thought about the origin and the purpose of life. There will be others too, who will disagree with some of the author's conclusions, but that is to be expected. History is not an exact science, and human records are seldom absolutely trustworthy, but nearly always colored by the beliefs and prejudices of the recorder. The best that the historian can do is to weigh the evidence and endeavor to judge it as impartially as he is able. In this respect it may be said for Mr. Wells that he does not glorify the British, or even the white race, at the expense of other nations and races.

A very good example of the author's breadth of treatment is found in what he has to say about Jesus and his teachings. He avoids all discussion of the divinity of Christ as being outside the province of the historian. But what Jesus taught has had such profound and far-reaching effect on the thought and actions of mankind that it must be recognized as the force behind one of the great movements of history. Of this, Mr. Wells says:

> The doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven, which was the main teaching of Jesus, is certainly one of the most revolutionary doctrines that ever stirred and changed human thought. It is small wonder if the world of that time failed to grasp its full significance, and recoiled in dismay from even a half-apprehension of its tre-

*A Short History of the World. By H. G. Wells. Illustrated. 455 pages. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

mendous challenges to the established habits and institutions of mankind. For the doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven, as Jesus seems to have preached it, was no less than a bold and uncompromising demand for a complete change and cleansing of the life of our struggling race, an utter cleansing, without and within. To the Gospels the reader must go for all that is preserved of this tremendous teaching; here we are only concerned with the jar of its impact upon established ideas.

The Jews were persuaded that God the one God of the whole world, was a righteous god, but they also thought of him as a trading god, who had made a bargain with their Father Abraham about them, a very good bargain indeed for them, to bring them at last to predominance in the earth. With dismay and anger they heard Jesus sweeping away all their securities. God, he taught, was no bargainer; there were no chosen people and no favorites in the Kingdom of Heaven. God was the loving father of all life, as incapable of showing favor as the universal sun. And all men were brothers—sinners alike and beloved sons alike—of this divine father. In the parable of the Good Samaritan Jesus cast scorn upon that natural tendency we all obey, to glorify our own people and to minimize the righteousness of other creeds and other races. In the parable of the laborers he thrust aside the obstinate claim of the Jews to have a special claim upon God. All whom God takes into the kingdom, he taught, God serves alike; there is no distinction in his treatment, because there is no measure to his bounty. From all, moreover, as the parable of the buried talent witnesses, and as the incident of the widow's mite enforces, he demands the utmost. There are no privileges, no rebates and no excuses in the Kingdom of Heaven.

THE RUTOT BUST OF A CRO-MAGNON MAN

In like manner Mr. Wells goes on to explain how the Romans, and indeed all those whose wealth or position in life gave them special advantages over their fellow men, saw in these doctrines a threat to deprive them of all the privileges they enjoyed, while the poor and the downtrodden hailed Jesus as one who would lead them out of bondage. These new doctrines struck at what the privileged classes considered the very foundations of society. It is not at all strange that Jesus was looked upon as a dangerous man and that he and his followers were persecuted.

Coming down to modern times, the reader will no doubt be most interested in what the author has to say about the World War. He does not attempt to place the direct responsibility for it, but he does show the general conditions of international jealousy and suspicion that led up to it.

> It is not within the scope of this history [he says] to define the exact share of blame for this vast catastrophe. The more interesting question is not why the Great War was begun but why the Great War was not anticipated and prevented. It is a far graver thing for mankind that scores of millions of people were too "patriotic," stupid, or apathetic to prevent this disaster by a movement toward European unity upon frank and generous lines, than that a smaller number of people may have been active in bringing it about.

Of the results of the war he says:

> We are beginning to realize that that conflict, terrible and enormous as it was, ended nothing, began nothing and settled nothing. It killed millions of people; it wasted and impoverished the world. It smashed Russia altogether. It was at best an acute and frightful reminder that we were living foolishly and confusedly without much plan or foresight in a dangerous and unsympathetic universe. The crudely organized egotisms and passions of national and imperial greed that carried mankind into that tragedy, emerged from it sufficiently unimpaired to make some other similar disaster highly probable so soon as the world has a little recovered from its war exhaustion and fatigue.

Mr. Wells has very little faith in the League of Nations, but he sees in the spirit that created it a hope of better things to come. As he expresses it:

> Born prematurely and crippled at its birth, that League has become indeed, with its elaborate and unpractical constitution and its manifest limitations of power, a serious obstacle in the way of any effective reorganization of international relationships. The problem would be a clearer one if the League did not yet exist. Yet that world-wide blaze of enthusiasm that first welcomed the project, that readiness of men everywhere round and about the earth, of men, that is, as distinguished from governments, for a world control of war, is a thing to be recorded with emphasis in any history. Behind the short-sighted governments that divide and mismanage human affairs, a real force for world unity and world order exists and grows.

JAPANESE SOLDIER OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

(*In the Victoria and Albert Museum, London*)

CROMWELL DISSOLVES THE LONG PARLIAMENT AND SO BECOMES AUTOCRAT OF THE ENGLISH REPUBLIC

(*From a contemporary satirical print in the British Museum*)

Mr. Wells's "Short History" is an entirely new work, not a condensation of his "Outline of History." It is meant for those who are too busy to read that earlier and longer work. It covers the same ground, but in a more swiftly moving narrative, and in its calm certainty of touch it is an even more noteworthy achievement than its famous predecessor.

A Chinese Night's Entertainment

By A. Donald Douglas

LINCOLN justly said that a wise man or a wise politician (if such things be) doesn't swap horses in midstream; but ever since the dawn of time the very wisest men have been swapping stories even in midstream, tho more usually round a fire or in the long leisure of an uneventful journey. Before critics evolved theories of narrative prose fiction from their inner consciousness, or professors got up bulky tomes on the art of the short story, men of the desert and women about the house were spinning yarns. No matter to what race, color, or previous condition of office servitude you may belong, you are at one with the men of all ages in the need of fiction and the construction of a plausible adventure.

In the process of history the folk tale has expanded to the huge proportions of the novel; and yet under its multitudinous disguises the art of fiction is and probably will continue to be the art of fiction. Brigands old and brigands young gather about the fire while Antonio relates a whopper; children swarm upon tired business parents for the tale that is told, but never too often; traveling salesmen and the Canterbury pilgrims forget the tedium of the Missouri Pacific or the dust of the road in yet another good one told with art or told with indiscretion; and in "Chinese Nights' Entertainments"* the wise men of the Celestial empire met at the home of Kno Tzu-chien for the unfoldment of Chinese folk tales.

The wise men of the Far East have always denied the realism of time and the tyranny of natural appearances. For the Chinese, life has never been a continuity from the subway to the office and so home by the subway and to bed to nurse injuries received from the trampling feet. Of course, the Chinese barter and chaffer and all that, but these things are not *facts*. Time is only a convention of the mind. The only truth is the truth of the human soul projected into a world where the noise and fury of life reverberate like meaningless fantasms down the corridors of the hooded, watchful mind. The Eastern philosophers do not cry aloud that their too, too solid flesh may melt, or exclaim upon the rigid mechanism of a world prisoned in the thrall of heartless laws. The only laws are the laws of the soul's development; and Nature is no more than a painted dream-picture hung before the divinity of Tao, the one wisdom and the shining truth.

THE HOME OF KNO TZU-CHIEN, CHINESE SAGE, AT THE STORY-TELLING HOUR

Nature may sail fantastic goblin clouds across the windy skies, or conjure tempests on the vexed surface of the unresting deep, or topple climbing mountaineers beneath a roaring cataclysm. No matter: these mists will pass like fiery symbols thrown upon the illusory hinterlands of a troubling dream. "Since I am in no way persuaded that reality is real, how then shall I admit that a dream is only a dream?" asks the Oriental proverb. If "time" is not an orderly progression you can not very well be rushed for time. Let fools cultivate the deceptive activity of our Western life, where wise men do not so much fear to tread as refuse to tread. Now, in most occidental tales the fact of time is of course the determining issue of the plot and the constructive agent of the form. If you believe in physical continuity, you must accept the famous and oft-repeated "unities," and unroll the screen of life as an adventurous and many-colored voyaging (not as a dream state) toward the cataracts of oblivion that wash you down unto the eventual happy isles. A Western novel presents the approved "beginning, middle, and end," and upon the discord and toil of life rivets the framework of a calculated formula.

In the "Chinese Nights' Entainments" you will sometimes find a "plot" and a frank joy in the rebellious flesh; but even more, you will leave our hard, acrid world of fact, garish like the stare of noonday, for a twilit sanctuary where the spirit ponders upon an inner world of emotions as vast and mysterious and worthy of study as the law of gravitation or the income tax returns or the federal budget. Herein time does not matter, for there is no time; a definite plot does not count, for a plot is the creature of a barren theorem; and the approved beginning, middle, and end can not exist where continuity does not exist. In the "Story of Effort and Destiny," Effort gets the worst of the debate, just as in Western tales effort is the be-all and bank-account of life. Effort is no business man, implacable in the necessity of *doing* something about it. He admits that he has no control over events, and asks, "Is it not owing to your management that things turn out as they do?" Destiny answers, "The very name Destiny shows that there can be no question of management in the case. When the way is straight, I push on; when it is crooked, I let be. Old age and early death, failure and success, high rank and humble station, riches and poverty—all these come naturally, and of themselves. Of their ultimate causes, I am ignorant: how could it be otherwise? Being what it is, without

*CHINESE NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS. Selected and edited by Brian Brown. Foreword by the Right Honorable Sao-Ke Alfred Sze, Minister from China to the United States. 222 pages. New York: Brentano's.

knowing why—that is the meaning of Destiny. What room is there for management here?" No room at all, indeed, for the immense seriousness of cost, accounting, and sales management, and young men bent on snaring the bright goddess of fortune and living in the suburbs!

The reverential quietism of the "Chinese Nights' Entertainments" is not a stupid fatalism, or the simple acquiescence of children, but itself the very child of sophistication. In structure and style the tales are simple, but they are not the flowering of a simple-minded people. Subtlety is the breath of their nostrils, and wisdom lingers as the portion of their withdrawn contentment.

In the home of Kno Tzu-chien sit the wise men telling the tales of old China. The "Chinese Nights' Entertainments" divides itself into three parts: Chinese Nights' Entertainments, Taoist Tales, and the Feast of the Lanterns. Each story is related through the supposed agency of a separate speaker, but the tale is the thing. Upon the narrative each speaker does not impose a distinct psychology In forming the whole collection lies the central philosophy of the East: the absence of time and the presence of the soul, the denial of that bustling vulgarity which, like the overture to "William Tell," is an expense of spirit and a waste of shame. From fragmentary folk tales the stories grow to merry incidents of the Feast of Lanterns, where young Mr. Fun enters the house of his beloved, by his very audacity persuades her to elope, returns disguised as an intermediary, and by light-hearted fraud wins the girl's parents to his suit.

Evil men disguise themselves as foxes and are trapt through the cunning of a merchant's son. Yun Hao is the guest of the Thunder God, and from swollen clouds empties assuaging rain upon the parched fields of his native village while other villages suffer drought. Despite his small stature, Han Hsiu is the greatest military leader of his time. He invents the kite, flies over the camp of his redoubtable enemy, warns him like a god speaking, and so throws the army into confusion. A lively stone monkey wishes to be king of the sky. Buddha consents if the monkey

HSU THE FISHERMAN

KUNG PENG TAH AND THE WOODCUTTER

can jump from his hand and back again. The confident and elusive ape leaps far into the dim distances, and leaves his mark upon a red pillar towering enormous and majestic on the edge of the world. On his return Lord Buddha asks him if he isn't going to jump, showing him that the mark thus made is on the end of one of Buddha's own fingers—Buddha, lord of the sky.

The "Chinese Nights' Entertainments" do not offer the sinister and gorgeous histories of The Thousand and One Nights, or the iniquitous allurements of The Decameron. They lack even the picturesque invention of Grimm's Fairy-Tales. Their apparent simplicity, however, does not indicate simpleness, and their wisdom is not the overrated wisdom of little children. It is the wisdom of old men who have gone through life before they write their pregnant commentaries upon the human comedy of dreams.

The exquisite prose poem, "A Taoist Explains Love," contains the core and essence of dream-beauty:

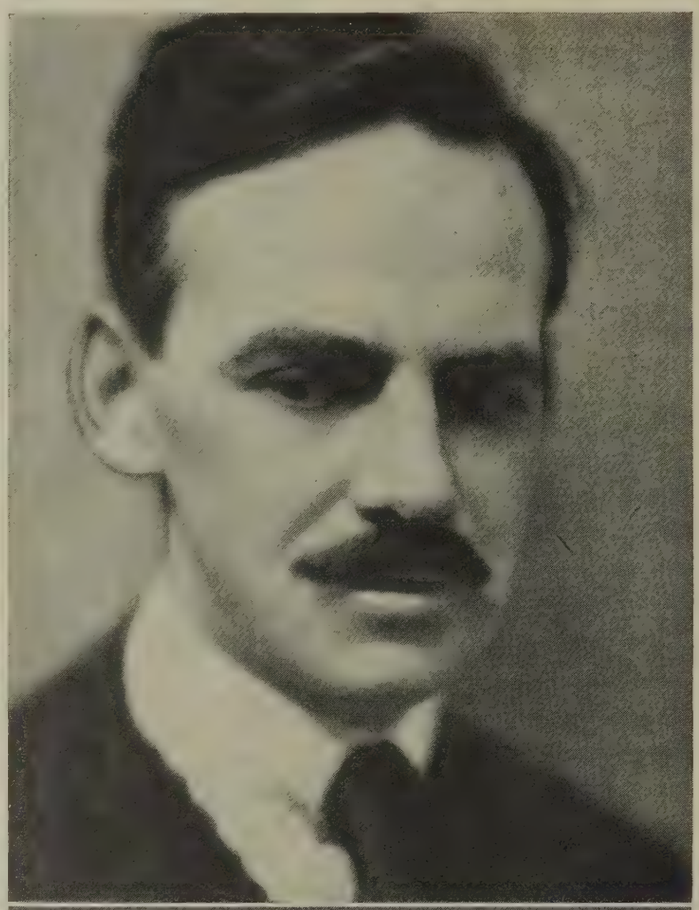
> I sat with a Taoist sage upon the soft turf of the mountainside, the quietness of our mood in sympathy with the solemn stillness of twilight. The distant mountain ranges seemed to be kneeling beneath the slow-descending blessing of night. The rush of the sea sounded distant and indistinct, lost in its own greatness. The sage said, "I loved, too, young man, before you drew breath into the world. She was gentler than the lines of those distant mountains, more tender than those hushed treetops, and the light of her presence was more pleasant to see than the still shining of yonder star. I will not tell you her story. It was more scorching than a very hell, but it was not real, and it is over now, like a storm that has passed."

The poet who preferred fifty years of Europe to a cycle of Cathay was a little too sure of himself and too sure of "progress." It is true enough that no one of our Western races, torn with war and hate and infinite misrule, can compass this Oriental peace. In the "Chinese Nights' Entertainments" the corruptible takes on the incorruptible, and Wisdom is justified of her Taoist children. Life is a walking shadow; it is not a tale told by an idiot, but a tale told rather by wise men steeped in the serenity of the contemplative soul.

The Changing Art of the Modern Playwright

By Lloyd Morris

FROM the days of Aristotle to those of that youngest of the younger generation whose program of reform called for the extinction of theactor and the abolition of the audience, the theater has always been supplied by the critics with a counsel of perfection. But in the United States, and within the past decade, an effective dramatic criticism has arisen which, instead of discussing the drama from without, has labored at it from within. The concerted attack of the dissatisfied amateur everywhere, and the consequent brave excrescence of "art theaters" and "little theaters" throughout the country, has constituted a vigorous criticism and afforded an index of vitality. The amateur movement in the theater has had a number of interesting results. One is the development of a body of native dramatic literature destined specifically to its use; another is the introduction to American audiences of foreign dramatic literature which might otherwise be unknown. And it has required only a very few years for this body of drama, both native and foreign, to reach an even wider public in book form.



EUGENE O'NEILL

A large and important portion of this literature, especially by American playwrights, has taken the form of the one-act play. And in this the movement in the United States has closely paralleled the corresponding but earlier European movement. For, as Mr. Moses points out in the prefatory essay to his admirable "Representative One-Act Plays by Continental Authors,"[1] the rise of the form began in 1887, when André Antoine modestly launched in Paris his Théâtre-Libre with the savings from his salary as an employee of the Paris Gas Works. Like all the innumerable revolts from the commercial theater and the theater of tradition which have succeeded it, the Théâtre-Libre in showing hospitality to the one-act play, ordinarily rejected by the commercial theater, was making its first experiments in the simplest of dramatic forms and one well within reach of the new technic which it sought to develop. It was probably the phenomenal success of Antoine's dream of a new theater, and the success of similar companies which, following his example if not his style, sprang up all over continental Europe, that assured the one-act play of a definite place in the European theater. How deeply the form has taken root and how thoroughly and consistently it has been exploited by the principal contemporary European dramatists is clearly demonstrated by Mr. Moses's collection, a volume notable for the excellence and inclusiveness of its contents as for its judicious and scholarly interpretative notes and its comprehensive biographical and bibliographical data.

Mr. Moses has chosen plays by fifteen continental European playwrights, and the collection is both representative and catholic, including examples of the work of writers heretofore largely unknown to American readers as well as that of dramatists whose art is familiar to us. An elder generation is represented by the Frenchmen Henri Lavedan (Five Little Dramas) and Georges de Porto-Riche (Françoise's Luck) and the Italian Giuseppe Giacosa (Sacred Ground). The rebels of yesterday are exemplified in Schnitzler (Countess Mizzie), Von Hoffmansthal (Death and the Fool), Maeterlinck (The Blind), Sudermann (Teias), Wedekind (The Court Singer), Andreyev (An Incident), and Strindberg (Simoom). A new generation and new ideals achieve expression in the work of André de Lorde (The Woman Who Was Acquitted), Hjalmar Bergström (The Birthday Party), the Quinteros (By Their Words Ye Shall Know Them), Martinez-Sierra (The Lover), and Nikolai Evréinov (A Merry Death).

Of this last group the brothers Quintero and Martinez-Sierra are not wholly unfamiliar names to American audiences, but the two plays by which they are respectively represented in this volume are for the first time published in English translation. Both the Quinteros and Martinez-Sierra write specifically for the popular theater of Spain, in which the one- and two-act forms are solidly entrenched, an evening's program being ordinarily made up of a number of short plays. "By Their Words Ye Shall Know Them" and "The Lover" are romantic comedies charmingly conceived and written in a vein of playful humor. In contrast, Edwin Björkman's adaptation of the Danish Hjalmar Bergström's ironic comedy "The Birthday Party" is far more robust fare, a cynical tho moving study of human nature incisively etched. Evréinov, the inaugurator of the "monodrama," a form "based upon the principle of identifying the stage with the representation of the acting character," is represented by a harlequinade in which the joke, philosophically enough, is on the audience. André de Lorde, principal dramatist of the Grand-Guignol of Paris and known in France as the "prince of terror," is another contemporary playwright none of whose formidable list of works has hitherto been made available in English. "The Woman Who Was Acquitted," finely translated by Mr. Moses, displays de Lorde's spirit and technic at its best. He has frequently written in collaboration with Professor Alfred Binet, the physiological psychologist, and is himself an authority on both criminal and abnormal psychology. Most of his plays—the included example being no exception—are motivated in this preoccupation and are compact, swift refinements upon the sensation of horror.

(*Continued on page 46*)

[1] REPRESENTATIVE ONE-ACT PLAYS BY CONTINENTAL AUTHORS. Edited by Montrose J. Moses. 463 pages. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

HORACE WYNDHAM

THE NINETEEN HUNDREDS

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The Changing Art of the Modern Playwright

(*Continued from page 44*)

"The Woman Who Was Acquitted," dealing with the fact that in French criminal procedure, as in our own, a person once acquitted of a criminal charge can not again be tried upon the same charge, is a powerful criticism of the administration of justice. But dramatically its interest is derived not from the abstract thesis, but from the sensational situation which illustrates it, and from the austere and terrifying study of criminal insanity which it presents.

Meanwhile the assured and versatile technique, the experimental attitude and the sophisticated outlook of those European dramatists who have worked in the one-act form have not been without influence upon our own playwrights. The literature which the "art theater" movement has created in the United States is by no means unimportant or insignificant. The general trend of that literature, some of its high achievement and some of its failure are well exemplified by such volumes as Mr. Frank Shay's "Contemporary One-Act Plays of 1921—American,"[2] Professor F. H. Koch's collection of "Carolina Folk Plays"[3] and Mr. Langner's "Five One-Act Comedies."[4]

Unquestionably the finest and most original talent nourished by the movement is that of Eugene O'Neill, to whom the stage of the Provincetown Players offered a generous opportunity for technical experimentation, for the cultivation of resources hitherto largely neglected, for the development of a body of dramatic literature that, always deliberately realistic, is often poetically conceived. It is therefore not surprizing that "The Dreamy Kid," Mr. O'Neill's contribution to Mr. Shay's anthology, sets a standard to which the remaining nineteen plays are obviously unequal. And yet "The Dreamy Kid," a grim little melodrama of negro life in New York City, powerful and intense as it is, hardly represents Mr. O'Neill at his best. It has, however, concentration of mood and economy of line; it moves swiftly and surely, and it produces, as the one-act play properly should, a single sharp and consistent emotional effect. Of the other plays selected by Mr. Shay, "The Hero of Santa Maria," by Kenneth Sawyer Goodman and Ben Hecht, a frosty and telling satire of human ignobility, best illustrates the combination of conquest of form and intellectual incentive toward which the most intelligent dramatists of the movement are working. That technical dexterity by itself is insufficient to the purpose is shown by such an empty play as "Finders-Keepers" by George Kelly, which, despite a record of three years' continuous performance in vaudeville, resolves into facile manipulation of the obvious. But when such dexterity is leavened by dramatic instinct and directed toward the illustration of emotions arising out of veritable experience, as in Miss McCauley's "The Conflict," the result is theatrically effective and humanly interesting.

A large number of the playwrights represented in Mr. Shay's anthology, and many other writers for the "little theater" not therein represented, have experimented in light comedy. In that vein the most conspicuously successful, and perhaps the innovator of the tradition in this country, is Mr. Philip Moeller, whose one-act comedies possess a sparkle and a sophistication as yet unmatched by his colleagues in the craft and unequaled in his own more ambitious efforts. None of Mr. Moeller's comedies is included in Mr. Shay's anthology, but the tendency which he inaugurated is illustrated by a number of plays. The nearest approach to them is made by Harry Wagstaff Gribble in "All Gummed Up," a slight bit of trifling in which Mr. Gribble attempts to fuse the methods of Mr. Moeller and Miss Clare Kummer. Mr. Floyd Dell in "Sweet and Twenty," and Mr. Christopher Morley in "Thursday Evening" are sentimentally pleasant without being very amusing. Miss Glaspell's and Mr. Cooke's "Tickless Time" is trivial and artificial, but unfortunately not clever. Another tendency and another channel of expression, the play of fancy, has likewise been somewhat thoroughly exploited by the younger group of playwrights. In Mr. Shay's volume one finds Mr. Stuart Walker's "Sir David Wears a Crown," Miss Millay's "Two Slatterns and a King," Mr. Langner's "Matinata," Mr. Smith's "Forbidden Fruit"—all of them good, and most of them merely good. The poets, Miss Millay, and Mr. Harry Kemp in "Solomon's Song" do not show to any great advantage, and Miss Millay has not achieved as highly as in her lovely "Aria da Capo." Mr. Langner's "Matinata," a harlequinade of Greenwich Village, is mildly diverting, but lacks the incisive wit which distinguishes Evréinov's "A Merry Death," included in Mr. Moses's anthology of Continental playwrights. "Matinata," together with four other comedies by Mr. Langner, is published in a separate volume with an introduction by St. John G. Ervine, in which the Irish novelist and playwright after some discursive excursions into Irish politics and the Lucy Stone League praises Mr. Langner's work highly. The five plays, all dealing with the themes of marriage and family life, are deftly constructed and reveal no small degree of technical expertness in the one-act form. But the texture and the content are slight and the satire inconclusive, altho the situations are those of pure comedy. One exception should be noted, "Licensed," which, altho termed a comedy by its author, is a bit of vivid melodrama not without a satiric implication. It is Mr. Langner's best play, and it demonstrates the vigor of the movement's experimental period.

The five one-act plays which make up "Carolina Folk Plays" are the result of an exceedingly interesting experiment in the theater, and by virtue of their own distinction are of somewhat unusual significance. They are representative of the work of the Carolina Playmakers, an organization of amateurs recruited from the student body of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. This organization, formed by Professor F. H. Koch, who originally founded a similar movement in North Dakota, writes, produces and acts its own plays, drawing for its subjects on the life and legend of the locality in which it exists. The five plays edited by Professor Koch are veritable folk-plays, as native and indigenous to American soil as are the plays of Colum or Synge to Ireland, and the spirit of the movement inevitably recalls that of the Irish National Theater in its early days twenty years ago. The volume reveals quite clearly the art and the versatility of the playmakers, the authenticity of their inspiration, the verisimilitude and beauty with which they portray the life and the dreams of the folk about whom they write. Their range is extensive, extending from such veristic tragedies of peasant life as "Peggy" or "The Last of the Loweries" to ebullient comedy in "Dod Gast Ye Both!" and poetic studies of folk superstition in "When Witches Ride." As the vision and the vein are rich, the technique is intelligent and the craftsmanship simple and highly effective. These Carolina folk-plays are among the best things that the amateur movement in the theater has given us; they enrich our dramatic literature with an art arising out of experience intimately known and profoundly felt, an art, in short, that is in every way comparable to that of those European countries in which folk-literature is a familiar expression. Somewhat similar in intention, if not in effect, is Mr. Culbertson's "Goat Alley,"[5] a three-act tragedy of negro life in Washington. The original form of this play was in one act, and in that form it is reproduced in Mr. Shay's anthology. But the story demanded extension, and in its final form the play has a poignant intensity of emotion which carries it above the level of its obviously melo-

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[2] Contemporary One-Act Plays of 1921—American. Edited by Frank Shay. 630 pages. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd and Co. $3.75.

[3] Carolina Folk Plays. Edited by F. H. Koch. 160 pages. New York: Henry Holt and Co. $1.75.

[4] Five One-Act Comedies. By Lawrence Langner. 165 pages. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd and Co. $2.

[5] Goat Alley. By Ernest Howard Culbertson. 155 pages. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd and Co. $1.75.

(*Continued on page 48*)

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The Changing Art of the Modern Playwright

(*Continued from page 46*)

dramatic plot. It serves to indicate how rich a field lies at hand for the American playwright who will study seriously and in its own terms the life that lies outside his door, and who in his art will be as sensitive to its values as he is uncompromising in its expression.

Mention has been made of the Irish National Theater, now the Abbey Theater company, of Dublin, which in its earlier days was the source of much of the finest contemporary dramatic literature in the English language, and which counts among its contributions the plays of Synge, those of Yeats, Colum, Lady Gregory and a host of others less well-known. It has been a matter of regret to many lovers of the art that the later works achieved by the Abbey group of playwrights have rarely equaled the intensity and beauty of their forerunners. Lady Gregory's "Three Wonder Plays,"[6] all of which have been successfully produced within the past few years at the Abbey, exemplify the decline of the tradition as well as the gradual diminution of Lady Gregory's never too robust talent. Her earlier farces of peasant life were brightly and pleasantly amusing tho largely written in accordance with a formula which she established and has seldom deserted. If they never quite accomplished the stature of true distinction, they at least possest the merits of humor and a consistent view of character. But the "Three Wonder Plays" offer little even to the most benevolent and sympathetic reader; the machinery creaks audibly, the naïveté is superficial and forced, the magic fails to come off. They are variously studies of folk-belief and fancy, and of folk-legend in the vein of comedy familiar to those who know Lady Gregory's farces, but they lack the exuberance of humor and the spontaneity which made those farces eminently successful. A play in which the effect aimed at by the playwright does not materialize is necessarily to some extent unsuccessful, and this truism might in the last analysis serve as a criticism of Miss Jeanette Marks's four-act play "The Sun Chaser,"[7] founded upon her short story of the same name published some years ago. This play, treating symbolically of man's search for happiness, possesses the advantage of an inherently powerful idea which, had it been resolutely conceived in terms of drama, might have made a moving, eloquent play. But whether through indeterminate conception, or in consistent technique, the play emerges as neither a realistic picture of life nor a symbolic interpretation of it, but collapses into mere inchoate suggestion and vagueness.

It is interesting to compare with the plays previously discust so characteristic a product of our commercial theater as Mr. J. Hartley Manners' "The National Anthem."[8] Like many other clever writers—Mr. A. M. S. Hutchinson in "This Freedom," for example—Mr. Manners has discovered that the formula for compelling public attention is to take sides on a popularly debatable issue. In the present instance he has chosen not feminism, as did Mr. Hutchinson, but "jazz" and the painful antics of the "younger" generation." The play, which is actually nothing more than an exceedingly platitudinous defense of morality in the key of a campaign speech, gives a remarkably overdrawn picture of a miscellaneous collection of degenerates whom the author would have us accept as typical of American youth, and by illustrating the obvious truth that degenerates invariably degenerate further, urges us to believe that the country is going to the demnition bow-wows. The strange thing is that Mr. Manners quite sincerely believes that this play contains a significant moral message and that he has somehow contributed to the theater a serious discussion of contemporary life. An even stranger thing is that when the play was produced there were to be found people who agreed. Actually, of course, the play is prodigiously silly as a picture of life and preposterous as a moral discussion. But it unquestionably serves its purpose in establishing for the reader a definite conception of what it is in the commercial theater that has caused the revolt of both the dissatisfied amateur and the intelligent audience. The commercial theater, however, need not wholly stand or fall by such plays as "The National Anthem." Mr. Burns Mantle, dramatic critic of the New York *Evening Mail*, has again brought out his annual theatrical year-book, "The Best Plays of 1921–1922,"[9] and the reader will find in that unusually complete record of a year's achievement and failure some account of the several plays which afford ground for hope that an American playwright with something to say, like Mr. Gilbert Emery in "The Hero," Mr. O'Neill in "Anna Christie" or Mr. Richman in "Ambush," need not wholly confine his efforts to the "little" or "art" theaters.

[6] THREE WONDER PLAYS. By Lady Gregory. 287 pages. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

[7] THE SUN CHASER. By Jeanette Marks. 119 pages. Cincinnati. Stewart Kidd and Co. $1.75.

[8] THE NATIONAL ANTHEM. By J. Hartley Manners. 203 pages. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25.

A More Honorable Man

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This is a good deal more than can be said for Sam Foyle, Willoughby's old friend and antithesis, the man who is supposed to represent the America which is to be, as Willoughby represents the America which has been and—according to the author—is passing. From first to last, Sam is unconvincing. His marriage to Willoughby's ex-mistress, and the accommodating swiftness with which she dies; the way he settles the strike, which he does with the greatest ease and rapidity; his final sacrifice to save the child—surely the doctors must have been hard put to it to accept blood from a man suffering both from an old wound and from malnutrition!—no one of these or of his other acts seems real. He is always popping up like a jack-in-the-box, to perform some deed of self-sacrifice, which completed, he disappears to lie in wait, apparently, for another and similar opportunity.

There is some clever writing in the book. The awakening of the Puritan is thus described; "He has no confidence in his own powers of resistance to the things which he thinks evil, nor has he much faith in his harsh God. . . . His God will not help him to destroy temptation, so he must manage to do it by laws. . . . Prohibition is enacted. . . . Thousands of men, but yesterday out of work, have become prosperous bootleggers. Let's stop tobacco and coffee and everything else." Mr. Roche has attempted more than he has been able entirely to accomplish, but the effort is praiseworthy.

[9] THE BEST PLAYS OF 1921–1922. Edited by Burns Mantle. 573 pages. Boston: Small, Maynard and Co. $2.

*A MORE HONORABLE MAN. By Arthur Somers Roche. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.

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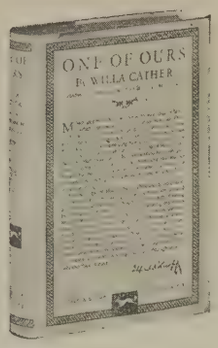

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THE BORZOI-ALFRED-A-KNOPF -- THE BORZOI-ALFRED-A-KNOPF -- THE

Leonard Merrick, Creator of Laughs and Tears

By Louise Maunsell Field

IT WAS Sir James M. Barrie—Barrie the Well-Beloved—who declared that a new book by Leonard Merrick was to him "one of the events of the year." But the event has unfortunately become an extremely rare one; not since the publication of the entirely delightful "While Paris Laughed," more than four long years ago, have we had an altogether new book by this most fascinating, most sympathetic of writers. Now at last comes his new volume, published in the collected edition which was "engineered" by his contemporaries, in order to demonstrate "the unique esteem in which Mr. Merrick is held by his fellow-workers," to quote again from Barrie, a volume with the characteristically Merrickian title, "To Tell You the Truth."*

LEONARD MERRICK

Those readers who have long known, and knowing, loved the work of this artist in words, will revel in the fourteen stories here collected, while a mere glimpse at them will suffice to make others desire the acquaintance. They are tales such as only Leonard Merrick can write, yet their range is of the widest. They are stories of laughter and of tears, of high comedy, of drama, and of that very light comedy which borders on farce. The surprize which, on rereading the story, one sees to have been implicit in it from the beginning; the wit, the charm, the deft summing-up of a personality within a phrase or sentence; the occasional flashes of irony, the sparkle, the keen sense of drama, are all here in this new volume. And while there is never a superfluous word or sentence, there is none of that feeling of a somewhat too harsh austerity of elimination, of a cutting through to the bare bones, one finds in the work of certain of Mr. Merrick's contemporaries, who have turned elimination into an inflexible dogma.

Inflexibility of any kind is indeed noticeably absent from these tales, as it is from all of Mr. Merrick's work. They are nothing if not different. But theirs is not the more or less superficial difference which comes from mere alteration in environment or costume. Tho some of the scenes are laid in London, some in Paris, some in the French provinces, and each is distinctly of its own locale, the differences go deeper by far. Could there be tales more totally unlike than "Mademoiselle Ma Mère," "A Flat to Spare," and "The Girl Who Was Tired of Love"? The first of these, "Mademoiselle Ma Mère," has the place of honor in the forefront of the volume, and deserves it, too, tho some may prefer the wonderfully poignant "Picq Plays the Hero." It is longer than most of Mr. Merrick's usually decidedly short short stories, and tho the tale of a maternity which was not of the flesh, it is quite unmarred by sentimentality. For this is one among Mr. Merrick's many gifts: he can take a theme which has been slopped over by others, made mawkish, even ridiculous, and by the magic of his sincere and lovely art, restore to it all the beauty of which it has been deprived. One hesitates to analyze, even to touch so exquisite a thing as this tale of "Mademoiselle Ma Mère." To attempt to do so would seem presumptuous, a rushing in of fools. It is not a gem, this tale of the hard-working, pale-faced little French provincial, for jewels are hard and cold, colorful, but without fragrance; rather is it a flower, a thing of perfume and of beauty. The interview between the two women, wanton and spinster, who "from different worlds . . . marveled at each other across a hearthrug," is a scene of a type which has been dealt with by many writers; in Mr. Merrick's hands it becomes something new, and the twist which he gives it is not merely novel; it is deeply true, profoundly satisfying.

If you want contrast, turn next to that sparkling bit of light comedy, "A Flat to Spare." The servant problem has furnished groundwork for many a farce, yet when did it have so delightfully amusing a turn as Mr. Merrick gives it, when "the elated journalist and the charming girl who thirsted for his blood" found themselves in the really extraordinary position of—but what that position was, and how they came to be in it, the reader must be allowed to discover for himself. Surely he—or she—would have a right to "thirst for the blood" of any one who to the smallest degree lessened their enjoyment of the gay and whimsical story. Follow this, if you will, by "The Girl Who Was Tired of Love," and see once more what contrasts are to be found within this single volume. Original, bizarre almost, yet touching on a craving practically universal among women, this unique tale has something of the quality of an allegory. Daringly conceived, it is told in the simplest, most straightforward manner.

Many of these tales were written during the years of the World War, yet only two of them are war stories. One of these is the tale which has a right to dispute the place of honor with "Mademoiselle Ma Mère"—the story of how "Picq Plays the Hero." It is not of combatants or of atrocities that the narrative tells, but of a French actor, who at fifty-eight, after a lifetime spent in playing uncongenial parts, was called upon to act the hero on the boards—and in real life as well. For while he declaimed the speeches of the *jeune premier*—speeches in which he would once have exulted—his only son was in the trenches. Heart-breaking as the story is, it has a tenderness, a beauty which lifts it high above the merely painful, so that tho one reads it

*To Tell You the Truth. By Leonard Merrick. E. P. Dutton & Co.

with an aching lump in one's throat, one goes back over its pages, reading them again and again. The other war story is an indictment of war, or rather, of the glorifying of war. "England has got to fight, right enough, because it ain't a civilized world," declares the returned Tommy; but fighting should not have been necessary "in the Year of Our Lord 1918."

That unique ability to understand women and the woman's point of view which is so especially Mr. Merrick's, shows itself again and again in the new volume. That touch about the evening shoes in "The Celebrity at Home," for instance, the relations between Blanche and Elise in the cleverly ironic story of "A Pot of Pansies"—these and others too numerous to mention are of themselves enough to entitle the volume to a particular place on one's bookshelves. Rich and poor, young and old, spinsters and wives, they are all real women who move through these pages. And their love stories are related with a sympathy that is as unfailing as the author's sense of comedy. Mr. Merrick smiles, even laughs softly at times, and makes us laugh softly too, over these young couples of his, their loving follies and absurdities; but the smiles and the laughter are very gentle, very tender. He laughs at them as they might laugh at themselves or at each other, these lovers, poor, most of them, and conducting their courtships as Aribaud did his—in the streets: "When the trees were brown and the light faded while we walked; and when the trees had whitened and the lamps were gleaming; and when the trees grew green and we walked in sunshine." Mr. Merrick does not sentimentalize over poverty—or over anything else, for that matter. He sees and shows hardship as hardship, privation as privation; but he sees and shows, too, the humor and the ameliorations, the happiness of plans made and shared by two who love each other.

The restrictions of space forbid detailed comment on each of these stories, forbid dwelling on the deliciously humorous twist which closes the tale of the Spanish dancer, "Pilar Naranjo," or the subtleties of "A Pot of Pansies." About Mr. Merrick's all but flawless artistry, his style in which each word is so absolutely in its place that it all seems entirely spontaneous, much has been written. He is one of the few whose work can be read over and over again, with no feeling of staleness or of fatigue, one of the few who can not be labeled. He is always and completely—himself; an artist whether his mood be one of gaiety or sadness, somber or sparkling: Leonard Merrick, he whom so many of the best of his own craft find real "delight in praising."

The Sign of the Serpent

WHATEVER may be thought of its decorative value, the tattooing of the figure of a serpent on a child's neck would seem to be a rather sure means of identification. But when two boys grow to manhood each with a tattooed snake encircling his neck, matters are likely to become a trifle complicated, especially when the two young men are so much alike that they might be taken for twins. That is the situation with which John Goodwin's "The Sign of the Serpent" begins. One of the young men is heir to a title and a fortune, which a wicked uncle is trying to deprive him of. The wicked uncle has a still more wicked henchman to do his dirty work and a subsidiary villain or two to lend a hand now and then. Of course, villainy is not allowed to triumph, but it comes perilously near it at times—near enough so that the reader is kept in a delightful state of suspense. There is a girl in the story, too, and she is not only beautiful, but brave and resourceful as well. And there is a man who loves this girl and considers himself unworthy of her, an opinion which the young lady does not share.

THE SIGN OF THE SERPENT. By John Goodwin. 378 pages. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

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In This Month's Fiction Library

The Road to the Open

PUBLISHED as "Der Weg ins Freie" in 1908, "The Road to the Open," now translated by Horace Samuel, is the longest and most ambitious work of Arthur Schnitzler, an Austrian novelist. It could have been written, probably, only by a physician who had devoted years to the study of sex problems, and of the desires and disillusions related to them. Disillusionment, or, rather, the inevitableness of disillusionment, throughout this long romance gives to it a pervading air of melancholy. The author feels with a keen sensitiveness the sadness of life, especially as seen in his environment—the old Vienna—an environment for which he has a tender but sad fondness that is not quite cynical. It seems a shallow sort of existence of which he diagnoses the ills, yet all the characters are striving intensely, if not always sincerely, for something—they do not quite know what. It is this very indefiniteness of their desires that deprives the story of buoyancy or hope.

"The Road to the Open" is the story of George von Wergenthin, a young baron who has just broken off an affair with his mistress. He has lived a dilettante sort of Viennese existence among a circle of young people who search with no youthful illusions for a sort of joy in living. Even in his music, for which he has genuine talent, he has not shown himself seriously ambitious. He presently falls in love with Anna Rosner, a young Jewess with a promising voice. There are many Jews among his acquaintance, but he never feels quite at home with them, and this fact complicates his relations with Anna. Discussions of Jews, as aliens in whatever environment they are found, occupy a large place in the book; but this problem is not the real story, tho it perhaps clouds to some extent the main theme. George and Anna travel together in Italy for some weeks, but George does not wish to tie himself to any permanent relationship with her. When their child dies at birth, and at the same time an offer of a position as conductor is received, his ambitions are awakened and he is disposed to accept. Anna, too, does not seek to hold him, and he leaves her for what he hopes is "the road to the open."

George's friends, Else Ehrenberg, Heinrich Berman, Therese and Leo Golowski, all are striving yet somehow pale or shadowy creatures. Old Doctor Stauber and Felician, older brother to George, are quite as real as the characters dwelt upon at length. The lives of most of his acquaintances are as intense and yet as trivial as the affair of Oskar Ehrenberg, anti-Semitic son of a Zionist father. Oskar takes off his hat when he passes a church, because he wishes to behave as a Catholic for the benefit of some passing aristocrats. The father happens along at the same moment and is so violently angry that he boxes his son's ears, and, as a result, Oskar attempts suicide. There is also the duel between Leo Golowski and the young lieutenant who makes unpleasant remarks in regard to Jews, in which the lieutenant is killed. There are also several other deaths.

An interesting feature of the book is the reality of the dreams which George has in the train; but dreams interest Mr. Schnitzler, and he apparently realizes that it is difficult to draw a line where waking ends and dreams begin. And so, too, life and death throughout the story are closely linked. George in his own thoughts says:

> And so many must die in their first years, and so many in the flower of their youth, and so many as men. And again a fated number put an end to their own lives, like Labriski. And so many are doomed to fail in their attempt, as in Oskar Ehrenberg's case. Why search for reasons? Some law is at work, incomprehensible and inexorable, which we men cannot struggle against. Who is entitled to complain. Why should I be the victim? If it doesn't happen to one, it will happen to another . . . whether innocent or guilty like he was. One to two per cent. get hit, that is heavenly justice. The children who were laughing in the garden opposite, they were allowed to live. Allowed? No, they *must* live, even as his own child had to die, after the first breath it drew, doomed to travel from one darkness into another, through a senseless nothingness.

As far back as 1908 Schnitzler was being called "the modern of the moderns," and he is that now. His style is always finished and graceful; his method in this work is delicate but probing; his is the hand of a physician of sophisticated minds and hearts.

THE ROAD TO THE OPEN. By Ar hur Schnitzler. Translated by Horace Samuel. 412 pages. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

England, My England

A NEW volume by D. H. Lawrence is always a matter of exceptional interest to book-lovers. Extraordinarily skilful in the use of words, his ability to control and combine and manipulate them has in it far more than mere skill—that inherent poetic quality which may or may not express itself in verse, but invariably gives to its possessor's prose a certain melodiousness, sometimes evidently, sometimes evasively rhythmic. Developed along psychological lines by his studies in psychoanalysis and the theories of the unconscious, this ability of his often gives beauty to what might, without it, be merely ugly.

In the collection of short stories, studies and impressions now issued under the title, "England, My England," the poetic quality and the psychological interest are both plainly manifest; and clearly as either of them there is also present that strain of fear which has appeared in other of Mr. Lawrence's work—the occasionally conscious, more often subconscious, fear of woman as an implacable, possessive, devastating force. Again and again, beneath the outward texture of the tale, we see either the endeavor of the male creature to escape, a pity for him because escape he can not, or such a triumphant satisfaction in a momentarily successful defiance as brings forth the detestable laughter which rings through the closing pages of "Wintry Peacock."

This conflict between man and woman, whether as lovers or as husband and wife, appears in almost every story in the volume. Sometimes it breaks out in a violent physical demonstration, as in the riot described in the sketch entitled, with disconcerting mildness, "Tickets, Please"; sometimes it is the kind of subtle, smoldering flame which glows through the pages of the title story, "England, My England." Here we are told of the woman, Winifred, moving with "a slow grace of energy like a blossoming, red-flowered bush in motion," while the man, Egbert, was as handsome as she—but with a difference. They were both strong after their diverse fashions; but in him was a basic desire "to hold aloof," never "to come to grips" with life, never to take any part in the work of the world. "He played with his garden, and his old folk-songs and Morris-dances, just played." But Winifred was not one who "could endure thus aloof"; she accepted duty, work, responsibility; "in one direction or another her life *had* to go." It is an exceptionally subtle psychological study, intricate, difficult, almost impossible to analyze, save at very great length. Here one can only endeavor to give the reader some faint suggestion of its rich and penetrating flavor.

Several of the tales are of the war-period, and result more or less from war-time conditions in England. The subtle entanglements of "England, My England," close with "the dead face" seen by the glare of a light-bomb; "Tickets, Please," tells of the

girl conductors whom the war brought to "a single-line tramway system" plunging recklessly through the black industrial countryside of the Midlands. "The Blind Man" of the extraordinary study of blindness so named had lost his sight in Flanders, where he got "the disfiguring mark on his brow" the other man so hated to touch. "Monkey Nuts," too, describes a situation resulting, in part at least, from the need of women to do the work ordinarily assigned to men; "Wintry Peacock" tells of a soldier invalided home after a stay in Belgium. But not one of these falls into the category of the war story; the scene of each is laid in England, and it is the influence of conditions brought about by the War which is described and not the War itself.

The book contains many of those word-pictures in which Mr. Lawrence excells, pictures which convey not merely the outward aspects of the place or countryside, but the impressions—sense impressions, psychic impressions—it gives to its inhabitants. Unusual, occasionally repellent, always interesting, "England, My England," has its place among the worth-while books of the present season.

ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND By D. H. Lawrence. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

Huntingtower

"HE WAS bitterly angry with Providence for picking him out of the great crowd of sedentary folk for this sore ordeal. 'Why was I tithered to sich a conscience?' was his moan. . . . His fellow passengers saw an absorbed middle-aged gentleman who seemed to have something the matter with his bronchial tubes." Then this estimable grocer decides to rejoin his wayside friend the poet and the Gorbal Die-Hards to effect the rescue of a Russian princess, because, as he says, "there's not a business man among the lot."

This will perhaps give the key in which Huntingtower," John Buchan's latest book, is pitched. It is a joyous tale, full of romance seen from far and near, hill winds, sea broiling on the coast, heroes in small and large, plus the chief figure of the inimitable Dickson, whose somewhat pudgy soul takes on gallant proportions in the most convincing fashion.

Mr. Buchan has long since learned the art of story-telling. It's amazing that through his many tales of mad adventure he can keep an eye so fresh on the essentially human characters he gathers about him. "Prester John," "Greenmantle," "Mr. Standfast," "The Moon Endureth," all have a way of holding the reader to the narrative through two things: (1) sheer curiosity to follow to the end the network of plots and plans; and (2) the interest which Mr. Buchan provokes from the human material presenting itself to him, and which he has the genial gift of portraying as well as spying out. When the reader might falter for a moment, Mr. Buchan has a trick of introducing humor, like a cool, quick, refreshing rain.

The events of "Huntingtower" fall together like the design for a mosaic, but so simply is it worked out, with such lack of pretense to the incitement of emotion and climactic situations, that the mosaic is not perceived until the story is ended. Mr. Buchan draws wildly romantic scenes with a realistic stroke, and convinces of the veracity of his fiction by the very presentation of it. Surely one of the subtlest of triumphs for a story-teller!

HUNTINGTOWER. By John Buchan. 316 pages. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1922.

The Talkers

IT IS depressing to review Robert W. Chambers's latest book, "The Talkers," for it is the kind of book it would be well to ignore, in the hope that by so doing one would aid in lessening the number of readers. The author is again the opportunist. He has taken glands—to be exact, the metathoracic or nymphalic gland—and tried to make a story, lurid and compelling, out of the

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situation in which a young girl of nineteen finds herself when, after the gland replacement, she is curiously affected by a dual personality.

Behind 291 pages of rasping satire over the Talkers (those garrulous clubmen round the fire), of operations physical or psychic, of the talk of the Talkers, so feebly venomous, of constant repetition of the horrid potentialities of Sadoul the Villain, one glimpses a bitter and weary writer whose ideas, whose style, whose book-structure, are linked chainlike to the fatal facility of his never-ending commercial productions.

In chapter after chapter the author insists, through the mouth of Sadoul, upon the existence of the "soul-principle," and this motif is fused inextricably with the horror the reader ought to feel over the possibility of Sadoul's "soul-principle" ever making any other-world contact with the girl he loves (Gilda); yet, at his death, the climax, built so artificially, dissolves as a nightmare dissolves.

Finishing it, the reader has no more sensation of reality or gripping horror or fantasy than the dreamer, awake, who has forgotten his dream.

THE TALKERS. By Robert W. Chambers. 291 pages. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1923.

The Old House

WHEN their father, who had come from the dark forest in Germany to Pozsony in Hungary, died, his two sons, honest, and strong, also heard the call that had lured him while a young man from his childhood's home. And they, too, started out, orphans and poor, to wander down the Danube. In time they arrived in Pest, where Christopher decided to stay and seek his fortune. So the Ulwing brothers parted. Sebastian crossed the river and settled in Buda, where he mended watches and clocks. It was not long before his little shop became the confidential meeting place for all those who knew and loved the gentle and humorous bachelor and felt sure that here their hopes and fears about their longed-for freedom would never be betrayed.

Christopher Ulwing, the carpenter, became the master builder of Pest and was given the freedom of the city. Thirty years after he had completed and moved into his long-dreamed-of home, it was still called in town "the new house." The building of it had been a great event. But with the passing of the thirty years the master builder had achieved a still greater success. He had vanquished his last business rival. Now, at last, he was really at the top.

The purpose which now dominated the vigorous old man—the purpose of "having a heart and helping people"—would have given him a new lease of life had this purpose not been qualified by the determination to help them in his own way, so that they would have to stand by and not against him. And with this decision begins the story of "The Old House," which not only describes the disintegration of his family, but also epitomizes the struggle for freedom seventy years ago in Hungary.

How far the old master builder's determination is responsible for the represt existence of his son and the tragical life of his grandson is for the reader to determine, tho the author evidently absolves Ulwing from the impending disaster when she makes young Christopher in his lust for gain think that "his grandfather had been the money's conqueror, his father its guardian, and he, it seemed, was to become its adventurer. No matter, chance helped adventurers."

The translator deserves a special word of praise for preserving the high spirit and intention of the author, tho had the occasional transitions in time been indicated by asterisks the narrative in several places would have been less abrupt.

THE OLD HOUSE. By Cecile Tormay. Translated from the Hungarian by E. Torday. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 287 pages. $2.

Wanderer of the Wasteland

THE lure of the desert is the theme of Zane Grey's latest novel. It tells the story of Adam Larey, a boy of eighteen, who becomes a fugitive from justice and escapes into the desert, where he remains for fourteen years, a "wanderer of the wasteland." He takes a new name, and the desert makes a new man of him, a man strong to endure hardship and brave in the face of danger, a man to be feared by his enemies and loved by his friends. His wanderings take him through Death Valley and the surrounding country, and the author has managed to convey something both of the horror and of the fascination of this desolate region. Indeed, it might be objected—and with some justice—that Mr. Grey has been so intent upon picturing the desert, with its shriveling heat and its blinding glare, that at times he almost forgets his story. And yet, in one sense, the desert is the story, for it leaves its mark on all the men and women who come in contact with it, and becomes the arbiter of their destinies.

Adam's life in the desert is, for the most part, a solitary one, but occasionally he meets other wanderers, prospectors who risk their lives and endure untold hardships in the hope of finding gold. One of these, an old desert rat named Dismukes, has set himself a definite goal. When he has accumulated half a million, it is his intention to see the world and enjoy life. He succeeds in getting his half million, but the call of the desert is too strong for him, and he comes back to it as the only home he has ever known. But strangest of all the people Adam encounters are the Vireys. Crazed by jealousy and hatred, Elliot Virey has brought his wife to the edge of Death Valley to punish her for her unfaithfulness, and she, knowing his purpose, has followed him unresistingly to expiate her sin. Adam finds them there and has a part in the tragic ending of their life drama.

In a Zane Grey novel one looks for thrilling adventures, and "Wanderer of the Wasteland" is no disappointment in that respect. Adam Larey has to fight not only against the parching heat of the desert, but against human enemies as well, and in all his battles, spiritual as well as physical, he plays a man's part. The story ends with his finding the girl of whom he has dreamed and with his decision to go back and take the consequences of the crime he believes he has committed.

WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND. By Zane Grey. With illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton. 419 page . New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.

The City of Peril

AS a detective story "The City of Peril" lacks reality. There is an unsatisfactory sense of passing back and forth over the same ground with only slight variation. One is asked too often to listen-in at the small room on the lower east side, where the radical gang makes its bombs. Even the first time, when nearly caught, the excitement is too hectic, too artificial. No one really hears the girl with "the dark troubled eyes" calling on the other side of the door. We are not really nervous. It is too bad, for there are some excellently-thought-out situations, and the hero insists on marrying the wrong person. Besides this, he has an unexpected way of tipping his criminals when he tracks them down, and has been provided with the usual incomparable butler. This butler has been icing the grapefruits of gentlemen detectives since such stories were first written, and he gives timely assistance with far from adequate directions. To heighten the effect, he carries "a large intimidating silver watch," which he studies at intense moments with all the solemnity of the rabbit in "Alice in Wonderland." It is fortunate that so handy a person valets the hero, who is frantically busy from the beginning, only taking one chapter off, when he frankly admits to being exhausted. However, one wishes for less scattered action on his part, more real plot, and a great deal more descriptive background.

THE CITY OF PERIL. By Arthur Stringer. 317 pages. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

The Voice at Johnnywater

A YELLOW cat with black spots, a voice that cries when a night wind blows through a lonely cañon, a girl with a square chin, much wilfulness and an unconventional but level-headed view-point—these and a good-looking young moving-picture actor have been thoroughly mixed in "The Voice at Johnnywater" into a fast-moving mystery story. There is a likable spontaneousness about the telling, and the sequence is good. There is also humor here and there, as the actor has gone straight from his studio to the cañon, and finds that his knowledge of farming consists chiefly of country stage sets. He and the cat pass easily from serious to comic parts, and have in common one trait which is more useful to them than much experience—a determination not to be frightened by ghosts. Thanks to this, the haunting in the valley is changed in time from a sense of evil to tranquillity. Here is one of the best pieces of work in the book. The ending also is heightened by unexpected developments, and the cat and voice remain unique throughout. B. M. Bower has attempted neither superlative scenery nor any particular character study. The writing itself is not above the average, and the climaxes have not always been used to their fullest advantage. Yet, in spite of this, the book has sustained interest and a plausible plot. It is also to the author's credit that the solution of the mystery is not intimated until the very close of the story.

THE VOICE AT JOHNNYWATER. By B. M. Bower. Frontispiece by Remington Schuyler. 300 pages. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.75.

The Pest

NO one would expect Mr. Terhune to write a novel without a collie. In "The Pest" the inevitable dog makes his joyous appearance at the very first, and at the last captures the defaulting villain and restores justice and the hero's happiness to their rightful throne. For a time the collie plays second rôle to the bluster of Hamilcar Q. Glure and the complications of a most mysterious murder; but he is right there to unravel the maze, and by his vengeful fury at former wrongs to see to it that the villain gets retribution. This redoubtable animal belongs to Roy Morril, an amateur farmer in New Jersey, who shelters a whole pack of collies as well as four friends—a lawyer, a tenor, a broken financier and a writer. In the neighborhood live Manfred Bruce, a painter, his wife, and his daughter Madge. But the course of Roy's and Madge's true love doesn't run smooth, even when it owns the devoted guardianship of the watchful collie.

Hamilcar Q. Glure is the very obvious villain and spoil-sport of the piece: he spoils sport on Wall Street by crooked "corners"; he spoils sport in the country by the ill-bred ferocity and sinister stratagems whereby he seeks to bring every one under his hated governance. Mystery thickens into further mystery, and further mystery thickens into the plot, which only Roy's honesty, the lawyer's acumen, and the dog's hate of the brutal villain are finally competent to unweave. "The Pest" is an amalgamation of love, melodrama and collies.

THE PEST. By Albert Payson Terhune. 327 pages. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

Homely Lilla

TIME was when the novels of Robert Herrick were supposed to shock the uninitiated from their spiritual indolence into strange quagmires of rather morbid speculation. Now, after seven years of meditative silence, Mr. Herrick has essayed another novel in "Homely Lilla," and one may judge the precise quality which lent a dangerous difference to the author of "Together." So much water has not only flowed under the bridges, but actually demolished the bridges of accepted fiction, that if you find nothing surprizing in "Homely Lilla" you begin to wonder if, after all, the

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early novels of Robert Herrick weren't probably forerunners rather than catastrophes for the respectable.

The novel of marital disillusion is now a thing of custom and stale common use. Husbands are tired of wives for reasons multitudinous and not always defensible; wives are tired of husbands for reasons perfectly defensible, in the case of "homely" Lilla Vance. As a girl whose childhood memories conjure up the wide freedom of an Idaho homestead she finds the petty discretions of Gordon James almost beyond her patience. As a school superintendent he is no doubt admirable in his cautious stratagems, his dusty pedantry, his infinite regard for the approval of the neighbors. As a lover who reads an article on "The Secondary School System in New Zealand" during their honeymoon and rebuffs her every caress, Gordon tries Lilla's love and strains the reader's credulity quite beyond the breaking-point. On every occasion Mr. Herrick reveals the incurably mean, rusty coils of Gordon's soul, his acrid tyrannies, his undeviating respectability. After fourteen years or so of marriage, Lilla cuts the Gordian knot in her own way. Her bluff character Mr. Herrick presents with a full adequacy; but about Gordon James one is tempted to employ the words, There's no such man!

Homely Lilla. By Robert Herrick. 293 pages. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.

Island of the Innocent

IT IS doubtless a true picture of one phase of New York life that Grant Overton draws in his "Island of the Innocent," but it certainly is a depressing picture. The author's purpose apparently is to depict the struggles and perils of an unprotected girl amid the basest human surroundings. Dace Sherril, an orphan reared in seclusion on the busiest part of Fifth Avenue, educated as a rich girl, then suddenly left penniless, takes a menial position in a city hospital for drug addicts and finds herself in a human muck-heap. The drunken and lecherous hospital doctor is typical of the hateful people among whom she has to work. The very air reeks of political and moral corruption, with all the baser aspects of humanity, and the author treats it all in a spirit of disillusionment that becomes somehow a part of the picture.

The story has to do with Dace and her lovers, four or five of them, some worse than others; yet to each in turn she is in danger of surrendering herself, with or without marriage. The author has not even been kind enough to give Dace one decent girl friend; there are only two, and both are morally contemptible. Each of the lovers is bad in a different way, and Mr. Overton throws overboard all the old reticences in the dialogs concerning the sex impulses experienced by the various characters. The heroine is saved at a critical moment by a man worthy of her love, and at last she finds that "island of innocence" of which she has dreamed since childhood. But even the happy ending does not remove the impression of ugliness and disillusionment.

Island of the Innocent. By Grant Overton. New York: George H. Doran Company. 332 pages. $2.

Pagan Love

WHEN a Czech from a little mountain village in Bohemia meets a Scotchman, and the Czech falls in love, one has an example of "Pagan Love." The cold, calculating Scot and the passionate Czech! But Neruda, the Czech, finally fans the flames of passion into a veritable fiery furnace. And then comes sorrow!

Walter Oliphant, the Scot, having returned from the war to find England none too appreciative of his service, and uninterested in the products of his pen, contemplates suicide, and then, before throwing himself into the river, sees another drowning and saves him. It is the Czech, who has met with foul play, who is determined to prove his gratitude by taking Walter with him to America and making a success of him.

Neruda has a large business, which centers around trade papers and house organs. It brings Walter into contact with the strike element in the business world and with men of all nationalities. Much of the business comes into the story, and Neruda's methods will often make the reader question the advisability of the Scot's learning the meaning of the word "love."

There is mystery surrounding Neruda and the company, but the reader suspects long before Walter does. The police are after Neruda—but they do not get him. Detectives, beautiful pictures, costly house decorations and business problems are so sandwiched in that the suspense can be said to be at a high pitch most of the time.

The plot seems improbable. It may be possible for a man to build up a business such as Neruda has, and to carry on for the length of time that he does, but one can not believe that Neruda could be so prominent a figure and yet remain such a mystery. But even an improbable plot, handled as it is in "Pagan Love," will find an audience, if only for the reason that it is Mr. Gibbon's latest book.

Pagan Love. By John Murray Gibbon. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Dusk of Moonrise

JUNE TEMPEST, the heroine of Diana Patrick's "Dusk of Moonrise," is a girl who is not suited to her environment. She has inherited her father's passionate love of beauty and loathes the sordid ugliness of the Yorkshire manufacturing town in which she lives. Her father understands her, but her mother and her two sisters think her queer, because she likes poetry, music, and the beauties of nature. We first meet June out on the moor, whither she has gone on one of her solitary rambles, and it is there she first encounters Alan Clavering, a man who shares her love for the beautiful. He has traveled, and the world he describes is that of which June has often dreamed; and she loves him because he is a part of it. But when he tells her that he has promised to marry a woman who has divorced her husband for his sake, she feels that she has no right to accept his love.

June marries Michael Mellicott, whom she esteems highly, but does not love. Michael knows of June's infatuation for Clavering, but believes that it was the latter's wealth that attracted her. For this reason he determines to make himself a rich man, even if it is sometimes necessary to take undue advantage of those with whom he deals. As the result, he and June grow further apart, and there comes a time when she makes up her mind to leave him and go to Clavering. But at that moment prison yawns for Michael, because of his haste after riches, and June has to make a momentous decision.

The early chapters of the book are marred by the author's rather florid and involved "word painting" and by her fondness for making her characters indulge in conversations over-full of literary allusions, but as the drama unfolds, these faults are lost sight of, and the story holds the reader's interest to the exclusion of all else.

Dusk of Moonrise. By Diana Patrick. 346 pages. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

The Dancing Fakir

FROM its outposts in the Himalayas to the Indian Ocean; from its dense jungles on the Ganges to the sources of Brahmaputra River in the far northwest, "The Dancing Fakir" is full of color and action, and that sympathetic understanding of alien races which is slowly but surely bringing two diverse peoples into friendlier relations. This collection of twenty-one stories, the first of which gives its title to the whole, is among the very best of the winter's books. The author, Mr. Eyton, has not only a remarkable knowledge of the native idiom of many Indian dialects, but also the rare gift of summing up in little; some of his stories are only a few pages in length, and yet each is a dignified, reserved, and

absolutely human and spirited interpretation of modern India. Tho the book would be classified as fiction, it is far more than that. The high caste Brahman; the Jats, near Delhi, an old-time race; the Dom, the laboring class in the hills; the poor cultivators of the land near Mysore; the clerks in civil service or the men in the army—these and many more, with their problems, their loves and their hates—are presented to our view with that clarity of comprehension and that conservation of energy which, exprest in practically flawless diction, make a definite and lasting impression on the reader's mind. The Britishers, the planters, the civil and government officers, the traders—these also are depicted with complete understanding of their relations to the natives, who still, in so many instances, look upon them as intruders. In addition the reader is imprest by Mr. Eyton's diversity of observation, his love of nature, and his philosophy of animals.

One of the best stories in the collection is "The Ugly Calf," which presents to the reader's nose, as to his eyes and mind, an unforgetable knowledge of wild life in the hills. The most important stories, perhaps, are those which deal with the war; the reactions of the native soldiers to the army, both at home and in France, with India's new understanding of Britain as the result. The entire collection will be warmly welcomed by all who like good fiction of the sort that enlarges and deepens one's knowledge of a distant people and country. The pen-and-ink illustrations by L. Raven Hill pleasingly break up the text and help to get over the author's message to the reader.

The Dancing Fakir, and Other Stories. By John Eyton. Illustrations by L. Raven Hill. 178 pages. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.

Rulers of Men

THE editorial pruning-knife could be used to good advantage on Mrs. Savi's "Rulers of Men." With all the discussion of Indian politics left out, the story would be easier reading and would stand a better chance of being judged on its merits as a novel. The prevailing unrest in India has a direct bearing on the plot, but what the characters say about conditions there and about the British Government policy has not. The incidents of the story as they affect the fortunes of Derek Lang and the American girl, Dulcie Durand, are enough in themselves to give a definite impression of India to-day, seen from the British view-point. The conversational interludes serve merely to blur the outlines of the picture. "Rulers of Men" is a story well worth the telling, but it could have been told much better in fewer words.

Rulers of Men. By E. W. Sav . 342 pages. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

The East Wind

SIX short stories are gathered together in the volume which bears the title "The East Wind," by Hugh MacNair Kahler. Each of these stories deals with life on the farm, and the author has, without in the least attempting to picture the farmer's lot as a bed of roses, somehow contrived to convey the impression of the attraction which the land has for those who live on it and by it—the feeling that in making it bear bountiful crops one is doing work that is far more important than any other.

The first story, which gives the book its title, tells of an I. W. W. agitator who is sent into the country to enlist agricultural laborers in the cause. For this purpose he takes a job on a farm. To his own surprize, and in spite of the long hours and the hard work, he learns to like it. He takes pleasure in helping his employer outwit the weather, and he feels a personal pride in the crops which the soil produces, altho he is merely what he would once have called a "wage slave." A trip to the city and an interview with the head of his organization complete his conversion, and he goes back to the

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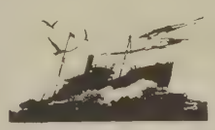

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THE EAST WIND, AND OTHER STORIES. By Hugh MacNair Kahler. 304 pages. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

His Grace Gives Notice

TIME was when unhappy people wrote fairy-tales to carry them away from their own drab lives. That day is gone. In its place has come the day when unhappy people write or read romances to rescue themselves from boredom. The romantic melodrama is the fairy-tale of to-day. "His Grace Gives Notice," by Lady Troubridge, is a most satisfying fairy-story in that sense. There is no cherished illusion of manliness that you will not find embodied in its hero. There is no romantic rascality of which you may not convict the villain. And as for Cynthia, the golden-haired daughter of a noble but impoverished English family, we are told on the first page that she easily won her place as one of London's foremost beauties, and we do not doubt it for a moment. Her temper was a bit perverse, but it must be rather a jar to discover that your father's second footman is the Duke St. Bevis.

We have learned many interesting things from "His Grace Gives Notice." One is that training as a servant does not come amiss even in the education of a duke. Another is that a girl may be sure that her fiancé does not really love her if he appreciates his dinner. And we have learned, too, that a beautiful girl may have several gay seasons in London society and still remain so unworldly that when the villain assures her that they will be married as soon as they reach Paris, she takes him at his word. Cynthia, dear child, almost fell into a trap, but the duke, whom she had scornfully spurned for 240 pages, was right there to carry her off to safety.

HIS GRACE GIVES NOTICE. By Lady Troubridge. New York: Duffield & Co.

Man's Country

THE man so engrossed in business that he neglected his wife is a familiar enough figure in the fiction of to-day, but usually the reader is left in as complete ignorance of the man's business as is the wife herself. Not so in Peter Clark MacFarlane's "Man's Country." Here we follow the career of George Judson from the day when an accident to his father makes him, a mere boy, the sole support of the family to the time when he becomes the head of a great automobile industry. We know how and why he succeeds, and we also know why he must work harder than any man in his employ in order that the great business he has built up shall not go to smash and ruin those who have invested their money in it. That his wife does not understand this is not altogether her fault. George has never fully explained the matter to her, perhaps because to him it is so self-evident as to require no explanation. And so the inevitable crash comes, and a psychoanalyst is called in to tell George why it had to happen and how he can win his wife back again. Then the war comes, and it is a question whether that or the psychoanalyst has most to do with bringing about the happy reunion of two loving hearts.

MAN'S COUNTRY. By Peter Clark MacFarlane. With illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell. 343 pages. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.

The Bells of St. Stephen's

IT IS positively refreshing to meet, as one does in Marian Keith's "The Bells of St. Stephen's," people who are good and kind without being tiresome or priggish, and to learn that it is possible to be interesting without being wicked. So far as the morals of its chief characters are concerned, this novel might be classed as just another of those goody-goody books, and yet, to call it that would be to do it a grave injustice, for there is nothing in the least namby-pamby about it. Mary Erskine, the heroine, is a thoroughly human and very charming girl, with whom any man might fall in love, as several of them do, even if she does think more of visiting the poor in Sawdust Alley than of keeping her social engagements. Her uncle, the minister of St. Stephen's, is a gentle old dreamer, who can not find it in his heart to condemn those whose lives are less upright than his own. David Hunter is a real he-man, if there ever was one, and as for "Johnny Petatie," that saintly old man couldn't be any more interesting if he got drunk and beat his wife every day.

Cocktails, cigarets, jazz and petting parties are conspicuous by their absence, and yet, strange as it may seem, there is not a dull page in the book. And what a relief it is to read a modern novel without feeling that one really ought to blush!

THE BELLS OF ST. STEPHEN'S. By Marian Keith. 336 pages. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.75.

Love's Legend

MR. FIELDING-HALL'S novel, "Love's Legend," is the story of a honeymoon trip on a raft, floating down the Irrawaddy River in Burma, but, more than that, it is an allegory of married life. Gallio, the husband, has a theory that the whole philosophy of life is contained in the folk-lore of the ages. When any problem arises, all one need do is to turn to the legends of ancient mythology or to the fairy tales of Grimm or Andersen. The solution is there, if one but knows how to interpret it. Some of Gallio's interpretations may not be pleasing to the feminists, but they are perfectly satisfactory to him, and, eventually, to his wife. The river, too, has its part in bringing about that complete understanding upon which a happy marriage is based.

The story is told in the first person, but not by the same person throughout. In the first chapter, Gallio speaks; in the next, his wife, and occasionally a third person, tells how the relations between these two appear to an outsider. And all through runs the allegory of the river formed by the confluence of two streams which gradually become one as they flow on toward the sea.

LOVE'S LEGEND. By H. Fielding-Hall. 325 pages. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.

The Captive Herd

AN age-old yet curiously alien note is struck in "The Captive Herd," that of the individual's oneness with the mass, the herd, his dependence upon it and the falseness of any success that does not benefit it. The author's thesis, which he puts into the mouth of one of his characters, is that we may travel by many short cuts, but we must ever return to the herd, and are always its prisoner. Outside it we are useless; we live our little hour and are gone, but it sweeps on.

To prove his point the author uses men from the Occident and the Orient, and contrasts their outlook and its result. Vacla Melford, of a Russian mother and an English father, is an intense individualist who believes that every man, every opening, is but a round in his ladder of success, and he uses them accordingly. The other side of the shield is represented by a great Jewish financier, Vinevar, whose life ambition it is to see the domination of the world by the "money power" of the Jew; by Isaacson, his business associate, who dreams of a Jewish Palestine; and by the Japanese, who always think in terms of their race, their nation.

Melford, a clever promoter, represents the two Jews in their

financing of a trust, and when he betrays his employers in various ways he loses even his old power of persuasion. Defeat and loss of power pursue him through many convolutions of the story's plot, until in the end Melford realizes that the individual is happy only as he builds for the race.

As in most novels with a thesis, the propaganda runs away with the author. There is scarcely a real character or situation in the story; they are all pegs on which to hang ideas. The background, tho it stretches from New York to Japan, and up into Canada, is so shadowy as to play no part in the story.

THE CAPTIVE HERD. By G. Murray Atkins. 311 pages. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

Ovington's Bank

THE mention of Stanley J. Weyman's name arouses memories of the swashbuckler era of light fiction. He was one of the more important figures of that time and several of his contributions are still read, among them being "A Gentleman of France," "Under the Red Robe," and "The House of the Wolf."

It is easy to classify Mr. Weyman. He is essentially a disciple of the elder Dumas. His books are based on vivid action, and their locale is always a costume period. His most recent effort is rather a compromise between his old métier and modern taste. "Ovington's Bank" is not a piece of swashbuckling, but it possesses certain features of the costume novel. For instance, it is laid in England about 1825. Napoleon, the ogre who had glared across the Channel, had but recently passed away, and an era of financial inflation had set in. It was the period of the birth of frenzied finance and the growth of banks and speculation.

The action is laid in Aldersbury, and the meat of this action concerns the fortunes of a bank conducted by a dynamic figure named Ovington, who wins over the financial support of the near-by farmers and tradesmen and strives to build up a great banking house. Mr. Weyman conveys in a clever, distinguished manner the suspicious attitude of the great mass of people toward banking. Ovington builds too greatly, however, and a crash comes. Quite the most engrossing part of the book is that dealing with a great financial panic and the downfall of many mushroom fortunes. There is color and movement here, swift action that appears to be based upon historical detail.

Mr. Weyman's great ability in reconstructing a past era so that it appears to be a living and breathing thing is evident in this book, but atmosphere alone does not make a successful novel. And perhaps one reason why the book is dull is that it is too meticulously documented. The era is there, all right, but the interest is not particularly keyed up to a high suspense. And suspense used to be one of Mr. Weyman's virtues. One can but forlornly remember "Under the Red Robe" and all the swiftness and fire that was the prime virtue of Mr. Weyman as a light novelist.

OVINGTON'S BANK. By Stanley J. Weyman. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The Shining Road

STEPHEN DOUGLAS, hero of "The Shining Road," is one of Fortune's favorites. Not that he was born with the traditional silver spoon in his mouth; on the contrary, he is a foundling who has been taken out of an orphan asylum and adopted by an Iowa farmer and his wife, but he has what is often of greater value than inherited wealth, the faculty of making people love him and wish him well. Hepzibah Preston, the farmer's wife, does not understand Stephen in the least, but she loves him as if he were her own son, and even close-fisted old Zeke Preston has a soft spot in his heart for the boy. The story tells of Stephen's schooldays, his career at the University, his rise in his chosen profession of the Law, of the one mistake which seemed so disastrous to his ambitions, and of the woman who comes to his rescue in life's darkest hour.

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Letters and Libel Suits of Natty Bumppo's Creator

(*Continued from page 19*)

(page 89); and another written in 1850, containing congratulations on "the great and well-merited success" of a book by Cooper's eldest daughter. There are a dozen letters by Morse, some of them containing significant facts in the early history of the telegraph. There are half-a-dozen from William Dunlap and four from Richard Henry Dana, one of these being about his more famous son's "Two Years Before the Mast." There are two from the French novelist, Eugène Sue, dictated by sincere admiration. And there are single letters from George Bancroft, Bryant, Fitz Greene Halleck, Chancellor Livingston, Longfellow, and Walter Scott—truly a galaxy of friendly celebrities.

From Cooper's letters to his wife and from the letters to and from the publishers of Cooper's successive books we can create an instructive picture of the American book-trade of a century ago, when the sale of ten thousand copies of a novel was as important as the sale of three hundred thousand to-day. And in like manner from the correspondence with and about William E. Burton we get a glimpse of the conditions of the American drama in 1850, when Cooper's only comedy was unsuccessfully produced at Burton's Theater. (If I may here open a brief parenthesis, I should like to suggest that there is an interesting article to be written about the many dramatizations of Cooper's novels, not only in the United States but also in Great Britain and even in France, where Scribe adapted one novel and Dennery another. Some readers of Barton Baker's history of the London theaters may recall his quaint defense of the dramatization of the "Pilot," in which the Nantucket harpooner, Long Tom Coffin, was transmogrified into a British tar impersonated by T. P. Cooke.)

It remains to be said that these two volumes are beautifully printed, that they are made more useful by an index of twenty double-columned pages; and that they are adorned by engravings of Otsego Hall at Cooperstown (now no longer standing) and of the bronze bas-relief portrait modeled by David d'Angers in Paris in 1833. Perhaps I ought also to call attention to one daring novelty in the editing. All the letters in these two volumes are printed absolutely verbatim, in their complete calligraphic integrity, without any attempt to correct the casual carelessness of the several writers in punctuation and in capitalization, in orthography and in syntax. This editorial punctilio has not a few amusing results; and if it should prevail with later editors it will tend to increase the pernicious habit of destroying correspondence before it is too late. Editorial conscientiousness, when carried to this extreme, will certainly "add a new terror to death."

Leaders of French Fiction Since the War

(*Continued from page 30*)

We have kept for the last the one novel of "exhaustive psychology" which has the best chance of surviving, if any of them does, namely, Jacques Chardonne's "L'Epithalame"—two volumes, 1921. (Chardonne is a pseudonym for Boutelleau.) It shared the admiration of the Académie Goncourt a year ago with "Batouala," five votes going to Chardonne; the fact that the president of the Académie, Geoffroy, voted for "Batouala" settled the matter. But the public overwhelmingly gave the prize to "L'Epithalame." Everybody realized that we have in it the most readable expression of the formula, "exhaustive psychology." For Chardonne, as for Proust, man's mind is too complex—unless one happens to be a Racine—to allow short cuts if one really wants to understand him. We get two good-sized volumes of small, compact printing. But while Proust was the more deliberate representative of the "genre," he was prone to overtax decidedly the reader's patience. One of Chardonne's great merits is that he has succeeded in gaging exactly how far a reader is willing to go in his endurance of details, and yet in forcing within these limits all the details that *must* be given.

The chief characters of "L'Epithalame" are well defined individualities; while not commonplace beings, neither are they of indisputably superior caliber. They belong to that class of interesting Frenchmen of Paris or of the Provinces, well bred and well read, who simply take culture as a matter of course; among them such things happen as always happen wherever human beings are found; such incidents known as "scandales mondains" are related but not given dramatic relief, are talked of, then forgotten. The first volume describes minutely the existence of the characters before marriage: nothing "exciting;" everything terse and ordinary;—that is why it is "life." Their marriage might have taken place, or might just as well not have taken place; a series of everyday little events led to it; another series of little events, hardly different, might have not led to it. The married life (second volume) is again made out of little things; and again the absence of dramatic or comic occurrences is calculated to produce the sensation that we are watching *life*. Once the woman, once the man had a passing fancy at flirting—which disappears very rapidly; they are reasonable people, and as soon as they reflect they see the absurdity of those affairs and settle down. As the novel closes, the woman becomes a mother: is this to change anything in these lives? Hardly! So we can easily foresee.

One ought not to confuse the "exhaustive psychology" novels with another group in which psychology indeed also plays a great part, but merely as a means to an end. Such novels as André Corthi's "Pour moi seule" (Grand prix du Roman, 1919), Edmond Jaloux's "L'incertaine," "La fin d'un beau jour" (Grand prix de littérature, 1922), or others of a more dramatic tone, like Geniaux's "Passion d'Armelle Louanais," and Estaunié's "L'Appel de la route," seek to produce a distinct sensation of the desperate dreariness of life, or of its tragic sadness; and they evidently are of the opinion that the proof is not hard to establish, for their novels are not particularly long. On the contrary, while the shadow of pessimism not infrequently creeps into the "exhaustive psychology" novel, pessimism is never the end there, and the mere fact that no possibility of interpretation must be excluded widens immeasurably the range of psychological observation.

A Norwegian Epic of Womanhood

(*Continued from page 32*)

it is still subordinate to the story of Kristin and her husband. In "The Cross" the ramifications of family chronicles are perhaps a little too broadly done for the foreign reader; and yet the three books should be read together for the consistent and intensely interesting development of the main characters which is carried through the entire work. I hope "Housewife" and "The Cross" will soon be made available in English. The translation of "The Bridal Wreath" preserves well the atmosphere of the original and has a fine literary quality. In the dialog the archaic note is a little over-emphasized.

The power and artistic perfection of the "Kristin Lavransdatter" books have surprised even those who have followed Sigrid Undset's career since her debut in 1907 when she was yet a young girl. She has long been a student of history, stimulated in her work by her father, the noted archeologist Ingvald Martin Undset, and has written on historical subjects, notably a Norwegian adaptation of the story of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Her most distinctive work, however, has been stories of modern life. Only one of these, "Jenny," has been translated into English. It is perhaps the most ambitious of her novels and deals with the life of a girl art student in Rome. More frequently her stories have a Christiania background, and it seems to me that these have a firmer grip on the realities than "Jenny," with its more exotic strain.

They picture types with which the author grew familiar during ten years of office work in her early youth: lonely young girls trying to get a modicum of pleasure from office flirtations, since normal social life is denied them; older business women, gray drudges, whom happiness has passed by without even brushing them with

a wing-feather; wives of men in the lower middle class waging grim war against the sordid conditions of respectable poverty. Not infrequently she has pictured women who, in their thirst for happiness, have offended against the code which "has become subject for the chatter of the foolish, but is based on the judgment of the wise." Some are strong enough to recapture their self-respect. Others, like Jenny in the novel of that name, have perhaps a more frangible delicacy and can not survive the shattering of their ideals.

Sigrid Undset's stories of modern life have not the bigness or the glamour of "Kristin Lavransdatter," with its wind-swept spaces and sun on glacial snows; but they possess in a high degree the best qualities of Norwegian genius: rugged honesty, fearlessness, directness of approach, and moral earnestness, together with a womanly warmth of pity that is all her own. Moreover they show keen observation, humor, skill of hand, and a gift for reproducing the very cadence of voice in her characters which has hardly been equaled in Norway since the days of the genial realist, Jonas Lie.

She is not only the greatest woman writer in Norway to-day; she is a genius who can well be appraised without the qualifying note of sex or country, nor yet of time.

A School for Better Manners in America

(*Continued from page 11*)

manners are invariable in people of the "best society." The habit of wealth, of exalted position, the irritation induced by climbers, and the constant attacks upon their pocketbooks, often make them very ill-mannered indeed, sometimes brutal. Moreover, there is often a streak of vulgarity in the best of families, which may not bear looking into, and which finds its release in dealings with the less fortunate, however little it may be agitated by their equals. But they are never the most popular members of their world, and are always censured. The New York woman who said she was famous in her circle because she was "rich and rude" may have been loved for her golden heart and tolerated because she was "one of them," but no woman was more severely criticized. Society, using the word in the fashionable sense, could not exist without a general standard of good manners.

Of course, we all know that the young of fashionable society, as well as of less exalted circles, have abjured good manners for the moment, and Mrs. Post does not ignore them by any means. Whether this new divagation is due to the backwash of the war or to the movies, where the most picturesque "manners" obtain and may appeal to the imaginations of the young, it would be hard to say; but at the moment the manners of the flapper are far worse than her morals, and what the effect will be on the next generation and its "Society"—for they are the future mothers and leaders—is hard to predict. Perhaps there will be a natural revulsion, for we have had the social excrescence, just as we have had temporary excrescences in literature and art, before this; or perhaps they will decide that anarchy would be fun and do all they can to help it along. But it is hardly a phenomenon for worry. They are all conservatives at heart.

Says Mrs. Post: "Etiquette, remember, is merely a collection of forms by which all personal contacts in life are made smooth." Here is the whole thing in a nutshell. No argument could be stronger. And it is safe to say that if all employers had been invariably polite to their employees, there would have been fewer strikes. Not only because the poor man is particularly susceptible to good manners, but because a cultivation of gentle manners involves more sympathy of understanding, and acts as a dissolvent on congenital selfishness.

Let no one be alarmed at the prospect of being obliged to read "Etiquette," even if it is put into the school curriculum and is made as compulsory as geography. Not only is its style delightful,

(*Continued on page 66*)

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The Worst Journey in the World

(*Continued from page 13*)

so frozen were they, and so long did it take to thaw our way in.
No! Without the tent we were dead men.

Nothing that I have ever read equals the desperate horror of that situation. For two days and two nights the blizzard blew while they cowered in their sleeping-bags under the floor-cloth of their tent, which was all that remained to shelter them; and yet they sang! They would have perished had it not been that the tent, as it blew away, folded up like a shut umbrella. They recovered it after the blizzard, but part of their stove and several other necessaries were lost. Nevertheless, they started on their return journey with all their scientific specimens and instruments! Wilson could not entertain the thought of leaving any of their gear behind.

They had been out over a month and had not only been without a change of clothing; they had not once been dry or warm in all that time. They slept only when exhausted—in soaking wet bags—for fifteen hours at a stretch; they walked in clothes as unyielding as iron from the waist up. They lived only by anticipating a hot drink. They lost consciousness in a kind of slumber as they marched. It seemed a hideous dream.

They would never have reached the permanent camp had it not been for the slowly increasing light of midday. Each twenty-four hours the sky was a little lighter, the temperature a little less deadly. These changes gave them heart, and they staggered into camp at last, more dead than alive, after their companions had given them up for lost.

"They had to chop my clothing from me," Cherry-Garrard writes.

This trip, so poor in penguins, so rich in stern experience, may be criticized from the standpoint of proper outfitting, but as a bit of human endurance it has no equal in any narrative known to me. It gives the name to the book (Bernard Shaw named it), and the author loyally admits that he and Bowers owe their lives to Wilson. Wilson's mind never lost its edge. He refused to surrender, and his leadership, his indomitable courage, brought them safe to camp.

II

In the second volume of this enthralling history Cherry-Garrard, by means of diaries—his own, Bowers's, Lashley's and Wilson's, as well as Scott's—pursues the story of the polar march, which he shared till the moment when Scott divided his party, and when, under orders to return with two other men, Cherry-Garrard said good-by to his friend Wilson and his chief at a point beyond Shackelton's furthest point south, and returned reluctantly to the permanent camp.

This journey back to the base, and the months which followed, are deeply moving for the reason that, as the summer light faded and winter came on with no word of the chief, the men at the hut were forced to the belief that Scott's party had met with disaster. Nevertheless, all through the long dark months of that savage winter, Cherry-Garrard and his companions worked, each at his particular scientific task, while Atkinson, their commander, planned the search expedition which Scott's failure to return made necessary. Their minds were divided, for a group of their men under Campbell were somewhere on the coast to the north, at a point whither they had gone to wait for the ship, and the question was: "Shall we make sure of Campbell and his men, who may be alive, or return to the desolate plateau in search of the final camp of the polar party?"

All voted for the search for the polar party first. Scott was their first duty, and in simple and moving phrase Cherry-Garrard tells of this expedition, of the finding of the dead heroes within a few miles of One Ton Camp, and of the building of a cairn above their bodies. It is an enthralling and tragic story, made more moving by the fact that when in 1916 Shackelton made search for that cairn and its heroic dead, he found no trace of it. Somewhere in the deep snow those four men lie in changeless sleep, forever young, for there are no beasts or insects to destroy their flesh.

It may be (as the author admits), that mistakes were made in the outfitting and in the leadership. It was unwise to have done this or that, but with all allowances made it remains one of the great adventures of the world, and this young writer has contrived to tell it vividly, completely, modestly and with unmistakable authenticity. His pages have grace and precision of phrase as well as humor.

The record closes with a somewhat bitterly humorous account of the author's delivery of the three penguin eggs, which had cost so much in human suffering and skill, to the Kensington Museum. The director treated Cherry-Garrard with the scant courtesy which he would have measured out to a messenger boy. Cherry did not lose his temper, but he conveys a vivid picture of the kind of official a museum can retain. As I met and listened to Cherry-Garrard, I could not fail of a regret that he and Roosevelt had never met, for he is a man after Roosevelt's own heart. His refusal to allow his near-sightedness to interfere with his exploration was especially Rooseveltian.

The picture he draws of his friend Bill Wilson is superbly concise and moving, a tribute which Scott sustains. Wilson was an amazing character. In the midst of the final stages of that race with death, with hands frostbitten, weak, hungry and cold, he continued to make his drawings, collect his geological specimens, and write his diary. No wonder Cherry-Garrard considers him the one man who could have led the way on "The Worst Journey in the World."

Books That Ireland Is Reading To-day

(*Continued from page 26*)

Irish-American, who has returned to the countryside of his fathers, to that unfamiliar and strange life which is so remote from the illusions no less than the realities of the Irish-American. He has come to recover his health and to make a career for himself on the land. It is the time when land purchase was the absorbing preoccupation of Ireland, and the title of the book not merely expresses the "wet clay" of Omar Khayyam, but also the all-pervading soil of the land which clings to men and women and governs their destinies. O'Kelly has very skilfully presented his types, and drawn a picture of a rural community at a vital moment in the history of modern Ireland. He is dramatic and humorous, weaving an excellent tale of thwarted romance into the woof of this study of peasant life, with its conflict of human types and the passions of land-hungry men, and in the foreground the characteristic figure of the returned Irish-American, that fish out of national water.

The stress of politics has increasingly claimed the time and energies of Ireland, and now sheer terrorism has given the national mind its final impetus away from the quiet pursuit of letters. A number of political pamphlets and booklets have been published, but none of more than passing interest. A "Life of Eamonn de Valera," by D. W. Dwane, may be noted as a monument of fatuity; "Ireland in Rebellion," by Sylvain Briollay, is a translation of "L'Irlande Insurgée," an acute descriptive analysis of conditions in Ireland preceding the Peace Treaty. An historical work of some interest is "Scandinavian Relations with Ireland during the Viking Period," based mainly upon the Old and Middle Irish Annals and Chronicles, and covering ground hitherto treated only in the untranslated works of Scandinavian scholars. The Collected Edition of the works of Standish O'Grady, "the Father of the Irish Literary Renaissance," has now been completed by the publication of "Finn and his Companions" (Dublin: The Talbot Press). The increase of works published in Irish is noticeable, also the bewildering array of grammars and phrase-books for the help of students of the ancient tongue, now the official language of the Irish Free State.

The New Literary Map of Central Europe

(*Continued from page 28*)

Greek tragedy. His complete translation of Dante is an unmatched masterpiece.

No other literary form has produced in Hungary geniuses comparable to these two poets. The foremost representatives of fiction are Sigismund Moricz, authentic painter of peasant life, a disciple of the Russians; Alexander Brody and Zoltan Ambrus, both pupils of French realism, the former passionate and crude, the latter a master of genteel irony; and Francis Molnar, well known to the American public, an extremely clever journalist of the soul, whose one masterpiece, "Liliom," stands out from a glittering but superficial output of plays and short stories.

Against these representatives of Westernism the conservative-national school can not muster a single figure of European import. In its cultural aspect the White Terror of Admiral Horthy signifies the reconquest and monopoly of the literary field by the conservative nationalists, not by the natural selection of successful competition, but by Ku Klux methods of expulsion and social terrorism. A régime which bars Anatole France, Walt Whitman and Tolstoy on the ground that they are dangerous Bolsheviki can not be expected to be propitious to a free unfolding of native talent. For the past three years the splendid literary *Aufschwung* of the preceding decade has been supplanted by the regimented antics of ultra-chauvinistic and anti-Semitic nonentities under the auspices of the propaganda division of Horthy's War Department.

The beginnings of modern Roumanian literature in the first half of the last century are presided over by Ion Eliade, later known as I. E. Radulescu, a poet, critic and encyclopedic scholar of the type of Vrchlicky. The middle of the century, which saw the birth of the Roumanian state, also produced the two greatest names of Roumanian literature, the poets Vasile Alecsandri, disciple of French romanticism, but intensely national in spirit and form, and Mihail Eminescu, master of a pessimistic meditative lyricism. The dramatist Ion Caragiale may be described as a brighter but less profound Roumanian Chekhov. The brilliant but erratic Barbu Delavrancea is a poet and playwright; Ion Slavici and G. Cosbuc, who express the life of the humble Transylvanian mountaineer, the former in fiction, the latter in poetry, also are important. In present-day Roumanian literature, the national and cosmopolitan strains, as roughly represented by the diverging geniuses of Alecsandri and Eminescu, are clearly distinguishable. Of the former, the literary group of the magazine Samanatorul (The Sower), headed by the brilliant scholar Nicolas Iorga, is the center; the latter's outstanding figures are the poets Ovid Densusianu and D. Anghel. Latinity is the *leitmotiv;* French influence is all-pervading. Anghel's work is also colored by his long residence in Italy. Among the more recent critics of eminence Dobrogeanu-Gherea should be mentioned. The foremost contemporary dramatist is Ronetti Roman.

For reasons historic and economic, Jugo-Slavia was the last of the Central nations to enter the arena of European culture. The two fountainheads of Jugo-Slav literature are the brilliant humanistic culture of the medieval Adriatic republic of Ragusa, rival of Venice, and the marvelous treasure of folk ballads, which, under the centuries of Turkish oppression, were the only outlet for the national genius. To-day Jugo-Slav literature is gradually emerging from the splendid intoxication of victorious nationalism. The most important figures are two dramatists, the Dalmatian Count Ivo Voinovic, some of whose works are translated into German and French, and the Croat Miroslav Krleza (pronounced Kerlezha, with zh like French j, and the accent on the second syllable), whose proletarian tragedy, "Golgotha," is said to equal Gorky's "Lower Depths" in power and beauty. Krleza is a name that before long will be memorized by American readers and theater-goers. The center of the modernist movement is the Belgrade periodical Misao (Thought), while the national-conservative school is grouped around the magazine Srpski Knizemi Glasnik (Serb National Herald).

Lent and Home Reading

THE lenten season is now at hand and people throughout the world are fasting, praying, and self-sacrificing in its observance according to their beliefs.

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A New Portrayal of Abraham Lincoln

(*Continued from page 15*)

wallowing in panic. He began to scream editorially. The Southern extremists were terribly in earnest; if they wanted to go, go they would, and go they should. But foolish Northerners would be sure to talk war and the retaining of the South in the Union by force; it must not be; what was the Union compared with bloodshed? There must be no war—no war. Such was Greeley's terrified appeal to the North. A few weeks after the election he printed his famous editorial denouncing the idea of a Union pinned together by bayonets. He followed up with another startling concession to his fears: The South had as good cause for leaving the Union as the colonies had for leaving the British Empire. . . .

Greeley wielded through *The Tribune* more influence, perhaps, than was possessed by any other Republican with the single exception of Lincoln. His newspaper constituency was enormous, and the relation between the leader and the led was unusually close. He was both oracle and barometer. As a symptom of the Republican panic, as a cause increasing that panic, he was of first importance.

Even the most page-weary will not be bored by Stephenson's "Lincoln"—not for an instant. The book constantly surprizes, and every surprize is pleasing. The very first paragraph illustrates this quality. That analysis of the influence of the forest on American life and character has something of the fascination of poetry as well as of scientific scholarship.

Those who like the fashion now in vogue of the "psychological method" in the treatment of biography and history will find Professor Stephenson's "Lincoln" particularly entertaining. To those who have been "in the game," however, the psychological interpreter of character is not convincing; for they know what false and futile motives are ascribed for the deeds of public men, even by those on the ground. And for the cloistered student dogmatically to "reveal" the springs of human action is absurd. After all, how can we look into the heart of another? How do we know what he did—thus and so—unless he tells us? And even then we don't know whether he tells us the truth about himself.

Leaving the uncertain if enchanting mysteries of psychological imaginings and coming into the clear air of scholarship, Professor Stephenson brings out, with a distinctness that has been badly needed, the vital fact that the *people* of the South—not the "slave profiteers," as he aptly terms them, but the people—fought for the principle of State sovereignty rather than for the institution of slavery. With the power of cumulative statement the author impresses upon us Lincoln's distrust of the Abolitionists, who certainly disliked and distrusted him up to the time when the President issued the historic Proclamation; and, by the emphasis of well-placed repetition, Professor Stephenson contrives to stamp upon our minds, with the force of a tremendous discovery, Lincoln's slow, and seemingly hesitant approach to emancipation.

The Administration's blunders, many of them so gross as to be unbelievable, during the first year of the war are written down with forthright frankness and then excused and explained with a sort of gentle plausibility far more convincing, or at least acceptable, than the labored and tiresome defenses in which the old-time adulators of Lincoln—now, luckily out of date—indulged. McClellan's insult of Lincoln and Seward is narrated in such fashion as to strike the reader like a blow in the face; and this humiliating incident, with Lincoln's astounding submissiveness, is used to reveal the "selflessness" of that wonderful man.

The author lashes the "Vindictives" to the mast of public scorn and then smites them until one would think that they would howl with moral agony, even in their graves. The "Vindictives," it should be said, were those Senators and Representatives who wanted the war to be prest with a vigor perhaps impossible; who, altho of intense and unquestioned loyalty, yet were not above playing politics with patriotism; whose hatred of "the rebels" became a mad obsession, and who, at the last, were for a reconstruction by force and against Lincoln's plan of reconstruction by good will—such men as Wade and Chandler and Thaddeus Stevens and even Stanton in the Cabinet and others who, for many decades, were considered by the people of the North as the embodiment of stern and righteous patriotism.

Doubtless these "iron men" deserve a good deal of the castigation which Professor Stephenson administers to them; but, after all, they were the driving force in the prosecution of hostilities. Indeed there are some who think that these very "Vindictives" were the backbone of the Northern cause.

Yet so nobly right was Lincoln and so deeply altho sincerely wrong were the "Vindictives" as to the treatment of the South after the war was over, that in contrast to Lincoln's moral grandeur and statesmanlike vision, the ill-will, hatred and short-sightedness of the "Vindictives" seem little, foolish, malevolent, and even base. It was Lincoln's plans for the South after the war that aroused the ferocious animosity of these men; and it was over this fundamental question that Lincoln was preparing to do battle with this powerful and determined group during the last four months of his life.

The sudden ascent of Lincoln to the ultimate heights of greatness was made during the last years of the war. Once begun, that rise never ceased nor halted. In intellect and soul Lincoln became preeminent, supreme. Will, decision, serenity, clearness of purpose, an exaltation which yet was practical, a state of mind and spirit not of this earth and yet entirely human, and conduct and attitude flowing from all this, is presented by Professor Stephenson with power and dignity. It is the best part of this book, all of which is excellent.

But for the author's sound scholarship, rare mind and obvious sincerity one might be tempted to quarrel with him, altho timidly and in a Christian spirit, for ascribing to Lincoln sentiments of present-day "internationalism." But since that is "the thing" just now, let it pass—tho one can not help sighing gently that so original and untrammeled a thinker as Stephenson should have yielded to this fancy of the hour. Also it upsets his proportions once or twice, notably when he takes more than a page of valuable space to reproduce Lincoln's letter to the workingmen of Manchester—and that, too, without explaining the political situation to which that letter was directed.

Of uncommonly high value to the student are Professor Stephenson's critical notes, which, unhappily, are huddled together at the end of the volume between the text and the index. The only thoroughly bad feature of the book is this index. It is brief, utterly inadequate and almost slovenly done. However, the deficiencies of the index serve to bring into still higher relief the admirable features of this really superb essay on Lincoln.

Shaping the American Commonwealth

(*Continued from page 8*)

historian; for it is obviously his purpose to rescue the facts from oblivion and to narrate them in a coherent and logical form and allow his readers to form their own conclusions. He makes no attempt at ornate writing or dramatic effect, tempting as was the opportunity in some of the chapters of his book. There is little in his volumes to suggest the dramatic power of Macaulay; but he avoids the error of Macaulay, whose purpose was to make an interesting story rather than a precise narration of some chapter of history.

Notwithstanding this lack of ornate or dramatic treatment, the book, tho "caviar to the general," must be of absorbing interest to any one who is a thoughtful student of our institutions. It gives us what no other book in like measure gives us—an accurate and adequate account of the great part which the Supreme Court has played in the development of the American commonwealth; and it thus contributes a missing chapter to history; for the ordinary American history—however well written, in other respects—is singularly lacking in an adequate treatment of the part which the bench and bar have played in the development of American institutions. Few historians have the necessary knowledge to deal adequately with this notable part of our history and few lawyers have the historical perspective to do so. Mr. Warren has in this notable book his credentials both as a jurist and a historian. Alike admirable in substance and in form, he has made a real contribution to the annals of our history, and, as such, is to be congratulated upon an adequate treatment of a very great subject.

An Inside View of Scotland Yard

(*Continued from page 17*)

This statement comes perilously near to revealing the method of some of our most famous detective fiction. No woman was shot as a spy during the war in England; but one, who had been caught, so to speak, "with the goods," and yet not in such a way as to make it expedient to confine her, was warned to go away and not sin again. The habit was strong upon her, however, and she was later shot by the French.

The murder of Rasputin is one of the most dramatic stories in the book. How they poisoned him, how the poison did not work, how they had to shoot him, how he staggered down the stairs, how the shot was heard, how they had—in double-quick time—to lay their hands on a dog, and, killing him, make it appear as if only a dog had been shot—all this and more about the famous priest, who had the Russian rulers by the ears, is related with the casual manner of the man of the world, disillusioned by facts, but entirely sympathetic and thoroughly alive to grim humor in the background.

The humor, indeed, is constantly in evidence, altho quite properly restrained, and it is not so much in the occasional anecdote as in the asides. Some of the anecdotes, however, are illustrative of the British temperament, as of a certain artistic dilettante whose home duty it was to "sit and sew," and who returned badly wounded in the hand. A sympathetic old lady saw him at his own door fumbling with his latchkey. She fluttered up to help, saying, "Oh, you are wounded!" He replied: "Oh, no, madam; I fell off a bus when I was drunk." And in the same chapter on air raids he delights in the remark made by some infant: "Oh, Daddy, I hope there'll be an air raid to-night." It is essentially cruel of him, however, to remind that mid-Victorian organ of intense British respectability, *The Spectator*, that "thirty years ago *The Spectator*, when classifying the great men of the day, put the Kaiser in a class by himself as the only genius of the first rank." Sir Basil, in summing up the Kaiser, seems to feel that the only mistake which that monarch made was not to have gone forth at the head of his troops and been killed in battle. "Then some heroic niche would have been found for him. He would have been a tragic embodiment of Frederick the Great, and his past would have been forgotten. But he committed the one crime that can never be forgiven by the Germans: he abandoned his people in their extremity and fled the country." One feels, after reading this sentence, like paraphrasing Whistler and remarking "Why drag in the Germans?" For it undoubtedly is true that no country would tolerate this sort of thing. How unfortunate it is, indeed, that so many of the world's great men should not have planned their taking off more carefully! Many of our most accomplished traitors, could they have been shot before their treachery was revealed, would now be heroes, and if Napoleon had been killed at the opening of Waterloo, how changed would have been so much of our heroic literature!

There is, on the whole, an atmosphere about this book which places it in strong relief, as compared with the work of the many self-assertive writers who in these days write about themselves. And in concluding this somewhat desultory review we can not refrain from relating a story told by one of our own delightful writers, Paul Elmer More, who in an Oxford essay ("A New England Group") tells of once meeting an Oxonian in a New York elevated train (of all places!) and of his friend's referring to one who was "probably the most learned man in Oxford, so nearly omniscient that his colleagues live in constant fear of his criticism."

Mr. More had never heard of the man, and exprest his surprize.

> "That is not strange," was the reply; "for he has never published anything."
>
> My surprise was increased, and I asked the reasons.
>
> "Well, you know," said my friend, who to his other charms adds a slight impediment to his speech, "it isn't quite g-good form in Oxford to p-print."

We can only say, after reading this compact and interesting book, that we are glad Sir Basil didn't feel that way about it.

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A School for Better Manners in America

(*Continued from page 61*)

but it reads like a first-class society novel. Mrs. Post carries a set of characters, descriptively named, that are quite as true to life as any hero or heroine of a small-town novel. And as for facts, she can handle them more freely than a novelist, because the latter (with a reputation to preserve) often understates, lest he be accused of exaggerating. Take this description of "Golden Hill," for instance:

> Golden Hill is not an imaginary place, except in name. It exists within a hundred miles of New York. The house is a palace, the grounds are a park. There is not only a long wing of magnificent guest rooms in the house, occupied by young girls or important older people, but there is also a guest annex, a separate building designed and run like the most luxurious country club. The second floor has nothing but bed-rooms, with baths for each. The third floor has bachelor rooms and rooms for visiting valets. Visiting maids are put in a separate third-floor wing. On the ground floor there is a small breakfast room; a large living-room filled with books, magazines, a billiard and pool table; beyond the living-room is a fully equipped gymnasium; and beyond that a huge white marble glass-walled natatorium. The swimming pool is fifty feet by one hundred; on three sides is just a narrow shelf-like walk-way, but the fourth is wide and furnished as a room with lounging chairs upholstered in white oil-cloth. Opening out of this are perfectly equipped Turkish and Russian baths in charge of the best Swedish masseur and masseuse procurable.
>
> In the same building are two squash courts, a racquet court, a tennis court, and a bowling alley. But the feature of the guest building is a glass-roofed and enclosed riding-ring—not big enough for polo but big enough for practice in winter—built along one entire side of it.
>
> The stables are full of polo ponies and hunters, the garage full of cars, the boat house has every sort of boat—sail boats, naphtha launches, a motor boat and even a shell. . . . In the main house there is a ball-room with a stage at one end. An orchestra plays every night. New moving-pictures are shown and vaudeville talent is imported from New York.

Not even Robert Chambers ever dared to go as far as that. But Mrs. Post is drawing from life, not fiction. And to those ambitious young writers who have been inspired with the desire to write a "society story" and have been obliged to cull the weekly society papers—with scandalous trimmings—for substance, Mrs. Post's "Etiquette" will be a godsend. They may miss "atmosphere," but they can hardly go wrong on detail. She tells how people of all purses in polite society live and dress and entertain, and you know that they are all real people lightly disguised. Moreover—wonderful feat!—you are never antagonized by snobbery. The author is as free from it as she should be. The last thing she would ever have thought of was writing a book on etiquette. She only did so at the insistance of a publisher. But when she accepted the job, she did it thoroughly. It is merely an assemblage of facts, presented in a straightforward, convincing and entertaining manner.

Perhaps those reading it will not be as afraid of the words lady and gentleman as they have been for some years past. In fashionable society—as in old society no longer fashionable, but living on traditions—those designatory appellations have never been dropt. No doubt even the flappers still use them. Certainly their mothers do. The abolition of the word lady and the substitution of woman to designate every member of the sex, from the top to the bottom of the social structure, is entirely a middle-class fashion. No doubt it originated in the housewife's irritation in her cook's constant allusion to "my gen'leman frien'" and "my lady frien'." Unconscious snobbery! Or, possibly, merely one of the obscure workings of democracy. Hard to have your cook more aristocratic than yourself.

But these are trifles. The main point is that for universal comfort we want better manners in "these United States." And the quickest solution I can think of is either for Mrs. Post to start a chain of schools, or for the high schools to include her book in the curriculum—and give it as a prize with the suggestion that it be read at home by the elders.

An Immigrant Among the Editors

(*Continued from page 6*)

my mixed-up aliveness instead of the cold logic from your college writers?"

He smiled down pityingly on me.

"I'm afraid that such a chaotic mind as yours would be useless to an intellectual journal. Good-day."

Not crusht, but bitter and hard and with head high, I walked out of The Reformer office. Were all the magazines that set themselves up to save the world headed by such narrow-thinking czars? Only to prove that all of them were run by some clique of college professors, I went to the office of The People.

Here the editor didn't run from me like a frightened rabbit or sting me with logic like John Blair. He cut short the interview by going over to the shelf and taking down a book which he handed to me with pitying kindness. "This will help you to think and maybe to write."

Out in the street, I gave a look at the book. It was Genung's "Psychology of Madness." It grew black and red before my eyes. So it's madness to want to give out my thoughts to the world? They turn me down like a crazy beggar only because I come to give them new ideas.

I threw the book away in the nearest ash can. But that word "madness" was to me like a red rag to a bull. I had to write now or go crazy with the wrath these reformers roused in me.

"What's my place in America?" I asked myself. "Must I remain a choked-in servant in somebody's kitchen or somebody's factory, or will I find a way to give out my thoughts to America?"

So what I wrote was the story of myself—myself lost in America.

It was like new air in my lungs to let myself loose on paper. But how could I get it to the American people? One thing I was sure of. I wasn't going to subject myself to another insult from those reform magazines. I don't know how it happened, but I picked out Wharton's Magazine, the most literary magazine of all those I looked over, simply because it looked so solidly high above the rest. My desperate need for a hearing made me bold. In my ragged coat and torn shoes I walked into that breath-taking rich office, like a millionaire landlord with pockets full of rent money.

"Do you want something new and different for your magazine?" I asked with the low voice and the high head of an American-born.

Friendly eyes turned on me. "We're always seeking something new and different. Have you got it?"

I looked right into the friendly eyes. This was Mr. Robert Reeves, the editor. He had the clean, well-drest look of the born-higher-up. But how different from those others! His face was human. And there was a shine in the eyes that warmed me.

"I'm an immigrant," I said. "I have worked in kitchens, factories and sweatshops. I'm dying away with the loneliness of my thoughts, so I wrote myself out in a story."

He snatched up the papers and began to read. A quick light flashed into his eyes. Then he turned to me.

"I can see you have something original. But I can't decide just now. You'll hear from me as soon as I have read it through."

I could hardly walk the street for excitement. My life hung on this man's answer. And it came two days later in a small envelop. He offered me two hundred dollars for my story.

I couldn't believe it wasn't a dream. And I rushed with the letter to his office. "You could have given me a hundred dollars, fifty, twenty-five, and it would have been to me a fortune. But two hundred—do you mean really to give that much to me?"

He chuckled to himself, and I rushed right on. "I thought New York was a den of thieves. The landlord robbing you with the rent, and the restaurants cheating the strength out of every bite of food you buy. And I thought the college higher-ups were only educated cowards with dishwater in their veins—scared to death of hungry people like me—scared to look at the face of suffering. Their logic and their reason—only how to use their book-learning brains to shut out their hearts—to make themselves deaf, dumb and blind to the cry of hunger and want knocking at their doors."

"Just because you felt all that so deeply, you were able to put fire in your words."

A thousand windows of light burst open in me as I listened to him. I was like something choked for ages in the tight chains of ignorance and fear, breathing the first breath of free air. For the first time my eyes began to see, my ears began to hear, my heart began to understand the world's wonder and the beauty.

A great pity welled up in my heart for the Alfred Notts and the John Blairs whom I had so mercilessly condemned. Poor little educated ones! Why did I fear them and envy them and hate them so for nothing? They were only little children putting on a long wooden face, playing teacher to the world. And I was a little scared child afraid of teacher—afraid they were grown-ups with the power to hurt me and shut me out from the fun of life.

Why wasn't I scared of Robert Reeves from the first minute? It was because he didn't frighten people with his highness. He didn't wear a wooden face of dignity. He was no reformer—no holy social worker—only a human being who loved people.

That one flash of understanding from Robert Reeves filled me with such enthusiasm for work that I shut myself off from the rest of the world and began turning out story after story.

Years passed. The only sign of success I became aware of was the increasing flood of mail that poured in on me. People who wanted to be writers asked me for literary help. People who imagined I was rolling in money sent me begging letters for aid. At the beginning I wanted to help them all. But I soon saw that I'd have to spend all my time answering the demands of foolish self-seekers who had nothing in common with me. And so I had to harden my heart against these time-wasting intruders.

One day, as I walked out of my house absorbed in one of the characters that I was writing about, some one stopt me. I looked up. A pale, thin, hungry-eyed young man asked timidly: "May I speak to you for a minute?" Then he told me that he had written a book, and that the publishers had turned it down, so he had printed it himself. "And I want your opinion," he pleaded, "because none of the critics would listen to me."

"I'm too busy," I said, irritably. "If you had to print the book yourself, it means it's no good."

"I thought you, who once had such a hard struggle, would remember—would understand."

"There's nothing to understand except that you killed yourself with the public." And I walked off.

I tried to resume the trend of my thoughts. But I could not think. The pale face, the hungry eyes followed me accusingly in the street. "You who once struggled would understand" rang in my ears. And suddenly I realized how brutal I had been.

"But it's the merciless truth," I defended. Nobody could help him till he finds himself. Nobody helped me till I had found myself.

"No—I'm all wrong," another voice cried. "Robert Reeves helped me. I could never have helped myself all alone. You can only help yourself half the way. The other half is some Hand of God in the shape of a human contact."

Something hurt so deep in me, I couldn't work that day. I couldn't sleep that night. The pale face and the hungry eyes kept staring at me through the darkness. I, who judged the Alfred Notts and the John Blairs—I saw myself condemned as one of them. I had let myself get so absorbed with the thoughts in my head that I ceased to have a heart for the people about me.

What would I not have given to see that young man and tell him how I suffered for my inhuman busy-busyness, which had shut my eyes to the hungry hands reaching up to me. But I never saw him again. And yet that man whom I had turned away like a beggar had brought me the life of a new awakening. He had made me aware that I could never contribute my deepest to America if I lost the friendly understanding of humanity that Robert Reeves had given me—if I lost the one precious thing that makes life real—the love for people—even if they are lost, wandering, crazy people.

A Close-up of Books and Authors

A MOVEMENT to erect a memorial to the late W. H. Hudson recently launched in England is being sponsored in the United States by E. P. Dutton & Co. Hudson's admirers in this country are many and constantly growing in number; recognition of him as one of the great modern masters of English prose and probably the greatest of modern writers about nature is now general. The proposed memorial will take the very appropriate form of a fountain bird-bath to be erected in one of the London parks, and any sum acquired in excess of the amount needed to provide for the fountain will be applied to the maintenance of a bird sanctuary. The memorial will bear a medallion portrait of Hudson, one of whose major interests was the protection of wild life. Among English supporters of the movement, who already number many prominent people in all professions, are John Galsworthy, R. B. Cunninghame-Grahame, E. V. Lucas, Edmund Gosse, Holbrooke Jackson, H. J. Massingham, Lord Crewe, and Viscountess Grey of Falloden. American lovers of literature have always responded readily to similar projects, notably, for example, in the recent movement to preserve the home of Keats, and it is hoped that those who have come under the spell of Hudson's beautiful work will contribute generously to what is probably the only form of memorial for which he might have greatly cared.

Joseph Conrad will make his first visit to the United States during April or May, and coincidentally his new novel, "The Rover," on which he has been at work for a number of years, will begin serial publication in the *Pictorial Review*. "The Rover" will be issued in book form by Doubleday-Page next autumn. During his sojourn in the United States, it is understood, Mr. Conrad will make no appearances on the lecture platform. Rumor has it, however, that upon one occasion, and before a limited company of personal friends, the distinguished author will tell in detail his experiences in the Congo, and then read passages from "Heart of Darkness" showing the use to which he put those experiences in his art. This explanation of his method as an artist is likely to be one of the most important contributions to modern literary criticism.

Announcement has been made by Alfred A. Knopf of the completion of arrangements by him for the publication in the United States and Canada of the collected works of Nikolay Gogol in the translation of Constance Garnett. The first volume, "Dead Souls," is to be published shortly. Gogol, who was born in 1809 and died in 1852, is usually considered the founder of modern Russian fiction. His fame is largely based upon three books, "Taras Bulba," a novel of Ukrainia; "The Inspector General," a prose comedy, and "Dead Souls," a novel in which the leading figure, Tchitchikoff, has always been recognized as a prototype of Russian character. Toward the end of his life, when he was suffering from a nervous disease, Gogol, like Tolstoy, under the influence of strict religious belief began to consider his novels as a sin of his life. Twice, in a fervor of religious self-accusation, he burned the manuscript of the second volume of "Dead Souls," of which only some parts have been preserved, and were circulated in Russia during his lifetime in manuscript.

It has recently been learned that Sherwood Anderson's works have been selected from among American contemporary novels by the official translator of the "Goszidat" or State Publishing Agency of the Soviet Government for circulation in Russia. Anderson's "The Triumph of the Egg," his latest volume of short stories, has already been translated into Russian, and the stories are now appearing in a magazine published in Moscow. Altho private publishers have resumed operations in Russia, the bulk of the book-publishing is still being carried on by the government. The State Publishing Agency has concentrated most of its resources on cheap reprints of Russian classics, educational books and technical works, but a certain amount of current fiction is always included in the lists. The only other living American writer besides Sherwood Anderson whose books are being issued in Russia is Thompson Seton, author of animal stories.

"Europe Since 1918" is the title of a forthcoming spring book by Herbert Adams Gibbons announced by The Century Company. The same author's "The New Map of Europe," published some years ago, precipitated extensive discussion. "The aftermath of the war," says Mr. Gibbons, "is proving itself to be more dangerous to the peace and well-being of the world than was the war itself. As long a time has elapsed since the signing of the armistice of November 11, 1918, as the total period of the World War. One of the five treaties of the Paris settlement—the Treaty of Sèvres with Turkey—has broken down entirely and has been discarded. The other four treaties are perilously near nullification—the Treaty of Neuilly with Bulgaria because of the utter collapse of Greece; the Treaty of Trianon with Hungary because of the unsettled conditions in the successor states of the Austro-Hungarian Empire; the treaty of Saint Germain with Austria because of the vanquished country's political and economic bankruptcy; and, most important of all, the Treaty of Versailles because of the failure of the Reparations Commission and the encouragement proffered Germany by Russia."

Miss Amy Lowell, who for some time past has been engaged upon a monumental life of Keats, began a six-weeks' lecture trip in February. After speaking six times in and around New York, she visited Springfield (Ohio), Indianapolis, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Omaha. She is scheduled to make a brief trip into Canada, and to return to her home in Brookline and her work on the Keats volume toward the middle of March.

Francis Brett Young's recent operation has made him postpone his lecture trip in the United States until next autumn. From a letter announcing this decision, it would appear that an operation in Italy is not without difficulties. Living at Anacapri, Mr. Brett Young could find no proper surgical facilities nearer than Cairo, a trip of about twelve hours across the Mediterranean. From latest advices he is still there, tho now minus the offending appendix. Perhaps the title of his new book, "Pilgrim's Rest," was under the circumstances somewhat prophetic.

What an Irish poet and dramatist can make of Hawaiian folklore will probably be evident next autumn, when the Yale University Press will issue, under the auspices of the Hawaiian Legend and Folklore Commission, two volumes for which Padraic Colum is now in Hawaii gathering material. Mr. and Mrs. Colum, following their arrival in Honolulu last month, were provided with a cottage in connection with the Kamehameha School for Girls, a school endowed many years ago by one of the ladies of the Hawaiian royal family. Two days after the arrival of the poet and his wife a reception was given them by the Governor of Hawaii. Plans have been made for Mr. Colum to visit some of the other islands and to come into contact with elderly Hawaiian men and women who can give him valuable information regarding the folk-tales which he is collecting. Meanwhile Mr. Colum's first novel, "Castle Conquer," which deals with life in Ireland, is announced for publication in April by the Macmillan Company.

John Evelyn and Christopher Wren Make a Salad

(*Continued from page 9*)

who wrote their masterpieces in a later age. A man must know how to dine, must care very much to dine well, before he appreciates the rare perfection of a good salad—of salad-making in all its fine shades. That Evelyn did appreciate it, there can be no question. He endeavored to explain his choice of such a subject for a book on high scientific and moral grounds in the Dedication to the first President of the Royal Society. As if conscious himself of his absurdity, he breaks off at one point to suggest that some might wonder what his "meaning is to usher in a Trifle with so much Magnificence, and end at last in a fine Receipt for the Dressing of a Sallet with an Handful of Pot-Herbs." Almost at once, however, he is off again on his high horse, declaring that salad-making challenges a Part of Natural History. But when finally he emerges from the dedication and settles down to the work in hand, his well-cultivated appetite for salads is betrayed in every page. He knows all the vegetables, roots, herbs, leaves that can go into the salad bowl. He understands the value of garlic—"a light touch on the Dish"; of onion—"a clove or two to correct the crudity"; of chervil—"never to be wanting in our Sallets"; of the many other varieties of garniture of which the French alone now seem to have retained the right use.

Above all, he has the secret of the perfect dressing—oil in plenty, vinegar in lesser measure, pepper, salt, and, in certain cases, a touch of mustard and the addition of hard-boiled eggs. More amazing for an Englishman, he describes the true method of "fatiguing" the salad, which, once in its dish of porcelain or Holland Delft-ware, "must with a Fork and a Spoon be kept continually stirr'd, 'till all the Furniture be equally moistened." Or, if the salad is of cucumber, or other vegetable of the kind, the slices must be "often turned." Think of the whole or half heart of a lettuce the American dumps on his plate, and the thick Russian dressing he pours over it if he would serve something specially choice! And think of the long, unmoistened leaves of romaine Evelyn's countrymen to-day will eat unabashed, tho he showed them the pleasant way now more than two centuries ago!

These beautiful salads Wren must often have eaten at Evelyn's table, and, being the artist he was, he could not have remained indifferent. I would be sure of it without further evidence. But I confess to a thrill of satisfaction when, in one of his letters, I came upon a reference to salads eloquent of the high esteem in which he held them. The letter was to his son Christopher, then a young man on his first visit to Paris, complaining as Englishmen will of the French climate and the French cooking. "My dear Son," Sir Christopher wrote, "I hope by this time you are pretty well satisfied of the condition of the climate you are in; if not I believe you will ere Lent be over: and will learne to dine upon sallad." This was written the year before "Acetaria" was published, and the chances are that Wren had talked his son's prejudices over with Evelyn, as it was their habit to consult each other on grave questions, and that Evelyn, then seeing in Wren one of the elect, was more than ready the following year to send him a copy of the learned "Discourse." At all events, it is a pleasure to think of Wren, after the heavy labors and many worries of the day, relaxing in Evelyn's company over the salad bowl and the glass of wine which is "recommended by some salads at the end of meals," as Evelyn says, quoting Dr. Muffet. St. Paul's and the "fifty parish churches" proclaim Wren the "incomparable genius," but I feel that my copy of "Acetaria," with its inscription, is a delightful reminder that to the great genius there may be a very human side as well.

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Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement: Written from his unpublished and personal material. By Ray Stannard Baker. Vol. III. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co.

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Past Times and Pastimes. By the Earl of Dunraven. 2 vols. London: Hodder & Stoughton. $12.

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Argonauts of '49: History and Adventures of the Emigrant Companies from Massachusetts, 1840-1850. By Octavius Thorndike Howe. Illustrated. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $3.50.

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The State: Its History and Development Viewed Sociologically. By Franz Oppenheimer. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc. $2.

The author's thesis is that the state is simply the final outcome of the forcible expropriation of lands.

The Odyssey of a Torpedoed Transport. By Y. Translated from the French by Grace Fallow Norton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

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(*Continued on page 75*)

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Fourth revision of list of private book collectors in this country, bringing it up to the middle of 1922, including a new arrangement by "hobbies."

ANALYSIS OF THE INTERCHURCH WORLD MOVEMENT REPORT ON THE STEEL STRIKE. By Marshall Olds. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A volume of 475 pages devoted to separating the errors and inadequacies from the truths on the much-talked-of church report on the steel strike.

REPORT OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, 1922. By Herbert Putnam. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Mr. Putnam's annual report covers all activities of the Library of Congress, whose collection of books and pamphlets passed the 3,000,000 mark in the last year.

THE GATE OF REMEMBRANCE. By Frederick Bligh Bond. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.

A detailed account of the psychological experiment which resulted in the discovery of the Edgar Chapel at Glastonbury Abbey in England.

PHYSICAL STANDARDS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By Charles K. Taylor. Illustrated. Orange, N. J.: The Academy Press. $2.

A handbook for the use of physical directors, medical inspectors, Boy Scout leaders, and parents.

FEEDING, DIET AND THE GENERAL CARE OF CHILDREN. By Albert J. Bell, M. D. Illustrated. Philadelphia: F. A. Davis Co. $2.

A book of latest trustworthy information for mothers and nurses.

THE PREPARATION OF COURSE PAPERS IN THE FIELD OF LITERATURE. By Louis Wann. Los Angeles: University of Southern California Press.

A compact manual intended to aid instructors in literature—by the Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of Southern California.

CHEATING THE JUNK PILE. By Ethel R. Peyser. Illustrated by Harry Richardson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.

Practical information intended to aid home makers in avoiding waste in the purchase and maintenance of household equipments.

FASTING FOR THE CURE OF DISEASE. By Dr. Linda Burfield Hazzard New York: Physical Culture Corporation.

Third edition of a treatise on fasting—by a woman physician who has used this method of cure for twenty-five years.

PLAYING THE GAME OF AUCTION BRIDGE. By Herbert M. Federhen. Boston: Eugene W. Hildreth.

A Boston expert's exhaustive treatise on auction bridge as played to-day.

CHARACTER QUALITIES OUTLINED AND RELATED. By Gerald Elton Fosbroke. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

A companion volume to this author's "Character Reading Through Analysis of the Features" and "Character Revelations of Mind and Body."

STATUES OF NEW YORK. By J. Sanford Saltus and Walter E. Tisné. With eighty-two full page illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.

A running commentary on the memorial statues erected in New York City from 1770 to the present day, with photographic reproductions of all of them.

THE EAST IN THE LIGHT OF THE WEST. By Rudolph Steiner. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75.

Lectures delivered last year at an international congress in Vienna, which aimed at a closer spiritual cooperation between Orient and Occident.

THE PROBLEM OF POPULATION. By Harold Cox. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Discusses the problem of population from the economic and moral points of view.

NON-VIOLENT COERCION: A STUDY IN METHODS OF SOCIAL PRESSURE. By Clarence Marsh Case. New York: The Century Co. $3.

The first book in English to treat in detail the subject of non-cooperative resistance. The author is professor of sociology in the University of Iowa.

MAN ALIVE. By Harvey Alvaro Blodgett. St. Paul: Blodgett Press.

A vest-pocket booklet of inspirational facts about men who have achieved success by effort rather than by genius.

KNOWING BIRDS THROUGH STORIES. By Floyd Bralliar. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

Treats in popular style of all the familiar birds of North America. Illustrated with twelve plates in colors and many others in black and white.

MARVELOUS ANCIENT DOCUMENTS UNEARTHED IN EGYPT

Archeologists in Egypt recently dug up hundreds of mummied crocodiles. All of them were stuffed with papyri records that were written when Jesus Christ walked the earth. Some of the records were interesting private letters; others were messages from kings, petitions from the people—one was from a tax dodger; reports of strikes, kidnappers, etc.

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Olive Schreiner's Posthumous Stories

(Continued from page 31)

The smoke of that burned book obscured a clear view of her. What she visioned for the future was a consummation of true companionship between men and women. Writing to Mrs. Havelock Ellis she explained her stand on marriage as follows:

> My view on marriage—I hope you will make it clear that the one and only ideal for me is that of *life-long* truly monogamous union. That I think *this* is the goal toward which humanity is for the first time slowly moving.

Now, two years and more after her death—she died in 1920—a new book of her short pieces has appeared, "Stories, Dreams and Allegories."* There are five stories, two of them addrest to children, and fifteen of the dreams and allegories. Dr. Cronwright (or Cronwright-Schreiner, as he signs himself) has collected these tales and printed them as they stood, except for a few minor alterations in punctuation. They date from various years, two, the children's stories, having been written while she was a girl. A few have been published in scattered periodicals, among them the latest to be written, "Who Knocks at the Door," which appeared in 1917, while the great war was in progress. It is full of the horror of that destruction, and yet it holds a hope—in the corner of the paper was an item, small and almost hidden from observation, that yet was different, was new; and in the vision of murder and suicide, amid the cries and calls of anger, the sound of a knock and the glimpse of another face at the opening door.

In this new book, the first story, "Eighteen-Ninety-Nine," is in the manner and the mood of "The African Farm." It is amazingly beautiful and heartbreakingly sad. It is told in that simple, inevitable fashion which is Olive Schreiner at her wonderful best. Just the story of a Boer family through three generations, of the creation of the farm in the wilderness, and of the extinction of that family and farm, slowly, cruelly, but without word of complaint. It is a story that grips and wrenches the heart, but it is so beautiful that it must not be missed. There is genius in it. There is genius in this book, as in everything Miss Schreiner has done, for she was a woman of genius.

And there is a curious, immense tenderness. The stories may not, any one of them, be happy, but they are full of a brooding love for humanity that leaves a feeling of happiness behind it. Through each page shines that overpowering devotion of hers to truth, to frankness. Can you win your love by subtlety? she asks. In that case you have lost it for ever. Can you hold a man by flattery? Then he is not worth holding. "On the Banks of a Full River" expounds what love meant to Olive Schreiner, and in "The Buddhist Priest's Wife" there is again a picture of love and of renunciation because to take it as it was would have been to lose it.

Every page of the book is worth reading, because it is real beyond any mere patter of reality. Here is the soul and the mind of a woman who saw deeply and felt tremendously, and who carried her vision to the end unmarred. How much her work, her devotion and inspiration meant to the forwarding of the cause she held so high it is impossible to tell. She was one of the pioneers of the woman movement, but she never made a great noise in the vanguard. She kept behind and carried the burden in her heart, and spoke as the artist speaks, in a voice that is not heard amid the tumult, but that reaches the spirit and endures. There was a glory in her.

Dr. Cronwright tells us in his brief preface that a novel is still to be published, but that in the present volume are contained all the shorter pieces worth preserving. It is a rich aftermath for which we are thankful.

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*STORIES, DREAMS AND ALLEGORIES. By Olive Schreiner. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Books Talked About in Literary Europe

OCCASIONALLY the world receives a book of profound beauty shaped out of profound suffering. Such a story has just been given to France by M. André Dumas, the poet of "L'Eternel Presence" and author of several successful Paris plays. It is called "Ma petite Yvette" (Paris: Plon & Cie.), and the spiritual purity of its content has led a writer in *L'Illustration* to declare that, no matter what M. Dumas may write in the future, this will always remain his most beautiful work. It is the story of the home life of a motherless little girl and her father, the simple story of a new soul trembling on life's threshold, and of the boundless devotion of the bereaved father. The sweet awakenings of a child's mind, little incidents in the life of a human flower, tales of dolls, of school friends, of joyous intimacy with a quiet countryside—these are the materials which the author has wrought into a fabric of tenuous loveliness. In the end the miracle suddenly fades and the little fairy goes away to the land of angels whence she came, but the story, the French reviewers declare, is one of inspiration rather than of sadness; it leaves a profound impression, luminous, bright, comforting. "I shall write other books, doubtless," says the author, "but this is my only book of love."

The complete works of Luigi Pirandello, the Italian novelist and playwright, as published by Bemporad, Florence, consist of four volumes containing 365 short stories, four volumes of plays, and one of the novel "Il fù Mattia Pascal," which the Duttons are about to bring out in English under the title, "The Late Matthew Pascal." The appearance of this novel in French has led the *Revue des Deux Mondes* to devote an exhaustive and illuminating article to "Un Humoriste Sicilien: Luigi Pirandello," in which Louis Gillet analyzes his writings. The humor of Pirandello, this critic finds, consists less in sudden turns of phrase or of action than in the sardonic philosophy that forms the tissue of all his works. In the judgment of the French critic, this much-talked-of Italian is at his best in his fiction rather than in his plays.

The old theme of the decay of French villages has been treated in so fresh and discerning a style by Gilles Normand in "Mon Village se Meurt" (Paris: Perrin & Cie.) that the book is receiving an unusual share of attention from the English as well as the French press. M. Normand goes behind the dry statistics and deals altogether with the human nature that underlies the whole subject. The problem of the "tentacular city," which is sucking the life out of the villages in all countries, is a moral, not an economic problem, he finds. He gives an idyllic picture of the sane and quiet home life in his native village a generation ago, then depicts its present dying state, and sees only national disaster in the change. When peasants become city dwellers they are less happy than before, but a weakening of moral fiber makes it impossible for them to leave the artificial excitements of urban life; thus discontent grows in the cities about as fast as depopulation destroys the villages. M. Normand finds the cause of this sinister phenomenon, first, in the weakening of religious feeling, then in the loosening of home ties, and finally in the craving for tawdry pleasure and sensationalism of all kinds; these in turn soon create the selfishness that is ennui and the ennui that is death. Unless a moral reformation can be brought about, the author believes, an enormous social catastrophe is inevitable.

Apparently the English-speaking world has not yet taken the full measure of the late Marcel Proust, the eccentric Parisian novelist, who died last November. Certainly it is with something like a shock of surprize that one picks up the special January issue of *La Nouvelle Revue Française* and finds it to be a thick tome of 340 pages devoted wholly to Proust—to unpublished fragments of his work, to documents, portraits and a bibliography, and to glowing appreciations written by more than fifty of his friends. The *Nouvelle Revue* is the particular organ of the younger literary set in Paris, and Proust, with his method of encylopedic detail in character drawing, seems to have been the idol of that coterie. If it be true, as often asserted, that what France is doing and thinking to-day the rest of the world will be thinking and doing to-morrow, we are facing an epoch of interminable novels after the manner of Proust's "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu," which John Middleton Murry calls "the most minute dissection of the modern mind ever achieved." At any rate, the novelist's admirers will find in *La Nouvelle Revue's* "Hommage à Marcel Proust, 1871-1922," an Aladdin's treasure of materials about him—photographs, facsimiles of his writing, analyses of his methods, glimpses of his enthusiasm for Robert Louis Stevenson, besides the hitherto unpublished story, "La Prisonnière," and the publishers' announcement of many other works of his still to appear; the manuscripts of "Sodome et Gomorrhe" and "Le Temps Retrouvé," for instance, alone fill twenty stout *cahiers*, of which only eight have thus far been published.

Professor Kutscher of Munich was intimately acquainted with the German dramatist, Wedekind, and at the time of Wedekind's death in 1918 he became his literary executor, thus obtaining access to much unpublished material, part of which he has published separately, and all of which he has now used with discriminating care in preparing the biographical volume entitled "Frank Wedekind: Sein Leben und seine Werke" (Munich: Georg Müller). Dr. Kutscher gives a particularly interesting picture of Wedekind's early life in Switzerland, whither his father had betaken himself in order to avoid political storms. There is also an account of the dramatist's first efforts at poetry, and of his legal studies, from which he finally broke away in pursuit of literary fame. The narrative brings Wedekind's career down only to 1903, ending with a chapter on the origin and history of Wedekind's long-banned play, "Die Büchse der Pandora," indiscriminate performance of which, he fears, may now do more harm to the author's reputation than all the years of suppression. In the course of time a second volume is to come, dealing with the remainder of Wedekind's life and work.

George Saintsbury, the dean of British literary critics, helped the London *Times* Literary Supplement to celebrate its "coming of age" in the first week of January by reviewing the literature of the last twenty-one years. Recalling a dinner given in honor of his appointment to the Chair of English Literature at Edinburgh University in 1895, he says that he ventured to comment on the gloomy literary outlook of that period by pointing out that in 1795 the output of masterpieces had seemed equally discouraging, yet that Keats and Carlyle were born in that very year, and the "Lyrical Ballads" were only three years off. "There never was a wind," he says, "that bloweth so much as it listeth as the wind of the spirit." He closes his review in the same key: "There never was such a John Barleycorn as literature. You may do the most dreadful things to it; it may look as if it had ceased to exist, and it will surprize and delight you by getting up and waving in the wind as merrily as ever."

The Literary Question Box

QUESTIONS

The purpose of this Department is to develop self-service. Readers will aid each other in tracing and locating elusive literary quips, poetic phrases or lines, popular rimes, aphorisms, ballads, maxims, proverbs, etc. All communications should be written only on one side of the paper, and should be addrest to The Literary Question Box, International Book Review. Replies are printed in the order of their receipt and credit is given to other correspondents in rotation. The space limits imposed on the Department allow the consideration of questions only of wide interest. Such as can be answered direct will be so treated by the Editor on receipt of a stamped return envelope. No notice will be taken of anonymous correspondents.

Sordello

J. G., Paris, Ky.—Who was *Sordello*, referred to by Robert Browning as a type of perfection?

At Sea

Z. K., Newport, N. H.—May I appeal to the Question Box for help to find the author of the following memory lines:

Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls.

I recently had an opportunity to use them, but when asked where I got them, could not remember and had to confess myself all at sea.

"How Large was Alexander?"

G. E. M., Harbor Springs, Mich.—I would like to find an old favorite of the school readers of 1876-82 in which a little boy is quoted as asking, "How large was Alexander, Pa, that people called him great?" Will not some reader help me?

Joblillies

F. E. B., Johnstown, Pa.—Who can tell me anything about the Joblillies? I heard the term used in conversation recently in referring to people, not plants.

Morning Glory

K. H. C., Selma, Ala.—Please help me find the author and context of the quotation:

. . . . with mouth of gold,
And morning in her eyes.

Also, I would like to know the origin of the adage about one who "can not see the forest for the trees." Is the saying, "Can't see the town for the houses," part of the former, or a modern version of the same?

"The American Creed"

E. H. C., Shawmut, Mont.—May I appeal to your readers for the name of the author and the words of the American Creed? I believe it was written by a clerk of the United States Supreme Court.

"Whom None Would Forget"

C. S., Gaffney, S. C.—Can any reader tell me where I can find some lines on "The Man We Can Not Forget," and who is the author? It refers to ex-President Wilson.

"Jest a Bit"

I. E. L., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Who is the author of the lines:

The wisest men that e'er you ken
Have never deemed it treason
To rest a bit—and jest a bit,
And balance up their reason;
To laugh a bit—and chaff a bit,
And joke a bit in season.

"Heaven with Its Sunshine"

H. M. R., New York.—Will one of your readers please locate this for me by author and title?

Heaven with its sunshine (or "in sunshine") will requite the kind. . .

"To Joust with Death"

C. A. H., Richmond, Va.—Please advise if the following is quoted correctly and who is the author:

What dam of lances brought thee
forth to joust with death at dawn?

America's Slumbers

M. D., Lewisburg, Ky.—Will some reader please help me locate the author of "America, return not to thy slumbers," and tell me where it was published?

"Who Can Not Speak"

D. H., Vancouver, B. C.—Where can I obtain a copy of some verses entitled, "The Man Who Can Not Speak?"

Author Wanted

A. J. R., Richmond, Mass.—About twenty-five years ago I read the following lines and would like to know where they can be found and who wrote them. Will some reader please help me?

You see that tablet yonder
On the wall above your head;
That's in memory of a hero,
A hero long since dead.
For it tells of a deed of valor,
Of a fight, and a victory won;
Of a lion-hearted fellow,
And his duty nobly done.

Church and World

E. C., Mount Vernon, N. Y.—Who was the author, and where can I find the complete poem, quotations from which are given below?

The church and the world walked far
apart
On the changing shores of time.

Half shyly the church approached the
world
And gave him her hand of snow.

The sons of the world and the sons
of the church
Walked closely hand and heart,
And only the Maker who knoweth all
Could tell the two apart.

A Thousand Eyes

L. R., Friendship, N. Y.—Who wrote the following lines? Are they a part of a poem or complete in themselves?

The night has a thousand eyes
And the day but one.
But the light of a whole world dies
With the dying sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

Daybreak

F. V., New York.—Can any reader help me complete the following excerpt from a scrap-book, and tell me the author? What are the missing words? Was Robert Ingersoll the author?

Day will soon break to those who long for it in the gloom or shadows of the night. . . . This is a thought for every weary soul to whom it seems as if daylight would never come. If there be no dawn here, there is dawn not far ahead. . . .

Spring's Dewy Fingers

C. M. C., Glenwood, Ind.—Can any reader locate the following lines for me? I have tried several magazines without success.

When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She will find a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce

J. L., New York City.—Where can I read up the case of Jarndyce *vs.* Jarndyce, recently referred to by one of our judges in censuring a counsel for dilatoriness? It is not in any of the law books to which I have access.

"Canossa"

T. B., Philadelphia.—Who went to Canossa, and what does "going to Canossa" mean?

"Pyramids"

A. B. Tripp, Tacoma, Wash.—Can any reader identify the author of the following quotation: "You can not disprove the pyramids by showing the impossibility of getting the stones into place"?

"I Opened the Leaves"

S. O., Rainbow, Calif.—Where can I find a poem of which I think the first line ran

I opened the leaves of a book last
night,
The dust on its covers lay dank and
brown.

Who wrote it?

ANSWERS

"A Strange Meditation"

Constance L. Springer, New York.—The fragment quoted by your correspondent, "J. C. A.," is from Robert Browning's "An Epistle containing the Strange Medical Experience of Karshish, the Arab Physician," and may be found on page 443 of "The Complete Poetical Works of Robert Browning," published by Macmillan in 1917. In its context it reads:

Discourse to him of prodigious arma-
ments
Assembled to besiege his city now,
And of the passage of a mule with
gourds—
'Tis one! Then take it on the other
side,
Speak of some trifling fact,—he will
gaze rapt
With stupor at its very littleness,
(Far as I see) as if in that indeed
He caught prodigious import, whole
results;
And so will turn to us the bystanders
In ever the same stupor (note this
point)
That we too see not with his opened
eyes.

Thanks are due for answers received also from H. E. A., Princeton, N. J.; J. C. A., Babylon, L. I.; N. D. Horkness, St. Joseph, Mich.; G. A. Hodskins, Springfield, Mass.; Frank N. Dexter, Elroy, Wis.; B. L. Kinkade, Columbia, Mo.; Jno. Granger, Austin, Tex.; T. B. Barrett, Port Dover, Ont.; R. Olive Wolf, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. W. D. Parkinson, Fitchburg, Mass.; A. R. C. B., Murfreesboro, N. C.; Linda W. Browne, Raleigh, N. C.

The River of Time

Mrs. Flora G. Doane, Clinton, N. Y.—The lines quoted by "H. J. K.," Berkeley, Calif., are from a poem entitled "The Isle of the Long Ago," by Benjamin F. Taylor. The last word of the second line should be "tears," not "years," as given by H. J. K. The complete stanza runs:

Oh, a wonderful stream is the River
Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical
rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge
sublime,
As it blends with the Ocean of
Years.

The poem has seven stanzas and may be found in "Old-time Pictures and Sheaves of Rhyme."

Thanks are due for answers received also from O. Stewart King, Cortlandt, N. Y.; Wm. D. Kizziah, Spencer, N. C.; I. H. Taylor, Fort Wayne, Ind.; S. A. A. McCausland, Lexington, Mo.; John Grant Shick, Wayne, Nebr.; B. V. Imbrie, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Howard C. Eiemer, Pulaski, Va.; E. McP. Ravenel, Charleston, S. C.; Fanny S. Simmons, Racine, Wis.; Robert Sliger, Oakland, Md.

In Poppy Land

H. ANDERSON, Philadelphia, Pa. —The lines—

Short days of desire, long dreams of delight,
They are mine when my Poppy Land cometh in sight,

are by Clement Scott, English poet and journalist, and occur in a lyric entitled "The Garden of Sleep." The poem may be found in his "Lays and Lyrics." My copy has "brief," not "short."

Thanks are due for answers received also from I. I. Hires, Langhorne, Pa.; D. Pitt Taylor, Montreal, Canada; Mrs. J. B. Simmons, Racine, Wis.; Mabel C. Daggett, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Olive I. Shipman, Summit, N. J.; Maud Bruce, Opelika, Ala.; Mrs. R. W. Pugh, Washington, D. C.; Howard C. Kerr, Carlsbad, New Mex.

"God Tempers the Wind"

WM. D. KIZZIAH, Spencer, N. C.— The words "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" are those of the French proverbialist, Henri Estienne, whose birth was in 1528 and death in 1598. The lines as translated from the French are as follows:

> Dieu mesure le froid à la brebis tondue. (God measures the cold to the shorn lamb.)—Le Livre des Proverbes Epigrammatiques (written in 1594).

Thanks are due for answers received also from Mrs. J. B. Doane, Clinton, N. Y.; H. Anderson, Philadelphia, and Allen French, of Concord, Mass., who credits the line to Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" (page 190 of his edition), written in 1768; and also Chauncey C. Jencks, Kalkaska, Mich.; Maud Bruce, Opelika, Ala.; T. B. Barrett, Port Dover, Ont.; Jno. Granger, Austin, Tex.; Jno. Grant Shick, Wayne, Nebr.; S. A. A. McCausland, Lexington, Mo.; Mrs. W. D. Parkinson, Fitchburg, Mass.; B. V. Imbrie, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Myrtle K. Cherryman, Grand Rapids, Mich.; R. H. Atkinson, Washington, D. C.; A. R. C. B., Murfreesboro, N. C.; Linda W. Browne, Raleigh, N. C.

"Write No Letters"

D. W. MULLAN, Annapolis, Md. —The author was Talleyrand, once Prime Minister of France. His words were "Write no letters, but keep all received." Talleyrand was born in 1754; died in 1838. He himself often regretted writing.

"Victors and Spoils"

HELENA REDDY, Brockton, Mass. —"To the victors belong the spoils" was originated by W. L. Marcy, who made use of the expression in a speech deploring the spoil system in the United States Senate in 1832, and the President, Andrew Jackson, himself also used it.

Thanks are due for answers received also from Maud Bruce, Opelika, Ala.; B. V. Imbrie, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Myrtle K. Cherryman, Grand Rapids, Mich.

"A Book About Myself"

Editor International Book Review:

THE caustic criticism of Theodore Dreiser's memoirs, "A Book About Myself," by Richard Le Gallienne, in your February number is difficult to understand coming from a writer of prominence and seems "quite unnecessary." His impression that the book is "dull, distasteful," will be held by few readers of discrimination, filled as it is with shrewd and penetrating observations of life. It also pictures the newspaper game informingly and lays bare the response of an ambitious soul to commonplace experiences with compelling interest.

Mr. Le Gallienne proceeds to ridicule Mr. Dreiser's literary work as a whole, the value of which he claims has been "exaggerated," and descends to comedy with regard to an alleged voluminosity, which might exist were the matters of which Mr. Dreiser writes less entertainingly treated. Fortunately for Mr. Dreiser, his critics have written so frequently of the alleged lack of importance of his stories in American literature as to arouse the interest of mere readers like myself in his works, and while they are not for those who demand that their reading matter be of pink lemonade, one is inclined to see oftentimes in Dreiser's tales value equal to Balzac or Maupassant—a distinctly American rendition of similar themes (for life is the same everywhere in its essentials), unlike either great writer, and yet as fine and important—realism, sordid and otherwise—compelling pictures of American life written straight from the shoulder.

The fact that Mr. Le Gallienne does not care for realistic fiction is no excuse for his attack. It may be egotistic of Mr. Dreiser to make public his memoirs, but it is equally so for Mr. Le Gallienne to determine "Certain Literary Sins of Theodore Dreiser," and his remarks as to the form the memoirs should have taken are most amusing and if followed would have robbed the book of interest for many readers not interested in mere mechanics of literary workmanship

Charles Hanson Towne remarks, in the succeeding article of your February number, that eminent Europeans have marveled at American lack of appreciation of Dreiser's works, and refers to "Twelve Men" as "undoubtedly one of the finest portrait galleries in all literature." This statement is remarkable if Mr. Le Gallienne's view is correct that Mr. Dreiser's place in American literature is one of no importance. There are signs that a truer and saner interpretation of life, a freer expression of truth, is to obtain in American literature. The Puritanic conscience is dying. Mr. Dreiser should take hope. This writer believes his work will outlast that of the Le Galliennes.

JAMES G. MCFADDEN.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 6.

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THE LITERARY DIGEST INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW is published monthly by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. London Office, 134 Salisbury Square. Printed in the United States of America.

Entered as second-class matter November 29, 1922, at the Post-Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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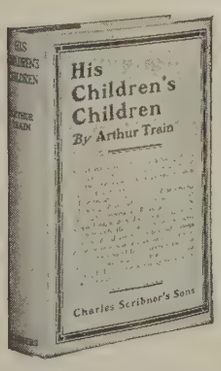

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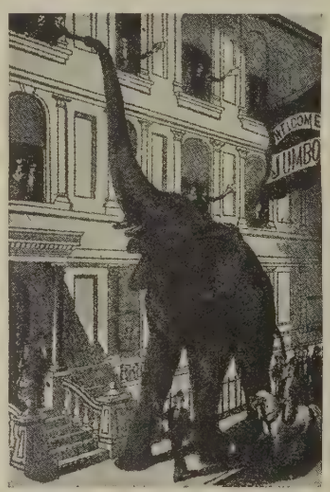

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Surgery for the Novel—Or a Bomb

By D. H. Lawrence

YOU talk about the future of the baby, little cherub, when he's in the cradle cooing: and it's a romantic, glamorous subject. You also talk, with the parson, about the future of the wicked old grandfather who is at last lying on his death-bed. And there again you have a subject for much vague emotion, chiefly of fear this time.

How do we feel about the novel? Do we bounce with joy thinking of the wonderful novelistic days ahead? Or do we grimly shake our heads and hope the wicked creature will be spared a little longer? Is the novel on his death-bed, old sinner? Or is he just toddling round his cradle, sweet little thing? Let us have another look at him before we decide this rather serious case.

"SO THERE YOU HAVE THE 'SERIOUS' NOVEL, DYING, AND ABSORBEDLY, CHILDISHLY INTERESTED IN THE PHENOMENON"

There he is, the monster with many faces, many branches to him, like a tree: the modern novel. And he is almost dual, like Siamese twins. On the one hand, the pale-faced, high-browed, earnest novel, which you have to take seriously; on the other, that smirking, rather plausible hussy, the popular novel.

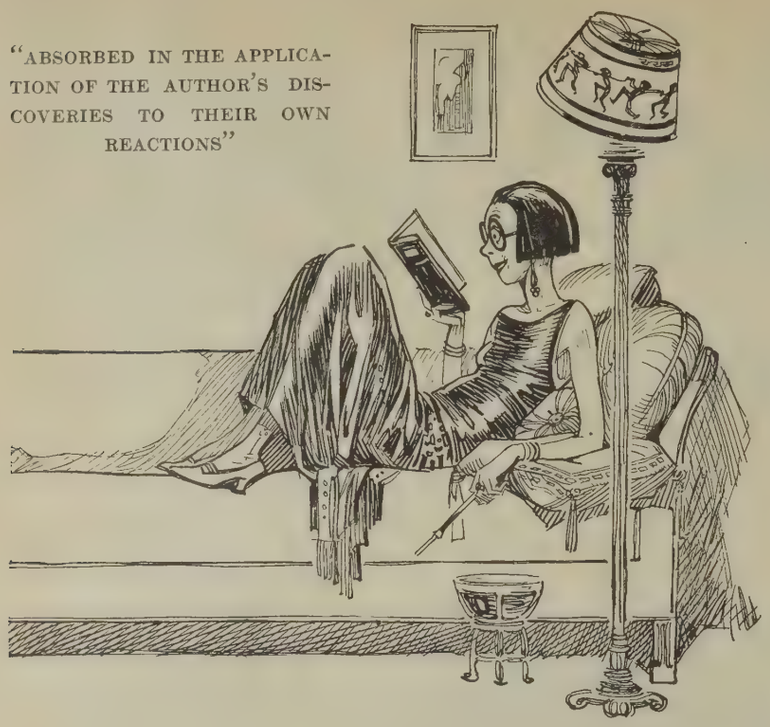
Let us just for the moment feel the pulses of "Ulysses" and of Miss Dorothy Richardson and M. Marcel Proust, on the earnest side of Briareus; on the other, the throb of "The Sheik" and Mr. Zane Grey, and, if you will, Mr. Robert Chambers and the rest. Is "Ulysses" in his cradle? Oh, dear! What a gray face! And "Pointed Roofs," are they a gay little toy for nice little girls? And M. Proust? Alas! You can hear the death-rattle in their throats. They can hear it themselves. They are listening to it with acute interest, trying to discover whether the intervals are minor thirds or major fourths. Which is rather infantile, really.

So there you have the "serious" novel, dying in a very long-drawn-out fourteen-volume death-agony, and absorbedly, childishly interested in the phenomenon. "Did I feel a twinge in my little toe, or didn't I?" asks every character of Mr. Joyce or of Miss Richardson or M. Proust. Is my aura a blend of frankincense and orange pekoe and boot-blacking, or is it myrrh and bacon-fat and Shetland tweed? The audience round the death-bed gapes for the answer. And when, in a sepulchral tone, the answer comes at length, after hundreds of pages: "It is none of these, it is abysmal chloro-coryambasis," the audience quivers all over, and murmurs: "That's just how I feel myself."

Which is the dismal, long-drawn-out comedy of the death-bed of the serious novel. It is self-consciousness picked into such fine bits that the bits are most of them invisible, and you have to go by smell. Through thousands and thousands of pages Mr. Joyce and Miss Richardson tear themselves to pieces, strip their smallest emotions to the finest threads, till you feel you are sewed inside a wool mattress that is being slowly shaken up, and you are turning to wool along with the rest of the woolliness.

It's awful. And it's childish. It really is childish, after a certain age, to be absorbedly self-conscious. One has to be self-conscious at seventeen: still a little self-conscious at twenty-seven; but if we are going it strong at thirty-seven, then it is a sign of arrested development, nothing else. And if it is still continuing at forty-seven, it is obvious senile precocity.

And there's the serious novel: senile-precocious. Absorbedly, childishly concerned with *what I am.* "I am this, I am that, I am the other. My reactions are such, and such, and such. And, oh, Lord, if I liked to watch myself closely enough, if I liked to analyze my feelings minutely, as I unbutton my gloves, instead of saying crudely I unbuttoned them, then I could go on to a million pages instead of a thousand. In fact, the more I

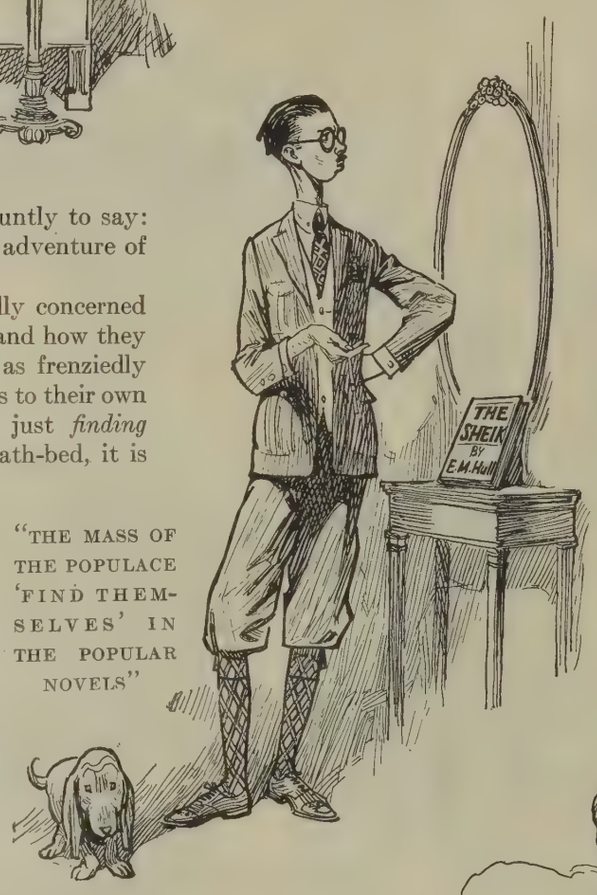


"ABSORBED IN THE APPLICATION OF THE AUTHOR'S DISCOVERIES TO THEIR OWN REACTIONS"

come to think of it, it is gross, it is uncivilized bluntly to say: I unbuttoned my gloves. After all, the absorbing adventure of it! Which button did I begin with?" etc.

The people in the serious novels are so absorbedly concerned with themselves and what they feel and don't feel, and how they react to every mortal button; and their audience as frenziedly absorbed in the application of the author's discoveries to their own reactions: "That's me! That's exactly it! I'm just *finding* myself in this book!"—Why, this is more than death-bed, it is almost *post-mortem* behavior.

Some convulsion or cataclysm will have to get this serious novel out of its self-consciousness. The last great war made it worse. What's to be done? Because, poor thing, it's really young yet. The novel has never become fully adult. It has never quite grown to years of discretion. It has always youthfully hoped for the best, and felt rather sorry for itself on the last page. Which is just childish. The childishness has become very long-drawn-out. So very many adolescents who drag their adolescence on into their forties and their fifties and their sixties! There needs some sort of a surgical operation, somewhere.



"THE MASS OF THE POPULACE 'FIND THEMSELVES' IN THE POPULAR NOVELS"

Then the popular novels—the "Sheiks" and "Babbitts" and Zane Grey novels. They are just as self-conscious, only they do have more illusions about themselves. The heroines do think they are lovelier, and more fascinating, and purer. The heroes do see themselves more heroic, braver, more chivalrous, more fetching. The mass of the populace "find themselves" in the popular novels. But nowadays it's a funny sort of self they find. A Sheik with a whip up his sleeve, and a heroine with weals on her back, but adored in the end, adored, the whip out of sight, but the weals still faintly visible.

It's a funny sort of self they discover in the popular novels. And the essential moral of "If Winter Comes," for example, is so shaky. "The gooder you are, the worse it is for you, poor you, oh, poor you. Don't you be so blimey good, it's not good enough." Or "Babbitt": "Go on, you make your pile, and then pretend you're too good for it. Put it over the rest of the grabbers that way. They're only pleased with themselves when they've made their pile. You go one better."

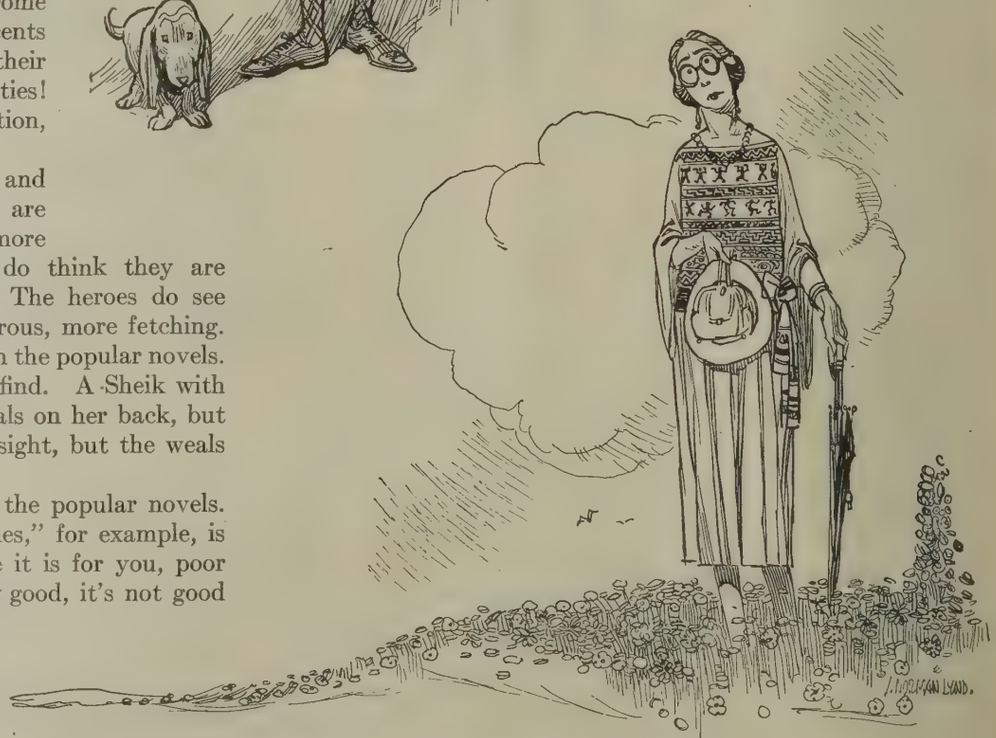
Always the same sort of baking-powder gas to make you rise: the soda counteracting the cream of tartar, and the tartar counteracted by the soda. Sheik heroines, duly whipt, wildly adored. Babbitts with solid fortunes, weeping from self-pity. Winter-Comes heroes as good as pie, hauled off to jail. *Moral:* Don't be too good, because you'll go to jail for it. *Moral:* Don't feel sorry for yourself till you've made your pile and don't need to feel sorry for yourself. *Moral:* Don't let him adore you till he's whipt you into it. Then you'll be partners in mild crime as well as in holy matrimony.

Which again is childish. Adolescence which *can't* grow up. Got into the self-conscious rut and going crazy, quite crazy in it. Carrying on their adolescence into middle age and old age, like the looney Cleopatra in "Dombey and Son," murmuring "Rose-colored curtains" with her dying breath.

The future of the novel? Poor old novel, it's in a rather dirty, messy, tight corner. And it's either got to get over the wall or knock a hole through it. In other words, it's got to grow up. Put away childish things like: "Do I love the girl, or don't I?"—"Am I pure and sweet, or am I not?"—"Do I unbutton my right glove first, or my left?"—"Did my mother ruin my life by refusing to drink the cocoa which my bride had boiled for her?" These questions and their answers don't really interest *me* any more, tho the world still goes sawing them over. I simply don't care for any of these things now, tho I used to. The purely emotional and self-analytical stunts are played out in me. I'm finished. I'm deaf to the whole band. But I'm neither blasé nor cynical, for all that. I'm just interested in something else.

Supposing a bomb were

(*Continued on page 63*)



"AM I SWEET AND PURE, OR AM I NOT?"

My Literary Fight, Round by Round

By Jim Tully

I HAVE always felt that environment was a greater force than heredity. But my life has taught me that there is something inside a man that is greater than either. And that something is the spirit which makes him crawl up from the canvas when whipt by fate, until even the referee is filled with pity. That something is a man's will.

I left an orphanage before I was twelve years old. It was the only school I have ever known. There followed eighteen months with a brutal Ohio farmer, from whom I ran away. I then worked a year in a chain factory at fifty cents a day. My board cost two dollars a week. Having no home ties at all, I became a hobo before I was fifteen years old. I remained a tramp for the greater portion of the next six years. Tho few people realize it, the young hobo goes through a hard and terrible school, in which, to survive, one must have endurance worthy of a better cause.

JIM TULLY

Perhaps the greatest thing I learned from the shabby tricksters of life was—never to whine. Were you put off a train in the desert, many miles from food and water? Well, there was no law forcing you to be a tramp—and so you took your medicine with a smile.

Another thing I learned among the hoboes was that there were classes even in their subterranean world; and the upper class had initiative and courage. I observed this early, and it has been valuable to me in the long bulge upward. There is an art in reading character from faces. Books are written on the subject. I learned it as a beggar of dimes on city streets. Did you ever notice how vividly Jack London and Maxim Gorky describe men? They were youthful tramps.

Even as a boy I was a great reader. My memory was such, as a youngster, that I could write, nearly word for word, a sermon on Monday that I had heard on Sunday.

One day I read a line in stern old Ibsen. It has never left me. It was, "Never be so mad as to doubt yourself." From that day on I never did. I obtained food and shelter in towns where the citizens were organized justly against hoboes. I never doubted. I have stolen my way on one mail train as far as from Cincinnati to Washington, a distance of nearly six hundred miles. This meant eighteen hours of grueling torture, on the blind baggage and tops of cars, over mountains and through tunnels, and under a rain of cinders that seemed to dash from the sky. And while riding, I had to elude police and railroad men. And there was no chance to obtain food or a drink of water. I always liked to stick to one train until I reached my destination. It is still a habit with me.

When the urge came to leave the road, I found little help from my comrades. For the law of Hoboland is, once a rover, always a rover. The wanderlust has for centuries been considered an incurable disease. And frankly, I was a year in leaving the road. It was possibly the greatest fight I have ever made. I had made two attempts to quit tramping, and had returned to the road again. Naturally, my fellow rovers laughed when they heard that young "Cincy Red" was "hittin' the grit agin!" I had started my tramp career from Cincinnati. I was red-headed. Hence my monniker of Cincy Red.

The third time I went off into the wilderness of honest citizens alone. It was a July evening, awhirl with beauty. Blue and white clouds played tag with a summer moon in the sky. The next morning I left the freight-train and went to a factory in search of work. Without breakfast, I waited in the employment office until the man interviewed me. On the wall was the crude picture of a fish in a gray daub that was supposed to resemble water. Beneath the fish were printed the words, "Any fish can float down-stream; it takes a live one to swim up." That fish's tail slapped me right between the eyes. Suddenly I realized that I had been "any fish" for nearly six years. As I thought it over, the man came to talk to me.

It was no time to mince words. I wanted a job. I told him exactly who I was, and that I had been a hobo in every State in the Union; that I wanted to amount to something, and that I had to break from the road first. The man hesitated a second. I hit the rail between us.

"I'm on the square, Mister; I'll work till my fingers bleed. I gotta git off the road. I just gotta. An' you gotta help me."

"Had your breakfast?" he asked tersely.

"No, I h'aint," I replied.

The man prest a button and a boy came. I was taken to a boarding-house with instructions from the man to stay there until the next morning, and then come to him. I did as he told me. He put me to work the next day, and I stayed with him eight months. It was in Davenport, Iowa. Every night I burned with the fever of the wanderlust. Every night I fought the old fight. I stayed away from railroad yards for fear that I would suddenly get on a train and leave. Then I became braver and steeled myself to watch the trains roll in and out of the city. I used to watch them fade away under the moon like giant black snakes crawling through space. I haunted the library to ease the pounding at my heart. On Sundays, I would go to the hobo camp along the Mississippi River. I would take food with me and share it with other tramps—and talk of the road. As the months passed, I became stronger. Gradually new interests came, but I knew I had to watch, for the lure of the road has been known to sweep even family ties away.

The next April found me back in Ohio. I had been a link-heater in a chain factory. I wanted to be a chainmaker—a welder of iron and steel. A friend secured me a job as an apprentice. While learning the trade I took up two widely different pursuits. I had always written verses, some of which are still alive in Hoboland. I had always been a fighter, and I learned early to throw a mean pair of boxing-gloves.

Verses of mine were sent to Ted Robinson, column conductor

of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. To my joy and surprize, he published them. They were about the poet John Keats.

I then entered the prize-ring. Making good, and winning quite consistently, I had as many as five matches in four weeks. I was matched with Johnny Kilbane three times. Johnny is still the featherweight champion of the world—a real man in and out of the ring. Something always happened to prevent us from crawling through the ropes of the same ring.

I had no illusion about my verses at all. I did feel that they might be the foundation upon which to build something in prose. I started thinking about a novel. The chainmakers, all great-hearted fellows, were anxious that I make good as a writer. It became the daily salutation, "Well, how's the book comin', Jimmy?" There in the smoke and the grime of the factory, while the steel turned red in the fire, I would tell them of my progress. Now, when the night comes down, I think of those royal-souled men who never doubted me when I started writing with the knuckle-cracked and steel-blistered hands of the pugilist-chainmaker.

I wrote steadily for five years. But first, I gave up the ring. That, too, was a struggle, I watched Kilbane climb to the highest peak and write "Champion" after his name. I knew he was becoming wealthy. But I had a soul to save. Men pleaded with me to stay in the ring. Ed Dunkhorst, a noted ring character, wanted to take me to Philadelphia, then the seat of padded banging in America.

I had a jaw of iron, broad shoulders, a thick neck, and a body that never tired. I delighted in battle. I loved to hear gloves swishing near me like the lash of whips. The gong would release generations of fighting Irish in me. But I gave it up—for I knew I must travel another road through the bogs of obscurity to the peak upon which rested my own idea of success. I knew the struggle I would have. I had read about the struggle Conrad had, and Jack London, and all the brave souls who pounded out their destinies on typewriters.

I told a Cleveland sporting editor that I was going to write a novel. He said, "Thunderation, Jimmy, not a novel. Try something short first."

I did not know anything short, so I started the novel.

During the first five years of writing I read many books on the art of novel-writing—books by men who had never written a novel.

In the fifth year a friend of my tramp days had become a porter in a hotel. I called on him one day, and he told me that a popular novelist (Harold Bell Wright) was in the house, and that he would arrange a meeting. He did.

I entered the popular novelist's room with my immense manuscript. I had divided neither paragraph nor chapter. I did not know how. My book was the longest single paragraph in the history of writing. The novelist treated me kindly, and talked to me for three hours. Nearly everything he told me I had read in the books about writing by men who had not written. He suggested that I get Arlo Bates's book on the art of writing. I read this book over and over. One line lodged in my memory forever. It was, "The way to learn to write is to write." That was it. I kept on writing.

The popular novelist took my manuscript away with him. Then I waited. The weeks dragged by until they numbered twelve. I had heard about genius being discovered, and I thought the novelist was taking his time. I wrote him a letter. In two more weeks the manuscript came—with his criticism. I read eagerly through the fifteen pages of devastation. The novelist told me that my material was unhappy. No word in all the fifteen pages suggested that I had the least vestige of talent. I made sure of that fact, and then I burned the manuscript and the criticism—and started all over again.

I always carried the pictures of three men with me—Jack London, John Masefield, and Maxim Gorky. I placed the pictures above my desk and stared at them in ungifted hours when my lamp of bravery burned low. Many a time I thought, "They did it. They were tramps. So can I."

I worked six months each year for three successive years. In that time I saved enough to enable me to write the other six months of each year. My wife and two small children had to be considered in the struggle. Patiently they bore the brunt of the battle with me.

One winter evening, at the end of a grueling day with words, I talked about my son's future with him. He was known as the King of Ireland among his friends. And this evening his conduct was worthy of a king. At a question of mine he replied, "Maybe I'll be a writer, daddy," and then a long pause as he looked down at the mechanical bridge he was building; "but that's easier said than done," he concluded. Forgetting that it was perhaps the unconscious repetition of an older person's remark, I answered wearily, "Yes, but, King, it has been done." The little six-year-old must have seen with the marvelous intuition of children. He rose from the floor and walked over to me. He placed his freckled little hand on my arm and looked straight at me as his jaws snapt, "Yes, daddy, and you'll do it, too."

I looked away at the mountains with tear-blurred eyes. It was the seventh year of my struggle. The dawn was breaking in my writing life. I did not know it. But I did know that my struggle had crept into the soul of the valiant little fellow. To quiet my nerves I would often read some of the manuscript aloud to the boy. He always liked the description of the prize-fight. "Read me about the fight, daddy," he asked. As I read it, we both became excited. Had I known then that Heywood Broun would quote it in the New York *World* I would have felt cheered. The hero of the book, "Emmett Lawler," was a living personage in our house. Lawler had been my mother's maiden name. So we laughed and cried over Emmett's escapades like Irish children at a Donnybrook Fair.

Something happened the next spring. If I were not aware of the years of toil that led up to it I would call it a miracle—those years in which I worked as long as sixteen hours a day at a typewriter which I had slowly and laboriously learned to operate with two fingers.

When I started to rewrite the novel again . . . the words that had always been clogged and distorted now fell easily upon the paper. I saw the characters more clearly in my mind. I cried and laughed with them even more. Dazed with new power, I wrote five thousand words in one day. Then the reaction came. I wanted a critic who would understand. I had seen humanity in stories written by Rupert Hughes. I wrote him a letter of explanation and asked him if he would review my work. He consented gladly.

I telephoned to him in two weeks. I was more nervous than I had ever been in the ring or on a mail-train. I dreaded the message, but knew I must have it. He came to the phone and staggered me with words. "Yes, Mr. Tully," he said; "I wrote you a very enthusiastic letter to-day. You are a great writer. Keep it up." I groped my way out of the telephone-booth. My heart pounded hard and my soul surged into my eyes. I could not see for a minute.

After a sleepless night I thought the mail-man would never come. Major Hughes told me things in the letter that—well—he told me that I should allow nothing to keep me from my certain literary future.

I still had eighty thousand words to write. Could I stand the pace? I went to work again—the willing slave of words, from whom a heavy load had been lifted by the kindest of men. I sent the manuscript to Rupert Hughes in batches of ten and twenty thousand words. Always did his suggestions and praise keep me going. The book was finished in September. Nine days after it reached New York, my publisher wired me, "Mighty fine book. Have mailed offer."

That is the end of the story. I have had the satisfaction of knowing that the book received serious consideration from the leading journals in Europe and America.

The greatest living Ohioan, Brand Whitlock, wrote me a letter of congratulation. As a hungry tramp-boy I had once stood outside his door when he was Mayor of Toledo. I had

(*Continued on page 65*)

Adventures Among Small-Town Folk

By Charles Hanson Towne

THE art and the cleverness of Zona Gale were never more mightily welded than in her latest novel, "Faint Perfume."* In many ways, it is her finest achievement; in others, it is her poorest. Once more she permits herself to succumb to sentimentalism, through the incident of the child Oliver when he is taken ill in the night, and Leda and Barnaby come to know each other for the first time.

The tale plunges forward, every extraneous object having been cleared from its path, to its powerful and inevitable conclusion. With deft strokes Miss Gale makes one see that room in the little town of Prospect where so much of the action takes place. There are no wasted descriptions of her people; yet somehow you know what they look like, as if you met them face to face in bright sunlight. In glancing back, you wonder how it is that you have so certain a portrait in your mind of, say, Richmiel, returned from Europe. Yet there she is, brilliant and hard and cold, a living and breathing being, as vivid as the red poinsettia on the lampshade—that poinsettia which was "the eye in the room."

ZONA GALE

It takes nothing short of genius thus to get upon paper not only the outward aspect of a character, but the inner shrines of the spirit, those secret precincts that are penetrated by too few of our novelists. The littlenesses, the narrownesses—yes, and the generosities of these small-town folk Miss Gale reveals in many a flashing sentence. In a short story her method, which has grown upon her since the writing of her really great novel, "Birth," would be admirably effective. In a volume of any length, the stark nakedness of her style, the staccato jerkings of her paragraphs get somewhat on one's nerves. An endless series of verbal tacks do not make for comfort when one sits down to read. And punctuation, which used to be considered a very part of literature—Miss Gale discounts it; and sometimes, to gain an effect of swiftness, she throws over the traces and abandons herself to an orgy of writing like an advertising man. "They clamored. Grumb clamor." "Thirty thousand, it might be. Any day now, they told him. Copper." "There was something Oriental in the village solicitude; Biblical." I take these passages at random, as an evidence of hurried, jumpy construction. There are certain materials which always last; and the violent repression of words, as if they were not necessary in the corners of one's edifice, is poor economy, in the long run. The verbal roof leaks sooner than need be, and the walls crumble suddenly. It would have been wiser to employ the old reliable stuffs. Miss Gale seems to have put on this crisp, energetic style as a garment. She is obsessed now with a nervous desire to see how few words she can employ. Lest she over-write, she under-writes; and her sharp, brisk, incisive sentences pierce one's brain like icicles. For my own part, I prefer the large leisure of a book like "Birth" to this dynamic tick-ticking. On occasions, it legitimately startles the reader, causes him to visualize something, as a sudden lapse into the present tense makes for dramatic fervor. Carried to the lengths Miss Gale employs it, the hammer-blows grow monotonous, and finally are not heard at all. It is equivalent to sending letters perpetually by special delivery. The element of surprize soon vanishes.

But it is a pity to devote so much of a brief review of an astonishingly fine book to this kind of carping criticism. The fact is that "Faint Perfume" is too beautiful to be marred by even whole pages of artificial writing. It is a brilliant shower of fireworks against the drab sky of a Middle-West city; and the flame does not die when the rockets spend themselves. Like Wordsworth's daffodils, it lives on in memory; and the poignant love-story of Leda Perrin seems the saga of that little country which Miss Gale views always with an understanding heart. There is no character so sharply defined as Miss Lulu Bett; but there is a moment as highly dramatic as the scene of the elopement in the former book. It is that tense, agonizing scene with the girl, Pearl, in Chicago; and in the brief paragraph describing the return in the train of all those who had hoped to experience Love to the utmost, and received only its faint perfume—surely Miss Gale has done nothing finer. It is a pinnacle; it is like a single great line in poetry which never leaves us. It is sheer wonder.

That ability to read beneath the surface of life and human emotions is Miss Gale's supreme gift. She has it in abundance. In "Birth" she revealed unexpected penetration; and always her rich store of humor saved her, in that moving novel, from the

*FAINT PERFUME. By Zona Gale. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

(*Continued on page 65*)

A Hunting Saga with the Pheasant for Hero

By William T. Hornaday

THE thrilling pace set by the first volume of "A Monograph of the Pheasants"* has been fully sustained down to the end of Volume IV. For a season we feared that at some point there might be found a falling short; but this fear was groundless. Volume IV is not only the equal of the best of its three predecessors, but in it the gigantic task ends in a blaze of glory.

As a climax the wonderful Argus pheasant is perfectly satisfactory. Consider Mr. Beebe at its dancing-floor:

> The most remarkable thing about the Argus is its habit of clearing a space in the heart of the jungle for the purpose of displaying its plumage to the female. A space, roughly circular, four to six yards across, is by some means cleared of all growing and dead vegetation, not even a spear of grass or a tuft of moss being allowed to remain. . . . The display of the Argus is the climax of all the phenomena I have noted above. Throughout the long period of feather growth and the subsequent months of calling, the ornamental feathers are concealed by the closed wings, and not until the female appears, and, I am inclined to think, only after she has returned again and again to the dancing arena, is the final display accomplished. . . . At the moment of display, the Argus faces the hen, and spreads his wings to their widest extent, at the same time bringing them down in front until they meet in front of his head, the two outermost primary feathers lying parallel side by side, their tips resting on the ground, and the innermost secondaries completing the great feather circle over the back. The tail is also erected and somewhat spread, although from the view-point of the hen the two long central tail-feathers projecting high above the wing fan are all that is visible. The general effect is of a great, vertical, concave screen or fan of feathers, the bird itself—body, head and feet—being completely hidden from view.
>
> Naturally the bird is rather anxious now and then to see what effect the display of his beauties has upon the female, or if, indeed, she is still present; and to accomplish this the head is poked through between two of the feathers, either of the right or left wing, a momentary glance taken, and the head withdrawn. Thus through the peep-hole in his living curtain the feathered actor is able to keep watch upon his audience.

MALAY PEACOCK PHEASANT

Once more we cheerfully insist that this monograph is *sui generis*, in a class by itself, and constructively more perfect than any other zoological monograph that we know. To say less than this would be to fail in the reviewer's duty to give his reader a fair and true conception of the object under treatment.

The proportions designed and wrought out for the scientist, the general reader, the art lover, and the outdoorsman are well balanced, and they have been successfully maintained. Those graveyards of scientific error, known to those who still visit them as "tables of nomenclature," have been most wisely placed at the end of the texts of the various species. The text is bright, crisp and thoroughly readable by the all-pervading general reader, and it has a human, personal touch such as few zoologists can put into their writing.

Throughout these four stately volumes, the reader is imprest by the amount of original investigation and the wealth of facts obtained in the field by the author. The array of Beebe's photographs of habitat scenery is astounding. With these exhibits in photogravure, there is no room for argument regarding the first-handedness of the author's materials. Because of Mr. Beebe's persistent travels in the Oriental haunts of the pheasants, during which he visited the jungle and mountain homes of all save a few of the species, he accumulated an unrivaled array of new facts bearing upon the interbreeding of wild species and its freakish results, the nesting and food habits of the birds, the development of the young, and the often eccentric habits of the mature birds.

Volume IV is uniform in size with the three preceding volumes. It contains 218 pages of text, 23 colored plates, 29 half-page photogravures, and 6 maps of geographical distribution. The colored plates are by Lodge, Thorburn, Knight, Fuertes and Grönwold. All the habitat photogravure plates are from photographs by Mr. Beebe.

The contents treat sectionally of the pheasant groups in the following order: The Golden Pheasants, Bronze-tailed Peacock Pheasants, Peacock Pheasants, Ocellated Pheasants, Argus Pheasants and Peafowl, and generously closes with a very welcome chapter on "The Care of Pheasants in Captivity."

The first thirty-five pages are devoted to the genus *Chrysolophus* containing the Golden and Lady Amherst Pheasants, with their forms and hybrids. Of particular interest is the phase of the Golden Pheasant known as the Black-throated, in which both male and female show marked and constant variations from the normal plumage. These birds were once thought to be a distinct species, but now are known to represent a true-breeding mutation. In writing of the Lady Amherst Pheasant, Mr. Beebe has this to say:

> Day after day we searched and watched for the pheasant which we knew must haunt these streams. [On the frontier of Yunnan and Burma, far to the north in the very heart of Asia.] A tell-tale feather had revealed the presence of the Lady Amherst, but it seemed as if

*A Monograph of the Pheasants. By William Beebe. In four volumes. Vol. 4, illustrated with many large plates in colors and rotogravure. Published under the auspices of the New York Zoological Society by H. F. and G. Witherby, London, England.

the bird would never show itself before our eyes. But fate was kind, and far up the ravine, beyond the last glimpse of the huts of the wild Kachins, we came upon a dripping mass of short bamboo which partly hid a sunny bank of pebbles. Scratching among these was the object of our search—a male Lady Amherst Pheasant in all its glory of ruff and body plumage. The scarlet side feathers shone like shafts of rubies, and its eyes, matching its cape, gleamed with the very essence of the wilderness. Among the shadows of the overhanging bamboos we made out a hen pheasant. . . .

This pair of birds—the first we had seen—were very attentive to each other, and when either had uncovered an unusually attractive supply of food, the other was called in a low, subdued chuckle.

The bronze-tailed Peacock Pheasants never have been well known, and only twelve pages are required to record the author's brief but important contributions to our knowledge of their life histories. There are two species, *Chalcurus inopinatus*, from a restricted portion of the Malay Peninsula, and *C. chalcurus*, from Sumatra. The Peacock Pheasants of the genus *Polyplectron* are a large and important group numbering six species. Their distribution ranges from eastern Yunnan to the island of Palawan, in the Philippines. The most striking species is the Palawan bird, *P. napoleonis*, and it is unfortunate that it has never been introduced into our aviaries.

Next follow the two species of Ocellated Pheasants, *Rheinardius ocellatus*, from Annam, and *R. nigrescens*, from the Malay Peninsula. Almost nothing is known of these near relations of the Argus, and because of their secretive habits and the inaccessibility of their habitats, it is unlikely that their life histories will be fully worked out before it is too late.

The two species of Argus Pheasants, *Argusianus argus*, of the Malay Peninsula, and *A. grayi*, of Borneo, well merit the forty-four pages accorded them. Not only are they among the largest and most wonderfully plumaged of the pheasants, but their habits number them among the most interesting of the birds of the world. The author well expresses the romance so closely associated with this pheasant:

The voice of an Argus comes faintly, and I thrill with the thought that I am able to slough off enough of my veneer of civilization, to free my senses and make them sufficiently keen to match against the marvellous eyes and ears of this king of pheasants. This, in a word, is a hint of the background of the picture. The foreground is filled with the heart-breaking jungle work of tramping, creeping or waiting; eyes and ears tuned to highest pitch, racking to body, but when successful, giving a joy and peace which the man of the cities and conventional business can never experience.

There probably is no more wonderful bird living than the peafowl. Its abundance in captivity is double-edged, for while we may admire it at will, we are all too likely to become surfeited with its beauty. But the marvelous display of a full-plumaged peacock, a common enough sight in any zoological garden, is a thing never to be forgotten. The Indian Peafowl (*Pavo cristatus*) and the Green or Javan (*Pavo muticus*), are fully covered in this volume. There are also full accounts of the three forms of the Indian Peafowl—the Black-shouldered, the White and the Pied.

GREEN PEAFOWL

The volume ends with a section devoted to the care of pheasants in captivity. Fortunately, the pheasants not only are among the most beautiful of birds, but many of the species thrive in confinement, so that the future of the group, in more senses than one, is in the hands of man.

Thus ends in this superb volume an effort worthy of one of the most important avian families, the members of which indisputably rank with the most beautiful and the most interesting birds of the world, and as game birds perhaps are second to none. To go into their haunts is to visit the most picturesque jungles and plains and the most magnificent mountains of India, Ceylon, China and the Far East.

Through the splendid initiative of Colonel Kuser, the best man in the world for this work has been given an unparalleled opportunity to study and exploit in word and in picture all the members of the pheasant family. The results of the alliance between Colonel Kuser and Mr. Beebe constitute a monument to both, and a debt not only to ornithology in America, but also to American enterprise and generosity in providing the foundation of ways and means. Surely every ornithologist and every lover of birds will feel a thrill of pride and pleasure in the fact that in these volumes ample justice has been done to the pheasants of the world.

VARIATIONS IN GOLDEN AND AMHERST PHEASANT HYBRIDS

Treating Poe's Genius as a "Neurosis"

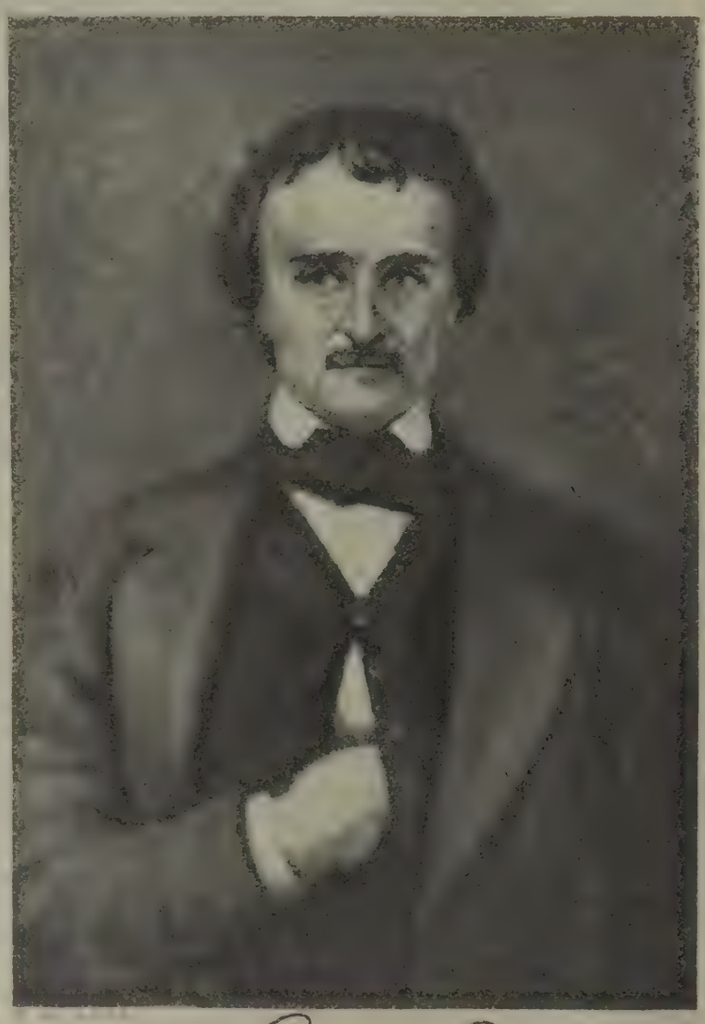
By Joseph Collins

"ALL criticism is necessarily harsh, altho it may be kindly meant," Dr. Robertson says somewhere in his book on Poe, which, for unknown reasons, he calls a psychopathic study.* The reviewer finds much to criticize in this volume. The criticism which he makes of it is not harsh, tho it is meant to be kindly. Dr. Robertson says his study of Poe "contains something which attempts to harmonize and to present in new aspects old and well-established facts, and which further makes plain the neurosis from which he suffered." It may contain "something."

The facts about Poe were stated temperately and judiciously forty years ago by a man whose labors have ornamented American letters, and few facts have been added since that time. George E. Woodberry wrote:

> Poe, highly endowed, well-bred, and educated better than his fellows, had more than once fair opportunities, brilliant prospects, and groups of benevolent, considerate, and active friends, and repeatedly forfeited prosperity and even the homely honor of an honest name. He ate opium and drank liquor; whatever was the cause, these were the instruments of his ruin. He died under circumstances of exceptional ugliness, misery and pity. He left a fame destined to long memory. On the roll of our literature Poe's name is inscribed with the few foremost, and in the world at large his genius is established as valid among all men.

To call his infirmity "dipsomania" and his genius a "neurosis" does not more securely enhance Poe in the hearts of his countrymen, or add to the luster of his name.



Edgar A. Poe

©By Edgar Allan Poe Shrine, Richmond, Va

Dr. Robertson's book is in three parts, totaling 225 pages, to which are added "A Monologue Concerning the Dead" and an Appendix. Only the first part, of 113 pages, is given to the "Psychopathic Study." Part II, "Poe's Critics," is devoted to a defense of Poe against criticisms made of him by biographers and particularly against statements made by Griswold. Part III discusses "Poe's Friend."

The thesis of the psychopathic study is that Poe was the victim of a hereditary "neurosis," which, the author claims, differs essentially from alcoholism; and that this neurosis rendered him at intervals non-responsible for his acts, at the same time giving him a personality as unlike his own in his normal condition as certain familiar forms of insanity are universally admitted to do. Entirely apart from the correctness of the author's claims, they throw no additional light on the events of Poe's life as already set forth by Woodberry, nor do they add interest to his writings, either from the standpoint of literature or from that of psychopathology. It may be comforting to some of Poe's admirers to think of him as a psychopath instead of as a drunkard; an irresponsible victim of an inherited handicap, instead of a moral weakling who, under the influence of alcohol, sometimes committed dishonorable acts. If this had been the aim of the book, and the subtitle had been "An Appreciation" instead of a "Psychopathic Study," it would not have challenged criticism.

Dr. Robertson says: "Only those who are experienced in the study of patients thus afflicted, and who have had personal association with them, can fully understand and appreciate the nature of the neurosis from which Poe suffered and the difficulty in overcoming such obsessions." A neurosis is a nervous disease not associated with or dependent upon alteration of the nerves demonstrable during life or after death. Dr. Robertson believes that Poe had such disease, that is was inherited, and that it was beyond his will or determination materially to influence it or to control it. What neurosis did he have? Was it periodic "spreeing," called dipsomania? If so, one might legitimately, perhaps, call it a psychosis, if he is bound to give it a name. But "neurosis" seems to be wholly beyond justification. Just what he means by "the difficulty in overcoming such obsessions" is not evident, or to me conjecturable. Psychologists and psychiatrists use the term obsession to indicate a state of siege or torment which seeks to control the individual and to condition his conduct. I have never heard the word obsession used synonymously as an impulsion to drink or as a compulsion to yield to the desire to drink.

"Dipsomania necessarily is an alcoholic inheritance." It is to be presumed that Dr. Robertson means to say that individuals who have an uncontrollable desire to drink periodically are descended from stock who had similar desires and succumbed to

*EDGAR A. POE: A PSYCHOPATHIC STUDY. By John W. Robertson, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1923.

them. But that does not advance us any further in our conception of what this so-called dipsomania is. The unwarrantable liberty the author of this book takes is that he speaks of dipsomania as if it were a definite disease which psychiatrists recognize and describe. Dr. Robertson is a bibliomaniac. I have Ruskin's authority for saying if a man spends lavishly on his library, you call him mad, a bibliomaniac. If some of Dr. Robertson's ancestry bought books when their more material neighbors thought they should have bought shoes, his neurosis might be called a bibliophilic inheritance. This characterization would not particularly advance our knowledge of Dr. Robertson's personality or aid us to interpret his conduct.

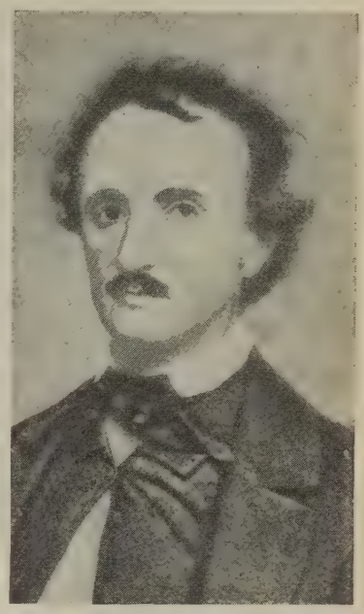
Alcohol plays an important rôle in the causation of mental diseases. Statistics seem to show that about 12 per cent. of the certified insane in this country were addicted to the intemperate use of alcohol. But it does not follow that their insanity was due to such addiction. It is but one of the many causes of insanity, and not the most important. "Dipsomania is a disease, and those suffering from it should be given such medical consideration as we give the insane." This is purely a gratuitous assumption on the part of the author. Certainly dipsomania is Dis-Ease if you emphasize the etymology of the word (and Dr. Robertson does, as he is at some pains to point out to us that genius is derived from *genere*, to beget): but if the purpose is to convey that dipsomania is a mental disease, such as one of the manic-depressive psychoses, paranoia, or other recognizable and described mental diseases without anatomical foundation, it is both unjustified and misleading. Dr. Robertson quotes Spitzka, "one of our well-known authorities on insanity," in support of some of his statements. The lay reader might legitimately infer that Spitzka was an authority of the present day, whereas in reality the science of psychiatry has been revolutionized since he wrote. The modern text-book of psychiatry has no chapter on dipsomania, nor does it recognize it as a distinct variety of insanity. Modern psychiatry recognizes many forms of alcoholic insanity and it calls them alcoholic dementia, alcoholic pseudo-paresis, alcoholic pseudo-paranoia, alcoholic hallucinosis, etc. Dipsomania is used by the modern psychiatrist to indicate a periodical impulse to drink and this impulse to be the expression of a deep-seated neuropathic taint. So far as the writer knows, no one has ever denied that Edgar A. Poe had dipsomania. Why belabor this admission when he has been comfortably seated on Parnassus for half a century?

RUFUS W. GRISWOLD

Again it might be asked, what medical consideration do we give the insane that dipsomaniacs should have? We deprive them of their liberty for their own benefit and for the benefit of the community, but that is a judicial consideration. We do not deprive dipsomaniacs of their liberty because we are not permitted to do so, tho it is self-evident that it would be to their advantage and to the benefit of those dependent upon and associated with them. Dr. Robertson seems to think that it is not generally accepted that an uncontrollable inclination to drink is inherited, and that he must prove it. In order to prove it he feels that he must first prove that genius is inherited. The teachings of biology are against him.

> As a rule biographers deem that they have completed their work of establishing hereditary predispositions on which later accomplishments depend, when they have constructed a genealogy blazed with quarterings, and all the more ornamental if marked with the bend sinister. They know nothing of the Mendelian laws of heredity.

How Dr. Robertson can possibly know that biographers know nothing of the Mendelian laws of heredity is beyond any surmise on my part. I should say that if a biographer like Woodberry should indicate in his writing or allow it to be inferred that the Mendelian hypothesis was known to him, it would be safe to lay a handsome wager on it. But when Griswold, Poe's first biographer, wrote his appreciation, or as Dr. Robertson would prefer to call it, his calumny, Gregor Mendel, the Austrian priest and Abbot of the Augustine Convent of Brunn, was quietly working in his garden making those observations that permitted him to formulate a law which has revolutionized our view of the principles of fertilization in plants, and which may eventually revolutionize our ideas of heredity in higher organisms. He published a paper about them in the Natural History Society of Brunn, but it was lost sight of for many years and not until the principles of it were rediscovered in 1899 by De Vries, by Corens and by Tschermak was the epoch-making work of Mendel recognized. Altho Dr. Robertson does not say it in so many words, he leaves the reader to infer that the Mendelian hypothesis is accepted and that it is the foundation of our theories and facts of heredity. In reality, however, the theories of heredity that must still be reckoned with are those of Darwin, Cope and Weismann, respectively, or the theories of pangenesis, perigenesis and the theory of the continuity of the germ plasm.



EDGAR A. POE

(*from an early portrait*)

> Biographers [says the author] ignore the fact that great genius like that of Cæsar or Napoleon, or such mental gifts as were bestowed upon Milton and Shakespeare, are the results of what horticulturists call a sport and occur only as an abnormality.

Biographers may ignore the alleged fact, but biologists such as Francis Galton and his pupil and successor, Carl Pearson, to whom we owe much of our knowledge of heredity, acceptable and accepted, are ignorant of it. Dr. Robertson has a particularly poor opinion of biographers, but he shows himself to be not without the quality of bias of which he accuses Poe's biographers, particularly Griswold.

> Should the biographer deliberately pose his subject from the scar side [he says], exhibiting all deformities, and magnifying blemishes, at the same time touching out the features that do give individuality and the right to posterity's remembrance, he may no longer claim authority to represent, or to be associated with one he has so foully wronged, nor to be quoted when such a life is discussed. Such a one was the Reverend Rufus Wilmot Griswold, who by artifice and fraud has so firmly and indissolubly connected his name with that of Poe, and in the preface to Poe's own works has made statements of such a character, so distorted when they bear the slightest semblance of truth, when not absolutely false so perverted as to be unrecognizable, that I cannot pass him over without full discussion.

The author of the "Psychopathic Study" prefers to pose only the reverse side of the picture.

Dr. Robertson has a way of making an arbitrary statement which savors a little of arrogance. For instance, "Genius develops early and is characterized by precocity." I suppose Pasteur was a genius. He was the founder of the science of bacteriology, the architect of a diseaseless world. There is every reason for believing that he was not precocious. Few people would deny that Thomas Edison is a genius. He certainly was

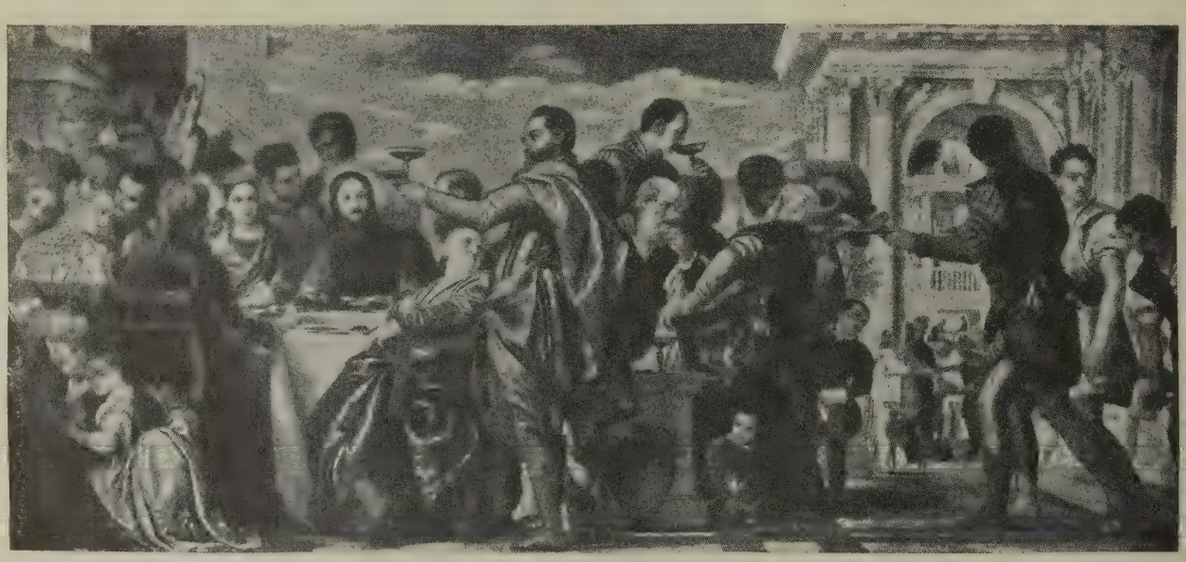
(*Continued on page 62*)

Papini's Mystical Life of Christ

By Maurice Francis Egan

PAPINI'S "Life of Christ,"* could not have appeared at a more opportune time—or at a time when readers who have followed the vagaries of this distinguished man of genius with great interest, if not always with admiration, were less prepared for it. To those who looked on his "Uomo Finito" as the highest light in his literary career this "Life of Christ" has had the effect of a shock. Just at a time when orthodox Christianity is losing its hold on the "Anglo-Saxon" races, and when Christ has become, even to great sections of profest Christians, a philosopher possessing only the divinity of human genius, and the hypostatic union of God and man in His person is distinctly denied, one finds on the Continent a return to that mysticism which accepts Him as born of a virgin, through the action of the Holy Ghost, and as God Himself. Papini, in this amazingly eloquent book, pleads passionately for that mystical union of Christ as God with man made in the image of God.

Luigi Pirandello is astounded at the change in the attitude of his colleague, and he declares that this "Life of Christ" is much more un-Christian than the impressions of Christ presented by Renan and by Dostoievski. Pirandello admits that their conceptions of the Redeemer may not be real or accurate, but that they are at least more in consonance with modern ideas. Papini has not considered Christ from the point of view of the modern mind; he treats Him as the greatest reality that ever existed, and allows no compromise: Christ was the son of God; He worked miracles, and He changed into wine the water at the wedding feast at Cana; He changed the substance of the bread and wine at the Last Supper into His body, blood, soul and divinity. The one quality of His teaching was love, and the future of mankind—the keeping of the peace of the world—depends on the emphasis of that ideal for which Christ lived and died. Those "Voltairian vermin," as Papini puts it, who expect apologies from him for the acceptance of the Incarnation and the Immaculate Conception will be astonished to find none here, for he breaks the invariable custom so dear to the modernist of explaining away anything and everything that has a mystical meaning.



THE MARRIAGE AT CANA
By Paul Veronese (Dresden Gallery)

Of the Virgin Mother of Christ, he says that he will later, in another volume, declare such great things as man has never said of any other woman; and he speaks in the most eloquent words, straight from the heart, to the poor and for the poor. The intellect with him counts less than the heart, but he will have no half measures of the intellect. He is the living symbol of that return to mysticism which is becoming a growing force in all Continental countries. It takes various forms among the English and folk of our own country, not educated in the secrets of Christian mysticism, and the recrudescence of spiritism is one of these forms. Papini holds that Christ has left in the church, which He founded on the rock of Peter, an answer to all the questions that humanity may ask. Christ, fulfilling the predictions of the prophets, is greater than Buddha and all the philosophers or heads of various cults who ever lived, because He united Himself absolutely to the poorest member of the human race, the most leprous-souled member who willed to follow Him.

One can very well understand that the impulse of Papini in writing this book was an overmastering desire to present the apostle of Love to the world as He is presented in the Gospels. Another purpose was to paint the figure of Christ as He lived, free from the theological phraseology which has covered His person from the world, with overpowering vestments, heavy, splendid and almost Byzantine. "The lives of Jesus written for pious readers," he says, "exhale, almost all of them, a sort of withered mustiness, the very page of which repels readers used to more delicate and substantial fare. There is an odor of burnt-out lampwick, a smell of stale incense and of rancid oil, that sticks in the throat. You can not draw a long, free breath." But all this does not excuse "the manufacture of religions for the irreligious."

During the whole of the nineteenth century they were turned out in couples and half dozens at a time: the religion of Truth, of the Spirit, of the Proletariat, of the Hero, of Humanity, of Nationalism, of Imperialism, of Reason, of Beauty, of Peace, of Sorrow, of Pity, of the Ego, of the Future, and so on. Some were only new arrangements of Christianity, uncrowned, spineless Christianity, Christianity without God; most of them were political, or philosophic, trying to make themselves out mystics. But faithful followers of these religions were few and their ardor faint. Such frozen abstractions, altho sometimes helped along by social interest or literary passions, did not fill the hearts which had renounced Jesus.

Papini tells us that Christ lives with us to-day, and no modern writer has shown Him and His environment with such charm and vivid coloring. Not to be irreverent, he gives us a moving picture which all can understand, and so great is his simplicity

*THE LIFE OF CHRIST. By Giovanni Papini. Freely translated from the Italian by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

and his love for truth, so tremendous the power of his visualization, that Christ, whom so many interpreters have placed far off from the modern world, moves and walks among us, and there are no inconsistencies in his picture to be explained away.

Let us take, for example, his description of the marriage at Cana, which loses nothing as put into English by Mrs. Fisher. Or the description of the awakening of Lazarus. Jesus liked to mingle in the life of the people and made His first miracle at a wedding. And Papini says:

> For the man of the people who very seldom gives way to lavishness and gaiety, who never eats and drinks as much as he would like, the day of his wedding is the most remarkable of all his life, a rich passage of generous gaiety in his long, drab, commonplace existence. Wealthy people who can have banquets every evening, moderns who gulp down in a day what would have sufficed for a week to the poor man of olden times, no longer feel the solemn joyfulness of that day. But the poor man in the old days, the workingman, the countryman, the Oriental who lived all the year round on barley-bread, dried figs and a few fish and eggs, and only on great days killed a lamb or a kid, the man accustomed to stint himself, to calculate closely, to dispense with many things, to be satisfied with what is strictly necessary, saw in weddings the truest and greatest festival of his life. The other festivals, those of the people and those of the Church, were the same for everybody, and they were repeated every twelfthmonth: but a wedding was his very own festival and only came once for him in all the cycle of his years.

Hitherto Papini has been regarded as a hater of mankind, as a pessimist who found the lusts of life alluring only because life offered in the end nothing but death; and the ordinary reader of modern Italian literature, in which he has a great place, is hardly prepared for his ardent adhesion to the doctrine of Jesus Christ that the union of one man and one woman, even in the flesh, is sacred; that husband and wife are one body, inseparable, irrevocably sacramental, and that the passion of the body as well as the passion of the soul are contracted for eternity—that "two souls become one" in love and faith. In the Kingdom of God there may be no marriage or giving in marriage in the earthly sense, because the finite quality of marriage has disappeared, and the union of bodies and souls, sacramentally, is, according to the judgment of Christ, eternal.

The difference between what is called the "Anglo-Saxon" point of view, which is supposed to be essentially Protestant, and the Continental point of view of morality is evident all through Papini's treatment of the relations of our Lord with women who had sinned. When the "Anglo-Saxon" departs from the law of sexual morality, he somehow or other feels that he has so irretrievably ruined himself that, in order to gain his self-respect and to prevent him from damning himself, he must invent a religious theory which will make this seemingly irrevocable sin a quality of virtue. With the Continental, the sins of the flesh are much less important than the sins of the intellect. Treachery is worse than lust, and intellectual pride a greater sin of unfaithfulness. Papini, interpreting the real meaning of Christ's words to the Magdalene, tells us that it was her humble acceptance of the divinity and love of Christ, rather than repentance for her many sins, that made Him show her such signal favor. Her love and her faith in Him had forced her to enter an assemblage where she was sure to be scorned and to offer the best she had to Him. It was not because she loved much, in the sense of loving many men, that Christ received her as one of the elect; but because, as in a flash, she had seen that He was the light and the way, and in that light the roses of her past had become ashes. Her repentance, Papini says, was not repentance in the ordinary sense, but only conversion to love of purity and sacrifice. It does seem rather humorous, altho Papini does not see it humorously, to accept the theory of certain modernists that Mary Magdalene was accepted because she was, in the sense of Balzac, "*une grande amoureuse.*"

Any one who has become weary of one of the greatest bores in history, Cæsar Augustus, can not fail to be delighted by Papini's vigorous picture of him. His analysis of Pilate, in which he neither exaggerates nor minimizes the text on which he founds it, is a masterpiece of psychology. One sees Barabbas in a new light, and the presentment of the motives of the mob and the unconsciousness of the Roman soldiers, eager for some work to do that will put their blood into circulation, gives one even a higher respect for an author who has put his terrible powers of analysis to the work of construction.

Pirandello finds Papini un-Christian in the use of hard words against those who hold that Socrates and Plato were practically Christian philosophers before their time. Papini tells us that Socrates knew nothing of the Christian ideal of love, that Aristotle, the disciple of Plato, says that "not to resent offenses is the mark of a base and slavish man," and he makes short work of the Christianity of Seneca without Christ. Jesus had just one aim, to transform men from beasts to saints by means of love.

> The world of antiquity did not know love. It knew passion for a woman, friendship for a friend, justice for the citizen, hospitality for the foreigner; but it did not know love. Zeus protected pilgrims and strangers; he who knocked at the Grecian door was not denied meat, a cup of wine, and a bed. The poor were to be covered, the weak helped, the mourning consoled with fair words; but the men of antiquity did not know love, love that suffers, that shares another's sorrow, love for all who suffer and are neglected, love for the poor, the lowly, the outlawed, the maligned, the downtrodden, the abandoned; love for all, love which knows no difference between fellow citizens and strangers, between fair and foul, between criminal and philosopher, between brother and enemy.

Papini follows tradition as well as the text of the Gospels. That Christ had no brothers, no sisters; that brothers and sisters were used in the sense of friends and kinsmen, as was the custom in Italy; that He worked as a carpenter, and that He loved little children with the heart and soul of a child, he emphasizes. In fact, this Life is one of the most potent and far-reaching arguments for the application of love and sacrifice to a suffering world. It is more than an argument; it is a visualization. It is an appeal to the heart.

One of the most beautiful passages is Papini's interpretation of the promise of Christ that He had come as a sword to set fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters against one another. Papini shows us that this was not intended to be strife in the material sense. Jesus was to be the sword of the spirit, the sword of love, the flashing weapon of heart and faith and sacrifice, which would force those who were permeated with the spirit of the world to fight against the impending annihilation of the false gods they worshiped.

Mrs. Fisher has made some changes in the original work; but, altho one would, perhaps, prefer to have an unexpurgated edition, the omissions have been in the interest of clarity. In fact, expurgation is hardly the right word to use. She has shortened certain passages because she found them too long. She tells us that, as the country custom of nailing an owl with outstretched wings to a barn-door does not exist in the United States, and that, tho Papini alluded to it with all reverence as adding to the horror of the crucifixion, she took the liberty of cutting it out. She was wise to supplement her use of texts from the King James version of the Bible with references to the more correct revised version, tho it might have been safer, in the interest of Papini's point of view, to use her own translation from the authorized Bible in Italian, or from the Douai version in English. Papini himself has left no doubt, in any place, of his acceptance of the Catholic Church's interpretations of texts both of the New and the Old Testaments.

However amazing this volume may appear to those who have ceased to accept the belief that Christ is God, and however astonishing it may seem to them that one of the foremost literary minds in Italy should take the things of the spirit in the humility of unfaltering faith, there can be only one opinion of the superb literary quality of Papini's work, of its loving sympathy and its intense and eloquent sincerity.

Sir Philip Gibbs Takes the Middle of the Road

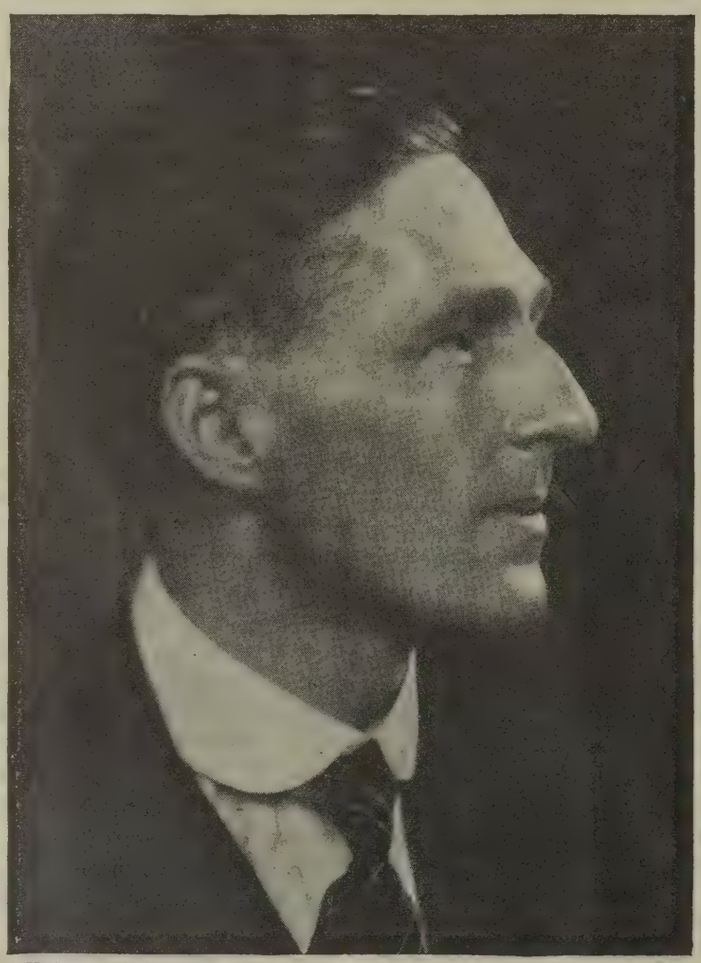
By Zona Gale

FICTION can show up the facts of folly more directly than can any other medium. Folly of men and women, folly of nations, idiocy of old ideas. In earth's present tide of folly and bewilderment, Sir Philip Gibbs has stood up three times and has cried as prophet and as recorder. Now, in "The Middle of the Road"* he does this in a novel, and the book makes one wonder how any one can write about anything else.

"Everybody," says Bertram Pollard in the novel, "everybody wants to forget the war. The profiteer, the old men who ordered the massacre, the politicians who spoiled the peace, the painted flappers. I'm damned if I'm going to let them!"

And this is virtually Sir Philip Gibbs speaking — one of the world's great social servants and a man who now knits a novel of present-day Europe and dyes his wool with the authentic colors of life.

The story centers in the broken romance of two whose social ideas mismate them. And moving through that tangle, the man, Bertram Pollard, touches Europe and sees all that he touches. He goes from the pathetic post-war set of his young, titled wife, with its broken spiritual standards and its tightened bonds of caste and its remnant trying to "play the game"; and from the older aristocratic society, doomed out of its own mouth ("We must get the working-classes back to their kennels, back to cheap labor, back to discipline")—a society which sees in the men "who in the mud and misery of the trenches won the war" only "blighters" and "trouble-makers," "upsetting conditions." He is brought into the groups of those who are "bound by their belief in the common man, by their hatred of cruelty to humble men, to women and children, to primitive races, even to birds and animals . . . instinctive, educated pacifists, believing in the power of the spirit"; those who therefore hate war but know that "it's going to happen again unless we can get some sense into the heads of the average man and woman . . . that the politicians are just preparing the way for a new war, twenty or thirty years from now . . . that the only chance against it is the intensive education of the people toward the international idea." He meets women like Janet Welford, listening to the reading of his book and saying: "Stronger! Let the truth come right out and show its bloody face to those who still believe in the glory and splendor of war's adventure—the romantic women, cruelest in all the world." Then he touches the extreme revolutionary groups, some of them passionate idealists, some of them loose thinkers, easy-going prophets, or fanatics who discredit the real revolt. And there is the background of the "poor patient people, bewildered by the non-fulfilment of all their hopes after so much sacrifice." All these the story brushes, the artist's detachment keeping always "the middle of the road," and eternally showing a single incontrovertible vista: The cold fact of To-day.



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SIR PHILIP GIBBS

The middle of the road is kept, too, when the story goes to Ireland, leading between Bertram's brother-in-law, hanged as a Sinn Feiner, and Bertram's boy brother, shot as a Black-and-Tan. It is kept when events lead Bertram to France, where his young wife, Joyce, has preceded him. There he meets the patrician Frenchman, Armand de Vaux, who loves war because a thousand years of ancestry have given him this instinct for its abominations and compensations; who would not wear a last year's coat or be guilty of a *faux pas*, but yet could carry proudly ideas of the jungle and the shambles. And there is Eugene Lajeunnesse, saying: "I recognize your right to declare a spiritual warfare against all the old imbeciles who are preparing for another massacre—the last before civilization goes—in the fields of Europe." And there is the peasant farmer, the typical *poilu* of Picardy, Normandy, Artois, who listened with amusement to the idea that there could ever be anything among nations save revenges. "It had always been like that. It would never change. . . . He had no love for war, but when it came, it came! Terrible philosophy upon which no peace could be built, no step taken by educated humanity." And everywhere in France Bertram finds the fear of Germany, fear of England, hatred of "Loy-Zhorzhe," and the sense of the world's betrayal by America at Versailles.

Then the story shifts to Germany, where Bertram's sister lives, married to a German officer. Here Bertram still keeps the middle of the road, never once loses his sense of Germany's monstrous revenge for economic wrongs, which a table conference of three powers with a grain of common-sense—meaning the spirit of Jesus—could have righted; but also he never closes his eyes to the fact that sportsmanship finds it impossible to hate—"a lesson taught by the common man obeying some instinctive decent law of nature, to neurotic and morbid-minded people who watered the roots of hatred and cultivated its poisonous fruit with unceasing care"; and to the fact that "even in war time that spirit of hate had been behind the lines rather than in the trenches."

And then he goes into Russia. And the author's passion to tell the truth about Russia is the final glory of the book. Not

*The Middle of the Road. By Sir Philip Gibbs. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

only because keeping "the middle of the road" in regard to Russia, so difficult to the layman, is accomplished, but because here the novel becomes great literature, with a Biblical simplicity, a feeling of terrific intensity, and the modernity of our own mental speech. From the first, tho he is relentless toward tyranny, there is made clear the criminal folly of claiming that all that ails Russia is the Soviet Republic. The drought of 1920 and 1921—the drought of 1920 and 1921—it stares at one from every page. But there have been Russian droughts before: where is the peasants' reserve supply? Requisitioned to feed the Russian Army fighting Kolchak, Deniken and Wrangel, and to ration the people. But why is food not sent into the famine districts of the Volga now? Even if there were enough to send, there is the utter failure of the transportation facilities. But whose crime is that breakdown? Why, the crime of (1) war; and the crime of (2) the blockade by the other nations; and (3) the refusal of those nations to-day to trade with Russia. And terror fills Bertram when he sees on a vessel at a port four of several hundred locomotives being delivered from Germany—terror for what this may mean. Never have the syndicated articles about Russia been shown to be so false as by the last hundred pages of this book, written by a man who is out of sympathy with the methods of tyranny when practised by Bolshevists as when practised by anybody else.

And who else has so caused us to see those white miles of village after village, lying quiet, without smoke or stir, with dead bodies piled in the granaries; and in the houses, beings waiting for death, long in coming? Houses having a few dried and ground leaves, a little black clay in a bowl, for all food; and nothing in the village to buy. Potatoes, sent down the Volga by the Soviet Government, rotting on the barges because the horses are all dead. The American relief trains crawling over the interminable snow, arriving too late for thousands and thousands, and saving thousands out of possible millions of the starving. Refugee trains from the famine districts taking five months to cover two thousand miles, their passengers dumped at last and lying packed for warmth on the floors of the Moscow railway station. This is the stuff of which historical novels are made: At Kazan the dozen "homes" for orphaned and abandoned children—fifteen hundred children in one such "home"; children, some of whom had been taken by their parents from their famine-stricken farms and villages and left alone in the streets of the towns, given thus some ghostly chance to survive; there they are, quite without clothing, which is burned as they arrive because of vermin. But these "homes" are vermin-infested, fireless, without furniture, blankets, soap, anesthetics; rooms filled with little children, sick, perfectly silent. Hundreds of hospitals overflowing with typhus patients! No wonder that Jimmy Hart, the American correspondent, says: "Charity of dear old ladies isn't enough. The nations of the world must save Russia—and mighty quick." War, drought, blockade, tyranny—crimes of war and crimes of peace. And the stinging life of this "historical" novel is that these crimes go on at this moment and will continue to go on until the next harvest, unless the rest of the world will let Russia conduct her own political experiment, right or wrong, and will consent to trade with her whether it approves of her form of government or not, just as it traded with her in the days of the Czar. Sir Philip Gibbs has put it up to the Christian nations, thus, in black and white.

Bertram—who to the reader is in idea always Gibbs—says: "War was not an alternative cruelty to that of peace. It was an additional cruelty. It didn't supplant the private vices and cruelties. It created more vice, more disease, more starvation, more hell. . . ."

Propaganda? No—the middle of the road. Material for propaganda? Yes, without doubt. But if these things are not material meet for a story setting, what is meet? Story and characters subordinated to these monumental settings? But the settings are also overshadowing our earth to-day. The book is such a record of Europe at this moment as we have nowhere found. A record of life, of death, and of ideas which are the root of the life or of the death of to-morrow. A historical novel whose clay is kindled, breathing.

Miss May Sinclair Introduces the Brontë Sisters

ILLUSTRATED in color by Edmund Dulac and attractively bound in dark green, the chief claim of this edition, as an edition, upon the reader's interest lies in the six prefaces by May Sinclair.* Miss Sinclair is more than a close student and keen, illuminating critic of the work of the inseparable three; she has a certain spiritual kinship to the greatest, most perplexing of them all, the genius whose fame rests upon a single novel, one which in its day received little but dispraise. Of all the innumerable novels which have been written since Emily Brontë died, there is none more nearly akin to "Wuthering Heights" than that book which still remains the high-water mark of Miss Sinclair's achievement—"The Three Sisters." And this despite every possible difference in character, construction and plot.

The preface to "Wuthering Heights" here printed is about the most recent of Miss Sinclair's many writings on the Brontës. And how vivid it is! She dispels the popular idea of Emily as an essentially gloomy and sorrowful figure. Her death, against which she fought so determinedly, "struggling and clutching and refusing to lie down to it," was tragic, intensely tragic just because her life was full of "a serene content, an immense happiness." Mystic that she was, her secret "was not meek, religious resignation . . . but acquiescence, a rapturous acceptance of all that life is." And for her it was gloriously rich, even tho its outward aspect was of a thing limited and barren. Her marvelous imagination made it "inexhaustibly eventful," as the Gondal poems clearly indicate. But because she "gives no handle to the biographer," because her life was one in which "hardly anything happened," a kind of unhuman legend has grown up about her. Miss Sinclair points out the obvious falsity of this point of view, reminding us once again that in "Shirley" Charlotte drew the portrait of Emily, and that Shirley's was a happy nature; points too to the testimony of Emily's own written words. Because her novel was wild and terrible, it does not follow that her nature was anything of the sort. The really pitiful figures among the Brontë group are those of Anne, with her religious melancholia, and the transplanted aunt, Miss Brontë. The others had compensations.

Next in interest to the preface to "Wuthering Heights" is of course that of "Villette." There is a marked connection between the two, for in the theory of "the germ of the real" which she advances—and which many fiction writers will recognize as more than a theory—Miss Sinclair demonstrates the fallaciousness of the attempts constantly made to identify the writer's personal experiences in his work: "To the dramatist and novelist . . . all that is necessary is the germ—the undeveloped thing. . . . Genius is sterile to the thing developed. . . . It acts more swiftly on a hint than on the most elaborate demonstration from without." That Charlotte used fragments from her own experience is as indubitable as that Emily placed her story among her beloved moorlands, but the "undeveloped thing" they used does not in any way imply autobiography. There is not space here in which to deal with each of these interesting prefaces; but every lover of the Brontës is and must always remain in debt to May Sinclair.

*The Novels of Charlotte, Emily and Anne Brontë. Six volumes Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A Danish Novelist's Prose Epic of Mankind

By Julius Moritzen

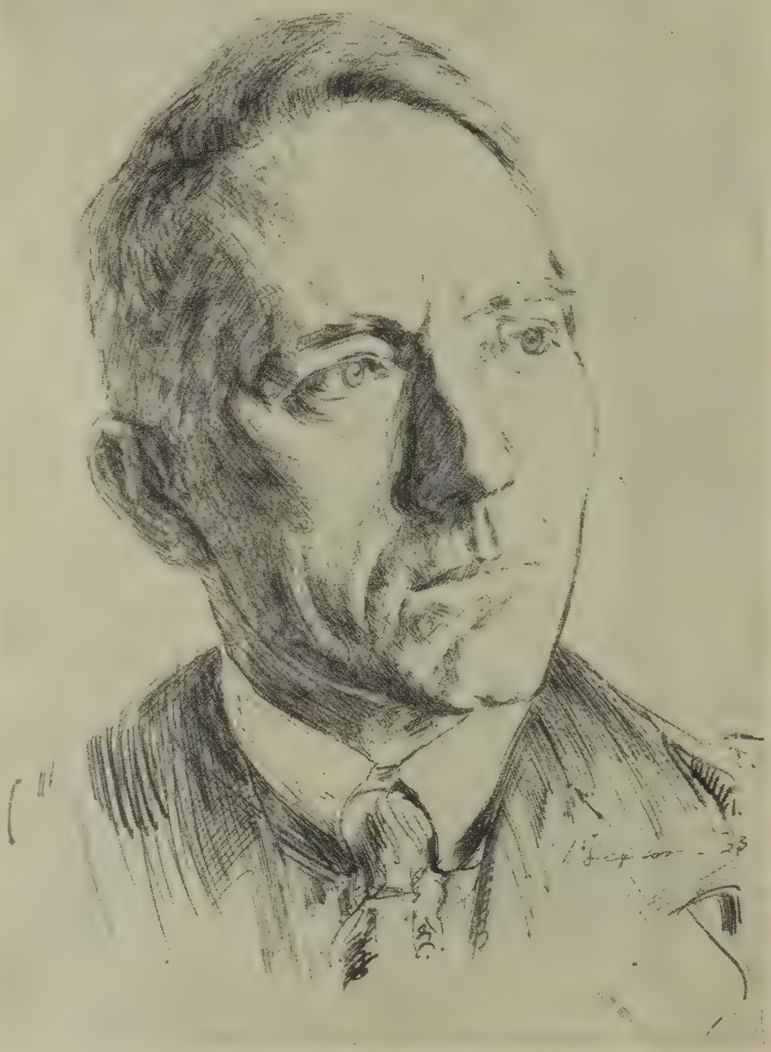
ON THE twentieth day of January of the present year, the entire literary world of Scandinavia united in paying tribute to Johannes V. Jensen, the Danish novelist, who then rounded out half a century of life. The newspapers of Copenhagen devoted whole pages to a summing up of his work. Congratulations came in streams from fellow authors like Selma Lagerlöf, Johan Bojer, Sigfrid Siwerts, Professor Harald Höffding, Professor Herbert Wright, of England, and scores of others equally prominent. A special volume was published for the occasion, and to this leading writers and artists contributed. A prophet honored in his own country!

The reason for this remarkable tribute will be evident enough to all who read Jensen's great fictional epic, "The Long Journey," an outline of science and of history and of religion and of discovery—in a form so entirely unique that only a genius with a prophetic eye for lasting values could have conceived it. "The Long Journey" appeared originally in five volumes, written at considerable intervals. The American publisher has combined the first two under the title of "The Long Journey: Fire and Ice."* The third, fourth and fifth volumes have the subtitles, "The Ship," "Norn-Guest," and "Christopher Columbus." Each book, however, stands on its own bottom, as it were, and is self-explanatory.

It is the contention of Johannes V. Jensen that mankind began its long journey down the ages in a northern latitude, which in the long ago was tropical. The opening sentence tells how "amid the forests rose a mountain spouting fire, with its scarred black head reaching above the clouds and with palms growing at its foot; this was in the warm ages when summer was still eternal, before the Ice came."

And now the journey begins in earnest. Let us equip ourselves with the giant's seven-mile boots, for the travel will be fast. Millions of years will spin past us with a speed not to be reckoned. Imagination will take on the wings of the morning. We are in the company of one who demands complete obedience; without it, the enjoyment of the trip will be spoiled at the start. But what a panorama unfolds before the vision, with this guide to lead the way!

*THE LONG JOURNEY: FIRE AND ICE. By Johannes V. Jensen. Translated from the Danish by A. G. Chater. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.



JOHANNES V. JENSEN

Science has long concerned itself with man's origin and development. Mr. Jensen has had the courage to put that whole vast story of evolution into the form of a novel. In the main he accepts the results of the scientists' long researches, but at times he takes matters into his own hands and enters upon his own journey of discovery. To him "man had his origin in the great northern forests before the Ice Age, the wild, joyous forests, where existence was bound by no laws but Nature's own, and none knew want." He continues:

> Man came out of the primeval state together with the beasts, shared their life and became transformed with them. In a forest in transformation, with herbs on the way to become trees, one species growing beyond itself and into another, the beasts found sustenance and changed after their manner, one leaving another and on the way to become a third; and as the foremost creature among the beasts, tho by no means the strongest, but the richest in possibilities, Man arose.

The first human beings that we encounter on this "long journey" down the ages are the Forest Folk, dwelling in the valleys surrounding Gunung Api, the great volcano, Father of Earthquakes and of Fire. They were divided into many tribes, but there was one tribe whose leader stood head and shoulders over all the rest. "He had the most fearsome head of hair in the whole forest, and was known to all; they spoke of him as The Man, and he had no other name; he was always to be found in the best places of the forest, together with the herd that followed him; every other herd gave way."

This primitive man, as pictured by Jensen, strikes terror in the mind even as one reads the description of him. He stands for ancestral brutality at its very worst. The tribe crawls before him, and as he awoke with the sun and shook the dew from his shoulders, "The Man was sour, he yawned wide, showing the depths of his throat, shuddered and yawned again, fretful in his soul from evil dreams, empty with no appetite so early, thoroughly miserable and very, very dangerous."

And so there follow marvelous, awe-inspiring, fantastic pictures of how brute man enters slowly on his stages of development. Gunung Api once more spouts fire and lays waste the land, driving the Forest Folk before him. The tribe reach a water-hole in which they all sit, and now they are in comparative security. Even as they are sitting in comparative safety in the water-

hole their number is increased. Amid all the thundering noise of the fire, the feeble whimperings of a new-born babe announces its entry into the world.

Thus came Fyr into the tribe. In due time he took the leadership, and with him as the author's hero we continue the long journey. He meets the Woman, but before that epochal event, Fyr brought fire to do the bidding of man; in fact he it was who stole Gunung Api's thunder. When he was quite grown up he had left the tribe and taken up his abode alone upon the mountain. He soon learned to retire up the side of the volcano every evening, when the cold began to penetrate his coat of hair, right up above the tree limit, where the ground was steep and barren, for there he knew it was warm, and he made himself comfortable for the night in caves under the lava. Thus Fyr became more and more bold in the presence of Gunung Api. Of course, he did not venture too far up the hot, naked floor toward the mouth of the volcano, where the clear glow could be seen shining through rifts in its side; and if he was well fed, it was not amiss to bring some little thing by way of a peace-offering, such as a bird or a fruit, which was dropt into a rift with fire at the bottom. That the mountain accepted small contributions was beyond a doubt; it answered at once with a voluptuous hissing and consumed in a very short time whatever was given it. Gunung Api had an appetite for everything, and it could not be denied that there was a wonderful smell, a most delicate savor, about the things the fire ate.

> Yes, there was no doubt about that, the things the fire had had in its mouth acquired a peculiarly tempting and delicious taste, whether they were fruit, which was made softer and sweeter thereby, or flesh, which gave out a positively sinful incitement in its broiled fragrance. Fyr might sometimes forget to thank Gunung Api for his warmth, but he showed persistence in bringing gifts to the fire, and so much sympathy while it ate them that his mouth watered, he slobbered all down himself, and his nostrils dilated till the fire shone right into his head. Would it do to have a taste? The fire did not always finish its meal; it often left some charred scraps—on purpose, perhaps? Fyr asked politely whether he might, and as he did not get a No he took it to mean Yes and helped himself to the leavings. It was quite a profitable thing to bring presents to the fire.

So man made his earliest acquaintance with cooked food. Then came the day when Fyr took a decisive step. Prometheus stole fire from heaven, but Fyr robbed Gunung Api of his young, when, for the benefit of mankind, he took a burning branch and went down the mountain with it.

Next comes a remarkable description of the uses to which Fyr put his fire. The blaze that he had kindled never more went cold. From the fire which he first brought down, we read, all other fires are descended; it gave him young and young again for all the fires beside which he lived; and afterward, when he had brought fire to his tribe, it spread to all the other tribes, to the whole Forest Folk, and with them it was carried out into the world as far as men traveled.

But what about the Woman? Many of the forest beauties had been on his trail. He did not know that every morning his glorious song rolled down from the height when he greeted the day together with the birds. And that was what betrayed him before he returned with the fire to his tribe. The women followed that wonderful voice and came up to him, torn by the bushes and with wounded feet, and each time he was astonished at their unfailing sense of direction.

> Fyr saw the first of them one morning when in the ecstasy of loneliness he had crowed at sunrise without knowing it; the sun and the wealth of the world beneath him gushed out of his heart in a song of joy; he stalked about on a high place owning the air and the daylight; it was all his. And then it was that he caught sight of a woman; she was sitting in the grass close by, had come quite quietly, and sat down, with her feet under her and her head bent, her long black hair falling over her face.
>
> Hish! Fyr shooed at her, disturbed in his hymn to the sun: what did the thing want, what had she come here for? He clapped his hands to make her fly off; but she didn't move either for his shooing or his clapping, sat quite still fumbling with a blade of grass, made herself as small as possible, nothing but a little stick lying on the ground hidden by hair; she was scarcely there, and not the least bit in the way, and then—well, Fyr hadn't the heart to shoo her any more.
>
> Nor was she anything of a nuisance. It couldn't hurt a man if she was sitting in the grass off and on when he happened to turn round and his eye fell on her. As a rule she was forgotten; if he saw her again one day—well, there she was, quiet as a mouse, with her head wrapped in her hair; he had got accustomed to her coming.
>
> At last one day she flung all the hair from her face and looked up with dark, frantic eyes; she bleated with closed lips, as tho a prisoner was calling in her breast, a prayer from a soul in darkness; hopelessly sunk in a necessity she yet knew not, a hot, mute world inextricably blended of outrage and warmth and craving for both. Then Fyr felt homesick for goodness. He cared no more for joy, unless he could share it with her. From that time he was no longer alone.

Of the progeny of Fyr and his mate Johannes V. Jensen has much to tell us. Also how Fyr discovered a way to make fire perpetual. And then the inevitable happened. He, the benefactor of mankind, fell a victim to his own benefactions.

Long had Gunung Api been silent, but one day he spoke. Without warning he shook himself in his foundations. Huge masses of rock came leaping down his sides, the water splashed out of the lakes, and the trees rocked in the forest. It was a frightful disturbance. Daylight vanished in gloom, the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled. The sacred cave, in which Fyr and his family lived, collapsed; and he himself, the invulnerable, the Fiery One, was seen in a state of ignoble terror, lying on his belly, precisely like the others, clutching after something to hold on to when the earth was heaving and jumping up and down. It was too obvious he did not set the earth in motion; he was not even able to stand upright on it! The thought struck the Forest Folk that as a sole means of redemption it was Fyr himself that the fire demanded.

> Beasts were not good enough, it wanted men, the whole Forest Folk; still better, the first among them; that was it, mankind in one person, the intercessor between the Powers of Fire and man, and verily, what Gunung Api wanted he should have! . . . Into the fire with him, and let Gunung Api eat him! . . . The earth still trembled a little, landslides tore down Gunung Api, and the lightning danced up in the gloom; it was midnight in the middle of the day, a horrid darkness with a sacrificial pyre like a pool of blood lying at the bottom, and in this underworld the trial was consummated. They tasted Fyr and found him fine, of a rich and delicate flavor, light and volatile to the tongue, not unlike pig, but of a more soulful sweetness. This was the foretaste of a roast which later on would array men in hordes against each other and lead to their being mutually swallowed in hosts.

Of course, long, long afterward, Fyr was remembered only for the good he did. It was said among the descendants of the Forest Folk that the sun was none other than he. But with his passing came that which was to transform the earth. Gunung Api's last eruption was more like a spasm, without very serious results, as when a giant stretches in his sleep. There was a frosty clearness around his summit. Something, not of the nature of fire, is in the air upon earth. And one morning down in the valleys the hunters and the hunted see a white hood with a strange, hard gleam, like a lifeless eye, lying upon the head of Gunung Api—the first forerunner of the glacier.

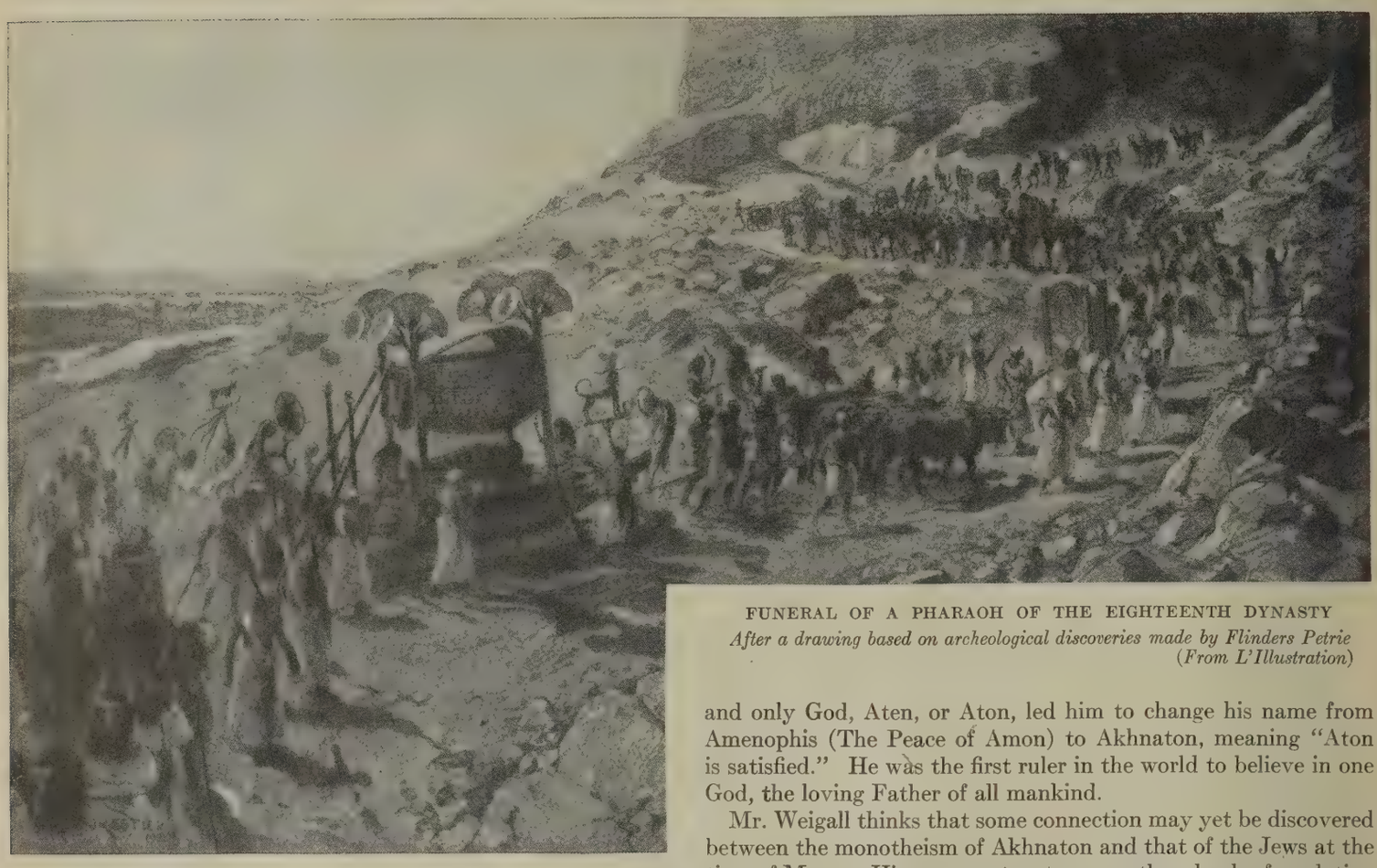
In the original Danish, Mr. Jensen calls this first volume of "The Long Journey" "The Lost Country." Literally translated, the title of the second volume is "The Glacier." Mankind in this second half of the present volume is seen to be entering upon an era of transition. The man through whom Jensen now interprets human progress is called Carl. He has been born to tend the fire; he belongs to the much respected and dreaded family whose members all have the prerogative of caring for the fire and its offerings.

In the meantime, in the course of perhaps a million years, the tropical conditions of the North are changing. The Ice Age is approaching. It is preceded by incessant rain and cold nights, which drive men out of their shiftless jungle existence.

(*Continued on page 61*)

The Most Modern of Egyptian Kings

A Heretic 3,000 Years Ago



FUNERAL OF A PHARAOH OF THE EIGHTEENTH DYNASTY
After a drawing based on archeological discoveries made by Flinders Petrie
(From L'Illustration)

AT a time when the world is still ringing with the discovery of the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen and its treasures, it is pleasing to recall the equally amazing story of that Pharaoh's father-in-law, Akhnaton, whose tomb was discovered in 1907 with the financial aid of Mr. Theodore M. Davis of New York. This story has been told in popular style by Arthur Weigall, late Inspector General of Antiquities for the Egyptian Government, in his "Life and Times of Akhnaton,"* which first appeared in 1910 and is now issued in a new and revised edition. The recent developments in Egypt, indeed, have thrown a blaze of fresh interest on this earlier Pharaoh.

The ancient empire of Egypt reached its greatest splendor during the eighteenth dynasty, to which these kings belonged—especially in the reign of Amenophis III, 1411-1375 B.C., who built the great Temple of Amen (or Amon) at Karnak, near Luxor. Thus when Amenophis IV came to the throne he was ruler of the greatest state in the world, an empire that stretched from the Sudan on the Upper Nile down to the Mediterranean, out to Crete, Cyprus and the Greek Islands, and far into Asia through Palestine and Syria. Yet it was this same Amenophis IV who lost all his Asiatic possessions and brought the empire to the brink of ruin by his pacifist idealism. The beauty of his character and of his religious ideals, by the irony of fate, caused his failure as an imperialistic ruler. It is the inspiring and tragic story of this Pharaoh that Mr. Weigall tells, for Amenophis IV was Akhnaton, the heretic king, who undertook to suppress the worship of Amon and all the old gods, and whose devotion to the one and only God, Aten, or Aton, led him to change his name from Amenophis (The Peace of Amon) to Akhnaton, meaning "Aton is satisfied." He was the first ruler in the world to believe in one God, the loving Father of all mankind.

Mr. Weigall thinks that some connection may yet be discovered between the monotheism of Akhnaton and that of the Jews at the time of Moses. His argument rests on a rather slender foundation—the fact that Akhnaton's faith originated at Heliopolis, and that Heliopolis was the ancient On, where Moses learnt all "the wisdom of the Egyptians." The city which Akhnaton built in honor of Aton was half-way between Thebes and Heliopolis, and Mr. Weigall thinks it quite possible that the present excavations at Tel el Amarna, on the site of Akhnaton's vanished city, "may bring to light information which will strengthen the now very general feeling that the Exodus has some relation to the events" of that King's reign. Thus far, however, no explicit reference to the Hebrews has been found in the records of ancient Egypt. The period of their sojourn there is still somewhat uncertain, but the discovery of bricks made both with and without straw has led archeologists to formulate the probabilities on the subject. The latest revised dates, as indicated by Professor Breasted in his "History of the Ancient Egyptians," place the Hebrew oppression in the reign of Rameses II (about 1292-1225 B.C.), and the Exodus in the reign of Merneptah, which followed—about 1225-1215 B.C. As Akhnaton died about 1358, and Tut-ankh-Amen perhaps in 1350 B.C., this would mean that Moses led his people out of Egypt more than a century and a quarter after the period now under consideration.

The Egyptians had many gods, but Amen, or Amon, the presiding deity of Thebes, had the most powerful priesthood. The sun-god Ra, or Ra-Horakhti, originally the deity of Heliopolis (near modern Cairo), had been the state god in earlier times, and in the period now under review the priests of Amon had contrived to identify the two under the name of Amon-Ra, King of the Gods. When Akhnaton came on the scene, the priests of Amon-Ra had become a power in the land, ministering to a host of gods, goddesses and demigods, and largely controlling the actions of the

*THE LIFE AND TIMES OF AKHNATON, PHARAOH OF EGYPT. By Arthur Weigall. New and revised edition, illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.

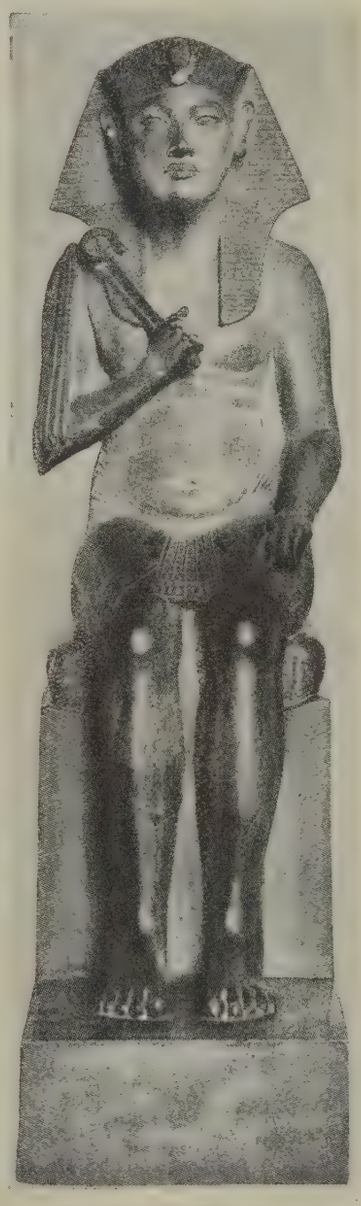
Pharaohs themselves. It was this formidable institution that Akhnaton went up against when he refined the rival faith of Ra-Horakhti into that of the one and only God, Aton, the intangible power of the sun, to be worshiped "in spirit and in truth." Apparently this exalted monotheism had been encouraged, in its beginnings, by the prince's mother, Queen Tiy; but even before the delicate boy had grown to manhood he had himself elaborated it into the purest religion that mankind had ever known—or was to know again for many a century.

All the old gods, which Egyptians had worshiped, and to which they returned a few years later when Tut-ankh-Amen succeeded to the throne, were conceived in the image of man, all with human passions, terrific and revengeful. Aton was in no sense one of these old deities, tho the young Pharaoh had evolved his idea of him through a spiritualized phase of the old sun worship of Ra-Horakhti, the Sun-near-the-Horizon. But before he was eighteen years old he had proclaimed God to be the formless essence, the loving force, which permeates time and space. Mr. Weigall continues:

> The Aton [meaning the Lord] is God almost as we conceive Him. There is no quality attributed by the king to Aton which we do not attribute to our God. Like a flash of blinding light in the night-time the Aton stands out for a moment amidst the black Egyptian darkness, and disappears once more—the first signal to this world of the future religion of the West. . . . To Akhnaton, altho he had absolutely no precedent upon which to launch his thoughts, God was the intangible and yet ever-present Father of mankind, made manifest in sunshine. The youthful high priest called upon his subjects to search for their God not in the confusion of battle nor behind the smoke of human sacrifices, but amidst the flowers and trees, amidst the wild duck and the fishes. . . .
>
> Akhnaton did not permit any graven image to be made of the Aton. The true God, said the king, had no form; and he held to this opinion throughout his life. The symbol of the religion was the sun's disk, from which there extended numerous rays, each ray ending in a hand; but the symbol was not worshiped.
>
> The Aton was "the Lord of Love." . . . He was compassionate, was merciful, was gentle, was tender. He knew not anger, and there was no wrath in Him. His overflowing love reached down the paths of mankind to the beasts of the field and to the little flowers themselves. "All flowers blow," says one of Akhnaton's hymns, "and that which grows on the soil thrives at Thy dawning, O Aton. They drink their fill [of warmth] before Thy face. All cattle leap upon their feet; the birds that were in the nest fly forth with joy; their wings which were closed move quickly with praise to the living Aton."

One of Akhnaton's longer hymns to the Aton, translated by Professor Breasted, bears so remarkable a similarity to Psalm CIV in the Old Testament that Mr. Weigall believes there must be a connection between the two.

The poet-king was devoted to his wife, Nefertiti, and apparently remained a monogamist all his life, in opposition to traditional custom. Before his death at the age of thirty she bore him six daughters, but he had no son to succeed him on the throne; that is why Tut-ankh-Amen, who married the third daughter when she was twelve years old, ultimately became King of Egypt. All the bas-reliefs of Akhnaton's family life show his loving pride in his wife and children; he delighted to have Nefertiti near him, and to have himself pictured with her in affectionate attitudes. The gentleness of his nature was shown in everything he did. He refused to go to war, even when his colonial possessions were in revolt. Human suffering was hateful to him, and in the new art which sprang up in his reign he forbade the picturing of captives bound in the agonizing postures which were customary before and after his time.



AKHNATON
From a Statuette in the Louvre

In the sixth year of his reign he decided to break away entirely from the hostile priests of Amon and remove the royal court from Thebes down the Nile to a new city, 160 miles above the present Cairo, to be called City of the Horizon of Aton. It was a heavy blow to the old order, and even the king's mother, Dowager Queen Tiy, could not bring herself to forsake the comforts of the old capital. But Akhnaton carried out his plan, and in the course of a few years he had created a wonderful city of palaces and gardens, and had turned his thoughts fully to the development of his religion. While he was formulating his beautiful creed of peace and love, however, Syria was already seething with revolt, and his empire was falling to pieces. Mankind is not ready, even now, to practise such a faith, and was then—"thirteen hundred years before the birth of Christ, two or three centuries before the age of David and Solomon, and many a year before the preaching of Moses"—wholly unprepared for it.

The price which Egypt paid for the ideals of her Pharaoh was no less than the complete loss of her dominions. As messenger after messenger brought tidings of disaster, Akhnaton stedfastly refused to make war on the rebels and invaders. But the tribute from the dominions had ceased, Egypt itself was in confusion, and the king knew not where to turn for money. He had sacrificed Syria for his principles, and bankrupted his empire; yet he had failed to establish the new religion, even among his own people.

After his death the priests of Amon were soon again in power; Tut-ankh-Aton changed his name to Tut-ankh-Amen to mark his return to the old faith, and Akhnaton's mummy, after first being removed from its tomb at the City of the Horizon to the mother's tomb near Thebes, was further desecrated by the obliteration of every trace of the name of Aton. Even the name Akhnaton in the gold bands around his body was cut out, leaving only an oval hole where each royal cartouche had been. Within forty years after his death the City of the Horizon had become the home of jackals and owls.

Such is the strange story of the first idealist, the Pharaoh who evolved a monotheistic religion second only to Christianity in purity and tone. It is told by Mr. Weigall with a simplicity and feeling that may well tempt many an unaccustomed reader to further acquaintance with this fascinating field of archeology.

* * *

A connecting link between this Egypt of the Pharaohs and the present-day Egypt of King Fuad is found in Percy F. Martin's copiously illustrated volume, "Egypt—Old and New."* The author is a veteran British journalist and economic expert, whose long residence in Latin-American countries, as well as in Egypt, has fitted him to compare the ancient architecture of Yucatan and Peru with that of the Pharaohs. His book is a mine of facts and figures on every phase of modern Egyptian life, and he traces many of his topics back into the dim realms of antiquity. That his economic studies have not blinded him to the poetry and beauty of the world may be inferred from his eloquent tribute to the glories of sunrise and sunset on the Nile. In no country of the world, he says, can the Biblical injunction—"Stand still and consider

(*Continued on page 64*)

*EGYPT—OLD AND NEW: A Popular Account of the Land of the Pharaohs from the Traveler's and Economist's Point of View By Percy F. Martin, F.R.G.S. With many engravings, nearly fifty colored plates, and a map. New York: George H. Doran Company. 224 pages.

The Literary Digest

INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

PUBLISHED BY FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY

ADAM W. WAGNALLS, PRES.; WILFRED J. FUNK, VICE-PRES.;
ROBERT J. CUDDIHY, TREAS.; WILLIAM NEISEL, SEC'Y

354-360 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

APRIL, 1923

"In the Spring—"

BOOKS are avowedly always in season; but there is a tradition that taste in reading follows the moods of the year. The light fiction of summer puts on a more serious guise in the fall. Winter brings with it the literature of substance—the learned essay, the weighty history, the novel of real life. And then comes spring, the flowering time for the imaginative writer, the season for poetry and romance, connecting the deeper studies of winter with the literary pranks and pastimes of midsummer. Such is the traditional cycle of a twelve-months' course in reading; but, like most rules founded on an imagined custom, it is quite as frequently honored in the breach as in the observance. Individual preference will not be governed by fashions in literature. A taste for serious reading is not necessarily transformed into an appetite for literary sweets and insubstantial desserts with a change of season; nor does the inveterate consumer of the ephemeral type of fiction always turn to more solid fare with the coming of winter. Nevertheless, for many—possibly the majority—there is this progressive change in literary mood, and for these there is ample store, generous sustenance, in the feast of new books provided each season.

ADMITTING, however, that in these matters reality does coincide with tradition, and that there is a predominant, unifying mood evident in each of the season's harvests of books, the variety of literary tastes provided for is equally notable. The current literature of spring, as may be seen in the survey of this season's books given elsewhere in this number of THE INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW, is not meant only for readers of poetry, lovers of romance. The Maytime mood of bud and flower, fragrance and greenery, is not for all of us as Tennyson described it. Hence, there is much to choose from in the present season's books that will come near to satisfying every taste. Here it will be quite as possible for the gray-grown student to lose himself in the pursuit of his favorite specialty as for the dilettante to revel in the latest rhapsody of verse. And for both classes of readers, owing to the wealth of material spread before them, it will be difficult to decide upon the books best suited to their varying needs. The reviewer may describe and analyze these newcomers in literature as impartially as he can; but he knows full well that rightly and finally to determine the "leading books of the season" is an adventure in criticism belonging less to him than to the mute army of contemporary readers, and still more to that unreckoned posterity with whom lies the reversal of many a literary verdict, the awarding of many a hidden laurel.

INEVITABLY the imposing array of "leading books" dwindles as it falls under the winnowing touch of time. Of the three-hundred-and-thirty-odd titles given in this month's survey of the season's publications, how many will survive long enough to come before posterity's tribunal? Comparatively few books live from one season to another, and it sometimes happens that the quickest to achieve popularity is the first to be forgotten, a fatality that attests the difficulty of apportioning, without prejudice, the merits and demerits of current literature. A perspective of centuries settles these verdicts rightly and unalterably enough. We are not in doubt as to the great classics of the past; but from the very nature of things we can not recognize the classics of the present. The student of contemporary literature is himself too much a part of the life reflected in the book that he reads to see the true relation of that book to the imperishable forms of literary art that belong to all ages while they are peculiar to none. Nevertheless, futile as it may be, most of us feel a certain zest in the making of lists of "best books," a zest which lends glamour and no small amount of usefulness to that fascinating occupation. To go over one's favorite books, title by title, has all the lure and none of the possible disappointment that comes with the computing of one's material wealth. And there are always such intricate questions, such pleasant surprizes, awaiting the delver into the past of books!

PERHAPS it is impossible, too early, to decide finally upon the "best books" of this spring. But how about the books of a not too distant past; the ten leading books—leading in the sense of being representative—let us say, of this century? There is perspective enough in such a quest to offer some likelihood of success to the would-be awarder of literary prizes. The difficulty will be, if the choice is restricted to ten titles, to turn down the claims of undoubtedly good books, even great books, to decide with an eye to the possible verdict rendered fifty years hence. There is a wealth of contrast and achievement in these first twenty-three years of the century. During this period, for instance, Hudson and Conrad have written most of their books; while Meredith, Howells, Henry James, Tolstoy and Swinburne lived well into the twentieth century, altho their best work belongs to the nineteenth. Then, there is Thomas Hardy, all of whose fiction belongs to the nineteenth, while his poetry appeared in the twentieth century—and other living writers, like Kipling, whose work retains, somehow, a flavor of both centuries, and for this very reason seems scarcely representative of either.

SO, THERE is the puzzle of the ten leading books of this century's springtime. If the choice were restricted to the work of living writers, Galsworthy's "The Forsyte Saga," Mrs. Wharton's "Ethan Frome," Bennett's "Old Wives' Tale," Rolland's "Jean-Christophe," the "Four Horsemen" of Ibáñez, might well be suggested as tentative candidates for this roster of high achievement. That would leave only five titles to be chosen from the work of such writers as Conrad, Hudson, Wells, Chesterton, Lawrence, France, Proust, Moore, Yeats, Hamsun, Bojer, Ellen Key, Brandes, Benavente, Papini, Pirandello, Maeterlinck, Tarkington, Robinson, Frost, Miss Lowell, Mrs. Atherton—the list stretches out interminably, and when one remembers that only five titles are to be chosen from it, the perplexity of the compiler of a fixt number of great twentieth-century books seems very real indeed. As a matter of fact, no list of ten books covering a period of such fine productiveness as this could expect to meet anything like general approval. But there is inspiration in the survey incidental to such a task—and for each reader of THE INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW there might be a stimulating satisfaction in choosing from this seemingly exhaustless treasure-house of contemporary letters his or her list of the ten representative books of the present century.

CLIFFORD SMYTH.

A Who's Who of the Season's Leading Books

A Springtime Dialog

"APRIL," remarked Hazel Eyes as she suddenly entered the room, "is the cruelest month."

I gazed hastily at her and dropt my eyes again. I hate to be interrupted at my work. I hate to have "The Waste Land" quoted at me. I hate to be reminded that it is April, the month when the sap is stirring and the little shoots are creeping forth and the sun is warmer and the green tinge is crawling north over the bare, brown fields. In other words, I hate distractions even tho they are as charming, as wide-eyed and as complacently thoughtless as Hazel Eyes. There she stood, the very epitome of spring, and there I sat, with corrugated brow, and pawed ferociously at a huge pile of booklets, mimeographed sheets and typewritten lists.

LOUISE COLET

From "A Lady of the Salons."
(Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"Do you see what I am doing?" I demanded grimly.

With a toss of her hand she sprayed a whirl of papers to the floor and bounced upon the desk. I rose in wrath.

"You're putting everything out of order," I cried. "Those are the publishers' spring catalogs. I'm making up a list."

"Everything *should* be out of order," retorted Hazel Eyes. "It is springtime. It is time to be reckless. It is time to stop picking flaws in books and start picking violets in woods. It is time for marbles and baseball practise and hurdy-gurdies and straw hats and——"

"It is also time to pay the rent," was my Mephistophelian addition. "And part of the way to do it is to write an article on the new publications of this spring. It must be a serious article. It must point out tendencies. Draw conclusions. Lay down rules. Mark——"

"Pish," said Hazel Eyes. "It must be nothing of the sort. What your readers want is knowledge of the spring publications. They don't care for *your* views on tendencies, conclusions, rules and marks. Their desire is to find out what is being published. So pack your three- and four-syllable words away with your winter overcoat and just give them the information. And you might start right now with me. *I'll* listen to you if nobody else does. Besides, I rather would like to know what books are available or about to be available. Are there a lot of them?"

She seated herself more securely on the desk, taking care that the dictionary was out of my reach. What could I do but sit back, fumbling among my notes, and give her the information she desired. It is impossible to refuse Hazel Eyes anything. I began rather weakly.

"I thought I'd start by pointing out that, as usual in the spring, the most important aspect of the book-lists is the fiction. There is a raft of it and it touches all extremes. While much of it is good it does not seem to strike that high peak of seriousness that was evident in the autumn."

"Of course not," broke in Hazel Eyes. "It is lighter because much of it is intended for summer reading."

"If you interrupt all the time," I retorted sulkily, "I won't go on. The fiction covers all schools and movements. There are translations and there is a deal of native work. By the way, how the native work *does* improve. It climbs higher and higher from year to year. The poetry is rather light this spring. Travel-books seem to have fallen off greatly. Drama, juveniles, and art are, of course, light. There are some sound volumes of biography and memoirs, a deal of essays and criticism, and a surprizing amount of religion and books pertaining to economics and finance."

"I've noticed how strong the religious trend appears to be in letters," remarked Hazel Eyes. "It even grows controversial at times. And there's Robert Keable's novels and Maud Royden has been here and——"

"And I wish you would let me proceed," I broke in, with, I trust, a sufficient amount of hauteur. It didn't seem to impress Hazel Eyes, however, for she merely giggled and threw my famous flat Dublin hat into the waste-basket.

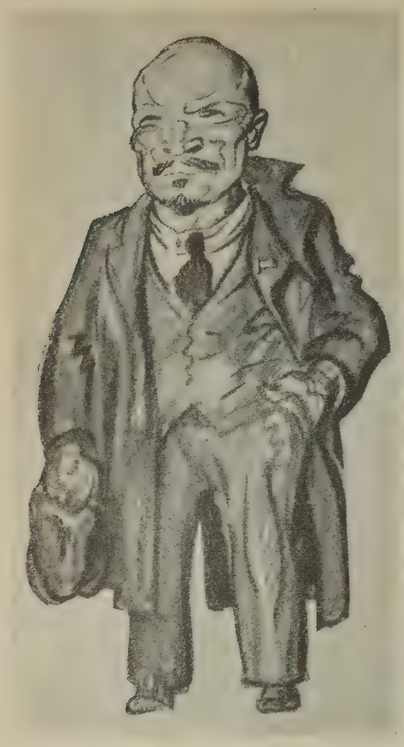
"Now here are the books (fiction, first) which the publishers regard as the more important on their spring lists," I began. "I must explain that some publishers' spring lists begin in January and February so it is impossible not to note a fairly large number of titles which have already been issued from the presses and are available in the bookstores. However, none of these books have been out for so very long and it is but right that they should be noted here.

"I see no reason why I should not direct your attention to certain English novels, first of all. If we except a very few titles I think we must admit that the fiction from across the Atlantic Ocean is the more important this spring. D. H. Lawrence, now living at Taos, New Mexico, is represented by 'The Captain's Doll,' a collection of three tales. Gilbert Cannan's 'Annette and Bennett,' in which he follows up the career of several characters from his early 'Around the Corner,' is shortly to be issued. W. H. Hudson's 'Ralph Herne' will come as a reminder of that great naturalist's lovely style. 'The Seven Ages of Women,' by Compton Mackenzie, is announced. Already out are 'Mystery at

FEDERAL HALL, NEW YORK

From "If Hamilton Were Here Today." (Putnam.)

It was here, on Wall Street, at the head of Broad Street, that the Republic was instituted and its first Capital established. It was here that most of Hamilton's great work in constructive statesmanship found inception and moved to marvelous fruition.



NIKOLAI LENIN

A drawing by Cesare from "The Mirrors of Moscow" (Thomas Seltzer)

Geneva,' by Rose Macaulay, and 'The Holy Tree,' by Gerald O'Donovan. Shortly to come are 'Old For-Ever,' by Alfred Ollivant, and 'The Companions,' by W. B. Maxwell. 'Pilgrim's Rest,' by Francis Brett-Young; 'Desolate Splendour,' by Michael Sadleir, and 'Anthony John,' by Jerome K. Jerome, all sound appetizing. H. G. Wells's 'Men Like Gods' is said to employ, in part at least, this author's earlier romantic style. 'Peradventure,' by Robert Keable, has already appeared. 'Children of Men,' by Eden Phillpotts; 'The Middle of the Road,' by Sir Philip Gibbs, and 'The Great Grandmother,' by George Birmingham, are all written by masters of sustained interest. 'Challenge,' by V. Sackville-West; 'Kai Lung's Golden Hours,' by Ernest Bramah, and 'The Wedgwood Medallion,' all out, are entertaining books marked by distinction of style. Miss L. Oulton has completed Jane Austen's unfinished novel, 'The Watsons,' and Harold Brighouse is to be represented by 'The Wrong Shadow.'"

"And what are the Americans doing?" asked Hazel Eyes.

"Well," I replied, "you may secure a new complete thirty-five-volume set of Mark Twain's works or you may dip into the first collected edition of Herman Melville's novels, now available in twelve volumes."

"I mean contemporaries," said Hazel Eyes.

"There is 'Many Marriages,' by Sherwood Anderson, and 'Faint Perfume,' by Zona Gale, and 'Homely Lilla,' by Robert Herrick, and 'The Fascinating Stranger and Other Stories,' by Booth Tarkington, and 'Being Respectable,' by Grace H. Flandrau, and 'Black Oxen,' by Gertrude Atherton——"

"Wait a minute," said Hazel Eyes. "I thought you said the English fiction was the more important?"

"It seems so to me," I replied. "The rest of the American fiction sounds, for the most part, like good stories and not serious literary efforts. 'Capitol Hill,' by Harvey Fergusson, may be an exception, and so, too, may be 'Impromptu,' by Elliot Paul. I also offer you such titles (and I am afraid that I must simply enumerate them if I am not to talk all day) as 'Tiger River,' by Arthur O. Friel; 'Wanderer of the Wasteland,' by Zane Grey; 'Contraband,' by Clarence Budington Kelland; 'Invisible Gods,' by Edith Franklin Wyatt; 'Escapade: An Autobiography,' by Evelyn Scott; 'Tim Akerley,' by Theodore Roberts; 'Jessup,' by Newton Fuessle; 'Salome of the Tenements,' by Anzia Yezierska; 'Poor Pinney,' by Marion Chapman; 'Our Little Girl,' by Robert Simon; 'Danger,' by Ernest Poole; 'The Scudders,' by Irving Bacheller; 'The Church on the Avenue,' by Helen R. Martin; 'Stella Dallas,' by Olive Higgins Prouty; 'His Children's Children,' by Arthur Train; 'Conquistador,' by Katherine Fullerton Gerould; 'Trodden Gold,' by Howard Vincent O'Brien; 'The Pointed Tower,' by Vance Thompson; 'The Public Square,' by Will Levington Comfort, and 'In the Tenth Moon,' by Sidney Williams."

Hazel Eyes drew a long breath.

"There is assuredly variety there," she murmured. "I shall eagerly await Mrs. Gerould's book and Olive Higgins Prouty's 'Stella Dallas.'"

"I've heard that Mrs. Prouty's novel is very good," I replied. "But I am not done with fiction yet. How would you like to hear a few titles that come to us in English guise from foreign lands? There is 'Sulamith,' by Alexander Kuprin (described as a novelization of 'The Song of Solomon'); 'Dr. Heraclius Gloss,' a newly discovered novel by Guy de Maupassant; 'The Gentleman from San Francisco and Other Stories,' by Ivan Bunin; 'Victoria,' by Knut Hamsun, a later work by this Nobel Prize winner; 'The Bridal Wreath,' by Sigrid Undset; 'Downstream,' by Sigfrid Siwertz; 'Demian,' by Herman Hesse; 'Selected Short Stories,' by Per Hallstrom; 'The Dancer of Shamakha,' by Armen Ohanian; 'The Late Matthew Pascal,' by Luigi Pirandello, the first fictional translation from this Italian's work, I believe; 'The Last of the Vikings,' by Johan Bojer; 'An Outlaw's Diary,' and 'Stonecrop,' both by Cecile Tormay; and Tolstoy's 'War and Peace,' volume one, in a new edition."

"And that finishes the fiction," said Hazel Eyes.

"And that does nothing of the sort," I retorted. "Do you remember the moppers-up during the war who followed the regular troops and routed stray enemies out of dugouts and hiding places? Well, I must turn mopper-up now and bring to your notice several more volumes of fiction. It is a large season on novels, I will admit. So, without more ado, I offer you: 'Tarzan and the Golden Lion,' by Edgar Rice Burroughs; 'The Thunderbolt,' by Clyde Perrin; 'Beyond the Sunset,' by Arthur D. Howden Smith; 'West of the Watertower,' anonymous; 'Spilled Wine,' by G. St. John Loe; 'Scissors,' by Cecil Roberts; 'Family,' by Wayland Wells Williams; 'Stories, Dreams and Allegories,' by Olive Schreiner; 'Druida," by John T. Frederick; 'Mark Gray's Heritage,' by Elliot Harlow Robinson; 'Surprising Antonia,' by Dorothy Gilman; 'In Greenbrook,' by Merritt P. Allen; 'The Scarlet Macaw,' by G. E. Locke; 'Mardi,' a reprint, by Herman Melville; 'The Rose of Santa Fe,' by Edwin L. Sabin; 'The Way of the World,' by Clarence Hawkes, and 'Flaming Youth,' by Warner Fabian."

"And now—" began Hazel Eyes.

"I am merely catching my breath," I said. "There is more to come. There is 'The Road to Calvary,' by Alexey Tolstoy; 'Futility,' by William Gerhardi; 'Titans,' by Charles Guernon; 'The House of Smith Square,' anonymous; 'The Pelham Affair,' by Louis Tracy; 'The Red Marshal,' by Gordon Casserley; 'The Emperor's Old Clothes,' by Frank Heller; 'The Enchanted April,' by the author of 'Elizabeth and her German Garden'; 'O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories, 1922'; 'The House of the Fighting Cocks,' by Henry Baerlein; 'Ponjola,' by Cynthia Stockley; 'The Shining Road,' by Bernice Brown; 'Echo,' by Margaret Rivers Larminie; 'The Chaste Diana,' by E. Barrington; 'The Step on the Stair,' by Anna Katherine Green; 'The Clinton Twins and Other Stories,' by Archibald Marshall; 'Island of Sanctuary,' by Arthur J. Rees; 'The Flight,' by Muriel Hine; 'The Vision of Desire,' by Margaret Pedler; 'Town and Gown,' by Lynn and Lois Seyster Montross; 'The Sea-Hawk,' by Rafael Sa-

THE ROOTED LOVER

From "A Doorway in Fairyland" (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

batini; 'Lonely Furrow,' by Maud Diver; 'The Hidden Road,' by Elsie Singmaster; 'The Isle of Retribution,' by Edison Marshall; 'The Tyranny of Power,' by D. Thomas Curtin; 'Keeban,' by Edwin Balmer; 'Blowing Weather,' by John T. McIntyre; 'Going Together,' by Louise Dutton; 'Merry O,' by Ethel Hueston; 'Pay Gravel,' by Hugh Pendexter; 'The Baron of the Barrens,' by Will J. Bloomfield; 'Under a Thousand Eyes,' by Florence Bingham Livingston; 'Man's Country,' by Peter Clark MacFarlane; 'The City of Lilies,' by Anthony Pryde and R. H. Weekes; 'The Tree of the Garden,' by Edward C. Booth; 'The Quare Woman,' by Lucy Furman; 'The Soul of Abe Lincoln,' by Bernie Babcock; 'Tomorrow About This Time,' by Grace Livingston Hill; 'Minglestreams,' by Jane Abbott; 'Feathers Left Around,' by Carolyn Wells; 'Harbor Jim,' by A. Eugene Bartlett; 'The Dim Lantern,' by Temple Bailey; 'Under the Law,' by Edwina Stanton Babcock, and 'Sandy Oorang,' by Horace Lytle."

HARLEQUIN OFF DUTY

From "The Hundred and One Harlequins." (Boni & Liveright.)

Hazel Eyes drew a long breath as I paused.

"You are assuredly a thorough mopper-up," she gasped.

"I am thorough at everything," I said.

"Turning to biography and memoirs," I went on, "I find a small but select gathering of names. First of all, there is Georg Brandes' two-volume 'J. Wolfgang Goethe,' described as a great work. Then there is Ambroise Vollard's 'Paul Cezanne.' 'The Letters of Lord and Lady Wolseley' should contain a deal of important matter and lovers of Dr. Samuel Johnson's age should find much to delight them in 'The Farington Diary,' edited by James Greig. Joseph Farington, you know, was a power in the art-world of the eighteenth century and an intimate of Gainsborough, Reynolds and such figures. 'Barnum,' by M. R. Werner, is a biography of the famous showman and 'Edward Loomis Davenport,' by Edwin F. Edgett, is the life of a famous American actor. 'The Days of a Man' is David Starr Jordan's autobiography. It comes in two volumes. 'Memories of a Shipwrecked World,' by Countess Kleinmichel, tells about the great European whirlpool and centers in Russia. 'Leon Bakst, His Life and Art' should, perhaps, be considered under art because of the fine illustrations to the book. 'The Nineteen Hundreds,' by Horace Wyndham, brings us violently against the fact that time is moving. It wasn't so long ago that writers were describing the 1890's. 'I Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson,' edited by Rosaline Masson, is a compilation of reminiscences of dozens of people who came into contact with the author of 'Treasure Island.' 'The Bloom of Life,' by Anatole France, is a continuation of that French writer's memories done in the semi-fictional style that is handled so delightfully by this writer. 'Damaged Souls,' by Gamaliel Bradford, is a series of essays about such figures as Aaron Burr and Benedict Arnold. 'A Life of William Shakespeare,' by Joseph Quincy Adams, incorporates all the new discoveries. 'A Man From Maine' is Edward Bok's life of Cyrus Curtis. 'People in Politics' contains the memoirs of Solomon Bulkley Griffin, for many years editor of the Springfield *Republican*. 'Henry Ford: An Interpretation,' by Samuel S. Marquis, and 'The Life of Sir Ernest Shackleton,' by Hugh Robert Mill, explain themselves. Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson may now be procured in the ten-volume Temple Bar edition, beautifully printed. Two new Roosevelt books are announced, viz., 'The Ideals of Theodore Roosevelt,' by Edward H. Cotton, and 'The Story of Theodore Roosevelt,' by J. Walker McSpadden. 'The Life and Confessions of a Psychologist,' by G. Stanley Hall, sounds interesting. 'Tennyson, A Modern Portrait,' by Hugh I'Anson Fausset, and 'Robert Browning: The Poet and the Man, 1833–1846,' by Frances M. Sim, should contain matter of importance. 'America of Yesterday, as Reflected in the Journal of John Davis Long,' by Lawrence S. Mayo, digests and coordinates a deal of historical matter.

"And now I shall follow immediately with a few books of history. 'As We See It' is René Viviani's explanation of the French attitude toward the European embroglio. 'The Mirrors of Moscow' is Louise Bryant's impressions of the men and women who are shaping Bolshevik Russia. 'The United States,' by W. H. Hudson (not the late naturalist), and Irwin S. Guernsey; 'The Planters of Colonial Virginia,' by Thomas J. Wertenbaker; 'Argonauts of '49,' by Octavius Thorndike Howe; 'Industrial America in the World War,' by Grosvenor B. Clarkson; 'From McKinley to Harding,' by H. H. Kohlsaat; 'Three Centuries of American Democracy,' by William MacDonald; and 'Rainbow Bright,' by Lawrence O. Stewart (a story of the 42nd Division in France), are all contributions to American history. 'The Evolution and Progress of Mankind,' by Hermann Klaatsch; 'The Long Journey: Fire and Ice,' by Johannes V. Jensen, and 'The Racial History of Man,' by Roland B. Dixon, are all studies of the progress of human beings toward civilization. 'Louis Napoleon and the Recovery of France, 1848–1856,' by Rev. F. A. Simpson, and 'A History of Rome,' by Tenney Frank, are explained by their titles. 'Naval Operations, volume three,' by Sir Julian S. Corbett, is a continuation of this writer's history of naval warfare in the recent war. 'G. Q. G.,' by Jean de Pierrefeu, is written by the man who created the French official communiqués during the war. The initials stand for the French General Headquarters. 'The Life and Times of Akhnaton,' by Arthur Weigall, is about a famous Egyptian King and heretic. It ought to be popular now that King Tut is so much in the public eye. 'The World Crisis' is Winston Churchill's explanation of the causes leading up to the World War. 'The Social Revolution in Mexico,' by Edward Alsworth Ross, explains itself."

THE MORAINE BEAVER HOUSE AND WINTER FOOD SUPPLY

Photo by Enos A. Mills. From "Wild Animal Homesteads." (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"And now let's go to poetry, drama and essays," suggested Hazel Eyes.

"Before doing that we had better briefly examine the travel books," I replied. "They have fallen off greatly in number, but even at that there are a number of interesting titles. 'Peaks

of Shala,' by Rose Wilder Lane, is about Albania. 'Head Hunters of the Amazon,' by F. W. Up de Graff, sounds blood-curdling enough, and so, too, does 'On the Gorilla Trail,' by Mary Hastings Bradley."

"She's the woman who took her little girl into Africa," interrupted Hazel Eyes.

"She is," I agreed. "And what a romantic title is 'By Camel and Car to the Peacock Throne,' by E. Alexander Powell. 'A Beachcomber in the Orient,' by Harry L. Foster, sounds intriguing, too. 'Memories of Travel,' by James Bryce, should contain some important matter, and 'Old Indian Trails,' by Walter McClintock, should be full of colorful material. 'In the Wake of the Buccaneers,' by A. Hyatt Verrill, takes us, of course, to the sunny Caribbees. 'Ambling Through Acadia,' by Charles Hanson Towne, affords that author opportunity to describe Evangeline's country. 'Casual Wanderings in Ecuador,' by Blair Niles, sounds good. The author, by the way, is a woman. 'L'Isle Percée, the Finial of the St. Lawrence,' by John M. Clarke, takes its readers to the North."

"And now for poetry," said Hazel Eyes, who possesses certain tastes for belles lettres.

"The poetry is small in bulk but it possesses one or two unique features," I replied. "For instance, Mrs. Lang has edited 'The Poetical Works of Andrew Lang,' in two editions, one of four volumes and the other of two volumes. Then there is Edwin Arlington Robinson's long poem, 'Roman Bartholow.' 'A Book of Danish Verse,' by S. Foster Damon and Robert S. Hillyer, is an anthology, and 'John Marr and Other Poems' is a collection of Herman Melville's work in rime. 'Roast Leviathan' is the first book of serious verse Louis Untermeyer has published in some time, and 'Maine Coast,' by Wilbert Snow, will introduce a new regional poet. 'The Ballad of St. Barbara and Other Poems,' by Gilbert K. Chesterton, is that author's first book of poems in years. 'Georgian Poetry, volume five,' is an anthology of the younger English group. 'Selected Poems' by John Masefield is scheduled to appear, and announcement is made that the poems of Alice Meynell are to be published complete in a single volume. 'Black Armour,' by Elinor Wylie, will be the second volume from one of our leading women-poets, and George Sterling, the California writer, is to be represented by 'Selected Poems.' Other books on the spring lists are 'Windows of Gold,' by Edwin Leibfreed; 'Trail o' Spring,' by Eugene Konecky; 'Under the Tree,' by Elizabeth Madox Roberts; 'Going to the Sun,' by Vachel Lindsay, and 'Realms We Fashion,' by Frances Barber.

"There are five volumes of art interest that I would like to mention here. 'Renaissance Art' is volume three of Elie Faure's excellent undertaking, 'The History of Art.' H. B. Cotterill has also engaged in 'A History of Art,' and volume one, about to be issued, brings it down to the age of Raphaël. 'History of Italian Painting in the Renaissance,' comes from the pen of Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. 'The Significance of the Fine Arts' is a compilation by a large number of art-authorities. 'The Future of Painting' is Willard Huntington Wright's contribution to this group."

"And now for drama," exclaimed Hazel Eyes.

"Drama? Of course there is 'The Moscow Art Theater Plays,' translated by Jenny Covan and edited by Oliver Sayler. Tolstoy's dramas are to be obtained in a one-volume edition, the result of the labors of Nathan Haskell Dole. The Theater Guild Library has been instituted and the first three plays to be published will be Capek's 'R. U. R.,' Elmer Rice's 'The Adding Machine' and Ernst Toller's 'The Mass-Men.' The plays of G. Martinez Sierra will be issued in two volumes. William Even Schultz is responsible for a history and study of 'Gay's Beggar's Opera.' 'The Vegetable, or From President to Postman' is the work of F. Scott Fitzgerald. Two other plays to be issued are 'Red Bird,' by William Ellery Leonard, and 'Dr. Johnson,' by A. Edward Newton. Percival Wilde is to be represented by 'The Craftsmanship of the One-Act Play.'"

THE DANGEROUS VOYAGE

From "In the Wake of the Buccaneers." (The Century Co.)

"Next, I suppose, come essays," remarked Hazel Eyes.

"They do," I responded; "essays and criticism. There are some pleasing titles, too. How about 'Studies in Classical American Literature,' by D. H. Lawrence, for instance? Or 'Creative Spirits of the Nineteenth Century,' by Georg Brandes? Or 'Books and Authors,' by Robert Lynd? And in a lighter vein I refer you to 'The Power of Sympathy,' by Christopher Morley; 'Books in Black and Red,' by Edmund Lester Pearson, and 'Sketches From a Library Window,' by Basil Anderton. 'These United States' is a compilation of interesting facts regarding 27 of our states by as many writers, and the rest of the States, I understand, will appear next fall in a second volume. 'The Literary Discipline' is a series of five essays by Prof. John Erskine, and 'The Apple Tree Table and Other Sketches' is a collection of magazine papers by Herman Melville. 'The Influence of Milton,' by Raymond D. Havens, and 'The Principles of English Versification' both sound learned. 'Countries of the Mind' is a collection of critical papers by John Middleton Murry and 'A Hind in Richmond Park' is the book W. H. Hudson was completing just before his death. 'The Interpreters' is by the Irish writer, A. E., who is, as you know, George Russell. 'The Doctor Looks at Literature' is a collection of literary psychoanalyses by Dr. Joseph Collins. 'The Dance of Life' is by Havelock Ellis and 'The Genius of America' is a new series of critical articles by Prof. Stuart P Sherman. "Landmarks in French Literature' is a reissue of one of Lytton Strachey's earlier books. "Random Studies in the Romantic Chaos,' by F. A. Waterhouse, sounds titillating. 'De Senectute' is the posthumous work of Frederic Harrison.

"There aren't any juveniles in the spring," remarked Hazel Eyes, after exhausting the above list.

"Of course, there are," I retorted, and flung at her these titles. "There's 'Real Games for Real Kids,' by Emmett D. Angell; 'The Burgess Flower Book for Children,' by Thornton W. Burgess; 'A Child's Day,' by Walter de la Mare; 'Baseball Joe Saving the League,' by Lester Chadwick; 'Ruth Fielding Treasure Hunting,' by Alice B. Emerson; 'Home-Made Games,' by A. Neely Hall; 'The Sahara Hunters,' by Dr. Francis

TRISTRAM OFFERETH HIS GAGE TO GORMON

From "The Romance of Tristram and Ysolt." (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

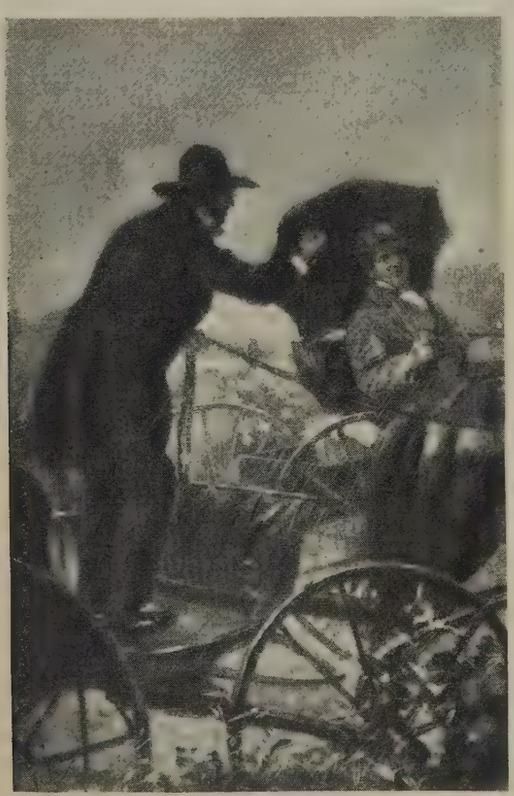
Rolt-Wheeler, and 'The Boy Astronomers', by A. Frederick Collins."

"What comes next?" asked Hazel Eyes, who was gazing impatiently out the window at the sunshine that flooded the street.

"There are a number of religious books that I would like to mention," I replied. "As I have intimated before, there appears to be a steadily increasing number of these books. 'The Coming Forth by Day' is a partial presentation of the Egyptian Book of the Dead, by Robert S. Hillyer. 'Our Ambiguous Life' is by Rev. John A. Hutton, and 'The Spiritual Messages of the Miracles' is by Rev. George Hubbard. 'Evolution and Christian Faith' handles an important topic. It is by H. H. Lane. Giovanni Papini's 'Life of Christ' should be mentioned, of course, and so, too, should Henry D. Sedgwick's 'Pro Vita Monastica.' Then there is 'Man and the Attainment of Immortality,' by James Y. Simpson; 'The Riverside New Testament,' translated from the Greek by Rev. William G. Ballantine; 'Origin and Evolution of Religion,' by E. Washburn Hopkins; 'Revealing Light,' by Sidney M. Berry; 'The Armour of Youth,' by Walter Russell Bowie; 'Preaching by Laymen,' by Ozora S. Davis; 'The Returning Tide of Faith,' by Neville S. Talbot; 'Life and Teachings of Jesus, the Christ,' by Rev. Arthur C. Headlam; 'The Idea of Immortality,' by A. Seth Pringle-Pattison; 'When You Enlist,' by Margaret Slattery; 'The Evolution of the Country Community,' by Warren H. Wilson; and 'The Use of the Old Testament in the Light of Modern Knowledge,' by Prof. John E. McFayden."

Hazel Eyes continued to observe the sunshine but I was so near the end of my long discourse that I refused to stop.

"There are a number of books relating to various aspects of economics and finance that are due to appear or have just been published," I announced to the air in general. "And here they are. 'Whither France? Whither Europe?' is by Joseph Caillaux. It gives that Frenchman's idea of modern conditions. 'Capital's Duty to the Wage Earner' is the important problem discust by John Calder. 'Monetary Reconstruction' is by R. G. Hawtrey and 'Public Opinion in War and Peace' is by Abbott Lawrence Lowell, President of Harvard University. Then, enumerating briefly, there are 'The Reds Bring Reaction,' by William James Ghent; 'Theory of Social Economy,' by Gustav Cassel; 'The Decay of Capitalist Civilization,' by Sidney and Beatrice Webb; 'England After War,' by C. F. G. Masterman; 'Money and the Exchanges,' by J. M. Keynes; 'The Coming Renaissance,' by a group of writers; 'If Britain is to Live,' by Norman Angell; 'The Economic Pinch,' by Hon. C. A. Lindbergh; 'The American Live-Stock and Meat Industry,' by Rudolf A. Clemen; Building Your Own Business,' by A. C. Burnham; 'Controlling the Finances of a Business,' by J. O. McKinsey and S. P. Meech; 'Banking Under the Federal Reserve System,' by H. Parker Willis; 'International Exchange,' by Thomas York; 'Letters From a Business Woman to Her Daughter,' by Zora Putnam Wilkins; 'Industrial Democracy,' by Glenn E. Plumb and W. G. Roylance, and 'The Constitution of Canada,' by W. P. M. Kennedy."



"I TOLD YE HE'D STAND 'ITHOUT HITCHIN'."
From "David Harum." (Appleton.)

"Now, here," I said, lifting a sheet of paper, "are a few volumes jotted down which did not seem to fit into any classification. Consequently they go into that all-embracing section known as miscellaneous. 'Adventuring in New York,' by George J. Frederick, is a new type of guidebook. 'Eating Without Fear' is by F. Scotson Clark, and 'The Fun of Knowing Folks' is by Fred C. Kelly. 'Dame Curtsey's Book of Beauty Talks' explains itself. You will never need it. Mark Twain's speeches are now to be obtained in a single volume. 'Wallpaper, Its History, Design and Use,' is by Phyllis Ackermann. 'What's Wrong With Our Girls?' is discust by Beatrice G. Forbes-Robertson Hale. 'A Mother's Letters to a Schoolmaster' is an anonymous effort introduced by James Harvey Robinson. 'Chemistry for Beginners,' by Marvin Dana, explains itself, and so does 'Fortune Telling and Character Reading,' by Gabrielle Rosiere. Other books that should be noted are 'Highways and Highway Transportation,' by George R. Chatburn; 'Man and Culture,' by Clark Wissler; 'Printing Types, Their History, Forms and Use,' by Daniel Berkeley; 'A Study in American Intelligence,' by Carl Brigham; 'The Meaning of Relativity,' by Prof. Albert Einstein; 'A Handbook of Cookery for a Small House,' by Jessie Conrad, with an introduction by her famous husband, Joseph Conrad; 'Wild Animal Homesteads,' by Enos A. Mills; 'The Soul of Woman,' by Gina Lombroso; 'Remembering and Forgetting,' by T. H. Pear; 'What to Eat in Health and Sickness,' by Benjamin Harrow; 'Thirty Years of Psychical Research,' by Charles Richet; 'The History of Magic and Experimental Science During the First Thirteen Centuries of Our Era,' by Lynn Thorndike; 'Autosuggestion for Children,' by Gertrude Mayo; 'The Valley of the Kings,' by Percy Edward Newberry; 'The Prevention of War,' by Philip Henry Kerr and Lionel Curtis; 'The Cheyenne Indians,' by George Bird Grinnell; and 'Dreads and Besetting Fears,' by Tom A. Williams."

ZANE GREY, EMERSON HOUGH AND PHILIP ASHTON ROLLINS.
A cartoon from Gene Markey's "Literary Lights." (Alfred A. Knopf.)

I paused for breath, but there came no word from Hazel Eyes. Doggedly I continued.

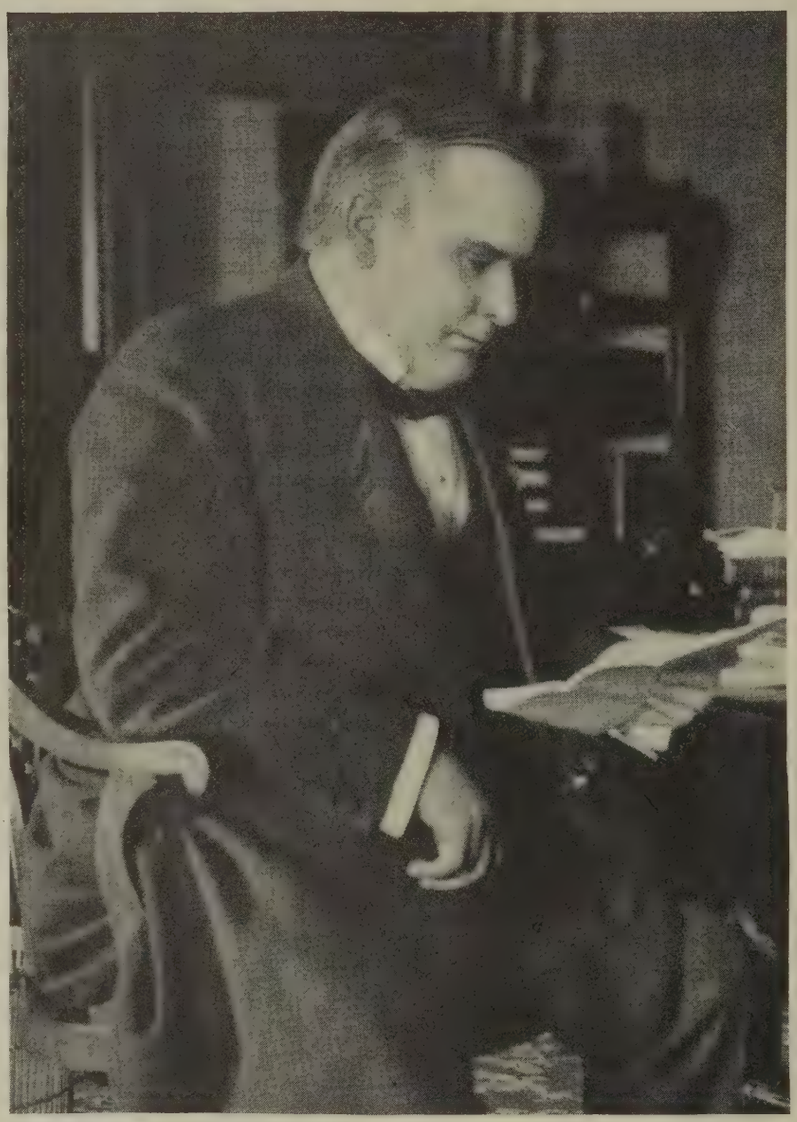
"And for a last paragraph of miscellaneous matter I offer you 'Problems of Modern Science,' edited by Arthur Dendy; 'Redeeming Old Homes,' by Amelia Leavitt Hill; Rider's Guide to New York; 'After Death,' by Camille Flammarion; 'Teeth, Diet and Health,' by Kurt H. Thoma; 'Parents' Manual,' in two volumes, by Maximilian P. E. Groszmann; four new volumes in 'Our Debt to Greece and Rome' series, namely—'Mathematics,' by David Eugene Smith, 'Roman Politics,' by Frank Frost Abbott, 'Warfare On Land and Sea,' by E. S. McCarthney, and 'Cicero,' by John C. Rolfe; 'So this is Golf,' by Harry Leon Wilson; a revised and greatly enlarged edition of Hoyt's 'New Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations'; 'English Words and Their Background,' by George H. MacKnight; 'The Spirit of the Garden,' by Martha Brooks Hutcheson; 'Chambers' Encyclopedia,' edited by David Patrick and William Geddie; 'Etiquette,' by Emily Post; 'Rowing,' by Richard A. Glendon and Richard J. Glendon; 'The British Empire and World Peace,' by Newton W. Rowell; 'The Population Problem,' by A. M. Carr-Saunders; 'Colonial Lighting,' by Arthur H. Hayward; 'Sidelights on Negro Soldiers,' by Charles

(Continued on page 76)

The "Brutal Friend" of Five Presidents

By Edwin L. Shuman

WHEN Mr. Harding was elected President he received a letter from Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat asking whether he had given the office of "brutal friend" to anybody, and adding: "If not, I make application, as it is the office I held under McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson." Mr. Harding at once sent a cordial reply, in which he said: "I will be very glad to have you accept for a full term of service the extremely important office which you have so aptly suggested." Thus far the office seems to have been almost a sinecure, since, with the exception of the appointment of Mr. Harvey as Ambassador to England, Mr. Kohlsaat has found little to criticize in President Harding's acts; but the preceding Presidents gave him more to do, and his personal relations with them constitute the main body of his book, "From McKinley to Harding."*



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WILLIAM M'KINLEY

Most of Mr. Kohlsaat's reminiscences have to do with the making of Presidents and Cabinets, but his long career as a Chicago newspaper publisher furnishes some good anecdotes of another kind. Thus we get a glimpse of Eugene Field, the father of the whole present tribe of "columnists." One day in 1892, when Mr. Kohlsaat was the owner and editor of the *Inter-Ocean*, Field printed in his "Sharps and Flats" column in the Chicago *Daily News* a joking item to the effect that the *Inter-Ocean* editor would pay the expenses of any colored man who would go with him to Minneapolis to help him nominate one of that race for the Vice-Presidency. The next morning the victim had a man-sized job explaining things to an eager throng of colored folk which packed the lobby of the *Inter-Ocean* building. Another of Field's jokes was at the expense of William E. Curtis, the correspondent, whose daily travel articles in the *Record* and *Record-Herald* are still a vivid memory in the Middle West. When Curtis returned to Chicago one day and tried to collect $150 which he had lent to Field some years before, the humorist printed in his column an item to the effect that the well-known correspondent was "in the city for a few days looking after some of his permanent investments."

Long before he became the owner and editor of the Chicago *Times-Herald*—later the *Record-Herald*—Mr. Kohlsaat's intense interest in questions of national policy, especially as embodied in Republican leaders, had won him a place in the inner councils of his party. Thus he is able to tell how the first work for the nomination of McKinley in 1896 was done just four years earlier, on a broiling June day in Minneapolis, by three men in a hotel room stript to their underwear—the three being Hanna, McKinley and himself..

Early in 1893, however, McKinley's presidential chances seemed suddenly to have gone glimmering when he found himself staggering under a debt of $130,000, due to the failure of a friend whose notes he had foolishly indorsed in blank. All that the McKinley family possest, including their home, was not much more than one-tenth of that sum. Mr. Kohlsaat's account of how this crisis was met and overcome is one of the best chapters in his book. His prompt and vigorous action took Mark Hanna and himself at once to McKinley's side at the home of Myron T. Herrick in Cleveland, and while McKinley, pale and agonized, was heard pacing the floor of his bedroom, these three worked out the plan that saved him. It was decided that, in order to show clean hands, McKinley and his wife must sign over to trustees everything they possest, and that the trustees must then raise the $130,000. The successful carrying out of that program makes one of the most dramatic stories in recent American politics, and incidentally it reveals the depth of Mr. Kohlsaat's affection for William McKinley.

This is the first book of "H. H.," as his friends call him, yet years ago he found himself inside the sacred precincts of the Atheænum Club in London, a club whose rules forbid any but authors to cross its threshold. When the American visitor learned of this rule, he asked the friend who had brought him in: "How in the world did I get in, then?" The friend answered: "I wrote in the visitor's book you were the author of the Gold Plank, and they think that is a novel." Mr. Kohlsaat was not the author of the gold plank in the Republican platform of 1896, but he was the man who forced the word gold to be put into it, and his chapter covering the whole subject is a clarifying contribution to history.

This book reveals the fact that Mark Hanna wanted to be Secretary of the Treasury under President McKinley, and that McKinley did not give it to him "because it would look too much

*From McKinley to Harding: Personal Recollections of Our Presidents. By H. H. Kohlsaat. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

like paying a political debt, and because he did not think Hanna had the training necessary."

> There is an impression [says the author elsewhere] that Mark Hanna controlled William McKinley. That is not so. His attitude was that of a big, bashful boy toward a girl he loves. It was not the power that it brought Mr. Hanna that made him fight for McKinley's nomination and election; it was the love of a strong man for a friend who was worthy of that affection.

Nelson Dingley, author of the Dingley tariff, was McKinley's first choice for Secretary of the Treasury, but when ill health compelled Dingley to decline the office, Mr. Kohlsaat decided to do a little Cabinet-making on his own account. Believing that Lyman J. Gage, President of the First National Bank of Chicago—a gold Democrat—would be an ideal man for the place, he broached the subject to him, and, meeting with a refusal, enlisted Mrs. Gage in the cause, so that finally he was able to call up Governor McKinley at Canton by long-distance telephone and say to him: "I have a Secretary of the Treasury for you." Mr. Gage was not well known to McKinley, but after two or three minutes' deliberation the President-elect pronounced the idea an inspiration, and took immediate steps to tender the office to the Chicagoan. The author adds:

> The next morning the papers announced that great pressure was being brought to bear on Governor McKinley to appoint Lyman J. Gage, of Chicago, Secretary of the Treasury. Mark Hanna came from Cleveland to Canton and said: "Where in hell is the great pressure? I never heard him mentioned for the place!"
>
> McKinley told me afterward that he received more telegrams and letters of commendation on Gage's appointment than on all the other Cabinet places combined.

Another little-known fact in Mr. Kohlsaat's pages is that Grover Cleveland predicted the war with Spain thirteen months before it came. When President McKinley was walking back with him to the White House after the inauguration, the retiring executive said: "I am deeply sorry, Mr. President, to pass on to you a war with Spain. It will come within two years. Nothing can stop it." When the *Maine* was blown up in Havana Harbor a year later the crisis which the event produced took President McKinley unawares, for he had believed that war could be averted. In April, on the eve of the declaration of war, he wired for Kohlsaat to come to Washington. When the latter arrived at the White House he found McKinley among a score of dinner guests, but the two friends soon retired to the Red Room.

> We sat on a large crimson-brocade lounge [says the author]. McKinley rested his head on his hands, his elbows on his knees. He was in much distress, and said: "I have been through a trying period. Mrs. McKinley has been in poorer health than usual. It seems to me I have not slept over three hours a night for over two weeks. Congress is trying to drive us into war with Spain. The Spanish fleet is in Cuban waters, and we haven't enough ammunition on the Atlantic seacoast to fire a salute."
>
> He broke down and cried like a boy of thirteen. I put my hand on his shoulder and remained silent, as I thought the tension would be relieved by his tears. As he became calm, I tried to assure him that the country would back him in any course he should pursue. He finally said:
>
> "Are my eyes very red? Do they look as if I had been crying?"
>
> "Yes."
>
> "But I must return to Mrs. McKinley at once. She is among strangers."
>
> "When you open the door to enter the room, blow your nose very hard and loud. It will force tears into your eyes and they will think that is what makes your eyes red." He acted on this suggestion, and it was no small blast.

The chapter on McKinley's assassination also contains a good deal of emotion, especially in the author's impressive description of the progress of the funeral train through weeping crowds all the way from Buffalo to Washington. The station platforms everywhere were crowded with school-children singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Before the day ended, every one on the train was in a nervously overwrought condition, and for days afterward, awake or asleep, says Mr. Kohlsaat, that song, the last words on his dead friend's lips, rang in his ears. The chapter closes with these words:

> As we neared Washington, darkness came on. The negroes in Maryland lighted fires near the track. As the train passed we could see their dark forms and faces in the glare of the burning brushwood. Here, too, their song was "Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee."
>
> During the entire day, in the last coach, a little, frail figure in black kept tender watch over her beloved dead.

When Theodore Roosevelt succeeded to the Presidency, Mr. Kohlsaat told him that for seven years McKinley had not made a speech outside of Ohio without consulting his Chicago adviser on its contents. Roosevelt asked him to do the same service for him, and he did, as the correspondence in this book indicates—until the split between Roosevelt and Taft severed these relations. It will be remembered that when Roosevelt reluctantly consented to become Vice-President, the politicians breathed a sigh of relief. Senator Platt attended the inauguration exercises with joy, saying, "Yes, I am going to Washington to see Theodore Roosevelt take the veil." Now the man whom so many of the party leaders had been anxious to shelve was suddenly at the head of the nation. Mr. Kohlsaat gives an amusing account of how he managed, on the McKinley funeral train, to patch up a friendship between Hanna and Roosevelt. Each of the two disliked the other. Mr. Hanna was in an intensely bitter state of mind, for he had just lost his dearest friend. In talking to "H. H." he curst Roosevelt and said: "I told William McKinley it was a mistake to nominate that wild man at Philadelphia. I asked him if he realized what would happen if he should die. Now look, that damned cowboy is President of the United States!" A little later Colonel Roosevelt, in his turn, was pouring his difficulties into the same ears. The "brutal friend" at length advised him on what to do to win Hanna for a friend instead of an enemy. He was to get Hanna to dine alone with him in the drawing-room of the Pullman, and wait until the waiter had left.

> "Then say: 'Old man, I want you to be my friend. I know you can not give me the love and affection you gave McKinley, but I want you to give me just as much as you can. I need you. Will you be my friend?' Then put your hands, palms up, on the table. If he puts his hands in his pockets, you are a goner, but if he puts his hands in yours, you can bet on him for life."
>
> Roosevelt said: "All right, I'll try it."
>
> Later, as I sat in the forward coach, I saw the waiter whisper in Senator Hanna's ear. He hesitated a moment, and then nodded his head. He came to my seat at the other end of the car and said: "That damned cowboy wants me to take supper with him, alone. Damn him!" I said: "Mark, you are acting like a child. Go and meet him half-way."

An hour and a half later Senator Hanna came back "with a smile that would grease a wagon" and told what had taken place to make him think Roosevelt was "a pretty good little cuss, after all." The program had gone through just about as the arch-plotter had hoped. The President's outstretched hands had been met, and Senator Hanna had agreed to be his friend if he would carry out McKinley's policies.

This matter of McKinley's policies had been the subject of an interesting scene just after the McKinley funeral, when Roosevelt suddenly informed Kohlsaat that he was going to drop John Hay and Lyman Gage from the Cabinet. The "brutal friend" went into action on the spot. Among the things that he said were that the stock exchanges of the country considered Roosevelt a "bucking bronco" in finance; that the immediate effect of dismissing Gage from the Treasury Department would be a panic, and that it would be known for all time as the "Roosevelt panic." The effect of this upon the new President is thus stated by the author:

> Roosevelt looked at me a moment, made one of his characteristic faces, and in one of those falsetto notes of his said: "Old man, I am going to pay you the highest compliment I ever paid to any one in my life. I am going to keep both of them."

The author's relations with President Wilson, despite their different party affiliations, were very cordial, owing to his strong faith in the League of Nations. He urged Mr. Wilson not

(*Continued on page 76*)

Combining Democracy with Russian Sovietism

By Isaac Anderson

"WHITHER France? Whither Europe?"* is the suggestive title which Joseph Caillaux, a former Premier of France, has given to his study of economic and political conditions in Europe at the present time. As the world at large is, and must continue to be, profoundly affected by those conditions, it follows that any earnest and intelligent inquiry into the causes which brought them about, coupled with an attempt to find a remedy, is worthy of the attention of all thinking men, wherever they may be, and whatever their political theories.

M. Caillaux, tho he was the center of a sensational trial during the war, is generally recognized as one of the foremost financial experts of France. In his new book he offers no panacea for Europe's ills. He does not believe it possible for any man, or any group of men, to formulate a plan that will insure peace and prosperity. But he does believe that unless steps are immediately taken, and taken in the right direction, European civilization will go to smash and "Europe will become a tiny appendix to the Asiatic continent, a kind of Asia Minor, dotted with Babylons and Ninevehs."

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JOSEPH CAILLAUX

Like others who have given real thought to the matter, M. Caillaux is not content with attributing the present state of political and financial chaos to the war. He considers that the war was merely a crisis due to policies which are still in force, and which, if they are permitted to remain in force, will make it impossible for Europe to repair the damage they have already caused and build a new prosperity on the ruins of the old. These policies are, in brief, the economic barriers which the nations have built up against each other in the effort to gain commercial advantages for themselves at the expense of their neighbors. In other words, M. Caillaux holds that the war was an economic war, not in the sense that the great financiers and captains of industry deliberately brought it about, for he does not consider any of them capable of that, but in the sense that neither they nor the politicians saw that war must be the inevitable result of the policies they were pursuing. Europe had long been in a state of industrial war. Putting armies into the field was merely an acknowledgment of a condition which already existed.

Since customs barriers were so largely responsible for the war and for the evils which followed in its wake, the logical remedy would seem to be free trade, and that is, indeed, one of the policies which M. Caillaux advocates. But, ardent free trader as he is, he sees clearly that free trade alone is not enough. He recalls that between 1860 and 1870 Europe was headed in the direction of complete free trade, and that those who had advocated that policy were looking forward to a cessation of all economic strife between nations. Why their vision failed to materialize, and why the nations of Europe drifted back one by one to the policy of protection, is explained as follows:

> Their doctrines owed success less to their intrinsic value than to momentarily favorable circumstances. The rapid development of means of communication and the sudden industrial activity caused by the introduction of steam had opened up new possibilities of production and consumption which could only be satisfied by broader markets. The doctrines of Cobden, Bastiat and Proudhon were favorably received because they permitted industrial and commercial expansion at the same time that they served the consumer. But it soon appeared that these formulæ were incomplete; they were designed too exclusively for the consumer and rested, so far as the producer was concerned, solely upon the assumption that complete freedom most thoroughly served to bring the world together; they intimated that it was enough to announce free competition and freedom of contract in order to bring them into existence and to insure that their promises of justice and humanity should be effective. In short, these doctrines, tinged as they were with a somewhat anarchical romanticism, and founded in part on a belief, *à la Rousseau*, in the goodness of mankind in a state of nature, made no provision for practical organization.
>
> And so it happened that manufacturers, having flooded the restricted markets immediately in sight, the capacity of which they knew, and finding themselves presented with unknown and apparently unlimited outlets, the capacity of which they could only guess, turned their energies to supplying these new fields by increasing production without really knowing if it would exceed the demand. The result was periodical crises, carrying in their wake ruin and unemployment. Production got in the habit of jumping from panic to panic.
>
> It also happened that the working-man, nominally left free in the struggle with his employer, possessed as a matter of fact only the right to choose between misery or the working conditions imposed by his moneyed masters.
>
> From then on the great liberal conception met with a double opposition: opposition from the capitalistic world, which clamored, fairly enough, for the organization of the producers, but with the ultimate aim of reestablishing ancient privileges; and opposition from the most advanced democrats, who wanted, also justly, to save the laborers from insecurity, but who, tempted by immediate gain, often accepted reactionary solutions proposed by the conservatives. These two tendencies drove Europe little by little toward ideas which a few years before would have been considered outworn. It fell to the man who best symbolized this brutal reaction to take the first backward step. Prince Bismarck established a protective tariff in Germany. His example was followed by most of the neighboring countries. Not without hesitation, and only after long and bitter

*WHITHER FRANCE? WHITHER EUROPE? By Joseph Caillaux. Translated from the French by Helen Byrne Armstrong. About 200 pages. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

parliamentary struggles, did republican France follow suit. England alone remained the country of free trade. But even in the country of Cobden and Bright a violent current set in which at one time threatened to give a majority in favor of a moderate tariff, particularly as a retaliatory measure.

M. Caillaux goes on to explain how, under the new industrial conditions, protective tariffs fostered the organization of trusts and cartels, whose object was to secure to themselves control of the home markets, and how, when this was accomplished, they felt the need of seeking foreign markets and did so by selling at a very small profit or even at a loss, thereby crushing competition and entrenching themselves so strongly that they could dictate prices. Thus the trusts and cartels became instruments of economic aggression, by means of which nation fought against nation for the markets of the world. Then the question began to be asked:

> But was not the end of all this war?
>
> "Is war really certain?" the business magnates questioned. "And, after all, would it be such a bad thing? Stocks are on hand. A war would help us to dispose of them. The struggle would, of course, be short—all the generals in all the countries have promised us that. If it should last rather long—well—we'll have to put up with it." While Kuropatkin was saying to Plehve, "We need a nice little victorious war to stem the tide of revolution," many a big employer across the Rhine was whispering into the ear of his neighbor—or rival—perhaps across the frontier: "War will save us from all this humanitarian nonsense and deliver us from socialists and their plans. It will do away with the foolish idea of a European union which would eat up our profits. It, and it alone, will secure us large advances in prices."
>
> Meanwhile, in the chancelleries of Europe, where the aristocrats had taken refuge and where they now dominated the ministers, the importance of numerous diplomatic incidents was being exaggerated. A prudent and patient spirit might, and should, have minimized them. But weak or prejudiced politicians, excitable government officials, reactionaries who had been swept off their feet by the force of economic developments, who were unable to control themselves, who hardly wanted to—all these were either secretly working for war or toying with the idea of it.
>
> "The more one reads memoirs and books about the events before August 1, 1914, the more one realizes that none of the men at the head of the government really wanted war *at that time*," said Mr. Lloyd George in a speech on December 23, 1920.
>
> This is true enough if one underlines "at that time," if one draws attention to the fact that tho no leader in August or July, 1914, "really wanted" to hurl the peoples of the world over the precipice—every one hesitates on the verge of an abyss!—there were many who, in imagination at least, had looked over the edge and had blustered as they did so.
>
> But, after all, this question is only of secondary importance.
>
> In vain the feeble creatures, the "systematic and infatuated" men, cry out obstinately, "We did not mean to do that." In vain their defenders hand them the basin of Pontius Pilate, which for centuries has been passed from hand to hand like the torch of the ancient runner. They did not want peace *enough* to ward off the catastrophe; they were not able to avert the war; that is sufficient.

The war, which overthrew governments and redrew boundary lines, did nothing to curb the power of the industrial oligarchies, except in Russia, where the soviet control of industry is already being modified in the direction of the old order of things. Elsewhere the trusts are more powerful than ever. Many of them were enriched by the war, and many have been able to extend their field of operations by buying up, for little or nothing, the plants of smaller industries which were ruined by the war. In Germany Stinnes has introduced the "vertical" trust, beside which the prewar cartel is a mere pigmy. Beginning with the coal and iron mines which supply his raw materials, he controls every step of the industry down to the finished product. In addition, he controls a chain of from sixty to one hundred newspapers, besides the cellulose factories and the forests which supply the pulp. It is estimated that he controls a capital of about eight billion marks, only part of which is employed in Germany. And there are other trust magnates only less powerful than Stinnes, and some of them are found in other countries besides Germany. The old weapons of economic aggression still exist and are prepared to do their work more efficiently than ever.

Many other phases of the European situation are discust by M. Caillaux—the reparations problem, the inflation of the currency, the question of public debts, the relationship between capital and labor—and all these problems are so interrelated that to settle one it is necessary to settle them all. In his summing up, the author says:

> The supreme question of the day is this: how are we to adjust the political institutions founded by our fathers to the economic forces which have become our real rulers—our chaotic, disorganized, all-powerful rulers?
>
> There are three ways of answering this question. We can drift, and Europe will fall completely under the domination of an anarchical feudalism. We can overthrow everything—which is communism, with its miseries, its ruins, its impossibilities. Or we can subordinate the business interests to the common welfare by destroying privilege.
>
> There is no room for evasion. It is useless to attempt to repair the torn social fabric with patches stuck here and there at random. . . . Only a complete transformation will produce results. But what form shall it take?
>
> In every country an economic state must be formed within the political state, not above it, as has sometimes been suggested, but definitely subordinated to it. The next step—almost more important—will be to federate these economic states.

How this might be accomplished is suggested in the following paragraphs:

> To maintain parliamentary assemblies with political powers (and only political powers), and to hand over to new organizations complete control of the economic state—in a word, to *combine Western democracy and Russian sovietism—this is the goal to be reached!*
>
> It will be achieved by different methods in different countries. As soon as each nation has done away with existing privileges it will seek and discover the formulæ best suited to its particular traditions and genius. Will not France, modelling its future by its past, tend to form a great Economic Council of State, composed of a majority of representatives of the intellectual and manual workers, elected by the unions or other associations? This Economic Council, which would have at its command various technical committees, would be given the sole right to consider and propose to Parliament (by the side of which it would exist), laws bearing on economics, which the nation's parliamentary representatives could then accept, reject or return for further study. It would also be invested with the regulatory power now exercised by incompetent bureaus and by the narrow jurists and officials composing the present Council of State. The Chambers—or the single Chamber—elected by universal suffrage and controlled by popular referenda—would act as a check upon the extreme or unconsidered proposals of the council elected by representatives of interests, thus saving the country from nationalist corporatism, which is quite as dangerous as the dictatorship of an oligarchy.
>
> For let there be no mistake—the nationalization of production is absolutely vital to Europe, but its development is fraught with peril. It may form the democracies of the world into armed camps by extending the skyscrapers [*i.e.*, the trusts] and transforming every nation into a fortress which the masses of that country might prove as determined and bitter in defending as ever the magnates had been. It would indeed be lamentable if the oligarchs were overthrown only to be replaced by more bellicose agencies, if, after having done away with the domination of man over man inside a nation, the old mentality of the potentates should be spread through the world and opportunities and pretexts for conflicts between nations should thus be increased.

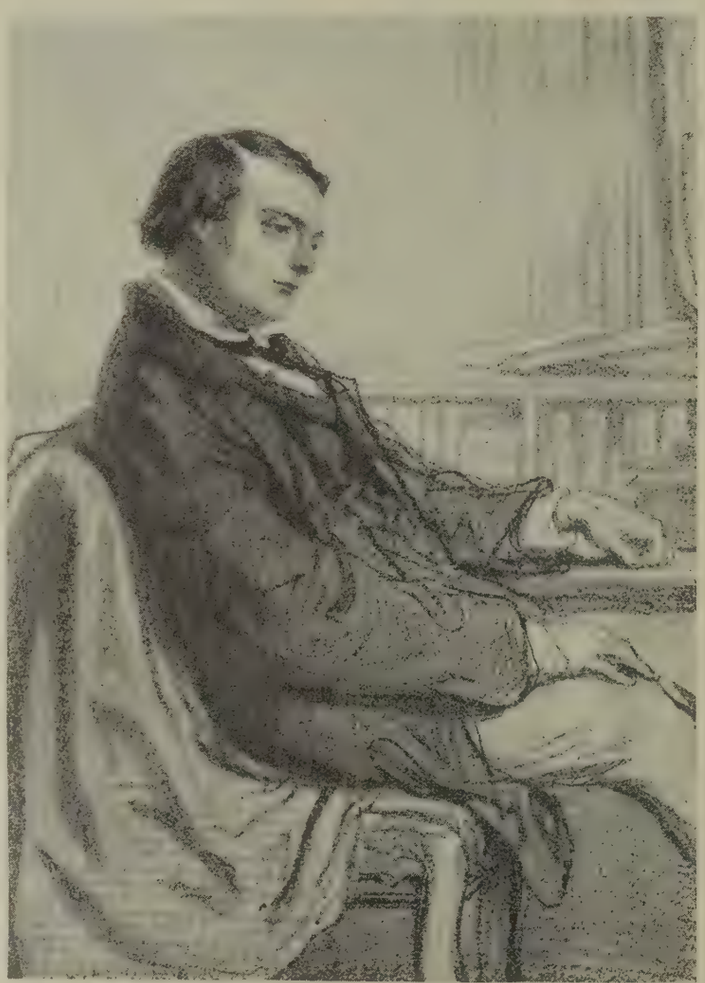
Discussing the federation of these economic states, he says in part:

> Reconstruction will be brought about only if industry will work in harmony internationally, only if nations can agree upon the all-important questions relating to the distribution of raw materials, market, customs, communications, the reasonable exploitation of natural resources, the common use of discoveries and the organization of a scientific technique. The delegates of the parliaments or of the economic councils, sitting in a European assembly, could then consider these problems and, by degrees, might be able to elaborate a unified economic and financial code for the whole Continent.
>
> What a long and arduous road, full of sloughs and bogs, with many a halting place upon the way! We will not presume to describe it or to predict how it shall be traveled. Even as it took generations of pilgrims to put in place the stones of our beautiful cathedrals, so the structure of the future will be built by successive hosts of the world of labor, which will need many long years to perfect their task. The important thing now is to make a start in the right direction.

Centenary of the French Poet of Laughter

By Albert Schinz

OF THE frequent commemorations of centenaries, bicentenaries, and tricentenaries in recent years, few are more appropriate than the one due in April, 1923, in honor of Theodore de Banville (1823–1891). Banville sang courage and hope untiringly in a half century which was remarkably fertile in great catastrophes, which witnessed the Revolution of 1848, then the unceasing wars of the reign of Napoleon III, then the "Année terrible" of 1870–71. So, to-day, in the heavy years of after-war reconstruction, in the disappointments of an unsatisfactory peace, the French like to turn to the poet who refused to yield before gloom and despair. They might have turned to the great elegiacs of romantic times, to Lamartine, to Musset, to Vigny. But war had made *men* of them, and they were in no crying mood; so they turned to the poet who, while Baudelaire was writing his somber "Fleurs du mal" (1857), wrote, as in answer, his "Odelettes" sparkling with sound humor, and his "Odes funambulesques" sparkling with "fun."



THEODORE DE BANVILLE

Yes, it had been for quite a long time the fashion to praise to the sky the sinister Baudelaire, and to show a grand contempt for the not-tragic Banville. And in America, critics—who should have had so many good reasons to see life more cheerfully than they could do in Europe—chose to echo the opinion of their brothers from over-seas; "works deficient in substance," writes one; "dexterity without depth," answers another.* Jules Tellier was right when, in speaking of Banville, he remarked: "But, what! we respect those only who bore us!"

Banville to-day is being vindicated. The world is in a state of chaos; this is the very time *not* to abide by great romantic phrases. Thus, greetings to the man who started his career as a poet with the words: "An immense longing for happiness and for hope is at the bottom of the human soul," and who, consistently for five decades, endeavored to fight discouragement by "creating this thing, supernatural and divine, laughter." Greetings to the man who never allowed sentimental despair to get the better of him! You may be deserted by luck altogether, he said; you may be as poor as the poorest; you can always have your dreams and smile in them. His ambition as a poet was to bring cheer; the rest mattered little.

With what charm he did it! Only one, since his days, could be compared to him, namely, Rostand in his too-little-known volume, "Les Musardises," and in some passages of "Cyrano." Remember the graceful "Chanson à boire" of "Les Stalactites"; or the "Chanson de ma Mie," the gem that adorns every anthology:

L'eau dans les grands lacs bleus
Endormie,
Est le miroir des cieux:
Mais j'aime mieux les yeux
De ma mie.

Remember the story of "Loys," which in its two pages contains as much delicate and lofty poetry of love as the three acts of Rostand's "Princesse Lointaine." A young page falls in love with the fair lady he serves, and she answers with a love just as ethereal and pure; when the lord, his master, returns, the page leaves for far-away Palestine, never to return; and she goes to a convent and buries her sorrow under the veil of a nun.

Some one tabulated the words most frequent under Banville's pen; he found them to be "lys," "rose," "pourpre," "étoile." And another remarked that many of Banville's collections of verses ended on the word "étoile." Asked whether this was intentional, Banville answered, "Of course it was!"

Now, let no one imagine that perhaps the secret of his cheerfulness lies in the fact that happiness was his share in life. His life was not very eventful, but he had his full share of troubles, and very prosaic duties to fulfil. The irony of life he felt at times deeply; like many human beings he wondered whether he was not often playing the part of the clown in a circus. His *real* life, however, he ever kept within the domain of art; nothing could prevent him from jumping out of the clownery of life into the stars. Indeed, he has this very image in one of his most characteristic poems—one of his "Odes funambulesques."

In the art of verse-writing Banville is hard to surpass. He shares with Théophile Gautier the epithet "impeccable." He wrote the poem ("Odelette à Théophile Gautier") which inspired the latter's famous ode, "L'Art"; which exprest in verse the *credo* of the Parnassian School; then Banville exprest and developed this same *credo* in prose in his "Petit Traité d'Art poétique," one of the most clever treatises on poetry written in any language.

Banville's poetic parentage is of the highest. He claims Villon as his master ("Ode à Villon, mon maître"), and he can boast of Verlaine as a pupil, who coined the well-known verse:

De la musique avant toute chose.

*NITZE AND DARGAN. "HISTORY OF FRENCH LITERATURE." Holt & Co., 1923.

Evolving Beauty from Man's Earliest Art

By Charles de Kay

EVER since primitive ages, when basket-weavers coated their baskets with clay in order to boil water over wood fires, and found the clay-clad basketry harden into pottery, fictile ware has remained close to mankind, at first a dull, faithful servant, but gradually developing into forms of beauty that charm the esthetic sense with countless shapes and colors. We shall never know how many graceful, lovely articles in basketwork have perished, but pottery and porcelain survive; tho broken sometimes, the fragments are sufficient to reconstruct the crock. And so pottery, that intimate household thing, has become one of the mainstays of those who search the soil for evidence of lost tribes and races, thus helping man to imagine what by-gone ages were like and hazard guesses at the civilization of epochs long vanished down the past.

Not always do potsherds, however, indicate that they were baked on the spot where they are found. Heaps of a fine pale-green céladon ware, for example, showing that the art had advanced to hard porcelain, have been found in Persia. This gave rise to the belief that the early Persians or Parthians had attained to porcelain. Now it is concluded that these survivals merely show how great was the commerce between China and the Euphrates valley, which could amass such quantities of broken ware brought westward overland from the home of porcelain.

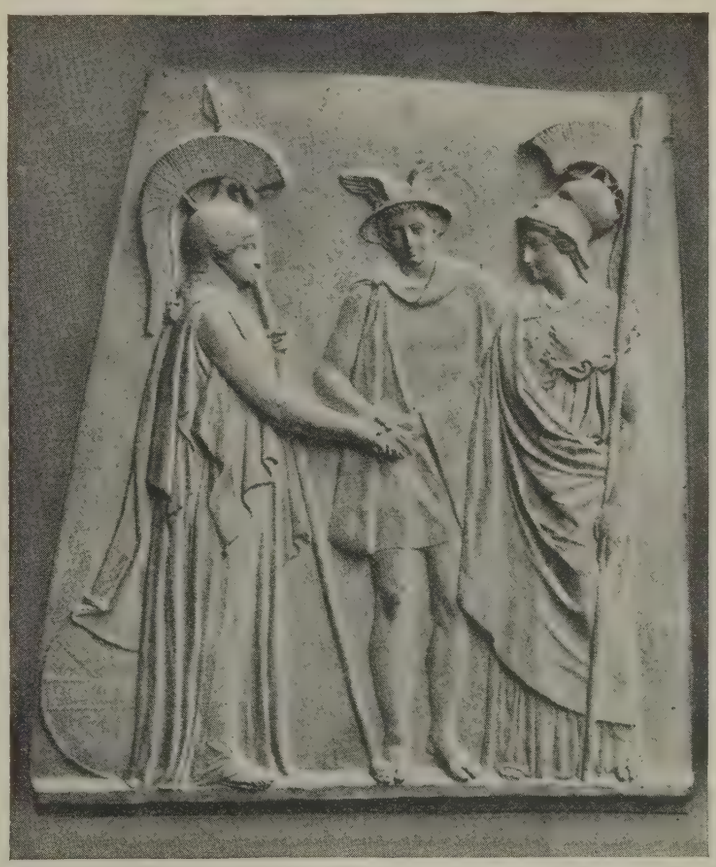
SADNESS

Cream Ware, Enameled. (Victoria and Albert Museum)

To the many other books on china and porcelain which have appeared in the past, Mr. William Burton, a chemist connected for five years or more with the famous Wedgwood potteries at "Etruria" on the English river Trent, has added a general treatise on porcelain.* It appears in two fine volumes illustrated with plates in colors and otherwise. This is not his first venture by any means, for he is the author of works on English porcelains and English earthenware. As a practical and practising potter, chemist and engineer, he enjoys the highest authority on subjects that have been his lifelong study, so that what he says carries weight. Moreover, he has traveled far and investigated the output of most of the European countries. For Chinese porcelains he cites Professor F. Hirth, formerly of Columbia University; R. L. Hobson, Albert Jacquemart, Dr. S. W. Bushell, Gorer and Blacker and others.

Great is the distance traversed, and many are the inventions and failures to be noted between the men who made ropes of soft clay, and by coiling these ropes built up their crocks for firing in primitive ovens—between them and the men of Cathay who discovered at Kaolin a clay which resists enormous heat when fashioned and fired in complicated kilns. Interest in the making of porcelain has not been confined to practical potters, some of whom are noted in the annals of ceramics as possest, obsessed, crazed by the fascination of their work. Emperors, kings, grand dukes and noble men and women have felt the infection. A rare French pottery of the sixteenth century—produced in small quantities at the castle of Oiron, Thouars, which excited collectors of porcelains by its graceful forms and pleasing colors, not to mention its rarity—turned out to have been made, not for King Henri II, but for a certain wealthy noblewoman, Helène de Hangest, and otherwise unknown to fame.

Céladon or seagreen Oriental porcelain was particularly valued in Europe during the Middle Ages, not only because of its hard, sonorous quality, so different from that of pottery, but because it was believed to change color if poison were mixed in the liquid it contained. The same idea was held in the Orient from remote times regarding cups and goblets carved from rhinoceros horn. Céladon, named apparently in France from a character in "Astrée," a romance by d'Urfé, was copied in many countries from the Chinese original ware. Just now Japan is exporting large quantities of table-ware of this color under the name of Sedgi, but very inferior to the Chinese modern article.



MERCURY JOINING THE HANDS OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND

Ball-Clay Proof of Flaxman's Model of Plaque (Wedgwood, 1787)

Objects for the table, the toilet, the person, are surely closer to mankind than pictures or statues; they are things in daily use. And tho in the course of time in certain countries men evolved a very hard kind of ware, which not only withstood great heat, but offered beautiful tones of white and cream color, upon which they learned to fix the most varied colorful decorations, these objects; tho grateful to a sense for beauty, always remained to some extent at least objects of use, even if they were incense-burners, bird-cages or center-pieces for a pompous banquet. As for the collectors—well, the hoarders of blue china, for example, have passed into contemporary literature along with the amateur

*A General History of Porcelain. By William Burton, M.A., F.C.S. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 32 color, 80 black-and-white plates. 2 vols., large octavo, 204 and 228 pages. $30.

CHINESE: TEHUA

Figure of Kuan-Yin, signed Ho Chao-tsung (Victoria and Albert Museum)

naturalist, the professor, the bibliophile and the hunter of stamps.

So far as hardness is concerned, the early Egyptian workmen produced small articles in pottery that vie with the porcelain attained by the Chinese about a thousand years ago, pottery that turns the knife and rejects the file. But they possest neither the materials nor the skill to fashion the pure, lucent, white porcelain of the latter. Beautiful are the carved stone dishes and bowls of the early Egyptians; they did not know how to imitate them with clay in the kiln. The Sung dynasty, A.D. 960–1279, appears to be the period when the clever potters of China, inheriting traditions amassed by the makers of pottery during several thousand years before, invented translucent porcelain. The word *porcellana* seems to have been used in Italy at first to denote mother-of-pearl and smooth seashells, like the cowry, so-called because they looked like pigmy pigs. The word was then transferred to the smooth, translucent ware from China, so caressing to the touch, whence it passed to other languages of Europe. The Chinese had a hundred words to characterize as many different kinds or colors of porcelain, and some of them were flowers of poetic fancy. We barbarians have also taken a hand in similar efforts to express the difference of one porcelain from another, not with regard to the body but the color of the ware. One of the best-known is *sang de bœuf*, bull's blood, a glorious tone produced comparatively late. Even the United States has baptized a lovely porcelain "peach-blow." Of it Mr. Burton says:

> Precious as these deep-blooded examples are, there is another of the red transmutation glazes which is still more highly valued by modern collectors, especially, it would seem, in America. This is the "peach-bloom" or "crushed strawberry" glaze, which can only be described in words as a tender, mottled, pinkish red, dappled with russet spots, lying apparently over an underlayer of a light seagreen glaze shyly revealed here and there. Chinese connoisseurs name these choice glazes "apple red" or "haricot red," but the title "peach-bloom" or "peach-blow" is generally used in Europe and America.

TYPICAL EXAMPLES OF GERMAN ART IN PORCELAIN

Höchst—Statuette Modeled by J. F. Melchior (1775)

Frankenthal—Group Modeled by Carl Gottlieb Lück (1767-75)

These glazes, like the turquoise, cucumber, aubergine, belong to later centuries; but imperial yellow, varied reds and greens, blues and near-blacks can be identified under the Ming dynasty, which followed Sung.

Many of the early Chinese porcelains have the advantage of solid colors with low reliefs and discreet decorations; to modern connoisseurs they appear finer, nobler of aspect than certain later porcelains on which extraordinary care has been expended, porcelains that have elicited from Chinese poets the most fervent praise. In their efforts to surpass, it would seem that decorators often overloaded their work. Just as the painter who introduces a new color on his canvas must be prepared to change all the rest of the picture if harmony is to prevail, so the decorator of porcelain may find too late that some one ornament he has added spoils the whole melody of his scheme. Owing to the difficulties of his material, he can rarely change what has been fired on before. That is the reason one often finds a grand vase, otherwise dignified and beautiful, strangely lowered in beauty by some unfortunate neck- or foot-band when the eye would have been rested and refreshed by the clear porcelain ground simple and unadorned.

RUSSIAN: MOSCOW (About 1800)

A Cossack Woman *Girl with Basket of Fruit* *A Bouchar*

Mr. Burton does not enter far into such considerations as these. He has a wide field to cover, being forced by his theme to pursue the making of porcelain to other lands—Japan, Korea and Persia; Italy, Spain and Portugal; Germany, France and England; even Norway, Denmark and Sweden are included. He does not consider the United States; altho genuine porcelains have been made here in recent times, the output is so meager and unimportant that it hardly counts.

One factor which has made the development of porcelains interesting to collectors and also to students of fine arts is the tendency shown since the middle ages to borrow forms and colors from other materials, not seashells and basketry alone, but ivory, carved woods, gold, silver and copper, bronze and glass. Designers have reached out in every direction to copy such surfaces on porcelain. Needless to say that many failures resulted, because the original materials were not at all suited to the hard, brilliant child of pottery and earthenware, or else were copied with a literalness that disgusts. What vast pains have been taken to reproduce in deceptive fashion the grain of wood, the feel of rusty iron, the suavity of ivory, the rough quality of unpolished stone! Artizans unable to reach art! All that planning, all that service to the tricky demon of the kiln in vain? No, not always in vain, as we see from the admirable colored plates of this admirable work. In their day many foolish products found admirers who paid high for ugly porcelains because the taste of the time preferred flat and garish things to objects beautiful and distinguished.

CLEOPATRA BEFORE AUGUSTUS

From a print by Burke, after Angelica Kauffman (British Museum)

Looking back and comparing as we now can the output of a dozen countries during a thousand years, we may distinguish the failures from the successes as few of those connoisseurs could do, who lived when these fragile objects issued from the kiln. If the Chinese often failed to reach beauty, notwithstanding the absorbing interest taken in porcelains by emperors, experts, poets, connoisseurs, and collectors, how can we expect to obtain better results from Sèvres, Meissen and other European strongholds of porcelain production?

One of the by-interests for the collector is found in attempts to force porcelain into fields not meant for its finest expression such as just mentioned. The same tendency is found in architecture and the metals. The writer has an old Chinese vase in bronze of lovely patina that indicates plainly how the original from which it was adapted was a beaker made of leather; a porcelain flower-pot shows clearly that its forerunner was a combination of hardwood frame and basketry walls. A bottle decorated with horses and flower-scrolls in pale blues—Chinese with a Persian influence—reveals a prototype in bamboo, the bands that held the original bottle together reproduced faithfully both in shape and color. Of course, such copies are not confined to porcelain, for ages before this ware was perfected there were all sorts of fayence and hard pottery translations from wood and shell, horn and bronze, silver and gold.

Under the Mings, A.D. 1368–1643, Mr. Burton tells us, China was distinguished for able and cultured emperors and statesmen.

> All the arts—from architecture, painting and sculpture to bronze-founding, metalworking and enameling—flourished with the utmost vigor under their vigilant and enlightened patronage, and it was undoubtedly one of the greatest if not *the* greatest period of Chinese porcelain, whether we consider the range and quality of the noble examples that have come down to us or the supreme technical and artistic skill displayed through an infinite variety of types and decorative styles.

But the beginnings of porcelain in France, Holland, Germany and England are scarcely less noteworthy than the Chinese. The latter have been known to reproduce old rare pieces of their own and copy the marks of the originals, but it is a trifle queer to find British copyists of Chinese and Japanese pieces calmly doing the same thing, just counterfeiting, in fact! We may console ourselves, however, by observing that rarely if ever does the Occidental imitator rise to the level of the Oriental original. The record of French porcelains is particularly attractive, for Mr. Burton has given liberal space to them. Special attention is paid to the British output, not forgetting the little factory at Belleek on Loch Erne, Ireland, which has long supplied America with shell-like so-called "Parian" ware. Even as the best of English kilns have suffered cruelly from the absence of original minds having the feeling for art, so Belleek ware seems never to have known the vivifying aid of an artist. It is a general disease, from which the tapestries of the Gobelins as well as the porcelain of Sèvres, Meissen, Berlin and Capo-di-Monte, Naples, were not and are not exempt. The common "onion" tableware supplied by English and Danish kilns harks back to Meissen in Saxony, where it was cribbed from a Chinese original,

SPANISH: BUEN RETIRO (late 18th or early 19th Century)

Milk-jug *Ariadne and Panther* *Milk-jug, blue ground with white enamel and gold*

(Continued on page 64)

The Golden Age of Drama To-day

By Brander Matthews

SINCE the lamented death of Jules Lemaître the position of Mr. William Archer as the foremost critic of dramatic literature in Europe has been beyond question. Altho Mr. Archer may lack the insinuating fascination and the persistent brilliancy of Lemaître, he has a deeper and a wider knowledge of the drama. Lemaître knew intimately the classics of France, of Rome and of Greece; so does Mr. Archer, who has also an acquaintance with the classics of other modern literatures which Lemaître did not have. Both Lemaître and Mr. Archer, after establishing their reputations as critics, blossomed out as dramatists. Lemaître wrote half a dozen sparkling comedies of Parisian society, no one of which has ever won favor either in the United States or Great Britain. Mr. Archer was maturer when he "commenced playwright"; and as yet he is the author only of one continuously successful play, the "Green Goddess," a most ingenious melodrama, deft in construction, distinguished in dialog and peopled with characters due to imaginative observation.

WILLIAM ARCHER

I was amused to see (in one of the notices of Mr. Archer's play when it was produced in New York two years ago) a very high-brow attempt to disparage him by the statement that when Jules Lemaître began to work for the theater he did not write "Madame X." This may be a fact, but none the less was the statement dishonest. And it was doubly dishonest, since it implied, first of all, that the "Green Goddess" was a play of the same class as "Madame X," which it is not, as the French piece was only a clever example of theatrical carpentry, without any imagination or observation of life, without any distinctive characterization and without any tincture of literature. In the second place, while Lemaître did not write "Madame X," he did descend to the adaptation of "Kismet," a piece of rather thin theatricality. There can be no doubt as to which is the worthier task: to write the "Green Goddess," a fresh and original play of its kind, or to make a French version of "Kismet," a play which owed its popularity to its purely spectacular opportunities.

It must be nearly forty years ago that I had the pleasure of making Mr. Archer's acquaintance; and I think that I have read every book of his—certainly all those which deal with the drama; and I hope that I am not yielding to a friendly enthusiasm when I express my belief that this new volume on the "Old Drama and the New"* is not only the best of his books, which would be saying much, but the most important study of the development of the English drama yet undertaken by anybody, which is saying more. Professor Ashley H. Thorndike has given us an authoritative account of the development of English tragedy; but no one has yet written the history of our drama as a whole, tragedy and comedy, melodrama and farce, burlesque and ballad-opera. The most pretentious effort in this direction is Ward's so-called "History of English Dramatic Literature," but that comes down only to the death of Queen Anne (who has now been dead a long time), and it is not really a history, but only a series of more or less critical biographies of the successive dramatic poets. It is the whole story which Mr. Archer has now told succinctly from the predecessors of Shakespeare to the rise and fall of the Irish theater.

In 1920 and in 1921 Mr. Archer, at the invitation of the Education Authority of the London County Council, delivered two courses of lectures to audiences composed mainly of teachers. It is these fourteen lectures which he has gathered into this volume. The first is devoted to a discussion of the "Essence of Drama," and in this the lecturer made clear the principles he was about to apply. His contention is that the drama has come into its own (by freeing itself of extraneous elements) only in the past century. It has achieved this by a resolute casting out of non-dramatic concomitants, most of them purely lyric and some of them merely rhetorical; and it was able to achieve this solely because of the modern modification of the theater and of our latter-day realistic scenery and properties.

The next four lectures contain a courageous and outspoken evaluation and revaluation of the great Elizabethans, most of whom emerge from the process with their reputation as playwrights sadly diminished. Shakespeare alone stands forth as marvelous a master of stage-craft as before. Massinger's technical adroitness is properly dwelt upon; but Ben Jonson and Webster, Ford and Marston are shown up as wofully inexpert in dramaturgy; whatever other merits they may have had, they were not expert playwrights. Mr. Archer makes it plain by his dissection of their plots and by his abundant quotation from their speeches that they appear to best advantage as poets in Charles Lamb's "Specimens" and that they do not—as dramatists pure and simple, as makers of plays—deserve the highflown eulogies of Lamb and still less the dithyrambic rhapsodies of Swinburne. Even the milder praise of Ward and Gosse is overcharged and, in fact, unjustifiable. Swinburne, Ward and Gosse are men of letters and not men of the theater; they have no intimacy with the playhouse, where only the drama is alive; they have no understanding of the logic of dramatic construction; they are without perception of dramaturgic technique. Their standards are those of the study and never those of the stage.

It has often seemed to me, as I have been reading the high-pitched praise of the Elizabethans, that those who were emitting these uncritical opinions could not have read with their own eyes the plays they were praising. It was as tho they had one after another inherited the spectacles of Charles Lamb. Mr. Archer is not going too far when he tells us that

> Some of the most highly esteemed dramatic criticism in the language (and I fancy in other languages as well) has been written by men who had no clear conception—or perhaps a clear misconception—of the real nature of drama. Are there, I wonder, color-blind painters and critics of painting? One is sometimes tempted, in these days, to answer the question in the affirmative; but I am sure they are not, and can never have been, so numerous as drama-blind dramatists and critics of drama. (p. 3.)

By conscientious analysis of a series of Elizabethan plays (and

*THE OLD DRAMA AND THE NEW: AN ESSAY IN RE-VALUATION. By William Archer. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1923. 388 pp.

later of Restoration and eighteenth-century plays of less value) Mr. Archer makes it plain that the drama was in the past far more primitive than it is in the present, less artistic, less true to type. And he insists that those who overpraise the past can do so only because they underestimate the present:

> In rejecting the rant and rhetoric of conventional tragedy, the habitual over-emphasis, often passing into buffoonery, of conventional comedy, we have not been falling away from a state of æsthetic grace, but purifying the art of drama from extrinsic elements. We recognize the emptiness of the often-repeated complaint that we neglect on the modern s age the marvellous treasures of our classical drama, from, I suppose, Marlowe to Sheridan Knowles. The truth is that a just instinct has told us that the great mass of Elizabethan, Restoration and eighteenth-century plays have nothing to say to modern audiences, because they exemplify primitive and transitional types of art, portray, with much exaggeration, gross and unpleasing manners, and call for forms of virtuosity in representation which are well-nigh extinct on the modern stage. The towering genius of Shakespeare overcame the imperfections of the form in which he worked, and gave to the stage of the whole world a series of ever-living masterpieces; but even in regard to Shakespeare it is folly to deny that a good many of his minor works, and a good many passages in his major works, belong to his age and not to all time. . . . The people who extol the semi-barbarous drama of the minor Elizabethans as something vastly superior to the drama of to-day have no conception of the true essence of drama, and found their opinion (in so far as it has any rational foundation at all) on a palpable confusion between drama and lyric poetry. They deplore as an unmixed disaster that sloughing-off of the extrinsic elements of passion and exaggeration which I, on the contrary, represent to you as not only an inevitable, but in the main an extremely desirable, process. (p. 19).

After the four lectures on the Elizabethans and Jacobeans there are three upon the dramatists of the Restoration; and here Mr. Archer is as outspoken and as plainspoken as he was in dealing with Shakespeare's contemporaries and successors. He makes short shrift of Lamb's whimsical paradox in defense of the immorality of the Restoration stage; and he is as emphatic as Jeremy Collier in exposing its filthiness. As he had earlier a good word for Massinger as a technician, so here he has cordial praise for Farquhar, who is at once cleaner and more competent as a playwright than any of his immediate predecessors; and this praise is grateful to those who can recall Daly's revival of the "Recruiting Officer" and of the "Inconstant." He disproves the oft-repeated assertion that the lewd levity of Restoration comedy was the result of the exile of the court in France, a country where, as a matter of fact, comedy under the chieftainship of Molière was almost austere in its morality.

In the next two lectures he deals briefly but adequately with Steele and Cibber, perhaps rendering scant justice to the latter's brisk and bustling "She Would and She Would Not" and to his adroit revision of "Richard III." (I may note here that Edwin Booth once admitted to me his doubt of his own wisdom in returning to the text of Shakespeare since Cibber's adaptation was more effective theatrically.) Then after paying tribute to Goldsmith and Sheridan, and after incidentally declaring his own opinion (which happens to be mine also) that Sheridan is really wittier than Congreve, Mr. Archer discusses the reasons for the dearth of drama which followed Sheridan's desertion of the stage for the hustings. He discusses the "palmy days" of acting and the influence first of German melodrama and then of Scribe and of the clouds of collaborators who encompassed him about. This leads him to T. W. Robertson and to Robertson's followers, James Albery and H. J. Byron, with kindly regret for Albery, to whom we owed "Two Roses," and with contemptuous severity for Byron, to whom we owe—if this is really a debt of honor—"Our Boys." Then there is a brief consideration of W. S. Gilbert as playwright and as librettist, with full recognition of the unfortunate influence Gilbert exerted upon Shaw.

The final lectures proclaim the rebirth of the drama in our language and they give due credit to Henry Arthur Jones and Sir Arthur Pinero. As was to be expected, Mr. Archer does not minimize the potent influence of Ibsen in reawakening interest in the drama as an art; and, as was also to be expected, Mr. Archer does not mince words in pointing out the artificiality and the insincerity of Oscar Wilde's clever comedies. This brings him to Barrie, to Shaw and to Galsworthy; and his friendly but uncompromising analysis of Shaw's plays will not be altogether satisfactory to the thick-and-thin admirers of the eloquent Irishman. The final lecture is a swift summary of the repertory movement, of the local dramatists who have been developed in Manchester and Dublin, and of the Little Theaters in America.

And the conclusion is that the drama of our language, both in Great Britain and in the United States, is in a healthier condition than it has been for three centuries. It has, as I said earlier, "come into its own"; it has evolved from the heterogeneous to the homogeneous; it is now sufficient unto itself, with no need to invoke the aid of rhetoric or lyric:

> The two elements of the old drama, imitation and lyrical passion, have at last consummated their divorce. For lyrical passion we go to opera and music drama, for interpretation through imitation we go to the modern realistic play. And surely we ought to recognize that this divorce, so obviously inevitable, is a good and not a bad thing—a sign of health and not of degeneracy. It is a rank absurdity to scoff at or ignore a form which, in ts half-century of life, has given us in Norway "The Wild Duck," "Rosmersholm" and "The Master Builder"; in Germany, "Biberpelz" and "Fuhrmann Henschel," "Heimat" and "Fritzchen"; in Italy, "La Gioconda"; in France, "La Parisienne" and "Amoureuse"; in England, "The Thunderbolt" and "Mid-Channel," "Strife" and "Justice," "Candida" and "John Bull's Other Island," "The Voysey Inheritance" and "Waste"; in Ireland, "The White-Headed Boy" and "The Playboy of the Western World"; in America, "Griffith Davenport" and "Beyond the Horizon," "The Truth" and "The Climbers." Let us realize and not be afraid to assert that we are living, not in a very poor, but in a very rich period of dramatic literature, and that to that literature our own country has contributed even more than her proportionate share.

SCENE FROM THE "GREEN GODDESS"

With one more quotation I

(*Continued on page 64*)

St. John G. Ervine's Impressions of His "Elders"

By Richard Le Gallienne

MR. ERVINE'S title, "Some Impressions of My Elders,"* reminds one of a sentence in Turgenev's novel of tragic youth, "On the Eve": "The old man—he was almost fifty, he had married late in life." One wonders if Mr. Ervine will see anything to smile at in that, even when it is recalled that "the old man" referred to had grown-up sons. How very "late in life," one wonders must he have married to have achieved them? Rather early in life, one can not but conjecture, yet, however early, it was evidently "late in life" for Turgenev, who was forty-two when "On the Eve" was published. Forty-two would, I suppose, seem "late in life" for Mr. Ervine, who is yet something of a "deb" among our younger immortals. Still I feel that even to not very ancient people there will seem something a little "flapperish" about his title, for tho, alas! one has sorrowfully to admit that Mr. George Moore, Mr. Ervine's oldest "elder," is seventy, his next oldest, Mr. Bernard Shaw, is not yet sixty-seven, and Mr. Chesterton, the youngest, is but forty-nine. Mr. Galsworthy is fifty-six, "A. E." is fifty-six, Mr. Wells is fifty-seven, and Mr. Yeats fifty-eight.

FRANCES AND THE FAIRIES

Given as a photograph of actual fairies in "The Coming of the Fairies," by A. Conan Doyle (George H. Doran Co.)

Technically, then, I suppose, even Mr. Ervine's youngest "elders" must accept that ignominious adjective, "elderly"; yet the word "elderly" has such implications that it seems hardly applicable to writers still so full of sap, and still in the heyday of their dynamic influence. Whatever the tale of his years, one can not imagine the term "elderly gentleman" being applied to the incorrigible youthfulness of Mr. Shaw, tho I fear that in saying this I am including Mr. Shaw in the category thus severely outlawed by Mr. Ervine: "The law should forbid any one to be a clever young man after the age of twenty-seven." But this is only by the way, and there is certainly nothing "flapperish" about Mr. Ervine's writing or his opinions, which might well be those of older and sadder men.

Before dealing with Mr. Ervine's book, it will be interesting to see what Mr. Lewis Hind has to say about him.† Mr. Hind looks up to his juniors, much as Mr. Ervine looks up to his "elders," particularly when they have the romantic qualification of success.

> Until the production of John Ferguson in New York [says Mr. Hind], I knew little about St. John Ervine. I liked him. I like him because he is a level-headed Irishman, who keeps cool and plays fair, a blond Belfaster, with a neat turn for writing, who has been in an insurance office in London, who has written novels and plays, who fought well in the war, and who, when his fighting days were over, slipped away to Cornwall to continue the pursuit of that pleasant but not very profitable occupation of living by the pen.

No one can read Mr. Ervine without being of Mr. Hind's opinion. To read him is to like him, to like him no little, and to be grateful to him for the quality of his spirit, the independence and enthusiasm of his ideals, and the courage with which he expresses them. Some will like him no less for this "straight statement" quoted by Mr. Hind:

> "No, sir, I am not a Sinn Feiner, and I'm not a Carsonite. I am an Irishman, but not a hater of England. I see her errors, but also her attempts to repair them, and I won't wallow in the past for anyone.

Four of Mr. Ervine's "elders" are Irishmen, and it is the papers devoted to these that give the first importance to Mr. Ervine's book. He begins with George William Russell, the mysterious "A. E.," that practical mystic, poet and man of affairs, who does, it would appear, quite sincerely believe in the existence of the ancient gods of Ireland, and yet has been the organizer, with Sir Horace Plunkett, of that Irish Cooperative Movement which has worked something like an economic miracle for his country, as well as the editor of *The Irish Homestead*, "the most ably edited and skilfully written organ in Ireland." *Apropos* those old gods, Mr. Ervine says: "In a strange, and, to me, incomprehensible book, called 'The Candle of Vision,' he has wrought his mysticism to such a pitch of practicality that he is able to offer his readers an alphabet with which to interpret the language of the gods!" And Mr. Ervine continues with this anecdote:

> One night, in his house in Dublin, I drew the attention of a lady to one of his pictures, a dark landscape, in the center of which a very brilliant and beautiful creature was dancing. "A. E." turned to us and said, "That's the one I saw!" and I remembered the story I had been told earlier in the evening, that he saw fairies, that he actually took penny tram-rides from Dublin to go up into the mountains to see the fairies! I do not remember what the lady said, but I remember that she looked exceedingly astonished, and, indeed, I myself felt some astonishment. If Mr. Yeats had said that he had seen a fairy, I should have smiled indulgently and should neither have believed that he had seen one, nor that he himself believed that he had seen one. But while I do not believe that "A. E." saw a fairy, otherwise than in his imagination, I am certain that he believes he saw one, not a creature of the mind, but as one having flesh and blood. He claims no particular merit for himself in seeing visions. "There is no personal virtue in me," he writes in "The

(*Continued on page 42*)

*SOME IMPRESSIONS OF MY ELDERS. By St. John G. Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Company.

†MORE AUTHORS AND I. By C. Lewis Hind. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

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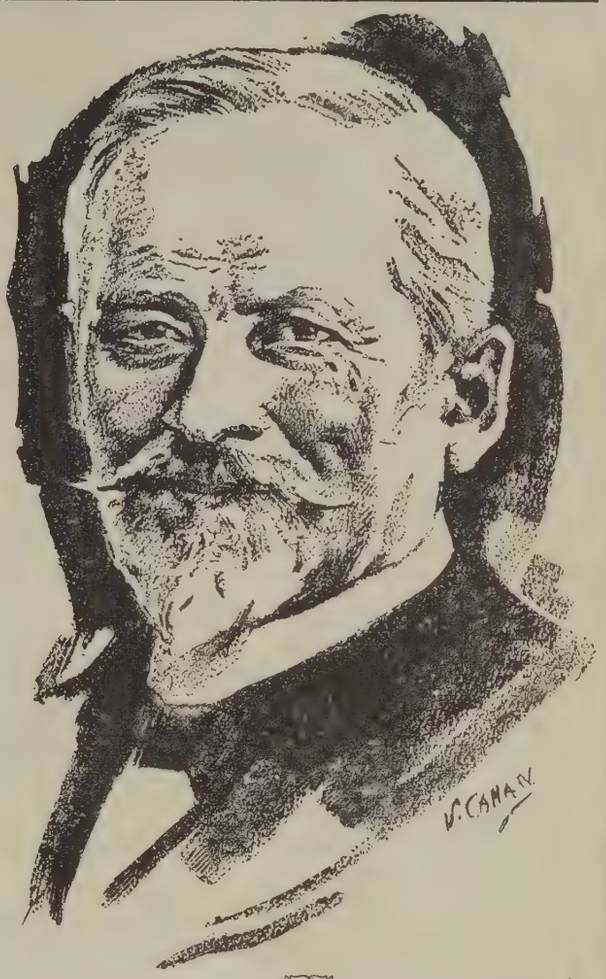

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St. John G. Ervine's Impressions of His "Elders"

(*Continued from page 38*)

Candle of Vision," "other than this, that I followed a path all may travel but on which few do journey."

"These visions," Mr. Ervine adds, "form the foundation of his political and economic faith. He advocates cooperative enterprise because he believes in his visions as actual happenings." Of the visible man, George William Russell, Mr. Ervine gives this sketch:

> It would be difficult for any intelligent person to come into the presence of "A. E." and remain unaware that he is a man of merit. He fills a room immediately and unmistakably with the powers of his personality. A tall, bearded, untidy man, with full lips and bulkily-built body, he draws attention by his deep, gray eyes. When he speaks, other people listen. If you were to meet him in the street, unaware of his identity, and he were to ask you for a match with which to light his pipe, you would do more than civilly comply with his request; you would certainly say to yourself, "That's a remarkable man!"

But, with all his admiration for "A. E.," Mr. Ervine is by no means convinced of the rightness of his economic views, or their applicability to Irish conditions. He has none of "A. E.'s" faith in the small farmer and wage-earner.

> I have seen nothing [he says], in England or America or Ireland or France, to convince me that if the small farmers and the wage-earners in the towns were authoritative they would be any more democratic than the aristocratic or the manufacturing classes. I have seen much to make me feel certain that they will use their authority as implacably in their own interests as any aristocrat or manufacturer ever used or ever will use his. . . . There certainly is not anything more noble or chivalrous in the peasant's desire to keep possession of his means of livelihood than there is in that of the Liberty Bond holder.

Nor does Mr. Ervine by any means subscribe to the shibboleth of "nationalism," and on the subject of Irish nationalism he has some outspoken passages of quite hair-raising courage. No one but an Irishman dare have written them and expected to go on living, nor can one imagine that Ireland would just now be a healthy habitat for the writer of such opinions, be he Celt or Saxon.

Mr. Ervine also is not afraid to raise his hand against that other sacred ark of the covenant, Gaelic and Irish literature, ancient and modern.

> There are people in Dublin [he says], who seem to believe that Ireland has produced a greater literature than England, and will denounce you as a traitor to your country if you protest that she can not show poets of the stature of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Browning and Tennyson, with the exception of Mr. Yeats. I am the sort of patriot who would like to see his country raise herself to the level of other countries, but I am not the sort of patriot who will pretend that she is on the level of England and France and Germany when, in fact, she is far below it. . . . Our satisfaction with ourselves is so intense that we imagine our little efforts in literature to be greater than those of the rest of the world. We prate incessantly about the ancient Gaelic literature, but are reluctant to produce the evidence for our boasting. We forget that the Irishmen of distinction in literature—Goldsmith, Sheridan, Wilde, Shaw, Yeats, Moore and Synge—are not Celtic at all, but Anglo-Saxon in origin.

The generosity of Irish exaggeration, as well as Irish wit and lovableness, crops up everywhere in these gallant pages; but if Mr. Ervine's "elders" are all, more or less, seen under a Celtic magnifying glass, that is not to say that Mr. Ervine's enthusiasm blinds his judgment in particulars. Allowing for the fact that all his heroes—as, after all, heroes should be—are represented somewhat more than life-size, he is not afraid of coming out straight when he finds himself at odds with them and their opinions. But this does not prevent his regarding them all as "great" men and "geniuses," where other admirers of their gifts and achievements may feel that the words "great" and "genius" should be reserved for men of larger stature. One may have the highest possible admiration for Mr. Yeats, yet hesitate to call him a "great" poet; just as one must be pardoned for doubting if *The English Magazine*, under the editorship of Mr. Hueffer, was "the greatest magazine that this world has ever known," and the present writer is one for whom praise of Mr. Hueffer is peculiarly welcome. Except when now and then it has been praised beyond credence, Mr. Hueffer's poetry has yet to win the recognition it deserves. Then again, there will be those who will side with Mr. Max Beerbohm as against Mr. Ervine in his general estimate of his eight "elders."

> There is a cartoon by Mr. Max Beerbohm [Mr. Ervine reminds us], in which he shows him elf being conducted through a gallery where Mr. Wells, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Bennett and many other eminent writers are standing on inverted tubs, haranguing the universe. Having listened to the preachers and propagandists, Mr. Beerbohm turns to his guide and says, "But where are the artists?" only to be informed that "*these* are the artists!"

And Mr. Ervine comments:

> There is enough truth in this statement to give pause to those about whom it is made, but not sufficient to frighten us who admire them. Mr. Wells, for example, can no more elude artistry than he can refrain from thinking.

To this it may be retorted that not even Mr. Ervine is going to frighten some of us who admire them, too, from thinking that Mr. Beerbohm is probably right, after all. Mr. Wells, Mr. Shaw, and Mr. Chesterton may be something greater than "artists," if you like, or it may be held that the present century needs—and esteems—preachers and propagandists more than it needs and esteems artists. Indeed, it would almost seem so. This, however, does not alter the fact that in some critical judgments, far from narrow or reactionary, these three earnest and brilliant writers, with all the immense skill and effectiveness with which they use novel and play, and other forms of literary art, use them rather as "super"-journalists and pamphleteers than as artists; and that thus their work belongs rather to the literature of philosophy and sociology—the literature of those "ideas," of which Mr. Yeats has well said "modern literature is dying"—than to literature properly so called. They are doing brilliant work for their day and generation, the value of which is still largely "experimental" and open to discussion, but, having served that purpose, shall we find in them those abiding qualities of human appeal which bring delight, sustenance and refreshment to the human spirit? The High Muses are not mocked, or only by those who have never been allowed to come into their presence.

These fundamental considerations, however, need not interfere with our enjoyment of Mr. Ervine's book. We are all interested in his eight "elders," and we like to hear about them, particularly from so competent and so entertaining a witness. It does not in the least matter whether we agree with Mr. Ervine's estimate of them. In fact, to be frank, they serve, for the present reviewer, chiefly as pegs on which to hang Mr. Ervine's own vigorous and inspiring writing. Tho he is plainly not thinking of himself, is in fact comfortingly nonegoistic, one is glad of the book for the intimate acquaintance it enables us to make with Mr. Ervine's own mind and heart. One likes to read him because he is, in his own phrase, "a romantic realist," and of romantic realists we need as many as possible just now. One likes to read him for illuminating passages such as this, in which, with all his admiration for Mr. Shaw, he lays an unerring critical finger on that limitation in Mr. Shaw which keeps him from understanding humanity, and has given him his great public of provincial, half-baked "thinkers":

> Mr. Chesterton has illustrated the peculiar quality of the English mind by comparing the roads of France with the roads of England; and the comparison might be used to illustrate the difference between the mind of Mr. Shaw and the mind of the average man. Mr. Chesterton asserts that the desi n of English and French roads, the first all winding and irregular, the second straight as if drawn with the aid of a ruler, shows a fundamental difference between the two

(*Continued on page 44*)

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St. John G. Ervine's Impressions of His "Elders"

(*Continued from page 42*)

races: the English as wayward and casual as their roads, going lazily and easily to their journey's end; the French as logical and well-defined as their roads, going without any circumlocution to their journey's end. Mr. Shaw's mind goes directly to its goal, and he tries to persuade the rest of mankind to follow his example. But the rest of mankind does not wish to go by the most direct route to any goal; it wants to dally on the ways; it wants to explore all the little by-paths and hidden corners; it even wants to turn back on its course to examine some place that it has already seen; and, above all, it wants to waste time. . . .

Once, in France, when my battalion was marching along a road toward a part of the country in which we had been some weeks before, I heard a soldier in my platoon saying to his comrade as we came to familiar places, "Thank God, they've cut down those bloody trees!" and immediately I understood why the French roads bored the British soldier. That inexorable logic, all that neatness, those terribly straight roads with the trees growing at regular intervals, . . . "dressing by the right," as the soldiers said, and looking as if the men who planted them had performed the operation according to some mathematical formula, . . . all these things, inhumanly tidy and well-ordered, nauseated the mind.

I have done much walking on English and French roads, and I will wager that boredom will seize the traveler on a French road long before his interest on an English road has been exhausted. And, in their unintellectual, instinctive, wayward fashion, the English are more right about life than the French are. Mr. Shaw, I imagine, is incapable of understanding the state of mind of my soldier who thanked God that the neatly arranged trees on the neatly designed French road had been cut down. To him it would seem right that if trees are to be grown at all, they should be grown according to formula. He sees something stupid and wrong in the English method of planting an acorn in any hole that is visible and letting the tree grow as it pleases.

"I have an immense capacity for social chatter," confesses Mr. Lewis Hind in "More Authors and I," and his readers will be the last to regret it. He is, indeed, an admirable gossip, in the pleasant sense of that word, and, as his editorial and journalistic life in London and New York has brought him into contact with every writer, big and little, of the last thirty years, and as he has, too, a retentive memory, as well as, one suspects, a retentive diary, this volume and the volume preceding, which deservedly met with a warm welcome, make together a very entertaining sort of history of a multifariously active literary period. Mr. Hind, too, is more than a gossip. He is a shrewd, if kindly and socially diplomatic, critic as well. And in his way, also, he is something of an artist. For each of these brief papers combines in a skilful combination a thumb-nail portrait of its subject with an account of, and a critical estimate of, his or her work. As will be known to many of his readers, those papers made their original appearance, week by week, on the excellent literary page of *The Christian Science Monitor*, and the limitation of space thus imposed upon them has resulted in their compact, "swallow-flight" form. They usually run to no more than six pages, and it is a lesson in artistic economy to watch what deft use Mr. Hind makes of his "scanty plot of ground."

Brief as these papers are, they give us no undue sense of brevity, and, indeed, when one has come to the end of one of them, one is surprized to find how much Mr. Hind has got in, and with how light a touch he has done it. His "Fifty Men and Women Authors," arranged alphabetically, begin with Mr. George Ade, and end with Mr. Israel Zangwill, and there is no one between that we are not interested to hear about, from George Eliot and Herbert Spencer to such latest-born of fame as Miss Amy Lowell and Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson. And, as well as the more loudly bruited names, we are grateful for sympathetic records of such quiet scholars as A. H. Bullen, men slowly coming into their own such as Mr. Arthur Machen, and quiet, secure artists, temporarily *de mode*, such as Mr. James Lane Allen; good half-forgotten writers, too, such as Harold Frederic, and such "inheritors of unfulfilled renown" as Lionel Johnson and John Davidson. There is scarcely any writer of his period about whom we have any curiosity that we look for in vain in Mr. Hind's index. Most of us, for instance, have dipt into "The Golden Bough," and wondered what manner of man is he who has lived in that vast honeycomb of so much romantic learning. Here is Mr. Hind obligingly on the spot with this account of his hearing Sir James George Frazer lecturing on "London Life in the Time of Addison" at the Royal Institution. The audience at Royal Institution lectures, Mr. Hind tells us, with his gentle humor, is, as one had surmised, of a special kind:

The men, with a few exceptions, are a particular type. They have large heads, dome-shaped foreheads, and tangled untrimmed beards. I believe them to be Victorian survivals, who acquired the lecture habit in their youth, and have never been able to break themselves of it. Whatever the lecture may be, they always seem to attend.

To this audience enter the author of "The Golden Bough" and "The Magical Origin of Kings" (what fascinating titles!):

The clock pointed to three. Promptly the small door in the wall of the lecture theater opened, and a man, a small man, with a small beard and glasses, ran—it was hardly a walk—as if he were a human rabbit, straight to the desk, and at once turned out the light. That, I think, was a characteristic action of this scholar. He does not like publicity—even from a lamp. At once he opened his manuscript and began to read, in a firm, crisp voice, which could be heard all over the theater, and in a broad Scottish accent. I liked that, and I liked his impersonal way, without an aside, without any attempt to make a contact with his audience; but this method of lecturing does not make for popularity. That, probably, is the last thing Sir James Frazer wants. He read straight on, clearly, forcibly, and I must confess that I was more interested in his manner than his matter. He did not throw any illumination on Addison: he did not lure that aloof figure from his distinguished literary retreat. Many of the Victorians nodded, but I kept wide awake.

Of a very different literary figure, whom I mentioned a little way back—Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer—Mr. Hind gives us this characteristic glimpse:

He is a curious mixture of modesty and effrontery. In conversation he is modest; with a pen in his hand he sometimes writes in a way that goads the average man to exasperation. . . . Obviously a man of talent and learning, some of his friends sometimes try to check his ambient air of knowing everything. Years ago when I was staying at Winchelsea I told a lady that I was about to spend an evening at the Hueffers'. "Don't praise Fordie to his face!" she said. "It's not good for him." In the course of the evening someone sang what I thought was an Elizabethan song very beautifully. The strong and lyrical simplicity of the words was wedded to an air that suited them exactly. I was so charmed with the performance that I begged for a repetition. This was done, and I said, with some emotion, and not without pride in my perspicacity: "What a combination—Shakespeare and Purcell! We can do nothing like that nowadays." Fordie, who had been reclining on a couch, suppressed a yawn and said, "I wrote the words and the music."

Mr. Hind's volume is rich in such vivid, intimate glimpses of his fifty "specimens," but, as I have said, his papers are far more than such gossip, and one perhaps values them most for the politely independent bits of criticism, which his evident pleasure in the acquaintance of his various great ones does not prevent his making. Sometimes he half waives his opinion aside under cover of taking leave, as one slips out from an afternoon tea with a murmured compliment to host or hostess, but it is always hinted, and one never finds him saying more than he means. There is always a strong streak of obstinate critical judgment behind his "party" smile. You can't get him to say, for instance, that Mr. George Ade is a great humorist, or that "A. E." is a great poet, nor do the resounding booms for W. H. Hudson or Herman Melville carry him off his critical feet. He even dares to hint that the vogue of Mr. Walter de la Mare . . . but then "it is not Mr. de la Mare's fault that 'Memoirs of a Midget' has been boomed," and "I am delighted that the Georgian poets have realized the virtue of team-work." Thanks for a most pleasant afternoon!

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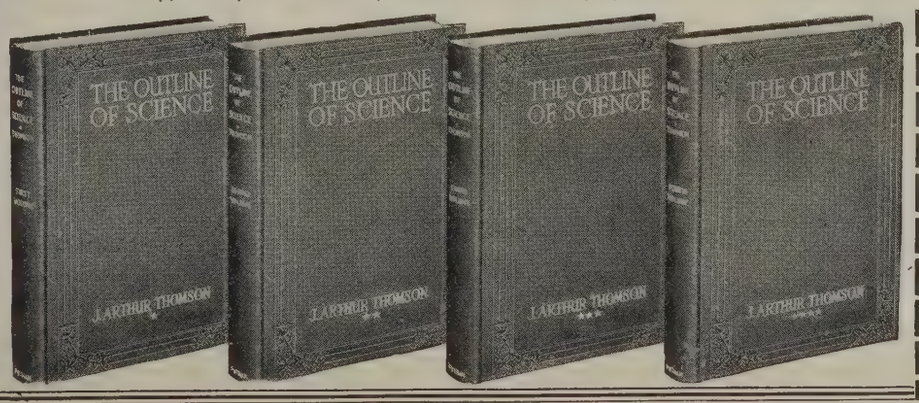

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The Waste Land of the Younger Generation

By Herbert S. Gorman

"THE WASTE LAND"* has become a battle-field. Across its arid stretches sally the cohorts of critics, waving their swords and, most of the time, shouting so loudly that one is unable to understand what they are saying. There is a maximum of noise and a minimum of sense. No poem since the advent of the "Spoon River Anthology" has aroused so much infuriated discussion, and no book, not even James Joyce's "Ulysses," has been approached more blindly. Its adherents see nothing but its virtues; its detractors see nothing but its faults. Somewhere between these two camps "The Waste Land" really lies.

T. S. ELIOT

Mrs. Mary M. Colum dismisses T. S. Eliot as an assimilative writer. Louis Untermeyer attacks the poem because of its many quotations and its incoherence. Christopher Morley appears to think that it is a hoax. Mrs. Elinor Wylie, uncritical but impassioned, writes a noble defense of "The Waste Land" that is almost a poem in itself. Edmund Wilson, Jr., a little lacking in humor, offers a grave defense that would lift "The Waste Land" to the plane of the few great poems of modern times. Gilbert Seldes, rather unable to cope with imaginative literature, also defends it. Burton S. Rascoe chatters amusingly about it, but presents no coherent criticism. Keith Preston picks out the soda-water line for ridicule, apparently arriving at the naive conclusion that Eliot meant pop. One wonders if Mr. Preston is a bachelor. Edward Anthony thinks that the expanse from which the trees were hewn which went to make the paper for Mr. Eliot's poem should be called "The Waste Land." Conrad Aiken, in *The New Republic*, offered a wise and reasonable judgment which recognized the virtues of the poem and at the same time did not blink at the faults. And so it goes. Ferocious blows are dealt by tin swords upon tin armor, and the audience on the sidelines sits and snickers agreeably.

From the whirl of dust a few intelligent comments come. The best of the attacking party appears to be Mr. Louis Untermeyer. The best of the defenders are Conrad Aiken, Elinor Wylie and Edmund Wilson, Jr. The accusation of hoax is unsupported by any evidence, and one must arrive at the conclusion that the wish is father to the thought in this case. It is not so much life as an old accepted idealism broken to bits beneath the hard piles of Time that T. S. Eliot observes through tragically ironic eyes. It is possible that he has progressed since the composition of "The Waste Land," and that that poem may be regarded as an aspect of a cruelly sophisticated nature. But that does not lessen the importance of the poem for those readers in whom it struck (or rather smashed) an emotional chord.

The laborious subterfuges that have carried Man forward into the arid stretches of modern civilization have failed. That is what Mr. Eliot states in "The Waste Land." We have come to a dry desolation, and there is nothing here but hard rock and the faint mirages of a freshness that actually existed once, but which has now dwindled into the haunting fragments of broken memories. And because the present wreckage may be pictured only through shattered recapitulations of the past things that once made Life green and fruitful, we find the poet employing an allusive method of composition in "The Waste Land," driving new connotations home through the employment of the old beauties that starred literature, repeating lines and fragments of lines, phrases and words (but always adjusting them to a new significance), giving, as it were, the reverse of the shield, the mocking hollowness of those ancient and inspired thoughts repeated among these hard calcined rocks of our petty practicalities and hypocrisies.

There are two ways of approaching "The Waste Land." One is to place the eye of the mind very close to the pages and observe only the incoherent parts as they follow one another in a more or less unconnected manner. The same might be done with canvases of Whistler and Claude Monet, speculating on the various daubs of paint, and so, viewing the parts instead of the whole, see nothing but the strokes of the palette-knife and the hair-marks of the brushes. This has been a favorite critical attitude from time immemorial. The second method of approach is to stand back a bit and permit these sections to fall into an ensemble. It is readily granted that some of these sections do not accept their places in the general scheme of the poem with any degree of acquiescence, and this is the fault of the poet. But the general outline is there for those who care to see it; the mood is a unified one; the total impression is one of singular compactness; one affirmation is driven home by varying strokes. It is one of the provinces of poetry to awaken a sad nostalgia, and this "The Waste Land" does.

The vexed question of the liberal use of many quotations arises. Well, why not? If these flash-backs to other works of literature come to the reader with a new significance, why may they not be used? Dvořák and Strauss both employed snatches from other musical compositions in their work, yet the integrity of their performances was not appreciably diminished thereby. Indeed, this entire question of using tags from other poets has been hoisted into a significance that it does not merit. Any well-read person is aware of most of them, and "The Waste Land"

(*Continued on page 48*)

*THE WASTE LAND. By T. S. Eliot. New York: Boni & Liveright. $1.50.

THE B. & L. colophon (trade mark) has become to an ever increasing public the symbol of "Good Books." This is because we have looked upon the business of publishing primarily as an adventure, though common sense has characterized our activities, and as a result *today* we have more than our share of great popular successes. Nevertheless we are mainly intrigued by the morrow. We have both our spiritual and material capital tied up in the *future* of "Good Books." Other publishers at times have characterized us as being "daring." Imaginative would have been a better word, for our ventures had been grounded in faith, in an unfailing belief in the quality of our books, and in the public's ultimate acceptance of our standards. This faith has been amply justified and our rewards have been two-fold. First, the realization that we have been instrumental in creating ever widening audiences for such writers as Theodore Dreiser, Hendrik Willem Van Loon, Eugene O'Neill, Rose Macaulay, Ludwig Lewisohn, Franz Molnar, Waldo Frank, John Cournos, Ben Hecht, Harry Kemp, T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, etc. Second, we have had the material satisfaction of seeing our books heading the various lists of "best sellers" with surprising frequency. The titles that follow have been chosen from our spring list of forty-two publications with the readers of the *International Book Review* particularly in mind, and we have no hesitancy in recommending any or all of them for your consideration.

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The Waste Land of the Younger Generation

(*Continued from page 46*)

has assuredly been written for well-read persons. It will never be a poem of general popularity, any more than any type of cerebral poetry will be accepted by the general mass of readers. In a final analysis, is it necessary to know the source of these quotations? Do they not fit into "The Waste Land" as the author intended? And was his intention not to fling up at the reader the broken ejaculations, the pitiful salvage of an intellectual consciousness that has reached the arid places and can exist only on the shattered fragments of an idealism that has perished? "These fragments I have shored against my ruins." We may not believe it, but surely T. S. Eliot may make his poem as personal an expression as he desires, and we must accept his attitude in all sincerity, searching only for poetry and not for a propaganda that will walk hand in hand with our own ideas of modern life. The motif of "The Waste Land" is stated in the four opening lines:

> April is the cruelest month, breeding
> Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
> Memory and desire, stirring
> Dull roots with spring rain.

And so memory and desire are mixed in the opening section, broken flashes-back at childhood, when "summer surprized us, coming over the Starnbergersee." But these things are gone now.

> What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
> Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
> You can not say, or guess, for you know only
> A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
> And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
> And the dry stone no sound of water.

So comes the first suggestion of the Waste Land. Now this idea of the Waste Land employs an old legend which T. S. Eliot admits he found in Miss Jessie Weston's "From Ritual to Romance." It is necessary only to know this legend in the most superficial manner to observe properly how the poet employs it in the structure of his poem. One should also have an acquaintance with Sir James Frazer's "The Golden Bough," particularly the volumes devoted to the Atthis, Adonis, Osiris myths, in order to be familiarly conversant with some of the symbolism in "The Waste Land."

Miss Weston explains about a mythological Fisher King whose loss of virility is sympathetically reflected in the condition of his land, where all reproductive processes stop, the water drying up, nothing growing. It is the task of a certain hero to restore this Waste Land and to do this through a quest of the Grail. In Mr. Eliot's poem we find the Waste Land, but there is no hint of the hero who shall bring that restoring idealism to unseal the dried springs of life. Several threads of legend and myth are tied up in the poem, but all the men may be regarded as one man, and all the women may be regarded as one woman. They are but varying angles on two essences that have reached a deplorable disillusionment.

Following the introduction of the motif of "The Waste Land," the mood shifts to more scattered memories of past times. There is a "hyacinth girl," there are even snatches from "Tristan und Isolde." The idea of the Tarot cards is pictured, and after this the poet observes in a wistful and beautiful snatch of poetry the City about him, a sadly ironic contemplation:

> Unreal City,
> Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,
> A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many,
> I had not thought death had undone so many.
> Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,
> And each man fixed his eyes before his feet.
> Flowed up the hill and down King William Street,
> To where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours
> With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.
> There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying: "Stetson!
> "You who were with me in the ships at Mylae!
> "That corpse you planted last year in your garden,
> "Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year?
> "Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?
> "Oh, keep the Dog far hence, that's friend to men,
> "Or with his nails he'll dig it up again!
> "You! hypocrite lecteur!—mon semblable—mon frère!"

There are twisted quotations in the last part of this section, but do they not come naturally enough? Is it not possible to conceive of an educated man breaking out into ironic paraphrases of great lines when stirred mightily by either triumph or despair?

Broken scenes follow, snatches of conversation apparently irrelevant, bits of ragtime, but a hard passionate despair may be sensed through them all. Contrast is cleverly employed. There is the sophisticated woman talking with immense futility in her elaborate room, to be immediately followed by the coarse conversation from the pub outside, these last speeches frequently broken into by the anxious bartender with his "Hurry up, please, it's time," meaning that he must close up shop. "The Fire Sermon," emphasizing the crude descent from the high old idealism, is followed by the long speech of Tiresias, the blind seer, half-man and half-woman. Here is the heart of the poem, for all men and all women meet in this symbolical figure, and what he sees through his blind eyes is the very meat of the poem. And what he sees is the heartbreaking degradation of that clean, fiery-white passion, known of old time, to the automatic lusts and commonplaces of these modern times. Then, further emphasizing this dark disillusionment, follow the songs of the three Thames maidens, the first of them Queen Elizabeth, the others calloused modern types. The episode of the drowned Phœnician Sailor, sonorous with vague thunders, completes the full presentation of the Waste Land.

> After the torch-light red on sweaty faces,
> After the frosty silence in the gardens,
> After the agony in stony places,
> The shouting and the crying,
> Prison and palace and reverberation
> Of thunder of spring over distant mountains,
> He who was living is now dead,
> We who were living are now dying,
> With a little patience.
>
> Here is no water, but only rock,
> Rock and no water, and the sandy road,
> The road winding above among the mountains,
> Which are mountains of rock without water.
> If there were water we should stop and drink.
> Amongst the rock one can not stop or think;
> Sweat is dry, and feet are in the sand;
> If there were only water amongst the rock,
> Dead mountain mouth of carious teeth that can not spit!
> Here one can neither stand nor lie nor sit;
> There is not even silence in the mountains,
> But dry sterile thunder without rain;
> There is not even solitude in the mountains,
> But red sullen faces sneer and snarl
> From doors of mud-cracked houses.

The poem grows more feverish, as tho a parched man were thrusting hard words from him. Sounds of lamentation are in the air; the City that is all cities cracks and bursts in the violet light.

> A woman drew her long black hair out tight
> And fiddled whisper music on those strings;
> And bats with baby faces in the violet light
> Whistled, and beat their wings
> And crawled head downward down a blackened wall;
> And upside down in air were towers
> Tolling reminiscent bells, that kept the hours
> And voices singing out of empty cisterns and exhausted wells.

Are not these tragic implications plain enough? Is it possible for one to read and not be stirred by the hard, dry, gasping emotion that would seem almost to strangle the poet as he tears it from him? Yet, in spite of these passages, T. S. Eliot has been dubbed a mere epigrammatist and "The Waste Land" a hoax.

To the grumbling thunder of phrases from the Upanishads the poem ends. Datta, Dayadhvam, Damyata—Give, Sympathize, Control. Each word is followed by an explanatory paragraph.

(*Continued on page 64*)

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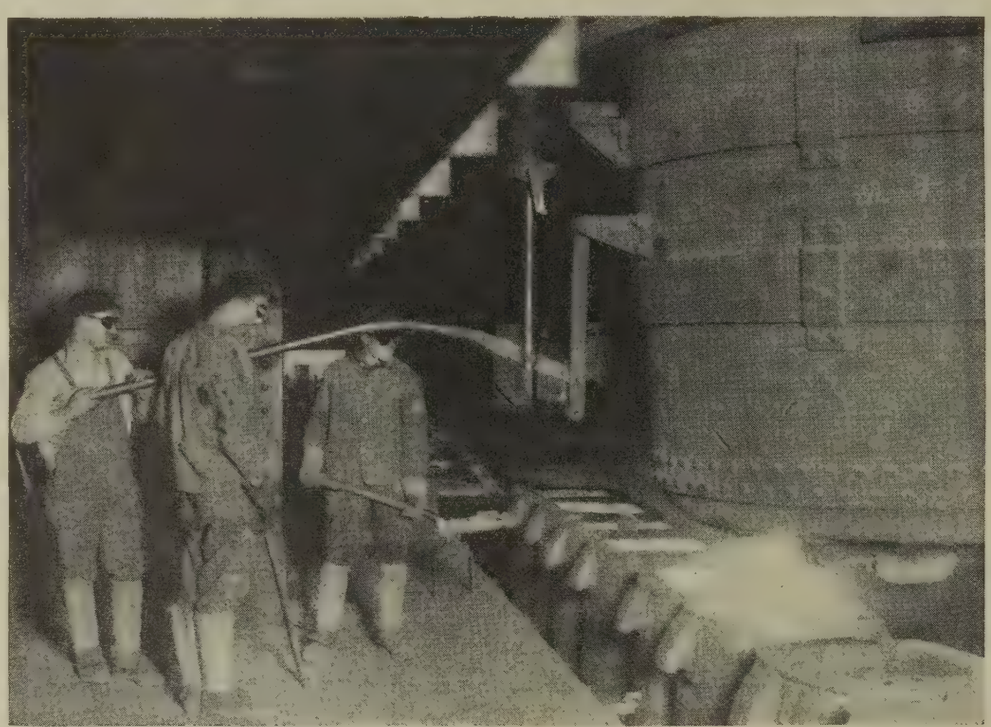
Abolishing the Twelve-Hour Working Day

By Jacob H. Hollander

THE fact of a twelve-hour working day affecting large numbers of wage-earners in some of the most important industries in the United States has come increasingly to be regarded as a grave defect in our economic life. Nothing short of clear necessity as to productive output, competitive survival and established procedure could justify an industrial method which, waiving any question of physical wear and tear, is obviously a denial of family life and social opportunity. So much is indeed freely conceded by most of those who have found themselves impelled to resist the popular demand for change. With bare exceptions, the firmest opponents of abandonment of the twelve-hour working day admit the objectionable features of the existing arrangement, but insist that, as to certain industries or particular plants, the long day is an unfortunate consequence of the necessities of the case, and that it can only be replaced, if at all, gradually and cautiously.

The issue, as a practical reform, thus turns entirely upon questions of fact. Admitting that the twelve-hour working day is an evil, can American industry rid itself of it without bringing down upon the business and social structure greater harm than will have been eliminated?



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A CASTING CREW IN AN OPEN-HEARTH STEEL FURNACE

In the vehement discussion that has raged upon this issue there has heretofore been more emotion than logic. The reformers have too often soared in the high altitude of social idealism; and the opponents, on the other hand, have braced themselves in the immobility of existing status.

It is this which gives such extraordinary interest and importance to the present volume.* When so distinguished a company of industrial specialists as the Federated American Engineering Societies, through a committee of the highest competence, investigate, dispassionately and exhaustively, work periods in continuous-industry, with particular reference to the twelve-hour working day, and arrive at findings of such clear and convincing quality as to secure the emphatic endorsement of the President of the United States, the whole matter in controversy is removed to a new plane of reasonable proof.

The situation, in brief, is that in the United States there are, or have been until very recently, upwards of forty continuous-industries operating more or less completely upon a shift system, employing between 500,000 and 1,000,000 wage-earners on shift-work, with families aggregating from 1,500,000 to 3,000,000 persons dependent upon such earnings. Among these are probably 300,000 wage-earners, aggregating with their families more than 1,200,000 persons, working on twelve-hour shifts.

Under a grant from the Cabot Fund this entire area has been investigated by the present committee, practically two years being devoted to the inquiry. The task of ascertaining the extent of the twelve-hour shift in industries other than iron and steel, and the experience of those manufacturers who had changed from two-shift to three-shift operation, was assigned to Dr. Horace Drury, a recognized expert in industrial economics. The task of studying the technical aspects of changing from two-shift to three-shift operation in the iron and steel industry was assigned to Bradley Stoughton, a distinguished metallurgical engineer. The committee itself formulated the general survey and conclusions. These conclusions, altho set forth with the restraint of scientific calm, are definite and unmistakable.

First, as to the forty continuous-industries, other than iron and steel, it appears that, altho twelve-hour plants are still common, yet the total number of employees on eight-hour shifts is now considerably larger than those on twelve-hour shifts. In the case of an overwhelming majority of plants that have changed from two- to three-shift operations, no technical difficulties have been encountered. The seeming disadvantage of having three men instead of two responsible for a given product has been overcome by standardizing procedure and equalizing control through precision instruments. The effect of the shorter day on the quantity and quality of production has been satisfactory where good management and cooperation of labor have been secured. Absenteeism and labor turnover have been reduced in a marked degree; but there is little evidence to show that personal injuries to workmen have been lessened. In changing to the shorter day, hourly wage rates have been commonly increased from 20 to 25 per cent., the character of the adjustment varying with existing economic conditions and the special circumstances of the plant. The evidence is conclusive that the extra leisure time of the men under the shorter working day is used to good advantage, whether in gardening, truck farming, and doing odd jobs, or in recreation and family or social life. On the whole, altho there is a natural divergence of opinion as to the advantages and disadvantages of the three-shift operation, the most positive statements are in its favor. A few plants have reverted to the two-shift operation after trial of the three-shift system. But the weight of evidence shows

*The Twelve-hour Shift in Industry. By the Committee on Work-Periods in Continuous-Industry of the Federated American Engineering Societies. With a Foreword by Warren G. Harding, President of the United States. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co

that when a plant changes to three-shift operation it is very unlikely that it will revert to the former operation.

Interesting and significant as are these findings, the part of the report which will command most attention is that having to do with the iron and steel industry. It is here, and in particular upon the policies of the United States Steel Corporation, that public discussion of the twelve-hour day has centered.

The matter has been much to the fore in the recent councils of the Steel Corporation. In 1919 the number of twelve-hour employees in the entire industry probably ran as high as 150,000 and of these between 69,000 and 70,000 were in the employ of the United States Steel Corporation. The industry had then already felt something of the general pressure throughout the country toward shorter hours begotten of war and post-war conditions, and this had been further influenced, the Committee believes, by the steel strike of 1919, the attacks on the twelve-hour day in Congress, the Interchurch Report on the Steel Industry, and the conviction on the part of many steel men that the twelve-hour day is too long a period for men to work. The Steel Corporation had appointed a committee to consider and report on the practicability of abolishing the twelve-hour day, and in the spring of 1921, Judge Gary issued a statement to the effect that the corporation hoped to be able to eliminate the twelve-hour day, as the difficulties of doing so were overcome. This proposed course was probably delayed and certainly made more difficult by the business depression that followed. With steel production as low as 30 per cent. of normal, with average hourly earnings reduced in some cases to one-half, with unemployment very large—the matter of a shorter working-day yielded to more critical issues. A measure of progress was attained; but the Committee is of the opinion that, in the absence of some firmer policy than was followed in 1921, there would be likelihood of a drifting back toward the twelve-hour day as times improve.

The events of 1922 have tended to check this possible retrogression. At the annual stockholders' meeting of the Steel Corporation on April 17, 1922, favorable report was made as to the reduction of twelve-hour men in that organization. On May 18, 1922, President Harding entertained the country's leading steel men at a White House dinner, and suggested the importance of eliminating twelve-hour work before business should have returned to its full volume. Thereafter, Judge Gary, as President of the American Iron and Steel Institute, appointed a committee to investigate the practicability of abolishing the twelve-hour day in the steel industry as a whole. This important change, tho under serious consideration, is, however, yet to be made.

The Stoughton report makes clear that such a change is entirely practicable from a technical view-point, and that it can be carried out without serious injury to the industry. It need not of necessity result in increased labor cost, and, to the extent that it does, compensation in whole or in part is likely to be found in increased efficiency, better morale and greater public prestige.

One need not be extravagant in optimism to believe that even left to its own devices American industry would eventually discard the twelve-hour day. That its passing is likely to come earlier and more generally than the mere structural evolution of industry would effect, is due to such thorough objective investigation as the present inquiry. It is doubtful whether industrial technicians and economic specialists, equipped with the resources of a wisely administered institution of economic research, have ever collaborated with better scientific method or more promising practical result. But President Harding has said this finely in his brief foreword:

> The old order of the twelve-hour day must give way to a better and wiser form of organization of the productive forces of the nation, so that proper family life and citizenship may be enjoyed suitably by all of our people.
>
> This clear and convincing report of the engineers must prove exceedingly helpful in showing that this much-to-be-desired result can be achieved without either economic or financial disturbance to the progress of American industry.

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"Challenge," "Futility" and "Skeeters Kirby"

ROMANCE, reality and revolt are the three r's obviously suggested by the novels of Miss Sackville-West, Mr. Gerhardi and Mr. Masters. These three novels—"Challenge" (1), "Futility" (2) and "Skeeters Kirby" (3)—altho dissimilar in intention and achievement, possess in common certain attributes which make for distinction and success.

Those who happened to read Miss Sackville-West's earlier books became aware of a literary artist of somewhat unusual resources, sensitive of perception, skilful in characterization, possest of a rarely lovely prose style. Her new novel, "Challenge," reveals all these qualities but adds to them a substantial increase in depth and power of emotion. It is a story of youthful love and youthful idealism woven into the drama of a defeated struggle for political liberation and set in the colorful and exotic atmosphere of the Greek archipelago. The conflict between love and idealism in the spirit of Julian Davenant is projected in his relations to two women, his exquisite, volatile girl-cousin, Eve, whose love defeats him, and the middle-aged singer, Anastasia Kato, whose devotion saves him.

MISS V. SACKVILLE-WEST

That each of these characters should exercise complete persuasion over the reader's sympathies, that each should be vital, convincing, would in itself demonstrate the quality of Miss Sackville-West's workmanship. But what is true of them is likewise true of the large number of subsidiary characters who enter the story. There is delicate satire and penetrating insight in the author's presentation of the diplomatic society of the tiny state of Heraklion, convinced of its signal importance in the world of European politics, sustaining an elaborate social code and with complete seriousness abandoning itself to the tedious, petty intrigues in which every one cynically pretends to believe. The figures of the two premiers, Malteios and Stavridis, of the English Davenants who invisibly control the destinies of the tiny country through ownership of its chief economic resources, of the Larfarges and the Thyregods are drawn with a conviction only reinforced by implicit, finely edged humor. The test of the reality of minor characters in a novel is whether the writer has succeeded in making the reader feel, even in the briefest portrayal, that each of them possesses a complete personal history and highly individualized activities which do not enter into the action of the story. The reality of the minor characters in "Challenge" is precisely of this order, for so authentically are they people rather than mere figures, that the author might well have written an absorbing story about each of them.

It is, however, in the love story of Julian and Eve Davenant that Miss Sackville-West's mastery of her art is most apparent. This tale of the first dawn of young love and of its flowering in passionate exaltation is developed with poetic beauty and delicacy. It is a story that, for certain reasons which the reviewer should not divulge, would be marred by the slightest false touch of sentimentality, or by the least suggestion of grossness. As Miss Sackville-West tells it, the story is lyrically beautiful with an undercurrent of abiding pathos which rises to an inevitably tragic conclusion, a conclusion emotionally powerful and artistically satisfying. In "Challenge" Miss Sackville-West has written a romantic novel of rare imaginative insight, distinct psychological acumen and explicit dramatic force. And she has written in a prose so felicitous, so subtly responsive to mood and color and atmosphere as to have achieved a very considerable degree of perfection. The novel establishes her position as one of the most original and talented of the younger group of British writers.

To this younger group of British writers belongs Mr. William Gerhardi, whose first book, "Futility," a novel on Russian themes, is dedicated to the late Katherine Mansfield and bears an enthusiastic preface by Edith Wharton. It is a story of a Russian family, in fact, of three Russian families, all of whom attach themselves to a willing but ineffectual gentleman so inextricably enmeshed in the tangle of his own fate as to be unable to guide the destinies which they place in his hands. The attempts of Nicolai Vasilievich to escape the responsibilities of the family of the wife from whom he is separated, that of the mistress who has replaced her, and that of the girl whom he hopes to marry if he can unburden himself of the other two, constitute one of the most gayly amusing inventions of recent fiction. The story begins in Petersburg in the early days of the war, and moves with Nicolai Vasilievich across Russia to Vladivostok, in a magnificently funny journey on which he is resolutely accompanied by the three families who implacably refuse to have any contact with each other, as well as by a number of other dependents who have always existed upon his bounty.

This novel of Russian life seen through English eyes—against the background of war and revolution—is, despite its definite note of comedy, both ironic and pathetic in its implications. The canvas is amazingly crowded, the minor characters projected with

(1) CHALLENGE. By V. Sackville-West. 297 pp. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

(2) FUTILITY. By William Gerhardi. With preface by Edith Wharton. 256 pp. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.75.

(3) SKEETERS KIRBY. By Edgar Lee Masters. 394 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

subtlety and humor both from their own points of view and that of the narrator, the grasp of reality consistently maintained. Mr. Gerhardi's skill in character delineation is unusual; he has made natural and veritable a whole gallery of people whose motives and psychology would ordinarily be totally inexplicable to the English mind, and he has done it in such fashion that they are touched by both pathos and humor. Mrs. Wharton in her preface to the novel has indicated its specific distinction:

> This, it seems to me, is the most striking quality of Mr. Gerhardi's book: that he has (even in this, his first venture) enough of the true novelist's "objectivity" to focus the two so alien races to which he belongs almost equally by birth and bringing-up — the English and Russian; to sympathize with them both, and to depict them for us *as they see each other*, with the play of their mutual reactions illuminating and animating them all.

In "Futility" there are, as Mrs. Wharton observes, laughter, tears, and the strong beat of life. And there is more. There is deep human sympathy and a capacity to interpret reality in its own terms with scrupulous faithfulness and clear insight. To make these strange, futile, perplexed folk living and lovable, humorous without sacrificing their innate dignity, and to have made their lives and problems an integral part of the reader's experience, is a remarkable achievement. Mr. Gerhardi's art, even in this first novel, attains fortitude and security.

These two novels are motivated respectively in romance and reality. Mr. Masters's "Skeeters Kirby" is almost wholly motivated in revolt. The book is a companion story, and in a sense a sequel to Mr. Masters's earlier novel, "Mitch Miller," carrying the life of Skeeters from adolescence into manhood, through a romantic youth into disillusioned maturity. Throughout the entire story Skeeters is in rebellion against his environment, striving always to dominate it and being invariably defeated. The beauty for which he quests eludes him, the depth of spiritual experience for which he is eager escapes his effort to plumb it, the ideal aspirations which prompt him dissolve into sordid and brutal realities. The whole tale of Skeet's encounter with life is the chronicle of an inarticulate struggle for self-expression and freedom under the compulsion of a social system which has room only for conformity and suppression. When one observes this, one discovers that the author's specific concern is social criticism. Like Sinclair Lewis, Mr. Masters is troubled by certain aspects of contemporary American life, but unlike Mr. Lewis he does not draw his indictment of it with satiric humor, but with relentless realism. He is intensely, passionately serious in his criticism, adding detail after detail to his picture, unwilling to spare the reader a single episode which contributes to the evidence. The result of this cumulative pressure is a somewhat undue expansion of the critical comment at the expense of the story interest. The picture which Mr. Masters gives of contemporary American life is hard and unlovely and a little bitter, but undeniably powerful. And its power derives almost exclusively from the author's uncompromising sincerity and conviction rather than from his creative abilities as an artist. For in Mr. Masters the critic and the novelist are at war.

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In This Month's Fiction Library

His Children's Children

THE extraordinarily rapid changes of every aspect of American life, but more especially those of wealth, and of the "Society" based almost exclusively on the possession of wealth, provide plenty of dramatic contrasts for the fiction writer able to make use of them. And in "His Children's Children" Mr. Arthur Train has proved himself competent to do this graphically and well. His book tells of the rise and decline, within three generations, of a typical New York family—typical, that is to say, of its class and kind. They are materialists, these Kaynes, and the building and ultimate fate of their great brownstone house on Fifth Avenue, the house which had cost a million and was declared "worthless," are symbolical of their triumph and of their failure.

Old Peter B. Kayne, the "Pirate," was of the first generation, "virile and predatory . . . a caveman, but a lovable old rascal at that"; the second generation, represented by his sons Rufus and James, and his daughter Bridget, was "ultra-respectable, selfish, snobbish, hypocritical . . . what one might call the 'Brownstone Bourgeoisie,'" their one ideal, social position; then the third generation, represented by the three daughters of the house.

The eldest of these daughters, Diana, belonged to the days of the athletic girl; beautiful, clever, headstrong, and cynical, she looked upon herself as "an independent human being—brought into the world without her will—acknowledging no responsibilities—a law unto herself!" until that happened which smashed her theories once and for all, and taught her the truths of human interdependence. There is hope for Diana, because at the last she does realize and accept responsibility. Unhappy Claudia, caught in the toils of the English law, is rather shadowy, and then comes Sheila, the present-day "flapper," strung to a pitch of excitement her nerves can not endure, exhausted and hysterical, struggling to keep up and to do the things other girls do, and that the boys expect; typical, but rather more amenable, more easily influenced for her good than the majority of her kind. One can imagine the stinging retort, the bitter "tu quoque" most of Sheila's contemporaries would have flung in Diana's face in return for her late-appearing anxiety and interest.

But tho the book is called "His Children's Children," and Diana is in a sense its heroine, the best-drawn characters in it are those of Rufus Kayne and Elizabeth, his wife. Mrs. Kayne is the kind of mother whose daughters become Claudias or Sheilas; weak, stout, indolent, well meaning, governing their lives on the rule of doing as other people do—or as they are told other people do. She is absolutely real, a woman we all know; and equally real is her husband, he who at last perceived that "he had been strutting and posing all his life, trying to make himself conform to his idea of what a financier should appear to be"; whose daughters were strangers to him, and whose home was no home at all.

These three generations epitomize their periods as well as their types; the predatory Peter B., who had "wielded a pick and carried a dinner-pail" in the beginning, cleaned up "a million or so with Flood, Fair and O'Brien" in Virginia City, then came East to Wall Street; and the game of "Bet-you-a-railroad" is as thoroughly of his day as is Rufus, or any of his friends among the American Victorians. The description of the dinner at the Rufus Kaynes where these Victorians assemble is admirable, their talk almost photographic in its verisimilitude, dependent on "things," fairly "oozing with money," full of a materialism the more crass because of its complete self-satisfaction, a materialism whose fruit is the neurotic, excitable, chattering Sheila, frantically pursuing "a good time," living for pleasure and attaining exhaustion. And as Sheila marks the decadence of the Kaynes, so is Sheila's coming-out ball a natural result of such functions as the Kayne dinner.

Mr. Train has the great advantage of knowing whereof he writes—which many so-called society novelists too obviously do not. His picture of Sheila and of Sheila's set is scarcely less graphic than that of the elder generation. But he has much more pity for the one than for the other, since it is to the materialism of their elders that he attributes the behavior of "the silly kids," whose silliness threatens to have such tragic consequences.

The book is cleverly constructed, and the means by which the young lawyer, Lloyd Maitland, formerly Colonel Maitland of the A. E. F., becomes involved with the affairs of the Kayne family is perfectly plausible. It is to a very great extent through Maitland's eyes that we see these people and their environment; but we also see how they appeared to Mr. Pepperill, the aristocratic old lawyer, who realized that "the century of greatest commercial and scientific progress in the world's history . . . stifled the spiritual sense in most people"; he condescended to the Kaynes and their like, but was willing to associate with them and to take their money, and so became, to some degree, responsible for them. We see, too, how they appeared to the philosophical novelist, Paradym. It is Paradym whose account of his own book evidently sums up what Mr. Train has tried to express in this one. Both show the condition; neither suggests a remedy.

It is a very ambitious book, this of Mr. Train's, but it is one in which the extent of achievement justifies the ambition, a book deserving far more extended comment than is possible within the limits of a review. It is interesting, vivid, real to a degree which can perhaps be fully appreciated only by those personally acquainted with the kind of people and with the existence it presents. Rich in contrasts, thoughtful, well written, "His Children's Children" is a thoroughly worth-while novel.

LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD.

HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN. By Arthur Train. 391 pages. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

The Gentleman from San Francisco

AMERICA has a standard opinion already formed with regard to almost every Russian writer of international repute. This is not yet true, however, in the case of Ivan A. Bunin, one of the greatest living masters of the short story, whose works have remained hitherto untranslated into English, and whose name is hardly known in this country. The four short stories contained in the neat little volume, "The Gentleman from San Francisco," which has just appeared, are well fitted to introduce him to American readers: all of them bear the mark of his deeply original genius.

It is not an easy task to characterize Mr. Bunin in a short article. He has outgrown the unsophisticated realism of his predecessors, and has etched an epoch by making his short stories express a whole lot more than it has hitherto been the custom to expect from that form of literature. The methods he uses in the treatment of details, of human psychology and of scenery, are strictly realistic. But from his rhythmical, exquisite narrative arises an idea, often mystical or symbolical, or a feeling which, tho unsaid by the author, comes to be so powerful as to enchant the reader. And the reader understands that every detail, every word of Mr. Bunin's realistic narrative, is intrinsically harmonized with

this absent key-note illuminating his masterpieces with such an unusual, melancholic light.

Such is, for instance, his "Gentleman from San Francisco," the first story in the volume. Some ten years ago the appearance of this story was unanimously acclaimed by the Russian critics as an epoch-making event. The plot is so simple as to be practically no plot. Imagine a wealthy gentleman from San Francisco, a very wealthy Babbitt, as it might be said now, starting with his wife and daughter on a pleasure trip to Europe. From Naples he goes with his family to Capri, reaches the hotel at dinner time, and, clean-shaven, perfumed, silk-hosed, in patent-leather shoes and irreproachable dinner-jacket, he suddenly drops dead on the carpet of the reading-room. The subservient attitude of the maître d'hotel, and even of the servants, immediately gives way to the desire of concealing the unpleasant happening, which is liable to drive some of the brilliant crowd from the hotel. The body is kept throughout the night in the worst and smallest room, and is removed at dawn—in a large box that had been used for soda-water bottles—to the small steamer crossing to Naples. A week later, all that was mortal of the gentleman from San Francisco is traveling back to the United States, deep in the dark hold of the steamer which so recently had brought him to Naples.

There can be nothing simpler than this Mr. Bunin does not say one word of philosophy, and yet, in versatile overtones, in fragrant contrasts and subtle word paintings, the story draws a sad balance to the life of the modern man.

Mr. Bunin is recognized as the greatest living master of the Russian language. His words seem to separate from the paper and stand before your eyes in their unsurpassed wealth of colors and shapes. And with this he combines an equally great sense of esthetic proportions: you enjoy and absorb every little detail of his strange stories, in which you never find anything that hurts your feeling for great art.

Now that the start has been made, it may be hoped that before long the American reader will have the chance to get acquainted with Mr. Bunin's other masterpieces, of which there are many. It is sufficient to mention his "Dreams of Tchang," a story that was included in a French translation of some of his works, which appeared in Paris a year ago, and which overshadowed "The Gentleman from San Francisco." When, two years ago, I last met Mr. Bunin in Constantinople, he told me that during the recent revolution in Russia he could not write much. But the Russian critics are unanimous now in expecting new revelations from this master of fiction.

ALEXANDER I. NAZAROFF.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM SAN FRANCISCO, AND OTHER STORIES. By I. A. Bunin. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $1.50.

Mostly Sally

LAUGHTER is surely one of the very best of tonics, and Mr. Wodehouse's books are so full of laughter that their author may well be regarded as a public benefactor. His usual ingenuity in the way of contriving peculiar and comical situations is perhaps just a little in abeyance in this new story, but his laconic style is as entertaining as ever, his talent for phrasing as evident, while in Sally Nicholas he has a lovable and altogether delightful heroine, whose adventures we follow with interest, sympathizing with her troubles and rejoicing with her when she at last finds happiness—and the right man.

The story opens at Mrs. Meecher's select boarding-house, with the dinner Sally gave to celebrate her birthday and her inheritance of $25,000. And tho all of the tale is entertaining, and the engaging Ginger has still to make his appearance, this opening scene is one of the best and most amusing in the book. Mr. Faucitt, the dear old actor who could not let that occasion—or any other!—"pass without saying a few words"; the magnificent Fillmore, Sally's brother, who having acquired a small amount of prosperity and a suit of evening clothes, made even his white waistcoat "a

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silent reproach to honest poverty," and the various boarders, each and every one of whom knew just what Sally ought to do with her money, make an assemblage rich in comic possibilities. But Mr. Wodehouse does not linger here; he passes quickly on, and no wonder. For he still has to introduce us to Mr. Lancelot Kemp, alias Ginger, the red-haired young man who exprest his personal opinions with a frankness Sally found agreeable, if a trifle startling, and in one particular sphere of life was competent and dominating; that sphere, the stopping of dog-fights. It is one of the gayest and most enjoyable of tales, this about Sally, with plenty of variety, plenty of incident, and plenty of whimsicalities for the reader to chuckle over.

Mostly Sally. By P. G. Wodehouse. 317 pages: New York. George H. Doran Co. $2.

Suzanne and the Pacific

SUZANNE is deliciously feminine and very young, but more noticeable still is her gaiety and mental detachment. These qualities supply a magic not unlike that in old fairy-tales. Nothing frightens her. Nothing harms her. They even prevent her from changing her mode of thought, however much she must alter her mode of living. Her experience as a tropical islander consists of inhaling Parisian perfumes *au naturel*, of rose-colored coral walks among brilliantly plumed birds, of eating delicacies which she ordinarily would have obtained from a hothouse. She observes all this with charming whimsicalness, as tho she were fashionably drest and spending an afternoon in a conservatory. Only occasionally does the afternoon lengthen in her imagination to a possible lifetime. She is too positive of rescue. Also, tho she is obviously blasé and a trifle spoiled, it stretches the fairy-like detachment to the breaking-point to accept her indifference to all the incidents that happen after twenty years in a French village. One not unnaturally looks for some change after five years of solitude, but each morning finds her sleeping on a bed of fluffy lavender feathers, and swimming around the island as usual. It is admirable the way her mind at least remains in France and continues to amuse her with history, literature and art. Also her rescue and return to France is very cleverly accomplished. Here is technique which almost wipes out the inadequate transition at the beginning of her journey when, with the help of one short paragraph, she is suddenly started round the world, all of her life up to that point having been considered with minute detail. Almost it would seem as tho both Suzanne and Jean Giraudoux are at their best in native surroundings.

By far the finest work in the book is at the beginning. Here is extraordinarily fine description, especially of Suzanne's companions and their attitude toward the little village. Nothing seems to touch this for interest on the island. There are exquisite mosaics of metaphor, of description and swift comparison throughout, but they do not seem to carry as convincingly when applied to fishes and limestone caves. Perhaps the reader realizes the length of Suzanne's island stay even tho she is apparently so heedless.

Suzanne and the Pacific. By Jean Giraudoux. Translated by Ben Ray Redman. 286 pages. New York: Putnam's Sons. $2.

Trodden Gold

MRS. BALL frankly worshiped wealth and social position—with the earnestness of a woman of modest means and unlimited ambition. After what had been considered a brilliant match she discovered her husband's legacy to be much smaller than she had anticipated, so their life together was one of constant skimping, of keeping up inflated appearances. When her twin daughters were old enough to marry she planned brilliant matches for them, hoping that they might profit through her experience. The girls, however, are reasonably independent. Constance does marry a man of potential means, but in spite of his consistent successes and advancements, and of her own assured position, she is unhappy. In the end her lot is tragic.

Deborah, the other daughter, marries a poor chemist. Ned is a lovable boy, research is his life; comfort, material success, and every other element without direct bearing on his work, dim into insignificance. For the first year Deborah is happy; in the second year she misses her former small luxuries; in the third year she finds herself—and rediscovers Ned—just as she is about to enter into illicit relationships with a wealthy adventurer. After this experience she adapts herself to Ned and to Ned's type of life, and they find happiness in mutual sacrifice.

Mr. O'Brien, one feels, sets out to prove in "Trodden Gold" that wealth and position are not synonyms for happiness; one reader, however, is not entirely convinced—but that is an individual reaction. The book is written smoothly, with sermonic overtones; for those who prefer pleasantness and constructive criticism to deep observation and unbiased interpretation, "Trodden Gold" may be recommended. Mr. O'Brien's is a popular appeal, and, after its fashion, a sincere appeal.

Trodden Gold. By Howard Vincent O'Brien. 316 pages. Boston Little, Brown & Co.

The Scarlet Pimpernel

THE Scarlet Pimpernel, with his inane laugh, his courtly manners, his "dems" and "lud love yous," is back; but whether he has brought all his old charms back with him may be a debatable question. For Baroness Orczy has here presented her hero in the disguise of the leaden-witted coal-heaver, Rateau. Of course, the disguise is easily penetrated; but if she had given her readers earlier in the story a reminding glimpse of the Scarlet Pimpernel's exquisite dandyism and daring, the piquancy of contrast and the pervading sense of his unexpectedness would have carried the tale along more buoyantly. Nevertheless, there is much to be grateful for, for the Scarlet Pimpernel is still nonchalantly engaged in snatching aristocrats from under the very knife of Robespierre's guillotine. He finds his task complicated by the machinations of the beautiful and ambitious Cabarrus, a humanly susceptible villainess, who tries to capture this giant by casting the silken net of her charms about him. At this point the story becomes so mettlesome with unexpected happenings that the reader begins to suspect that every letter is a forgery, every beggar the Scarlet Pimpernel, and every boy a fair lady in disguise. Of all his adventures the Scarlet Pimpernel appears to best advantage in those in which he is engaged in repartee with Chauvelin. Who would not envy him his ball-room *sang froid* as he baits M. Chauvelin about the cut of his breeches or the set of his tie, when he knows that at any moment it may cost him his life? However, appreciation of the Scarlet Pimpernel's witty back-fire is somewhat dampened by the author's continually insisting that he "riposted."

Baroness Orczy engages your attention by giving each situation a swift and surprising filip, and some instinct for the breaking-point of the reader's "will to believe" allows her to approach daringly close to it in perfect safety. And as for history, she seldom allows it to slow up the action, but keeps it in its place of cheerfully lurid back-drop. She is evidently filled with a wholesome horror of revolutions, but maybe she ought to be deported somewhere as a Red propagandist. Doesn't she make revolutions too entertaining to the young?

The Triumph of the Scarlet Pimpernel. By Baroness Orczy. 314 pages. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.75.

Bedouin Love

MR. WEIGALL'S "Bedouin Love" is well named, well written, and well plotted. The author knows the East of which he writes, knows of the feeling of "roving" which can take a man through those lands of gorgeous colors and open spaces. And he

understands not only the man in that environment, but the woman who can paint, who can love, and who can seek solace in "The Island of Forgetfulness."

James Champernowne Tundering-West, or, as he preferred to be called, Jim Easton, lived "a roaming, dreaming, sun-baked Bedouin life." And then Jim met Monimé. Here is Bedouin love!

> "In the next room," he mused to himself, "sleeps a woman who in the darkness was to me the gateway of my dreams, but who in this bright sunlight will be again only a capable, pretty creature and an amusing companion. Night, after all, is woman's kingdom, and in it she is mistress of all the magic arts of enchantment, she becomes greater than herself; but day belongs to man. How, then, shall I greet her?—for my very soul seemed surrendered to her a few hours ago, yet now I find myself still master of my destiny."

With the knowledge of his uncle's death, and that he is now the squire of Eversfield, Jim leaves Monimé and returns to England. From the land of love and adventure, Jim plunges the reader into his prosaic English life, into his unhappy marriage, and his desire to escape. Smiley, the poacher, endears himself to the heart of the reader—and of Jim—at this stage of the story. Smiley understands Jim as Monimé did. And then Jim decides to have done with pretense and go back to the life of Jim Easton—to be free! Pronounced dead, thought dead, and with a monument erected for him, he wanders into the Island of Forgetfulness and finds there—Monimé—with a new life opening to him.

And here we are back again into the whirl of life and love, keeping pace with a swift-moving story which never becomes melodramatic, tho it is full of action, and which carries us to Egypt, and then to England again. Decidedly out of the ordinary in plot and characterization, exceptionally wholesome and delightfully artistic in setting, "Bedouin Love" will endear itself to the hearts of many readers.

Bedouin Love. By Arthur Weigall. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

Miss Mapp

"MISS MAPP" is a small English-town gossip story of the inconsequential things which make up the life of a town composed of narrow-visioned women and small-minded men. The book is not exciting, but it is good reading. There is no plot, but there is excellent characterization.

If you have ever wondered how perpetual gossips such as Miss Mapp learn everything, you will find out when she sets forth to discover how she came to be invited to that bridge party. She pieces every little glimmer of light together and eventually reaches her conclusions in a way little short of marvelous. It is an art, and a very fine one at that, to be able to dissect your men and women friends as Miss Mapp does, and learn all their hidden secrets.

Miss Mapp is not the type of character which one would enjoy living in the same town with, but one does enjoy reading about her and her friends. Mrs. Plaistow, whose mind runs in much the same vein, makes a very pleasant comedy element in the book. And Dear Irene! with her cigarets and her studio and the nude male model which scandalized Miss Mapp! Oh, yes, Irene is delicious, because she anchors Miss Mapp in a sea of doubts and despair.

But when you come to the last page, the story suddenly stops! You feel that you should turn to the next chapter, but there is none. The author's character work, as always, is excellent, but on the whole this book seems hardly likely to have the audience which others of his have enjoyed.

Miss Mapp. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.75.

Titans

WHEN Jack London introduced Nietzsche's superman into fiction, he became the father of a long line of "he-men." In a world beset with philosophical and psychological doubts it is

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a mental vacation to turn to a book in which the characters are drawn in bold black and white, as they are in "Titans."

In a fisher village in the Northern Islands, a country of waste salt lands and violet sunsets, John Strong, the epitome of sheer physical prowess, struts through life to conquer men against their wills. Judith Nyte, "an elemental," might have been another Joanna Godden if the author had not made her a woman prostrating her soul before her "mate" at the age of twelve, and "born to bring forth male children only." We have here the basis for a complete scenario, with all the subtitles supplied, and a parson as indispensable as the proverbial Lady from Philadelphia.

With Neil, John's weakling brother, and Lysette, the gossamer wife whom John has imported from the island, there enters a lyric strain into the gigantic tale of the Titans. For pages they chatter of poetry and sunsets in metaphors that lost their original flavor years ago. It seems unbelievable that "Titans" has been executed in the year 1922, for it is as wordy and efflorescent as any Victorian novel at its worst. Yet in some respects it is better than anything from the pen of James Oliver Curwood, and it at least makes an attempt to solve the problem of man and his relations with Fate. There is a suggestion of the melancholy of the sea in this book of Mr. Guernon's that reminds one of Pierre Loti's "Iceland Fisherman," but there is no freshness of figure, no originality of conception.

TITANS. By Charles Guernon. 306 pages. New York: Duffield & Co. $2.

Secret Drama

MORE in line with Rose Macaulay's "Dangerous Ages" than with her "Potterism" is the latest Melrose prize-winning novel, "Secret Drama," by Isabel Beaumont. But it is more scrupulously psychological, perhaps even pathological, in its emphasis on the subtle crisscrossings of emotional currents in the lives of a group of women whose intellectual reactions are less vigorous than their sensory ones. We have here a brilliant conception of the suppressed woman, minute in its details, yet creating a sense of vague unreality.

It is a strange gathering of women that we find in the cottage on the South Downs, where the very walls and passageways reflect the febrile imaginings that seep through, divorced from reality. Suddenly, with the advent of Marie, the daughter for whom Mrs. Jesson has a fanatic devotion, this charged atmosphere becomes redolent of change, shaping the smothered explosives into activity. With Marie and her cold, brilliant patter of life and herself in the cosmos, everything changes subtly, shaping itself about her and her lover, Hobart Ramsay. But Ramsay promptly falls in love with Dido, and the castles that they had all conjured about Marie fall into queer, disembodied shapes. The walls are up again, and every woman creeps behind her own barrage to reshape her little world.

Marie is to Mrs. Jesson all that she can not comprehend, and, horrified by the blunt, bravado chatter of free love, Mrs. Jesson thinks that "modern life is sensuous, neurotic, destructive," but considers herself immune from it. There is the difference between the patter of our mid-Victorian mothers and our own; they recognize our neurosis, but not their own. May Bessant, Marie's traveling companion, is to Mrs. Jesson a sphinxlike paradox, for she is a most respectable appearing girl, and yet she believes in free love. When *she* was a girl, if one was an abandoned woman, one wore all the earmarks!

"Secret Drama" is a vivid, tense analysis of emotions that lie hidden until the touch-off, and then create shifting barriers to conceal reality. Here is the culmination of that realistic and analytical fever which first spread over the Continent from the sparks of Balzac and Stendhal, and the epitome of the modern theory of the fantasias of the unconscious.

SECRET DRAMA. By Isabel Beaumont. 316 pages. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Alien Souls

THAT the way of Tweedledum is not the way of Tweedledee expresses in somewhat jocular form a truth we are only too slow to grasp. One of the facts the World War has most definitely imprest upon us is that the invisible border-line separating one country from another marks no imaginary, but a very real difference. And when the border-line indicates a difference, not only of nationality, but of race and creed, of habits of thought and of ideals, it becomes a thing difficult to pass either mentally or spiritually.

It is across certain of these border-lines, and among those who to us are "Alien Souls," that we are led by Achmed Abdullah's new and very interesting volume of short stories. Thrilling tales they are, many of them, full of color and action—ripping good stories, in short, taken merely as stories. But they are something more than this; they are a revelation of something at least of the point of view, the code of ethics and of honor, which belongs to certain of those who are of the East, and to whom many of those matters which to us seem of great significance are of no importance, and vice versa. Consider, for instance, the tale entitled "The Strength of the Little Thin Thread," that story of the young, high-caste Brahmin who had broken his caste by marrying an American wife. He had studied in Boston, he had adopted American ways, become an American citizen, made plenty of American and European friends, and voluntarily "thrown away his caste as he would throw away a pair of worn-out sandals." But there was something he had not thrown away, and that something, that tiny thread, proved stronger than "all your wonderful civilization, your democracy, your liberty."

These tales are of Afghans and Turks, of Indians and Japanese and Chinese, of love and vengeance, of hatred and death, but with occasional humorous interludes. "The Soul of a Turk" is especially interesting in its account of the Turkish peasant, his relations to the World War, and to the German officers placed over him. Equally good is the story called "Reprisal," telling of the Red Chief who "had always greatly distinguished himself . . . by the cheerful and methodical ferocity of his fighting," and of Hadji Rahmet, who kept his oath for wrong or for right. They are all stories of strong colors and strong passions, vivid, swift-moving, and often very exciting.

ALIEN SOULS. By Achmed Abdullah. New York: James A. McCann Co. $1.75.

Mystery at Geneva

CONSIDERED as a mystery story, the great trouble with Rose Macaulay's new book is that the author herself seems to take so little interest in the riddle she has to solve. She has a fairly good theme, a sufficiently effective dénouement, and a not very convincing but quite unexpected surprize to spring upon the reader at the end. But that gradual unfolding, which has so much to do with the making of a successful mystery tale, is lacking. One feels that the author regards her plot as something of a nuisance, interfering with the things for which she really cares. It is easy to hear the sigh of relief with which she turns from the details of this plot to tell of the meetings of the League of Nations and the perpetual squabbling of its delegates, or to comment, often very entertainingly, on life and people in general.

The mystery has to do with the disappearance, one after another, of the most prominent, generous-hearted and honest-minded among the delegates to a meeting of the League of Nations, a meeting which takes place some time in the future. Two of these delegates, Dr. Svensen, the Norwegian explorer who "wanted to waste money on feeding hungry Russians," and Lord Burnley, senior British delegate and author of a book on "Skepticism as a Basis for Faith," certainly bear a striking resemblance to two well-known gentlemen of the present day. But they are not the only ones who vanish, by any means. Of course these disappearances have a decidedly disturbing effect upon the delegates in general, and an even more decidedly exhilarating one upon the newspaper corre-

spondents. It is through the medium of one of these, Henry Beechtree, a journalist employed by a paper called the "British Bolshevist," that the reader learns of these happenings, and of how they presently turn out.

The best part of the book is made up of the rather too consciously clever descriptions of the meetings, with their steady inflow of telegrams, many of which come from America. Then there are such comments as Miss Macaulay's division of humanity into mental females, mental males, and mental neutrals, each group to be distinguished by what it talks about: "The mental females talk about clothes, children, domestics. . . . Mental males talk about sport, finance, business, animals, crops." The mental neutrals talk about "all the other things." Miss Macaulay's novel is for the most part entertaining, but it is quite evident that the domain of the mystery story is not a country in which she is perfectly at home.

MYSTERY AT GENEVA. By Rose Macaulay. 248 pages. New York: Boni & Liveright. $1.75.

The Vision of Desire

MARGARET PEDLER'S "The Vision of Desire" begins by being an excellent moving-picture serial. It ends by being a crude, one-color print of a subtle, multicolored world. The technique which saves the first half of the book ruins the last half. In dealing with physical crises, the movie-serial method is equal to the strain; but when emotional crises come, the method is doomed to failure by its own simplicity. It is like Florence Reed trying to be Ethel Barrymore.

Because Miss Pedler has written too seriously and sincerely to be dismissed with an epigram, her novel must be subjected to the stern tests of artistic excellence. Under such tests it betrays crudity in delineation and style. Ann and Tony start out well, because their problem is not too difficult. Eliot, who recalls Charlotte Brontë's Rochester in his romantic misanthropy, is credible if one can believe that a single experience can embitter every moment of a man's life. So far as these three go on their way alone, we are willing to be dragged along. But Brett we will not endure. The cave-man in society is a subject that may well be avoided by the serious novelist. Brett is a bull in Miss Pedler's china-shop, and her bric-à-brac is wrecked.

THE VISION OF DESIRE. By Margaret Pedler. 368 pages. New York: George H. Doran Co.

The Isle of Retribution

MR. MARSHALL knows his far north country and loves it, which is doubtless one reason for his success in describing the witchery of the Arctic. In "The Isle of Retribution" Puritan morality and old-fashioned religion are expounded by the most obvious implications. Moreover, one does not have to read many pages before realizing that the author is much concerned at the heavy drinking in the upper classes since the coming of the Prohibition Amendment. For him the wastage of human life that is the toll of drunkenness cries for drastic remedies.

One can not but feel that Mr. Marshall is out of his element in describing the society of Seattle. Probably it is similar to society in the big cities of the Eastern States, for the possession of wealth has a tendency to mold men to a pattern. But that the rich are avaricious, sensual, materialistic, snobbish and utterly selfish, while the poor and those who in youth have known poverty are frugal, abstemious and virtuous, suggests a point of view curiously naive.

However, when he leaves civilization the author is unquestionably in his element. Trapping and hunting scenes are vividly and effectively described. The interest increases as one realizes that the theme is the regeneration of urban weaklings by harsh contacts with inexorable Nature, the struggle of primitive man with the elements. Ned Cornet, the wastrel, the rich clubman and spoiled

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child of Seattle, finds, in the horrors of captivity on an island off the Alaskan coast, health, character and a sense of the eternal verities denied him in the wasted years. Incidentally, he finds a wife who loves him more than her own life, and as the sacrifice, tho perilously close, is never made, the book has a happy ending in spite of its ominous title.

THE ISLE OF RETRIBUTION. By Edison Marshall. Frontispiece by Douglas Duer. 332 pages. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.75.

Letters to a Djinn

PORT MORESBY, Dobo, Macassar, Soerabaya, Djokjakarta—these are some of the ports from which the "Letters to a Djinn" are sent. The very names conjure up pictures of tropic isles where the supply of heat is not subject to the caprice of a rapacious coal dealer or a lazy janitor, and where clothes and other conventions are an incumbrance. To read such letters on a winter night when a blizzard is howling outside is enough to make the most inveterate stay-at-home feel like telephoning to the nearest tourist agency and asking the price of a ticket to "somewhere East of Suez."

The letters describe an American girl's journey from Australia to Singapore. The only reason they are called "Letters to a Djinn" is that the girl signs herself "Sinbad" and addresses them to a friend whom she calls "Hinbad, the Djinn." Sinbad has been engaged to bring back from Singapore the invalid sister of a woman whom she met by chance in Australia. The letters, however, deal chiefly with her experiences on the way to Singapore. Sinbad writes intimately and entertainingly of the people she meets—the fat Dutch Captain of the ship; the American naturalist, Mr. Necker, who is usually called the Professor, altho he disavows all claim to that title; Endicott, the English explorer, whom the Captain describes as being "very pretty," but who is a real man for all that; and finally Miss Hale-Hale, who, in spite of her many years' residence in the East, still retains her British insularity. She tells Sinbad: "I have always thought it rather nice when foreigners take a dislike to me; I feel that they instinctively know their place." These four are thrown into each other's company on board ship, and they go sightseeing together at each port. What they see and what they do is told in Sinbad's vivacious letters to Hinbad.

But it is not of sightseeing alone that Sinbad writes; there is adventure, too, and a thoroughly satisfactory romance. And romance is something that no tourist agency can guarantee, no matter what price one pays for a ticket.

LETTERS TO A DJINN. By Grace Zaring Stone. 258 pages. New York: The Century Company.

Intrusion

THE prolog of "Intrusion" tells very little about the story itself, but a great deal about the manner in which it is told. It shows plainly that the author likes to talk all around a subject instead of approaching it directly. Not that the prolog is long; there are only two pages of it, but those two pages are wholly superfluous.

Roberta Leigh is the intruder who plays such havoc with various members of the Suffield family. She is a thoroughly unpleasant person, in spite of the fact, or perhaps because of it, that no male person can allow his eyes to rest upon her without becoming infatuated. Roberta is not a bad girl in the usual sense of the word. She is technically moral, but she deserves no credit for that. With her, morality is not a virtue, but a physical defect. She has no scruples, but neither has she any passion. She has nothing but her beauty—and that is quite enough.

No harm is done so long as she confines her attention to triflers and philanderers. Such men soon find out just how far they can go with her, and if that does not content them, they seek elsewhere, but when she meets a man who takes love seriously, as Allan Suffield does, disaster is sure to follow. Allan knows that Roberta and he have nothing in common, that she is totally lacking in culture and neither understands nor sympathizes with his literary aspirations, but he is infatuated enough to believe that he can mold her mind and her character to match the loveliness of her face. The only trouble is that Roberta has neither mind nor character. Her beauty is a mask with nothing behind it. The consequence is that their marriage is a tragic mockery.

The plot of "Intrusion" is excellent, and in the main it is well worked out. But some kind friend should really buy the author a blue pencil. She uses too many words.

INTRUSION. By Beatrice Kean Seymour. 339 pages. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

The Room

HERE is one of those very modern novels, practically plotless, and with a great deal of attention given to small details and incidents. A girl's desire for a room of her own, a room where she can think things out, and *feel*, and be herself, uninterrupted, unmolested, secluded and in loneliness, is the *raison d'être* of G. B. Stern's "The Room." A very slim reason for being, it is true, but very poignantly, and beautifully handled. It is this longing for loneliness in a place that is one's own that drives Ursula to unreal extremes at the story's close, however.

The book is divided into four parts, and the first is far and away the best. Here is an intimate and very charming picture of the Maxwells, nine all told; "Gums," the governess, and Aunt Lavvy—Aunt Lavvy, to whom Ursula first sacrificed her room. Here the reader may revel in some very excellent characterization. There is Grace the "domestic one," Nina the "popular one," Ursula the "beautiful one," Lottie the "helpful one," and Hal, and William, and Bunny. They are all real people, and drawn with great skill. One feels affection for them, disappointment over their disappointments, and joy over their joys. This is proof of the excellency of the writing. And the writing is very good indeed. It is clear, and individual, and agile, containing an essence of humor and cleverness that is thoroughly delightful. It is adroit writing. Difficult things are put forth with remarkable clarity and conciseness. Descriptions of the usual are exprest in a manner unusual. There is nothing trite or hackneyed about the most obvious and commonplace. The writing is so superior, in fact, and the characterizations so exceedingly good that it is the more pity that the structure is so flimsy. The latter half of the story barely mentions the greater number of characters in whom one has become keenly interested in the former portion, so that one feels cheated and annoyed. Also part one, so detailed in its importance, suddenly appears in relation to the rest of the book as a very large head on a very small person. Perfect as the head may be, it can not charm atop a too-little stature. Incidentally, this delectable part one, "Dulce Domum," is complete in itself.

Ursula Barrison, in the days when she was Ursula Maxwell, crowded into The Laburnams with the rest of the Maxwell family, and Grace's babies, Stan, Aunt Lavvy, and "Gums," gave up her room to save Hal, Hal the glorious brother who had fallen from his pedestal. Ursula loved her room with its very own kindling wood for fire, her own fire in her own little grate, and the pierrot picture, and the red curtains. The giving up hurt badly. And again, toward the story's close, she is robbed of a room. This time marriage is the robber. Here is where an air of improbability mars the book's naturalness and realism.

Read it, however. It is much too well done to miss. And further in the novel's favor it may be added that Mr. Walpole made complimentary mention of it in his lecture over here on modern young writers, classing G. B. Stern with Rose Macaulay, Sheila Kay Smith, and others.

THE ROOM. By G. B. Stern. 298 pages. New York: Alfred Knopf. $2.50.

A Danish Novelist's Prose Epic of Mankind

(*Continued from page 19*)

They could not and would not learn what was coming, and so they had to go. They froze, poor innocents, tried to make themselves cloaks of fig-leaves against the raw weather; they sang sweet songs of lamentation, but the north wind with its cold scourge had come between them and their leafy booths under the plantains. Their home was no more; they were forced to migrate. . . . Carl could not yield. His heart fed upon defiance, he grew in adversity. And when the primitive people were brought to the crossways between the cold and the forest, he was the one who chose the impossible. He became the first man.

Johannes V Jensen now unrolls a vast canvas on which we see pictured the process of evolution. When the glacier finally crushes all beneath it, there emerges a new condition, and man reappears in a new environment. Fire is extinguished, and is given back to man in accordance with historical record—by the striking of flint against flint. Carl grows old, and the race of White Bear appears on the scene. We get the first inkling of how the Scandinavians turned to building ships and roaming the seven seas. The Vikings ply their trade. All this and more is told as the volume comes to a close.

Jensen continues his chronicle of pre-historic events in his books, "Norn-Guest," "The Ship," and "Christopher Columbus." A reader would have to be immune against every emotion if he failed to be enraptured by this unique recitation by a master of his craft.

A prose epic of the human race naturally must have its limitations, and this one can not escape criticism of the sort that would have an affidavit accompany every statement. But the author is a man who cares little for other approval than that of his own conscience. Johannes V. Jensen drank in with his mother's milk in West Himmerland a temperament that refuses to turn aside from a course once chosen. For this reason it took him fifteen years to write "The Long Journey," tho in the meantime he wrote many other books that aided in making his fame secure.

Christian Rimestad, another Danish author, has given us this striking pen picture of the novelist:

There was a moment, in the new century, when Johannes V. Jensen tried to create a "Jutland movement," or, as he sometimes put it, a "Gothic Renaissance." This was a curious reaction against the symbolism which had such a sorry fate in Denmark—so sorry that a definite reaction against it would hardly have seemed necessary. Johannes V. Jensen himself was a poet of rank, gifted with a remarkable stylistic talent which made even his youthful novel, "Einar Elkjaer," a literary event presaging a new era. His perceptions were developed to a keenness and a delicacy not found even in his predecessor, Johannes Jorgensen; his imagination was sensitive and fiery; his emotions spanned an impressive range, from the simplest, most naive and primitive forms to the most subtly refined. "The Long Journey," which he has now concluded with a volume about Columbus, and which tells the story of the evolution of the Northern race from times so distant that Scandinavia in those days was a tropical country, gives evidence of a creative imagination hardly equalled in European literature. He has built on a scholarly foundation, but has breathed into the scanty material furnished by science the spirit of life.

Tho the name of Johannes V. Jensen is only beginning to be known to American readers, his fame abroad is as wide as the European continent, and some of the most discriminating critics pronounce "The Long Journey" one of the masterpieces of the decades. The present reviewer believes it to be unique among the books of the twentieth century in its wealth of invention and its sweep and beauty of imagination.

In a recent interview published in the New York *Evening Telegram*, Theodore Dreiser took occasion to flay the principle and practise of literary censorship. "The average woman knows that associations for suppressing vice are fool things, and even the ignorant woman suspects that all this talk about evil arising from knowledge is bunk and hokum," said Mr. Dreiser, adding, however, "The men of the country are all for it."

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Treating Poe's Genius as a "Neurosis"

(*Continued from page 13*)

not precocious. Tho the names of youthful dullards in the roll of men of achievement are not legion, I recall those of Davy, Linnæus, Humboldt, Watt, Fulton, Schiller, Heine, Goldsmith, Beecher, Whistler, Patrick Henry and Rousseau.

"Precocity of necessity foretells early decline," says the author. John Stuart Mill, for instance, who could read Plato and Demosthenes with ease when he was eight and began a thorough study of scholastic logic when he was twelve! J. St. Loe Strachey is still going strong, and any one who doubts that he was precocious is referred to "The Joy of Living." "I view brilliancy in the child as an abnormal heredity that must pay the price of premature decay." Shades of Beethoven and Alexander Pope! No one would deny artistic genius to Richard Wagner. At the age of thirteen he translated the first twelve books of the Odyssey for amusement; at seventeen his first production as a composer was performed at the Leipzig theater; and at sixty-nine the music of "Parsifal" was completed. He died at the age of seventy.

"Only occasionally does the gold medalist from the university achieve distinction in public or professional life." We salute Lord Birkenhead, and hail him as the exception to this rule of Dr. Robertson's. "Neither money nor distinction may be regarded as the criterion of success." No, religion is! "Plodders will never reach the heights." Page Charles Darwin, late of Down.

Dr. Robertson is bound to show that Edgar A. Poe did not die of delirium tremens, and he characterizes the statement of Dr. J. J. Moran, who was the resident physician of the Washington University Hospital, where Poe died, as "an intelligent statement covering the details of a death due to brain inflammation or ingorgement." But brain inflammation or ingorgement is the condition of the brain and its membranes that is found in practically every case of delirium tremens that comes to autopsy, especially when the delirium has occurred in an individual whose resistance to alcohol has been impaired by prolonged use of that intoxicant or by other drug. The plain truth is that our greatest poet used alcohol intemperately and opium indiscreetly; that he died of delirium tremens; that his father drank excessively; that his conduct, drunk or sober, did not meet with the approbation of all those who knew him, possibly even not of the majority. But he put the United States of America on the literary map and he put it there more everlastingly than any individual who preceded him or who has so far followed him. This is not the opinion or judgment of the writer alone, but of countless students and critics who have written of him during the past half century. Why whitewash the crown that posterity has put upon his brow? Why not leave the golden shimmer of the original burnish?

Merely to expose the quality of the whitewash which Dr. Robertson has applied to the poet's crown, and not from any desire to call attention to the weakness of the man who wears it, one incident may be cited of Poe's action as a critic. This is his estimate of Estelle Anna Lewis, a Brooklyn poetess, of whom he wrote:

> All critical opinion must agree in assigning her a high, if not the highest, rank among the poetesses of her land. Her artistic ability is unusual; her command of language great; her acquirements numerous and thorough; her range of incident wide; her invention generally vigorous; her fancy exuberant; and her imagination—that primary and most indispensable of all poetic requisites—richer perhaps than any of her female contemporaries.

Such an estimate could only go to prove that critics often make mistakes and that Poe as critic was not the peer of Poe as poet and story-writer, were it not for the fact told by Stoddard that this poetess, prior to the appearance of the notice in which the quotation appeared, had paid Poe one hundred dollars to review one of her books, and when she complained of his failure to do so he remarked that if he reviewed her rubbish it would kill him.

Such incidences could be multiplied. But to what purpose?

Poe was a genius and as such he is immortal. As a man he was at best a pathetic figure, a moral weakling. It can not add to the luster of his immortal genius to expose the pitiful skeleton of the man over which the dust of time has spread a merciful veil and the radiance of his crown has cast an indulgent shadow. Nor can Dr. Robertson enhance the world's estimate of the writer by piling up words to convince it that Poe, the man, was full of fine qualities only, but at times committed acts for which he could not be held responsible because he was under the temporary influence of a "neurosis"; and that this "neurosis" had no effect upon the quality of his writing. The world demands more convincing evidence than any which Dr. Robertson has offered before it will alter its opinion, and such evidence is not likely to be forthcoming.

Surgery for the Novel—Or a Bomb

(*Continued from page 6*)

put under the whole scheme of things, what would we be after? What feelings do we want to carry through into the next epoch? What feelings will carry us through? What is the underlying impulse in us that will provide the motive power for a new state of things, when this democratic-industrial-lovey-dovey-darling-take-me-to-mamma state of things is bust?

What next? That's what interests me. "What now?" is no fun any more.

If you wish to look into the past for what-next books, you can go back to the Greek philosophers. Plato's Dialogues are queer little novels. It seems to me it was the greatest pity in the world, when philosophy and fiction got split. They used to be one, right from the days of myth. Then they went and parted, like a nagging married couple, with Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas and that beastly Kant. So the novel went sloppy, and philosophy went abstract-dry. The two should come together again—in the novel.

You've got to find a new impulse for new things in mankind, and it's really fatal to find it through abstraction. No, no; philosophy and religion, they've both gone too far on the algebraical tack: Let X stand for sheep and Y for goats: then X minus Y equals Heaven, and X plus Y equals Earth, and Y minus X equals Hell. Thank you! But what colored shirt does X have on?

The novel has a future. It's got to have the courage to tackle new propositions without using abstractions; it's got to present us with new, really new feelings, a whole line of new emotion, which will get us out of the old emotional rut. Instead of snivelling about what is and has been, or inventing new sensations in the old line, it's got to break a way through, like a hole in the wall. And the public will scream and say it is sacrilege: because, of course, when you've been jammed for a long time in a tight corner, and you get really used to its stuffiness and its tightness, till you find it suffocatingly cozy; then, of course, you're horrified when you see a new glaring hole in what was your cozy wall. You're horrified. You back away from the cold stream of fresh air as if it were killing you. But gradually, first one and then another of the sheep filters through the gap, and finds a new world outside.

Argentine literature is still largely unknown in the United States, and the forthcoming publication of "Nacha Regules," a novel by Manuel Galvez, one of the younger school of Argentine writers, is therefore particularly timely. A number of creditable novels have appeared since, in 1885, Eugenio Cambaceres launched a realistic school in his novel "Sin Rumbo." Among the better-known Argentine novelists are Carlos Maria Ocantos, a writer of the generation of Cambaceres, known by readers of Spanish as a Balzac of Buenos Aires; Emma de la Barra, Paul Groussac, and, of a younger generation, Manuel Ugarte, Martin Aldéo, and Carlos Octavio Bunge. Manuel Galvez's novel, announced by Dutton & Co., is said to be influenced by the spirit of the new and very youthful literature which believes in the reform of evil by ventilating it and by the enthronement of a communistic millennium.

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The Waste Land of the Younger Generation

(*Continued from page 48*)

It is in a welter of quotations that the poem ends, but for me the most important lines in the conclusion are:

> I sat upon the shore
> Fishing, with the arid plain behind me.
> Shall I at least set my lands in order?

Such a hurried résumé can give but a sketchy idea of "The Waste Land" and its construction. The unity that knits it together is one of mood, and altho the lines shift from tragedy to irony, from lyric utterance to a bitterly light juggling of conceits and parodies, that one mood remains unshaken. It is disillusionment, a disillusionment induced, perhaps, by a hurried reading of life, but none the less authentic. The cerebral qualities of the poem can hardly be doubted. Each picture is, perhaps, a picture first evolved in the brain and only secondarily in the heart; they become a conscious compilation. But, strangely enough, taken all together they form an overwhelming emotional mood, a mood that may not be set down on paper in intellectual terms. One may easily isolate a passage and call it chaff from a spinning mind, just as one may isolate a bit of colored glass in a kaleidoscope and note that it is nothing more than glass. But the ensemble becomes a thing of magic.

We may not believe that modern life is a waste land, any more than our fathers believed in James Thomson's "The City of Dreadful Night." But we must allow the poet his own personality, accept his premises for the sake of the art involved, and judge the achievement from within itself. If T. S. Eliot considers the world about him to have reached the dried river-courses of drouth, it should be the endeavor of the critic to ascertain whether or not he has achieved poetry in his visualization of it. And "The Waste Land" seems to me to be decidedly cut from the cloth of authentic poetry, but that cloth has been cut with a difference. There is as much left unsaid as there is said, but it appears to be suggested by many implications. There are overtones to "The Waste Land" which remain with the reader after he has put the book down.

What really matters is whether or not "The Waste Land" itself arouses a troubled, twisted ecstasy in the reader, a regret that is like a sob in the throat beneath its glittering surface of ironic nuances. The fact that it would seem to do so in not a small number of undeniably intelligent minds may not be proof of its authenticity as a poem, but it is a proof of something, and perhaps that larger group of admittedly intelligent minds which seem to find nothing in the poem will tell us what it is. For my own part, "The Waste Land" is an unusual poem, for it shook me violently.

The Most Modern of Egyptian Kings

(*Continued from page 21*)

the wondrous works of God"—come home to the traveler with so great force and meaning as in Egypt. He continues:

> When—long years ago—at Luxor, amazed and entranced, I sat on the banks of the Nile to drink in the beauty of my first spectacle of an Egyptian sunset, such tranquillity, such perfect soul-restfulness were mine. It then gave me something inexpressibly precious to think over, something to gloat upon, something to recall many times in other lands and under different climes—at periods of mental suffering—a memory that has never faded and never can fade.
>
> I know that such an opportunity can hardly recur, that such emotions as were then evoked can never be repeated, nor such mental consolations ever again be offered. Upon many occasions since, I have stood above this incomparable river; but how different have been the conditions, how strange and uncongenial the surroundings! The graceful, gliding *dahabeah* has given place to the evil-smelling, overcrowded steamboat. The low, musical sound of the native oarsmen's singing has been replaced by the rollicking, insolent chant of the *darabooka* crew; their lay—if the passengers but understood its meaning—being a string of lewd epithets and coarse abuse of all Christians, and of Christian tourists in particular. Thus hath the old order changed!

As might be guessed from this glimpse of the author's personality and view-point, he makes a very acceptable guide, even when he is dealing with hard facts, such as that the Nile is 4,100 miles long, that the present population of Egypt is 12,800,000, or that the library at Alexandria destroyed by the vandal Khalif Omar (A.D. 641) contained enough manuscripts "to heat the public baths of Alexandria for six months." His chapters on Thebes, Karnak, Memphis, and Cairo give illuminating glimpses of the ancient ruins as well as the latest facts in the field of Egyptian archeology, all liberally illustrated with photographic scenes in colors.

Mr. Martin evidently has little faith in the ability of the Egyptians to maintain an independent government, and thus far the British are far from having relinquished all control. The protectorate declared in 1914 is at an end, and on Lord Allenby's advice Egypt has been recognized as a sovereign state with an Egyptian Parliament and a reestablished Egyptian Ministry of Foreign Affairs, subject to certain conditions for the protection of British imperial communications and the like. But one of the new government's first acts was to demand absolute control of the Sudan (the ancient Nubia), a country which modern Egypt long misruled, and which has made wonderful progress in the last thirty years under British guidance. Mr. Martin regards this demand as an ill omen. The Egyptians, he says, must renounce forever all thought of regaining even partial control of the Sudan, adding that they are still far from proving that they can govern themselves. Thus his book covers the latest phase of an issue that was very much alive in the days of the Pharaohs.

The Golden Age of Drama To-day

(*Continued from page 37*)

must end this brief survey of the most stimulating study of our drama, a book to be recommended to all the many who want to know what drama essentially is, and who rejoice to find solid support for their belief that at last it has been born again in our language:

> Above all let us make a firm stand against the essentially ignorant fashion of praising the past at the expense of the present. Let us not work ourselves up into paroxysms of modish enthusiasm over plays which never were really great, which were conspicuously of an age and not for all time, and which, acted by modern actors, can not possibly produce upon modern audiences the effect at which their authors aimed. Let us beware of esthetic attitudinizing, that most barren form of affectation. Let us not forget the manifest distinction between the antiquarian interest of, say, a play like "The Duchess of Malfy," and the perennial vitality of "Hamlet" or "Julius Cæsar." Above all, let us not ridiculously reverse the saying that a living dog is better than a dead lion, by jeering at living lions while we bow down and worship dead dogs (p. 388).

Evolving Beauty From Man's Earliest Art

(*Continued from page 35*)

the fruit or vegetable used for the decoration in China being far from the onion of our kitchen gardens.

Particularly in his element is Mr. Burton when treating of Josiah Wedgwood and his pottery,* for during five years he served as chemist in the firm established by the original Josiah. He gives us a general view of Staffordshire ware as well as the special Wedgwood products—the glazes used, the improvements made in technical processes, the materials employed, while abundant illustrations in color enable one to see why, to the present day, objects in Wedgwood find collectors keen. In beautiful color-chrome photographs every type of work from "Etruria" is presented. The two publications cover a very wide field of pottery and porcelain and supply a wealth of solid information.

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*Josiah Wedgwood and His Pottery. By William Burton. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. London: Cassell & Co., Ltd. 32 color plates, 72 black-and-white plates. 1 vol., large 8vo, 194 pp. $25.

My Literary Fight, Round by Round

(*Continued from page 8*)

heard that he was the friend of ragged men in trouble. Through a freak of circumstance I did not see him. I have regretted it ever since.

Balzac said somewhere that no effort was ever lost. One gains power in everything he attempts—with courage. To me, the big thing in life is not to become bitter. In my thirty-four years I have received far more than I have given. Many things, tested by the ages, ring true. There is such a thing as genuine, disinterested friendship. I have had many proofs of it all down the winding road.

Most men, especially writers, are hampered by academic tradition. Too many writers have the technique of the ages at their finger-tips—and nothing to say. They build up little fences of art, and the big man comes along and kicks them all over. The big man climbs higher, kicking down other fences, while they follow after and build them up again. They must have their fences.

To keep a clear head is the main thing. When a pugilist shakes his head after being jolted on the jaw, "to get the bees out of his bonnet," as he expresses it, he is doing the fundamental thing that life has taught him. You can not make any sort of fight without a clear head.

An old trainer used to say to me, "Never think you're licked for a minute. 'Cause, if you do—you're licked." The real truths of life are very simple. There is too much hokum about philosophy. It is not up in the mountains, but down in the valleys, that men and women live and love and suffer. I love the valleys.

Adventures Among Small-Town Folk

(*Continued from page 9*)

pitfalls of sentimentality. Why, having shown us what she is capable of on the larger canvas, will she persist in making miniatures? "Faint Perfume" is exquisite; but it could have been epochal. The material is there; but I have the sense of a scenario instead of a completed novel. True, there are remarkable moments in it. But it is as tho Miss Gale wrote a vivid shorthand now, and had tossed away her plumed pen as archaic. Compression—yes, within limits; but too much hewing and carving is as fatal as verbosity, and Miss Gale is too fine an artist not to know this. The strain upon the reader is terrific at times. He is carried along, as if his author were about to plunge him over a dam, and he yearns for a halt, a respite from the rush. And why this hurry? It is like our motorists who must reach the next town at any cost; and we arrive with smarting eyes and buzzing heads.

I could only wish that "Faint Perfume" had been embellished now and then with an excursion down a by-path. I would have liked to know Leda's father longer, and had more of Pearl and Duke Envers and the forlorn old grandfather. However, it is a notable novel—so excellent that one hesitates to pick flaws. Miss Gale has a passion for humanity and a divination that forever astonishes. She can say, "Did not hostesses always laugh? Especially in leading the way to the dining-room?" And, of her heroine going to her father's funeral, "Besides her grief and the torturing pain in her arm, that which she most clearly remembered of the time was the smell of the badly cured leather of the funeral taxi and the sickening swinging of its window-tassel." Emily Dickinson in prose—and such exquisite prose!

The publication of "John Ruskin's Letters to William Ward" by The Marshall Jones Co. gives to the world for the first time this important correspondence from the great Victorian to his pupil and friend. An edition of the letters limited to thirty copies was privately printed in England some years ago, but this is its first published appearance in either England or America. Seventeen letters containing pen and ink sketches are reproduced in facsimile. The letters reveal the intimate side of Ruskin's character and form in addition a unique book of advice for those who would draw well or teach others to do so.

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A Close-up of Books and Authors

JACINTO BENAVENTE, foremost of Spain's contemporary dramatists and winner of the Nobel prize for literature in 1922, arrived in New York City in March, after a trip through Latin America. On his recent journey Señor Benavente took with him the dramatic company whose fortunes he directs in Madrid, and which appeared in a repertoire of his and other modern Spanish plays with great success. During his visit to New York he was entertained at a number of public functions, notably at a large dinner in the Hotel Plaza on March 15. The third series of Benavente's plays, containing "The Prince Who Learned Everything Out of Books," "Saturday Night," "In the Clouds" and "The Truth," is shortly to appear in a translation by John Garrett Underhill from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons.

The mystery which surrounded the anonymous publication in England in 1918 of a pungent satire entitled "The Burning Spear" has been finally solved by John Galsworthy, who admits its authorship. This book, dealing with the fortunes of a modern Don Quixote who took too seriously the newspaper headlines about the war and set out to put his beliefs into practise, created an extraordinary sensation when it was first issued in London, and speculation as to its authorship was rife. The book will now be issued by Scribner's with a special preface by Mr. Galsworthy.

"The Religion of Main Street" is the title of a new book by the Reverend Percy Stickney Grant to be published on March 25 by the American Library Service. It is a collection of the recent sermons in which Dr. Grant challenged the limitations and restrictions of modern Christianity, and likewise contains the entire correspondence between Bishop Manning and Dr. Grant evoked by the latter's statements from the pulpit of the Church of the Ascension.

F. Scott Fitzgerald's new novel, to be issued in April, will bear the somewhat cryptic title of "The Vegetable." It is announced as a satire on the wave of enthusiasm for self-improvement of all kinds which for some time past has been sweeping the United States.

Devotees of the motion picture will be interested in knowing that Samuel Goldwyn's reminiscences and an inside story of motion picture production, under the title of "Behind the Screen," is to be published in book form by George H. Doran Co., in August. It is only nine years since Mr. Goldwyn, then a glove-maker, strolled into a small Broadway movie theater and came home to tell his brother-in-law, Jesse Lasky, that a fortune could be made by some one who could produce a five-reel picture. Included in the book are personal, intimate reminiscences of Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Pola Negri.

It is nearly fifty years—forty-five exactly—since "The Leavenworth Case" appeared as a new type of mystery tale and a pioneer detective story. It is still in demand, both as a romance and a play, and during the years since 1878 its author, Anna Katharine Green, has written more than thirty other stories. In real life she is the wife of Charles Rohlfs, once an actor with Booth and later a well-known designer of furniture. Mrs. Rohlf's home is in Buffalo. At the age of seventy-seven she is still writing stories and plays that show no abatement of skill or vivacity. Her latest novel, "The Step on the Stairs," has recently been published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

One of the most interesting literary discoveries of recent years, found in a scrap-book among the papers of Alice Meynell after her death, consists of unpublished letters written to her by George Meredith. The favorite form of address employed by the novelist in these letters was "dearest Portia." The friendship which this correspondence represents was one of the last and happiest of Meredith's life, beginning when he was sixty-seven years old, and continuing until his death. The letters, together with a hitherto unpublished and unknown sonnet by Meredith addrest to Mrs. Meynell will be published in a forthcoming number of *Scribner's Magazine*. Meanwhile Charles Scribner's Sons announce for late March a definitive volume including all of Mrs. Meynell's poems.

In the February issue of this magazine appeared a review of "Sea-Wrack," a novel by Vere Hutchinson. The reviewer referred to the author as a man, which drew from a reader in Columbus, Ohio, a letter containing a notice of the novel printed in *The Century Magazine* together with a photograph of the author. "This picture of the author," said the reader, "leads me to believe it is a woman." The picture is of an exceedingly handsome young woman with bobbed hair, and investigation reveals that Miss Hutchinson is the daughter of an officer of the British Army long in the Indian service, that her life has been spent chiefly in London, that her present residence is one of the outlying districts of enormous greater London. "Sea Wrack" is her first novel.

An amusing account of literary apprenticeship is given by Howard Vincent O'Brien, whose new novel, "Trodden Gold," has recently been published.

> I started writing [he says] at the age of twelve or thereabouts. Had a passion for printing, also a press. What more natural than to start a magazine? It was called *The Commercial Advertiser*—probably because it was not commercial and had no advertising. Later it became *The Eaglet*, this name being chosen because the editor came into possession of a cut of an eagle. *The Eaglet* attained a large circulation, being eventually suppressed by the school authorities for calumny. My first serious literary work was a biography of Ralph Waldo Emerson. I picked him because I had a halftone cut of him and saw a chance to use it. The essay was brief because I set the type. Nothing makes more for brevity than setting your own type. If novelists had to print their own books, novels would shrink out of existence.

The first title of Mr. O'Brien's early venture seems to have been prophetic, since in addition to his career as a writer of fiction, he is a member of a Chicago advertising agency.

W. L. George has been asked to contribute a volume to the "Queen's Doll's House," which is at present being organized for Queen Mary for eventual exhibition for charities devoted to disabled soldiers and sailors. The house is to have a miniature library to which the best-known contemporary British authors have been asked to contribute small manuscript volumes each an inch high and somewhat less than an inch broad. The manuscripts, which are not to be published, will be sumptuously bound and will compose the library. Just how Mr. George managed to condense his ideas into the space of somewhat less than one square inch has not been revealed, tho his friends are now quite justifiably referring to him as a supreme literary contortionist.

Europe After the Peace

THE causes underlying the conditions which obtain in Europe, and the various remedies which have been suggested to relieve those conditions, are the subjects with which Mr. Brailsford deals in his volume, "After the Peace."* This British publicist holds capitalism responsible for all the ills that have befallen Europe. He believes that capitalism caused the war, not in the sense that capitalists deliberately plotted to bring about war in order that they might profit by it, but in the sense that capitalistic ideas and aims created conditions which made war inevitable. And he believes that capitalism dictated the terms of peace, terms which are absolutely ruinous to the vanquished nations and almost equally disastrous to the victors.

A grave fault of the Treaty, according to Mr. Brailsford, is the Balkanization of Europe, the creation of artificial boundaries, by which some countries are deprived of their markets and others of their source of supplies. He does not see how Central Europe can ever produce enough to support its own population, to say nothing of paying indemnities, so long as the present conditions exist.

Mr. Brailsford believes that the League of Nations, as constituted by the Treaty of Versailles, is utterly incapable of coping with the present situation in Europe. He does, however, suggest some guiding ideas for England's policy and tactics, which, if they could be adopted and carried through, might bring about a change for the better. His suggestions are grouped under four heads:

1. The first step would be to put an end to the informal Alliance of the Victors. So far as we know, no written alliance exists: if there are secret commitments, they must be disclosed and denounced. In plain words, all the Allies must understand that we take no further responsibility for the enforcement of any of the treaties, if they on their side refuse to bring them into conformity with humanity and economic reason. The Supreme Council must cease to meet, and military "conversations" come to an end.

2. Our acts of sacrifice should be, if others will reciprocate: (a) to cancel all the Allies' debts to us; they are probably bad debts in any case, and they destroy good relations; (b) to forego our part in the German indemnity; (c) to offer to share out such prizes of victory as the oil of Mesopotamia and the phosphates of Nauru, according to the world's needs; and (d) to give up our unlimited right of blockade, and reduce our navy drastically, if France and the United States will join us in accepting and imposing a genuine and impartial scheme of disarmament by land and sea.

3. We should next propose that the German indemnity be reduced to a possible and honest figure, and paid, preferably by reparation in kind: (a) in labor and materials for the restoration of Northern France, and (b) in coal—including the yield of the Saar—to balance the destruction of the French mines.

If France refuses, as she probably would, to make these concessions, we should withdraw our troops from the Rhine, and wash our hands of the consequences to France.

4. Our positive policy for the restoration of Continental Civilization should then take the form of the foundation of an Economic League. The League of Nations, as it now exists, is all but useless, if America will accept its Covenant only with reservations which destroy it, while France is avowedly hostile to the whole idea, and Germany and Russia remain outside.

The purpose of this Economic League should be, by the rationing of raw materials and the breaking down of every artificial barrier to exchange, to constitute a vast economic unit, and so undo the mischief of Balkanization.

The author believes that the British Empire could, by the adoption of such a policy, save Europe, but he doubts very much whether any political party "can ever hope to wield the power of the British Empire for any humane end, which seems on a narrow view to conflict with the interests of our capitalistic governing class."

*After the Peace. By Henry Noel Brailsford. Specially revised for the American Edition. 158 pages. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

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THE RACIAL HISTORY OF MAN. By Roland B. Dixon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.

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THE POPULATION PROBLEM: A STUDY IN HUMAN EVOLUTION. By A. M. Carr-Saunders. New York: Oxford University Press. $7.

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(*Continued on page 75*)

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(*Continued from page 73*)

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Who's Who in Spring Books

(*Continued from page 27*)

H. Williams; 'Health and Self-Mastery,' by William J. Fielding; 'Success Inevitable, or the Psychology of Success,' by J. W. Norwood; 'Practical Radio,' by Henry Smith Williams, and 'Etiquette for Everybody,' by Laura Thornborough. There! That's a complete list of all the books that I intend to mention in my spring list."

[*As it has been impossible, owing to the amount of space needed, to give details as to publishers, prices, etc., in the case of each of the publications mentioned in the foregoing article, this information will be furnished to those applying for it, by the* International Book Review.]

The "Brutal Friend" of Five Presidents

(*Continued from page 29*)

to attempt that last speaking tour, which ended in a breakdown. With a voice full of emotion, Wilson said: "I don't care if I die the next minute after the Treaty is ratified." The author adds: "The President indulged in no heroics. We were alone. He meant it." The book ends with a chapter on the obscure causes of the estrangement between President Wilson and Colonel House.

Mr. Kohlsaat presents his reminiscences in disconnected chapters, attempting no full narrative of the period; but every page bears the impress of truth and of a sincere, wise and kindly personality. The book is at once a diverting mine of good anecdotes and a valuable contribution to the political history of our time.

Another book covering much the same period is Arthur Wallace Dunn's "From Harrison to Harding."* Its two stout volumes contain a personal narrative of political events and leaders from 1888 to 1921. Mr. Dunn's long experience as a newspaper correspondent at Washington has given him an enormous fund of anecdotes, conversations with high officials, and a more or less intimate knowledge of issues and crises. Unlike Mr. Kohlsaat, he has undertaken to put his materials into a connected narrative, so that his book, in its light, conversational way, is a political history of the whole period. The author's personal impressions of outstanding figures are entertainingly presented, embellished with large quantities of gossip, sometimes quite trivial in nature, as where he says of Senator Beveridge's first Philippine speech: "It was asserted that Beveridge had spent hours and hours before a long mirror in his bedroom, arrayed in his nightshirt, rehearsing and committing to memory that speech."

One of the most interesting things that Mr. Dunn has to say about President Wilson is the statement, quoted from one of Wilson's closest friends, to the effect that the President's memorable speaking tour on behalf of a large army and navy in 1915 and 1916 was made, not primarily for any immediate effect upon Congress, but "for the effect in the future upon the people of the country when the President would have to resort to conscription to raise an army." In other words, fifteen months before we went into the war, President Wilson knew that we had to take our part in it, and was deliberately planning to create a public sentiment which would make this nation able to win against Germany. As, a year after that tour, he was reelected on the ground that he had kept us out of the war, and as his "peace without victory" speech also was made in that interval, Mr. Dunn finds in this statement one more mystery in the career of the war President; but he says the authority on which he got the information compels him to believe its truth.

Mr. Dunn's volumes contain a good deal of wheat among a lot of chaff; their value could have been increased by condensation.

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*From Harrison to Harding. A Personal Narrative Covering a Third of a Century, 1888-1921. Two vols., with portraits. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Books Talked About in Literary Europe

HUNDREDS of Russian authors and men of letters have been forced by the Bolshevist revolution to emigrate to other countries, and most of them have gone to France, here they are trying to eke out a livelihood by writing—with the id of translators. Many of these works are now appearing in aris, but an analysis of the list shows fewer new books than trans-tions of old ones. Translations of the plays of Chekhov, Merej-owski and Turgenev are especially in evidence. The best book on ne Russian exodus, apparently, is not Russian at all, but the work f a Frenchman—a romance entitled "Niky," by Jean Vignaud Paris: Plon & Cie.), depicting the tragedy of a whole society, uined, torn up by the roots, scattered far and wide. The hero, Niky, is a young grand duke, who embodies the characteristic aults and virtues of the Russian temperament, and whose love-tory is intertwined with his half-hearted rôle as a pretender and ith his tragic self-sacrifice in returning at last into the inferno f Holy Russia. The heroine, Princess Hélène Marietinsky, is escribed as a delightful character, violent and childlike, a pas-onate enthusiast, an inevitable victim, who reminds one some-hat of Charlotte Corday.

Apropos of "Niky," a reviewer in *L'Illustration*, Paris, gives ome interesting news of the literary situation in Russia itself, as eported by the latest refugees. Despite the exodus of many of ne best minds, and despite the upheaval of all that the old terature rested upon, the writing and reading of books in the oviet countries is proceeding on a grand scale. New authors ave sprung up, notwithstanding the unfavorable environment nd the shock of crumbling institutions; writers "still inexperi-nced, groping, but rich in a new vitality, applying ideas and test-ng formulas adapted to their times. Some of their works were xhibited recently at the Florence Exposition." The movement, ays the French reviewer, is still somewhat confused, but it is lready large and strong enough to give assurance that in due me it will command attention.

Sixteen years have passed since the death of Giosue Carducci, taly's great poet of patriotism, but his "Canzone di Legnano" nd other poems seem to be more fully appreciated by the present-ay Italy of the Fascisti than even by his own generation. The ouse in which he died at Bologna has become a literary shrine, isited increasingly by his admirers, and the date of his death in ebruary is widely commemorated every year. One of Italy's rilliant young women authors, Dr. Amina Fantini, writes en-nusiastically of "La Casa di Carducci a Bologna" in the Febru-ry issue of *Il Carroccio* (The Italian Review), an Italian magazine ublished in New York. She was especially imprest by the poet's ove of books, as attested by the long shelves of volumes that one till finds in every room of his house, even the bedrooms. In the ame magazine is an article in English by M. Strezzi on "Car-ucci's Italy Worship," bringing out the fact that the dominating neme of all his poems and essays was the mission of the New Italy o "irradiate the two great ideas which Rome gave to civilization -justice and liberty." What Dante did for the dismembered taly of the Middle Ages, says the writer, Carducci did for free and nited Italy: he gave it a guiding and unifying inspiration. "In ne burning forge of his heart he gathered the Ideal of Mazzini, ne Love of Garibaldi, the Faith of the House of Savoy, so that ne coming generations could accomplish what the old ones had een barred against accomplishing." Premier Mussolini and the ascisti, this writer believes, are building Carducci's ideals into olid facts of history.

The centenary of the birth of Ernest Renan (born February 27, 1823) was widely observed, especially in France. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* published an article under the title, "Lettres de Renan à Sainte-Beuve." Tho Sainte-Beuve, the critic, was eighteen years older than Renan, and was already in the midst of his vogue as author of the "Causeries de Lundi" when the friendship of the two men began, they were so much akin in their ideas that they soon became like brothers. Both became professors in the Collège de France, and both had the same experience of being silenced and driven out by the hostile uproar of the students. The letters now published for the first time were written by Renan in the years just before and after the publication of his "Life of Jesus" in 1863. One of them sets forth his ideas regarding survival after death.

> Certainly [he wrote to Sainte-Beuve] nothing of man's consciousness survives, and nothing of his individual life. But his work remains, and his work is in truth his personality, his ideal, his true existence, since for this ideal existence he often sacrifices his real existence. Death can not touch this ideal existence, and, in the same sense, places the seal of permanency on it. Does not Jesus exist more eminently since his death than during the short years of his fleeting life? The things that we all do are the immortal part of us. . . . True, this ideal life is not all. The best men have remained obscure; perhaps there are deeper and more penetrating souls than those whose works we admire. It is in the eyes of God, of whom humanity is only an often-inexact interpreter, that justice is reestablished. It is in God that man is immortal.

Sainte-Beuve devoted one of his Monday talks to the "Vie de Jésus," and the controversy over the book, which then began, has not ceased in the sixty years that have intervened. The letters in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* end about 1867–1868, when Renan was working on his greater but less famous life of Saint Paul.

Germany, for some hidden reason, has been undergoing an extraordinary revival of interest in Goethe since the war ended—a phenomenon which has led to a great increase of books about him, and of new editions of his works. Both "Die Leiden des jungen Werther" and "Hermann und Dorothea" have recently appeared (Leipzig: Insel-Verlag) with new introductions of considerable value. It so happens that Leipzig is the home of the unique Goethe Museum of Dr. Anton Kippenberg. In his edition of "Werther," Dr. Fritz Adolf Hünich has drawn freely upon the Kippenberg collection, so that, with its seventy illustrations of Wetzlar, all the figures and places out of which the story grew, and Dr. Hünich's clear account of how it was written, this is a thoroughly original edition of the Goethe classic. The edition of "Hermann und Dorothea," edited by Hans Wahl, also contains fifty-six illustrations, with an account of the principal editions of the poem in the last century and a quarter, from the view-point of the illustrator.

A prominent Czech writer, Stanislav K. Neumann, who made his reputation largely through poems presenting the ideas of Nietzsche in the manner of Whitman, has written a volume of prose, "Elbasan" (Prague: Cooperative Press), describing scenes and events in Albania during the Austrian campaign of 1916. In that year Neumann, then at the age of forty-one, served with a branch of the medical corps in the Austrian Army, and his fourteen chapters show that he maintained a rare light-heartedness amid the hardships and dangers of a perpetual struggle against cholera and malaria. His earlier volume of poems, "Thirty Chants from the Upheaval," recorded some of his outstanding experiences in the war, but his new book is written in a mood of greater tranquillity and with a finer feeling for nature.

The Literary Question Box

The purpose of this Department is to develop self-service. Readers will aid each other in tracing and locating elusive literary quips, poetic phrases or lines, popular rimes, aphorisms, ballads, maxims, proverbs, etc. All communications should be written only on one side of the paper, and should be address to The Literary Question Box,' International Book Review. Replies are printed in the order of their receipt and credit is given to other correspondents in rotation. The space limits imposed on the Department allow the consideration of questions only of wide interest. Such as can be answered direct will be so treated by the Editor on receipt of a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous correspondents.

QUESTIONS

When Bryan Came to Butte

T. M. H., Arnot, Pa.—During the first Bryan campaign a "poem" went the rounds of the newspapers, "When Bryan Came to Butte." And somewhere else I read two poetic waifs—one, a story of a negro on Tennessee River watching for Santa Claus. His child died the night before Christmas, and left the man puzzled, and in his meditations he said of Santa, "I spec he tuk him to de mountains ob de moon." The other was a little poem about a boy and "his dog that was always tagging behind." Maybe it was a little black dog that tagged behind at the end of every verse, and when that boy died that little dog went tagging behind the hearse to the funeral.

Will some one tell me where to find any or all of these poems?

Out of the Dusk

A. L. D., Sharon, Pa.—Two or three years ago there appeared a poem I would like very much to be able to locate. Its theme was ancestral influences upon the character. In it a father was supposed to be talking to his son. As I recall it, the first line was

"Out of the dusk they ride, my son,
out of the gates of the past."

Another line ran,

"There ride Sir Richard, Bayard, Drake,
There Cyrus rides the——"

Another poem which has been eluding me was published during the war. In it were woven the names of choice roses.

I would appreciate it very much if any of the other readers would help me locate these poems.

Sam Houston

C. C. J., Kalkaska, Mich.—Will some one kindly inform me as to the source of the following quotation, used by Samuel Houston in his own defense at the bar of the House of Representatives when he was arraigned for an assault on Congressman Stanberry, of Ohio, in 1832?

"I seek no sympathies nor need:
The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted; they have torn me, and I bleed."

My Heart Never Wavered

R. H. A., Philadelphia, Pa.—Can you give me the (1) name of the poet who wrote the following for which I have hunted for ten years but to no avail? (2) In what book I can find it? (3) If you can, quote the passage (of which I give only fragments) in full.

"For my heart has ne'er wavered,
Since you were afar.
Though no nightingale quavered
To moonlight or star.

* * *

And I feel the folding
Of life in your arms."

We Do Others Wrong

T. B. R., Orange Depot, N. Y.—Can any reader give me the poem in which the following lines occur?

"We do others and ourselves the wrong
That we are not always strong.

* * *

When comfort and strength are with Thee."

Ishmael

Mrs. P. J. S., Sanders, Mont.—Could any reader help me identify the subject of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth's "Ishmael"? On page 620 of this novel there is a paragraph of which I seek the solution. Where can I find the speech that "roused Washington to the sense of the unjust and cruel things it sometimes did"?

Prophet and Priestess

J. F. C., Riverton, Wyo.—Will you kindly give me the authors of the following lines?

(1)
"Prophet and priestess we came back from the dawning."

(2)
"The brown-skinned savage that adores the sun,
Shall he be censured, if his voice sincere
In simple wordings poureth in prayer
To one who warms and feeds him with his glare?"

Forgive You?

Mrs. S. B. H., Schenevus, N.Y.—If you can possibly tell me the name, author, and where to find a poem of which I quote a few lines below I shall be very grateful. The poem is evidently written by a woman to her husband—

"Forgive you? Yes, a thousand times a day. But don't you know each forgiving wears a little love away?
And sometime you'll be grieving, no doubt, that so much forgiving has worn a great love out."

Climbing Attic Stairs

J. T. F., Philadelphia, Pa.—Can you tell me where to find the old poem of which I recall but one line: "My attic stairs are steep and hard to climb"?

The Little Cares

H. F., Oklahoma City, Okla.—Will you please give me the author of the following:

"The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds that play,
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

* * *

The foolish fears of what may happen,
I cast them all away,
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die
And good are born,
Out in the fields with God."

The Common Mind

O. I. S., Summit, N. J.—Might I ask some reader to advise the author of the lines which I think are as follows?

"'Tis education forms the common mind
For as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

Tempers vs. Time

W. A. B., Charlottesville, Va.—Can you add the missing two lines to this couplet (a "reminder" for one with a temper, to be pasted in his watch)?

"Could but our tempers run like this machine,
Not urged by passion, nor delayed by spleen,
Then would——"

The Sweet Singer of Michigan

T. R., San Francisco, Calif.—Was there such a singer as quoted by Mark Twain in his "Following the Equator"?

ANSWERS

"The Night Has a Thousand Eyes"

Thomas B. Roe, Oxford Depot, N. Y.—The lines asked about by "L. R.," Friendship, N. Y., were written by Francis William Bourdillon, born March 22, 1852, in Sussex, England; died January 13, 1921. The name of the poem is "Light," and eight lines are the whole of the poem. The correct wording is as follows:

"The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the *bright world* dies
With the dying sun.

"The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done."

Several correspondents point out that the last line sometimes reads "When the day is done."

Thanks are due for answers received also from Harry W. Sherman, Syracuse, N. Y.; Elizabeth Hubbard, Elkin, N. C.; Bertha L. Sherwin, Librarian, Fitchburg, Mass.; Helen B. Wiles, Warwick, N. Y.; Fannie Mallock, Wabash, Ind.; D. C. Benatre, Newark, N. J.; F. E. Allen, Troy, N. Y.; Jean M. Lytle, Glassport, Pa.; Mrs. E. W. Krampert, Cheyenne, Wyo.; George A. Wheeler, Ballston, Va.; Robert Beaupré, Burlington, Vt.; Gertrude J. Beckwith, New York; Martha B. Kunkle, Hazelton, Pa.; Frances R. Freeman, Rockaway, N. J.; James S. Donleavy, Rutland, Vt.; Anna Zelma Baker, Hummelstown, Pa.; Sara Mallory, New Haven, Conn.; Rowene S. Snyder, Ilion, N. Y.; Dr. O. H. King, Hot Springs National Park, Ark.; R. M. Davis, Houston, Tex.; Mary L. Samson, Le Roy, N. Y.; R. H. Hennegen, Oconomowoc, Wis.; Fletcher Tilton, Washington, D. C.; Allen French, Concord, Mass.

The American's Creed

William T. Kerr, President of American Flag Day Association, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Regarding the inquiry of "E. H. C.," Shawmut, Montana, "The American's Creed" was composed in 1917 by William Tyler Page, of Friendship Heights, Maryland, Clerk of the United States House of Representatives, residing at Chevy Chase, Washington, D. C. Mr. Page is a descendant of President Tyler and of Carter Braxton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The Creed was selected in competition, in 1918, and awarded a prize of $1,000.00 by the City of Baltimore, through a committee of award consisting of Matthew Page Andrews, M.A., of Baltimore, Md., Irvin S. Cobb, Hamlin Garland, Ellen Glasgow, Julian Street, Booth Tarkington and Charles Hanson

owne, with an advisory committee nsisting of Dr. P. P. Claxton, nited States Commissioner of ducation, and others.

"The American's Creed" is in harge of an Executive Council of hich Matthew Page Andrews, .A., Baltimore, Md., is Chair- an, to preserve the integrity of e Creed's phraseology, which ns: "I believe in the United ates of America as a Governent of the people, by the people, r the people; whose just powers e derived from the consent of the overned; a democracy in a reublic; a sovereign Nation of any sovereign States; a perfect nion, one and inseparable; estabhed upon those principles of eedom, equality, justice, and huanity for which American patriots crificed their lives and fortunes. therefore believe it is my duty my country to love it; to support s Constitution; to obey its laws; respect its flag, and to defend it gainst all enemies."

Thanks are due for answers reived also from Robert Sliger, akland, Md.; William H. Ketler, brarian, Camden, N. J.; Bertha Sherwin, Fitchburg, Mass.; Mrs. lary Polanco, Baltimore, Md.; ouise K. Schuhr, St. Louis, Mo.; Cornell Mulford, Oyster Bay, . Y.; Neil R. Quackenbush, ridgehampton, N. Y.; George M. urner, Harley, Ia.; H. M. Magison, Geraldine, Mont.

Canossa

H. W. Waltke, St. Louis, Mo.—nswering your correspondent "T.," of Philadelphia: "Who went to anossa, and what does 'going to anossa' mean?" the following are e historical facts: Emperor Henry V of Germany, excommunicated y Pope Gregory VII, humbly aited for three days in the courtard of Canossa, now a ruined castle ear Reggio Emilia, Italy, bareeaded, barefooted, and fasting, ntil the Pope reversed his decision. t Henry's arrival the Pope had one to the above castle, belonging the pretty and highly educated Iarchioness Matilda of Tuscany. tto von Bismarck, Chancellor of e German Empire during the ign of Wilhelm I, used the folwing words, referring to the ove incident, in one of his eeches in the Reichstag in his position to the Pope (Kulturampf): "We shall not go to anossa." (*Nach Canossa geh'n ir nicht.*) These words became a ogan in Germany at the time.

Thanks are due for answers reived also from Frances R. Freean, Rockaway, N. J., who states e excommunication was caused y Henry IV's corrupt sales of clesiastical offices; from H. C. chweikert, St. Louis, Mo., who adds going to Canossa, therefore, means eating humble pie'—submitting to umiliation"; and from Rubin M. indell, Philadelphia, Pa.,; Robert liger, Oakland, Md.; Elizabeth Iubbard, Elkin, N. C.; Neil R. uackenbush, Bridgehampton, N. .; R. M. Davis, Houston, Tex.; Edward P. Carter, Jr., Groton, Mass.; Mary L. Samson, Le Roy, N. Y.; George M. Turner, Harley, Ia.; Allen French, Concord, Mass.; S. M. R., Nashville, Tenn.

["The story, as narrated above, is told by Gregory himself (Reg. Ep. IV, 12), in a letter to the princes of Germany explanatory of the event of Canossa." *Catholic Encyc.* vol. iii, p. 298. "The story of this famous occurrence is now regarded as mythical in its details." *Encyc. Brit.*, vol. xiii, p. 276, col. 1.]

Jarndyce and Jarndyce

Thomas H. Gough, New York City.—Your correspondent "J. L.," New York City, will not find the case Jarndyce *vs.* Jarndyce to which he refers, in any law books. This was a fictitious case, created by Charles Dickens in his book "Bleak House," to illustrate how the dilatory methods of the lawyers and the slow-moving methods of the courts in England at that time caused a case to extend over many, many years with great loss to the estate and much profit to the lawyers.

Robert E. Beaupré, Burlington, Vt.—It was about a will. A certain Jarndyce, in an evil hour, made a great fortune and made a great will. In the question how the trusts under that will are to be administered, the fortune left by the will is squandered away.

J. Mervin Hull, Ludlow, Vt.—The first chapter of "Bleak House," "Jarndyce and Jarndyce," affords the text for Charles Dickens's terrible arraignment of the abuses of the English Court of Chancery. "It drones on and on. This scarecrow of a suit has, in course of time, become so complicated that no man alive knows what it means."

Mrs. J. B. Doane, Clinton, N. Y.—At the time of the publication of "Bleak House," there was a suit before the Chancery Court that had been begun twenty years before, in which from thirty to forty counsels had been known to appear at one time. At this time the costs amounted to about seventy thousand pounds and the suit was said to be no nearer to its termination than when it was begun.

Thanks are due for answers received also from Ernest McCullough, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dudley Guildford, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; H. E. Rockwell, Burlington, Vt.; Dr. C. E. Ruby, Cambridge, Mass.; H. Anderson, Katharine J. Bartlett, C. W. Marshall, and Rubin M. Sindell, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Bertha L. Sherwin, Fitchburg, Mass.; Henry C. Pickering, Woodbourne, Pa.; Harold C. Lotz, Clifton, N. J.; Virginia B. Wells, Hartford, Conn.; Linda W. Browne, Raleigh, N. C.; Emille J. Holly, St. Louis, Mo.; George A. Wheeler, Ballston, Va.; Chauncey C. Jencks, Kalkaska, Mich.; Allen French, Concord, Mass.; Norah Palmer, Wilmette, Ill.; H. W. Vrooman, Kokomo, Ind.; R. H. Hennegen, Oconomowoc, Wis.; R. M. Davis, Houston, Tex.; Mary Stively Boyce, Inarryville, Pa; S. M. R., Nashville, Tenn.

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INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

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THE LITERARY DIGEST INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW is published monthly by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. London Office, 134 Salisbury Square. Printed in the United States of America.

Entered as second-class matter November 29, 1922, at the Post-Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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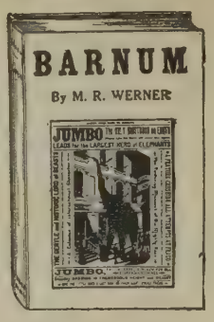

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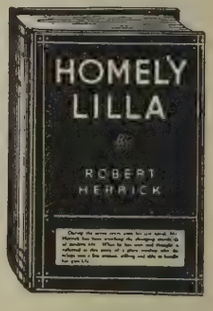

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The Literary Digest
INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

Volume I, No. 6 | New York, May, 1923 | Whole Number 6

Choosing the New Century's Best Books

A Discussion by

Hilaire Belloc
Henry Seidel Canby
Gertrude Atherton
Van Wyck Brooks
Christopher Morley
William Lyon Phelps
Maurice Francis Egan
Carl Van Vechten
John Erskine
Richard Le Gallienne

TO ATTEMPT any selection of the best ten books that have been written and published since 1900 may seem like rushing in where angels fear to tread, but it is at least possible to find out what volumes suggest themselves to leading critics as available for such a choice. No more can be done than a first winnowing, a bringing of literary and humanistic intelligence to bear on the vast bulk of publications, and the formulating of a tentative selection based on personal preferences. Time alone can determine what the ten representative books are which will be saved by their universal or unique values from the first fifth of the century.

Most people have their ideas concerning these selections, however, and it was to discover them that the International Book Review requested a number of people whose main concern in life has to do with books to indicate their preferences. The variety of titles that resulted is amazing. There would appear to be no consensus of opinion on a group of books, altho certain titles (only a few) appear more than once on the lists which were submitted and which will form the basis of this article. The various critics received the request in varying ways, but chief among them was a sense of helplessness, a perplexed groping after the first two or three volumes had been enumerated. And after the ten volumes had been set down on paper more titles sprang into the mind and the critic was tempted to make changes. One of them adequately expresst his feelings when he gasped, "I have a rush of books to the head." Another one desired to change his entire ten on further consideration.

Henry Seidel Canby, wisely enough,

complained that such a choice was difficult because the first twenty-three years of this century split into halves. There was the period before 1910, which really did not belong to the modern movement, and there are the highly vitalized years since. All of those asked, however, except in two or three cases, did furnish lists, altho most of them demanded that it be set down in cold print that their choices were unsatisfactory. It will be observed from the titles which follow that no limitations were set on the type of book or the language in which it was written. This made it all the more difficult. "If you would only ask for ten novels or ten volumes of poems," complained one critic, "some basis of comparison might be found. But how can you compare 'Jean-Christophe,' 'The Greek Commonwealth' and 'North of Boston' and decide which is the more important? It depends wholly on the personal make-up of the reader. There is no common denominator. Each book is wonderful in its kind." Admitting all this, the writer was yet determined to have his list, and with sighs the critic unwillingly complied.

A certain service would seem to be done by the lists that follow. They give the choices of men who have read thousands of books, and most of whom are closely conversant with the spirit of the times and the trend of the last two decades. They are the result of serious cogitation, of a sincere desire to be impartial, altho it is manifest that the personal attitude of each critic toward life has much to do with the selection. Certain critical standards have been brought to bear upon the literature that has come into being since 1900. One looks back at 1800 and the two decades that followed, and notes the names of Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Lamb, Wordsworth and a host of others, and wonders if a century from now readers will look back at this era and note certain luminous names that stand boldly above their contemporaries. This we can not say, but surely from among the lists which follow many a title will attain the proud rank of lastingness that laughs at Time's darts. And so, as the French say, *revenons à nos moutons.*

Gertrude Atherton's list was the result of a severe examination of the last twenty-three years. More than fifty titles were mentioned before she eventually agreed to the following ten books:

The Old Wives' Tale	Arnold Bennett
The Golden Bowl	Henry James
The Passing of the Great Race	Madison Grant
Spoon River Anthology	Edgar Lee Masters
The Dynasts	Thomas Hardy
Nostromo	Joseph Conrad
Men of the Old Stone Age	H. F. Osborn
Eminent Victorians	Lytton Strachey
Jurgen	James Branch Cabell
Life of Lord Randolph Churchill	Winston Spencer Churchill

Other titles gave her long pause. She was sorry that Sheila Kaye-Smith had written no one book of sufficient importance to obtain a place on the list. "The Golden Bough," by Sir James Frazer, was considered only to be dismissed, because it was started before the century began. Conrad's "Lord Jim," published in 1900, stood on the very tip of the century, but was undoubtedly written before its start. It will be noticed that five Americans and five Englishmen compose her lists, an unexpected evenness of division as far as the selections were concerned.

Hilaire Belloc was, to say the least, individual in his selections. First of all he vehemently denied having any idea of what the ten representative books were. "I don't have time to read," he said. "I am too busy writing." After some urging he vouchsafed a list with the remark, "Here are some of the books I have read and liked." The books he chose were these:

The Diary of a Nobody	George and Weedon Grossmith
The Wallet of Kai-Lung	Ernest Bramah
Kai-Lung's Golden Hours	Ernest Bramah
Some Heretics	Gilbert K. Chesterton
George Bernard Shaw	Gilbert K. Chesterton
The Tidings Brought to Mary	Paul Claudel
Prof. Gilbert Murray's Translations from the Greek	

Here Mr. Belloc paused. "And there is the verse of Ruth Pitter," he said. So far as the writer knows, Miss Pitter's verse has never appeared in a book. "And a novel named 'Mopfair,' by a man writing under the name of Pitcher," went on Mr. Belloc, slyly putting on his overcoat. "And a novel called 'The Worm of Ourobaros,' " he ended, hastily making an exit through the door. At first the writer imagined that in the last three titles Mr. Belloc was (to use an English word) spoofing him. But it appears that Miss Pitter does exist, and that "Mopfair" is published in London by Sands, and that "The Worm of Ourobaros" is a novel —suggestive in its method of Cabell's "Jurgen"—written by C. R. Eddison.

Van Wyck Brooks, author, among other things, of "The Ordeal of Mark Twain," and literary editor of *The Freeman*, gave a day of thought to the matter and furnished these titles:

Jean-Christophe	Romain Rolland
Growth of the Soil	Knut Hamsun
Pelle the Conqueror	M. A. Nexö
The Dynasts	Thomas Hardy
Why Men Fight*	Bertrand Russell
The Tragic Sense of Life	Miguel de Unamuno
The Greek Commonwealth	A. E. Zimmern
Plays	John M. Synge
History of Art	Elie Faure
Green Mansions	W. H. Hudson

It will be noticed that not a single American book gets into this list. Excepting that, it is quite representative. It includes two Frenchmen, four Englishmen, one Irishman, one Spaniard, and two Scandinavians. Mr. Brooks emphasized the difficulty of making any such list.

Henry Seidel Canby, editor of *The Literary Review*, attempted by analysis to whittle a large group of books down to ten. He was not satisfied with the result, and desired to be placed on record as viewing his own list with suspicion. "After you leave," he complained, "I shall have all sorts of titles popping into my head, titles that I feel should have gone on the list." However, he reluctantly permitted the following ten books to stand as his choice:

Pelle the Conqueror	M. A. Nexö
The Greek Commonwealth	A. E. Zimmern
Ethan Frome	Edith Wharton
The Everlasting Mercy	John Masefield
Youth	Joseph Conrad
Spoon River Anthology	Edgar Lee Masters
Queen Victoria	Lytton Strachey
Plays	John M. Synge
Varieties of Religious Experience	William James
The Dynasts	Thomas Hardy

It will be noticed that certain books begin to repeat themselves now.

Christopher Morley's list was cheerfully given, altho at first he desired to put the Concise Oxford Dictionary down. "That book has helped me more than any other," he announced. After a revision (the result of a day's thought) his titles stood as follows:

A Personal Record	Joseph Conrad
Peacock Pie	Walter de la Mare
The Little White Bird	J. M. Barrie
Puck of Pook's Hill	Rudyard Kipling
The Four Million	O. Henry
Trivia	Logan Pearsall Smith
Seven Men	Max Beerbohm
Disenchantment	Charles Edward Montague
Poems	Rupert Brooke
Civilization in the United States	George Santayana

The more Mr. Morley thought of it the more he was amazed at the bewilderingly long list of remarkably good books that had appeared since 1900. Two Americans, O. Henry and Logan Pearsall Smith, get into his list, and George Santayana, because of

* Published in London as "Principles of Social Reconstruction."

his long residence here, may almost be regarded as an American. The other seven are Englishmen.

Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale offered a list that shows pleasing variety. His ten titles, placed in alphabetical order to forestall any idea that he ranked them in importance, include:

Admirable Crichton, The	J. M. Barrie
Furnished Room, The	O. Henry
Forsyte Saga, The	John Galsworthy
Jean-Christophe	Romain Rolland
Joseph Vance	William de Morgan
Letters	Anton Chekhov
Life of Mark Twain	Albert Bigelow Paine
Orthodoxy	Gilbert K. Chesterton
Poems	Francis Thompson
Recollections	Lord Morley

Professor John Erskine selected books only in his own field, and he explained that he did not mention William James or Bergson or the scientists and historians because they were out of his line. What he did select included poetry, criticism, philosophy and fiction. The ten representative books as he saw them are:

Chantecler	Edmond Rostand
The Everlasting Mercy	John Masefield
Riders to the Sea	John M. Synge
North of Boston	Robert Frost
Life of Reason	George Santayana
Heart of Man	George Woodberry
The Tragic Sense of Life	Miguel de Unamuno
Penguin Island	Anatole France
Maria Chapdelaine	Louis Hémon
Outline of History	H. G. Wells

Professor Erskine offered one or two additional titles, books that might take the place of others by the same author in the list. For instance, he mentioned John Masefield's sonnets, "Three Philosophical Poets," by George Santayana and "The Torch," by George Woodberry. It is amusing to note that he classified Wells's "Outline of History" as fiction.

Dr. Maurice Francis Egan did his best to dig out the best ten books written since 1900 and came to the conclusion that, as far as he was concerned, there were no best ten books. "If there were ten masterpieces, I am sure that I should remember them without difficulty," he said. He agreed that there have been important and interesting books written since 1900, and he offered as examples:

Imperial Germany	Prince von Bülow
Le Feu	Henri Barbusse
La Mort de Quelq'un	Jules Romains
Gesta Berling	Selma Lagerlof
Marriage	H. G. Wells
Tono-Bungay	H. G. Wells
Joseph Vance	William de Morgan
The Education of Henry Adams	Henry Adams

Here, however, he stopt after mentioning the name of Henryk Sienkiewicz, but naming no particular book by him. He explained his lack of ability to note important modern work by stating, "By way of extenuation of what may seem to be dense ignorance or lack of good taste, I will say that during the war, when we were marooned in Denmark, my wife and I read nothing but Anthony Trollope, Miss Austen and Mrs. Oliphant!"

Carl Van Vechten, author of the delectable "Peter Whiffle," qualified his list first by stating that he hadn't read one-hundredth part of the books published since 1900, and adding "I haven't read fifty per cent. of the 'best' ones." The list which he compiled, he declared, might be doubled or trebled without affecting its quality. He stated: "I can easily think of twenty more volumes that have a right to be on it. Without setting myself limitations, I find it impossible to make it out at all. With the exception of one French book (which under any circumstances I could not bring myself to omit) the titles are all by English or American authors. Also I have chosen only fiction (or books which may by a stretch of definition be included under that heading). Even so I find the number ten very cramping and could make out a second list that would be just as representative." Without more ado, here is Mr. Van Vechten's choice:

A la Recherche du Temps Perdu	Marcel Proust
Hail and Farewell	George Moore
The Hill of Dreams	Arthur Machen
Maurice Guest	Henry Handel Richardson
Seven Men	Max Beerbohm
Three Lives	Gertrude Stein
San Christobal de la Habana	Joseph Hergesheimer
The Cream of the Jest	James Branch Cabell
The Cathedral	Hugh Walpole
Babbitt	Sinclair Lewis

Mr. Van Vechten intimated that "The Old Wives' Tale," by Arnold Bennett, "The Golden Bowl," by Henry James, and "The Way of All Flesh," by Samuel Butler, would certainly appear on another list. He also wished he had room for "Valmouth," by Ronald Firbank.

Richard Le Gallienne, when asked for a list, said that while the average of books published since 1900 had been very high, there were no ten books during that time so preeminently good as to entitle them to be called "the best." Whatever ten books one included in such a list, he asserted, would be there to the exclusion of other volumes with just as much right to be included. The list which he compiled was given with the understanding that it was but one of several "tens" which he could have given the writer with equal justice. Mr. Le Gallienne's list follows:

Jean-Christophe	Romain Rolland
Saturday Market	Charlotte Mew
Eminent Victorians	Lytton Strachey
Collected Poems (incl. The Dynasts)	Thomas Hardy
Spoon River Anthology	Edgar Lee Masters
Birth	Zona Gale
Vigils	Aline Kilmer
Collected Poems	Edwin Arlington Robinson
The Forsyte Saga	John Galsworthy
Hail and Farewell	George Moore

With this list (ten lists in all) the material stops. Here are ten writers, all prominent and admittedly of the critical turn of mind. Yet their agreements are few. Perhaps it will be of interest to rearrange all the books that have been mentioned by two or more critics in the order in which they rank by votes. It proves nothing, except that even in these cases not more than four authorities out of ten agree on any one volume. This list runs as follows:

Title	*Author*	*Votes*
The Dynasts	Thomas Hardy	4
Jean-Christophe	Romain Rolland	3
Plays	John M. Synge	3
Spoon River Anthology	Edgar Lee Masters	3
Hail and Farewell	George Moore	2
Eminent Victorians	Lytton Strachey	2
Pelle the Conqueror	M. A. Nexö	2
The Tragic Sense of Life	Unamuno	2
The Greek Commonwealth	Zimmern	2
The Everlasting Mercy	Masefield	2
Seven Men	Max Beerbohm	2
The Forsyte Saga	Galsworthy	2
Joseph Vance	De Morgan	2

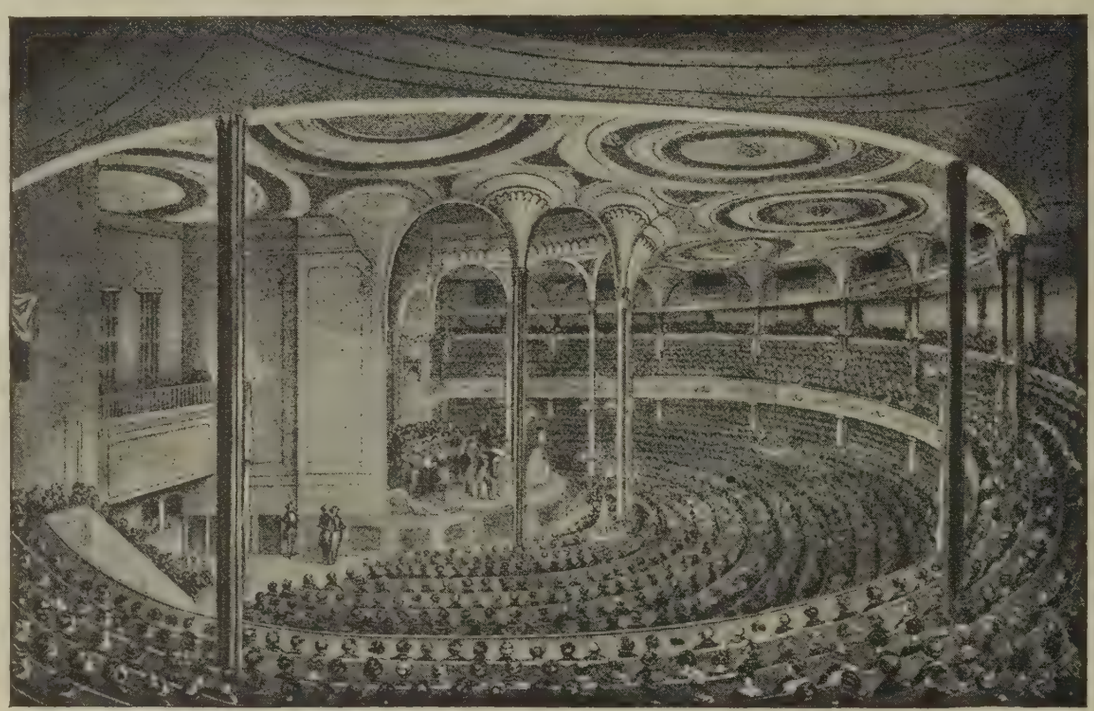
This leaves more than seventy volumes that were mentioned but once. It is hardly to be imagined, even by straining the most optimistic imagination, that a hundred masterpieces have appeared since 1900, and the consensus of opinion exprest by the various critics would appear to be correct: There have been all sorts of good books, but we are much too near them even to guess what the representative masterpieces are. "The Dynasts" and "Jean-Christophe" seem to be potential ones, for even in some lists where they do not appear they were first set down and then erased in favor of others. One can only play with such lists, and yet it is engrossing to find out what various authorities decide. Besides, another thought comes to mind. Would a reading of all the volumes mentioned above give the reader a rather full-length view of the first two decades of this century? The writer thinks it would.

P. T. Barnum, Father of Modern Publicity

By Houdini

THERE is no gainsaying the fact that in his entertaining volume, "Barnum,"* Mr. Morris R. Werner has taken a great deal of time and trouble in going over the ten editions of the "Life of P. T. Barnum" written by that master of publicity, and that he has literally and physically traced the genuine footprints of the genial showman. Having been born in Barnum's generation, I felt the appeal of his book when I was a lad—as a sort of a Marie Monk confession affair.

It is true that P. T. Barnum was born among what we would term sharp-practise people, and that his education was to "use your eyes and not your ears." This caused him to think that everything was fair in love, war or the show business, and with that way of looking at things he seized upon anything that would pique the popular curiosity, placing it under a magnifying glass, so to speak, and exaggerating its interest. If the world came too close to the glass, to scrutinize the object viewed, the breath would fog the glass and increase the distorted appearance. Most of his tricks, however, could not justly be called sharp-practise, being more in the order of the following, as related by Mr. Werner:



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INTERIOR OF CASTLE GARDEN

Illustrating the first appearance of Jenny Lind in America

> The character of Aaron Turner was the most important early influence that shaped Barnum's methods, excepting his own boyhood environment in Connecticut. Turner's procedure in the face of difficulties, his insane love of a practical joke, his insistence upon notoriety at any cost, gave Barnum the first lessons in the school of which he himself was to become the master. Upon one occasion the company arrived at Hanover Court House, near Richmond, Virginia, during a storm. It was impossible to give the show, and Turner purposed to move on to Richmond, but the landlord at Hanover Court House insisted that since an agent of the circus had engaged rooms and three meals for the entire company of thirty-six, he must be paid for those conveniences whether or not they were used. This argument arose just before the noon meal. Turner tried persuasion, but the landlord was firm. He therefore ordered dinner, which was promptly eaten by the whole company. As soon as the table was cleared, supper for thirty-six was ordered for half-after noon. After the thirty-six had eaten as much as possible of the supper, Turner ordered lighted candles for every member of the company, and directed that they all go to their rooms and get into bed at one o'clock in the afternoon. Half an hour later they drest and went down to breakfast, which Turner had ordered for two o'clock sharp. They ate as much as possible under the circumstances, and at half-past two the company left for Richmond. Turner insisted upon carrying out this program with due solemnity in spite of the protests of the landlord and the convulsive mirth of his own performers.

Barnum was not the first to use what is recognized as circus publicity. Tho it may not be generally known, this was first used in Europe by the magician, Philadelphia, in 1774, and then brought to English-speaking countries by John Henry Anderson, the Wizard of the North. Anderson worked out the tactics which Barnum imitated. He was the first to use the sandwich-man and the trick of bombastic publicity, which has since been widely copied. Anderson toured the world, announcing his coming with grandiloquent lithographs that showed all the crowned heads bowing to him; also giving prizes for puns, which he would publish at the end of the week in book form and sell to gaping audiences. When Jenny Lind arrived in this country, Anderson was making a transcontinental tour, and Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, was here at the time. Strange to say, both registered as subscribers to Anderson's prize puns, as shown by certain treasured documents in my collection. I do not believe Anderson ever pulled a "woolly horse" or a "mermaid hoax," and I am certain that whatever he announced was truthful, even tho magnified.

A typical example of Barnum's ingenuity occurred early in the career of his American Museum—at Broadway and Ann Street, New York—the institution that laid the foundation of his fortune and was the forerunner of the circus which has kept his name alive to this day. About 1842, when continuous programs first began to be given all day and all evening on holidays, Barnum's feelings were "exceedingly harrowed" because so many people stayed in the building throughout the day that no more could get in, and the sale of tickets had to be stopt. Mr. Werner tells the rest this way:

> Barnum ordered his carpenter to build a temporary flight of stairs at the rear of the building, which opened out into Ann Street. At three o'clock that afternoon this exit was opened, but much money had been lost. When, on the next St. Patrick's Day, Barnum was informed in advance that the Irish population intended to visit the Museum in large numbers, he opened the rear exit again. Before noon the museum was crowded, and the sale of tickets had to be stopt. Barnum rushed to the rear exit and asked how many hundreds

* BARNUM. By M. R. Werner. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

JENNY LIND

Engraving from a daguerreotype. Houdini collection

had passed out that way. He was told that three persons had used it during the whole morning, for the visitors had brought their dinners and intended to remain in the museum all day and night. Barnum hurriedly called his sign painter and ordered a sign in large letters:

TO THE EGRESS

This was nailed over the rear door. Some of the visitors spelled out the sign, "To the Aigress," and many remarked, "Sure, that's an animal we haven't seen," and found themselves on Ann Street, with no chance of re-entering the museum.

It would pay every one, in an educational way, to read Barnum's "Life" and then pick up Mr. Werner's book and see how hard the latter tries to show us Mr. Barnum as he really was. He does it very ably, but there is one curious oversight: he seems to have forgotten entirely the publicity promoters of Barnum. I was fortunate enough to become acquainted with Kit Clark, one of the original "abusive bill writers." No one man, without lieutenants, I believe, has ever projected a publicity campaign to equal that which Clark carried through for Jenny Lind. Outside of presidential campaigns, in my humble estimation, the Jenny Lind exploitation will rank with the greatest ever seen in this country.

Jenny Lind was no respecter of contracts, and it is not surprizing that Barnum eventually had trouble with the Nightingale. She was mixed up in a row for contract-breaking with a London manager. This manager, by the way, on another occasion was soundly trounced by Macready, the great English tragedian, who was hissed in Edinburgh by our own Edwin Forrest, an episode which eventually culminated in the New York City Astor Theater riots, wherein a number of New Yorkers were shot and killed.

Mr. Werner throws light upon a hitherto unknown phase of Barnum's method of promoting Jenny Lind's popularity in this country. He shows that while Barnum was being denounced daily by the press for his stinginess in giving nothing to charity, he was secretly adding large sums to Jenny Lind's share of the receipts in order to increase her reputation for charity-giving. The fact that her farewell night could easily be called a fiasco proves that Barnum was a master mind in the world of exploitation, and that Jenny Lind had erred in judgment when she had asked to be free of her contract with him.

On the other hand, Mr. Werner brings out the fact that Barnum, when he gave his autobiography to the public, was under the wrong impression that the people would accept his book from his own point of view, whereas, like his "George Washington's Nurse," the book was seen to be a clever piece of publicity, with self-revelations not always creditable to its author. One may or may not agree entirely with Mr. Werner when he says:

It is easy to believe that this book sold half a million copies, for Barnum's influence contributed profoundly to the life of his period, and has lapped over into our own time. His success was so much admired, envied, and emulated, that to-day we have a host of advertising and publicity experts, who owe more of their facility than they realize to the way which Barnum paved. It would be absurd to make Barnum responsible for the crimes and follies of publicity that have since his time become common, but since he was clearly the father of publicity, which has developed into unquestioned and legitimate misrepresentation on a large scale, he must acknowledge his child, and must also be held responsible in some measure for its antics, but only in so far as any father may be said to be responsible for the actions of his child. The effect alone of the statement attributed to Barnum, which he made in a speech, "There's a sucker born every minute," is incalculable, but the persistency with which it has worked its way into the body of American proverbs, until it stands as one of the few distinctive proverbs of the country, indicates its prestige. This simple sentence of Barnum's has done more than any other one thing to crystallize the American preference for bluff rather than scientific thoroughness: the implication of "There's a sucker born every minute" is, "Catch him, or you're a sucker of the worst order," and it unconsciously converts the Golden Rule into "Do the other fellow, or he'll do you."

BARNUM, THE VETERAN SHOWMAN

A caricature by Spy drawn from life in 1889 for "Vanity Fair," London. Houdini Collection

GENERAL TOM THUMB

An engraving made in England during his first appearance, 1844. Houdini Collection

Barnum was a product of his time. We have showmen and theatrical men of the same type to-day, who resort to exploitation that gets them space in the newspapers; perhaps some of them would not dare to write a book as frank as Barnum's.

It is too bad that Adam Forepaugh did not write a book, or have Kit Clark do it for him, as twice in the heyday of their success Forepaugh bested Barnum. A baby elephant was born in Forepaugh's Circus, the first one in this country. Barnum wired offering fifty thousand dollars for the baby elephant. Adam Forepaugh had twenty four-sheet stands made, reproducing the telegram with the catch-line, "What Barnum Thinks of Our Elephant." Forepaugh's publicity campaign against Barnum became so tense that eventually Barnum willingly called the battle off, and appeared in Forepaugh's Circus to show his good will, which was what Forepaugh had demanded.

I am glad that Mr. Werner calls attention to the manner in which Barnum wrote about his first wife, Charity Barnum, for successful men sometimes forget their helpmates, a glaring instance being that of Robert Houdin, who just slightly touched in his "Memoirs" on the fact that he was married, and that his wife bore him a number of children. The mention of "Professor Faber's automaton speaker" brings back to my mind that it was through this that Graham Bell was spurred on to the invention of the telephone.

Tho Mr. Werner presents Barnum to us, with all his faults, from the 1923 point of view, there are a great many ideas in the book which under present conditions could easily be followed. Barnum recognized the gullibility of the public. I do not think he made any vital error in writing his own "Life," but he omitted a great many of "his plans of action"; it would have been more advisable to have engaged some one to write his autobiography for him, or, if running true to form, to have written it himself under a pen name.

Any man who can fail for half a million dollars, and then, without any financial outlay—merely by bringing his own natural intelligence into play—become a four-times-millionaire, is not an ordinary mortal. Mr. Barnum was a genius. In my estimation the most remarkable thing about him was his ability to pick up things which to the ordinary mind and vision did not mean much, and to make the world eager to pay to see what he saw in them. As Huxley used to say, he was not a great man, but he "saw things that others did not see."

The exploitation of General Tom Thumb and his journeys to all the capitals of Europe make interesting reading. The rivalry of Tom Thumb and Commodore Nutt for the hand of the handsome midget, Lavinia Warren, and her marriage to Tom Thumb, furnish a good chapter in Mr. Werner's book. Lavinia's dwarf sister, Minnie Warren, who also belonged to Barnum's remarkable midget quartet, later married another dwarf, known as Major Newell. One of the most touching things I ever read was found among a lot of clippings announcing her death a year after her marriage. When she had been about to become a mother, the doctors had told her that to save her life they would have to destroy the baby. This white-souled little image of womanhood pleaded with them not to touch her baby; if the child could not live, she wished to die with it. The notice of her death, when one knows the facts attending it, is enough to wring the heart of any one.

The great value of Mr. Werner's book is that it enables us to look at Barnum from a new view-point, and from an angle which, to the best of my knowledge, has never before been presented.

Commodore Nutt General Tom Thumb Mrs. Tom Thumb Minnie Warren

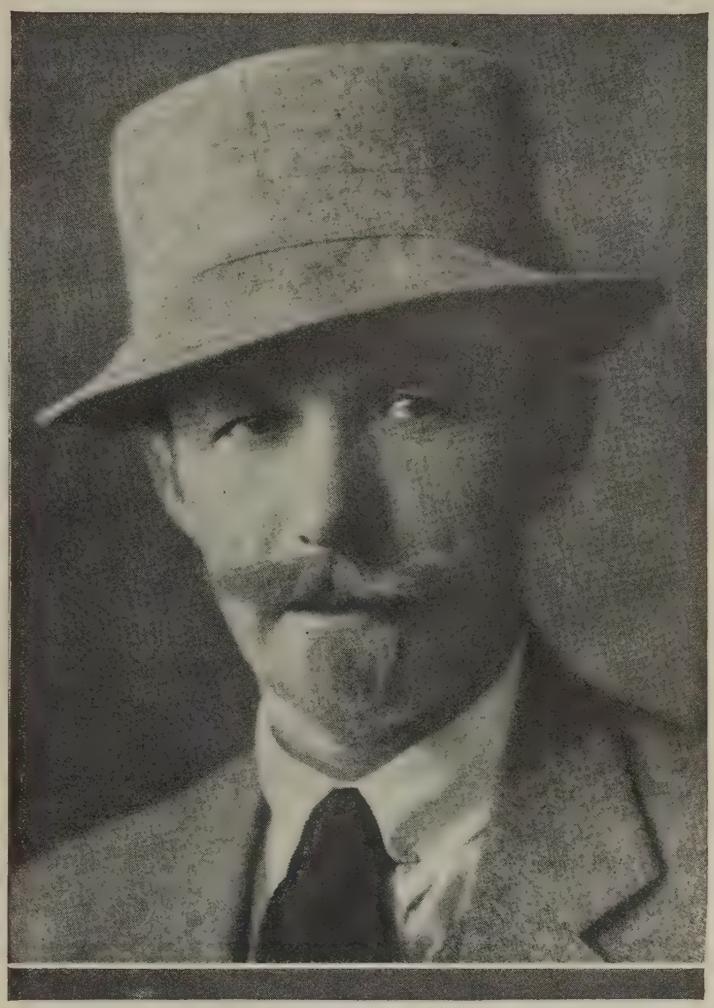
BARNUM AND HIS FOUR DWARFS

From an engraving. Westervelt Collection

Norway's Return to Art for Art's Sake

By Johan Bojer

THIRTY years ago Norwegian literature was a forum for discussion. Novels and plays were written on "woman," on "marriage," on religious faith and skepticism, on the common people contra the official class and the bureaucracy. At that time the words radicalism and reaction still had a certain value. It was radical to be an atheist, to believe in the ability of woman to save "society," to champion "free love" and easy divorce, to scorn the upper class and to glorify "the people." But above all it was radical to revel in "the new," in that which belongs to the future. Most books were written to champion certain ideas, and one hailed a new book by Ibsen, Björnson, Lie or Kielland with the anticipation that it would give one the next "new ideal"; many people, indeed, nourished a secret hope that now the riddle of life itself would at last be solved.



JOHAN BOJER

So one read the book, closed it and sat there deep in thought. The book's poetry or its characterization was quite overshadowed by the thoughts it contained, the tendency. And then a great discussion would follow—in the homes, in societies, and in the press—as to what the writer "meant" this time. His authority was so great that one considered him an oracle on questions far outside the field of literature. What did Björnson think about "the future of Europe," about the inspiration of the Bible, about the sun myths? What stand did Ibsen take regarding the laws of heredity? Ah, yes, at that time the poet really was the prophet of his people.

A change occurred when Arne Garborg wrote "Tired Men" (Traette maend); in certain respects this novel in diary form introduced a new epoch. The hero does not champion "something new." He is weary of all this talk about "society" and the betterment of mankind. He ends as a quiet philosopher, with a slight touch of religion. And this from a writer who was considered a radical, an atheist. The erotic element in the book was not a discussion of the rights of women in marriage; no, it was a quiet romantic feeling; the book was a glorious lyric in prose, mixed with irony. And that from a poet who just a few years ago had written the Bohemian novel, "Men Folk" (Mannfolk)!

It created a sensation. Was Garborg on the road to repentance? Would he desert? Was he turning into a reactionary? At all events, he continued the tendency toward the religious in the following books: "The Lost Father" (Den bortkomne faderen) and "Jesus Messias." His naturalism was succeeded by the beautiful lyrical works "Haggtussa" and "In Helheim." One eyed him anxiously. Would this lead to a new romanticism?

It looked like it, when almost simultaneously two new writers appeared, Vilhelm Krag and Sigbjörn Obstfelder. The former sang like a nightingale about maidens and moonlight, flowers and wine. What is this? Are we still to have poets writing about such useless things, even tho Ibsen has proclaimed that the time of poetry has passed? Obstfelder caused outright offense; he brought a new and freer form of verse, plainly influenced by Edgar Allan Poe. He was a philosopher and a dreamer, who looked at everything with the eyes of a child, always astonished to find himself back on earth. No wealth of ideas, no force, no passion, but his verse had a new and strange fragrance, delicate and gentle as the soft music of the violin.

This was in the nineties, and at that time a tall, broad-shouldered man came home from the United States and wrote a book about "Intellectual Life in America." A laborer he was—from the prairie and from a great city over there—a man without degrees, but with a regal bearing. Oh, indeed! So he would undertake to write about the intellectual life of a strange country. Yet one was compelled to read—not on account of his opinions on America and its intellectual life, for they were superficial enough—but for the language, the style, the freshness of presentation, clear as a diamond, sparkling with paradoxes, full of fragrance and color. The language of a master. The man was Knut Hamsun.

Soon after followed his first novel, "Hunger" (Sult), an event in our literature. The new genius seemed to have learned nothing from our old masters. If of anybody, he reminded one of Dostoievski. A psychology that seemed a revelation from the darkest recesses of the soul, individual and at the same time universal. And the same captivating language which made reading a pleasure.

If "Hunger" was painful and unpleasant in theme, his next prose-poem, "Pan," came as a revelation of a new world of beauty. This was really the flute of the great Pan, not in Grecian groves, but in our Northern woods. No problems, no sermons on better morals and stricter education; no, a hymn to youth and love and nature. A primitive and intoxicating joy in wood and sea, in darkness and light, in insects and flowers; a joy of the trickling mountain rivulets and the song of the winds. A splendor of language and pictures, that charmed old and young.

And the book had imitators all around the Germanic world; yes, even in Russia. Many a new poet began from that time forth to write in imitation of "Pan," but never got beyond copying Hamsun.

Knut Hamsun at that time condemned the drama. After

which he himself wrote dramas. He condemned the novel with a purpose. After which he himself wrote novels with a purpose. As a lyrist and a painter of nature he has never since reached the heights of "Pan."

As Ibsen created a new dramatic form, so Hamsun has created our language anew. And what is the secret of his style? Not a sense of the monumental, as in Victor Hugo; not the plastic, well calculated simplicity of Flaubert; no, it is the new and burning word, the paradox and droll twist, the ensnaring rhythm of the sentence. He has created no great character, depicted no fatal conflict in the human soul; he has not stirred his contemporaries by new ideas, but he is an excellent painter of *milieu* and of both common and distinguished people; and, first and last, he is an interpreter of the moods of nature, the great Pan of our woods.

When Hans Kinck appeared with a naturalistic story of peasant life on the west coast, he was at first regarded as a new poet of "the native soil," a painter of native life, like so many others. But in his fairy-tales, "The Wings of the Bat" (Flaggermusvinger), he reveals himself as a lyric poet with a new and peculiar intuition. He has pictured, as has no one else, the power which mysticism in nature exercises over the human mind and character. The soul and personality of his peasants are determined by sea and mountains, by darkness and light, by snow-slides and gales, as well as by the enchanting nights of the Northern spring.

He also came as a renewer of the language; his style is concise and impressionistic. His language lies closer to that of the common people than Hamsun's does, and his sentences have the ring of steel. He shuns multiplicity of details, but throws swift flashes of lightning over a scene, a face, a background, and makes it stand out in one's mind. He is a great poet, but sometimes a little chaotic, as in his dramas from the Italian Renaissance. He has written fine historical works about Machiavelli and Pietro Arretino, and each year he sends out one or more volumes, whether of novels, plays, short stories, histories or essays. One of the most richly endowed and most productive spirits of the present time.

It seemed reasonable that, after the great epoch of writing for the sake of a program or a purpose, there should come a reaction against this striving to launch an idea or a cause through books. We now prefer art for art's sake. We have had enough of preaching through books; give us beauty, art, characterization of human beings without a moral at the end. Hamsun steered the right course for a long time. But his contemporary, the dramatist Gunnar Heiberg, went more and more astray. In dramas like "The Balcony" (Balkonen) and "The Tragedy of Love" (Kjaerligheten tragedie) there is a beautiful erotic passion; they are lyrical works of the highest rank. But one day Gunnar Heiberg became filled with a holy wrath and wrote a play which attacked a person or a cause. The old Adam from the golden age when literature was a platform of debate is hard to curb. Art for art's sake is all very well, but not for a red-blooded man with ideas, temperament, wrath. His fire must have an outlet, and so he wrote "King Midas" (Kong Midas), "I Will Defend My Country" (Jeg vil vaerge mit land), and "Death-bed Parade" (Paradesengen)—attacks in dramatic form, quite as obvious in their purpose as Upton Sinclair's literary attacks on modern America. But Gunnar Heiberg is perhaps greatest as an essayist. Extravagantly witty, filled with superb irony and high lyrical flights. A poet and journalist in one, who even in reviewing a play creates an unforgetable work of art.

The lyrical writer, Nils Collett Vogt, is somewhat younger; for a long time he was "the poet of youth," but he is now approaching the sixties. No poet has sung more ardent hymns to the free, defiant youth who walks his own way. No one has written more glowing songs to spring and love and joy. A manly and strong voice speaks through his poems, and they are written in a classically finished form. He has also written a few plays, which have made a great and lasting success in our national theater. He is an excellent essayist. Another outstanding dramatic author and essayist is Nils Kjaer. In "The Happy Election" (Det lykkelige valg) he has caricatured modern parliamentarism and the political servant of the people. This play has become a classic. He is one of our foremost stylists, the Théophile Gautier of our prose literature.

There is in Norway, as everywhere else in the world, a host of women and men who are writing novels, fair and indifferent, with no carrying ideas in them and no distinctive personalities behind them. These books appear, are read and forgotten, and disappear without leaving any impress or wielding any influence. The dramas and novels written by Peter Egge are, however, of a different type. Most popular are his comedies, in which stern realism is softened by a whimsical humor. Many of his novels of peasant and middle-class life, too, are of lasting value Among these are "The Heart" (Hjertet), "The Country Home" (Villaen), and "In the Fjords" (Inde i fjordene). All are works of art and embody a true and reliable psychology.

Jacob B. Bull shows himself as a student of Björnson in his novels of peasant life. He and Kinck stand as the main representatives for what we call the "writing of the native soil." The country scenes of their childhood, the valleys in which they grew up, have captured their hearts so completely that they return to these again and again. Nature, however wild or savage, creates people of a distinctive type and forms their way of thinking and talking, and the poet loves it all, as every one loves the memory of his own childhood. Some of the descriptions Jacob B. Bull has given of the life of the people in Osterdalen are of high artistic and poetic value.

Beside him stands another master of the same school, Olav Duun; the scene of his novels of peasant life is laid in Namdalen, in the northern part of Norway. He paints the people he knows with rich and lively colors. No brutal realism, no sentimentality. From the first page to the last you forget that you are reading. Everything told becomes real; you are living the life of these plain peasants, so irresistible is the author's power to make everything true and absorbing.

Mrs. Nini Roll Anker is the truly modern spirit among our women writers. Her novels, picturing life among the upper class, bear witness to a shrewd power of observation and a sure artistic touch. Her style is impressionistic, full of life and rhythm. Her drama, "The Church" (Kirken), in which she attacks the clergy of the world for not preventing the World War, created a great sensation and much discussion.

A woman writer who has won a great many admirers is Mrs. Barbara Ring. Her stories for children are very popular. Her novels have attracted attention and put many pens into action, both to attack and defend. The outstanding women in her books are best characterized through their erotic crises. The most noteworthy books of this type are "The Virgin" (Jomfruen) and "Before the Frost Comes" (För kulden kommer). Lately she has made a successful attempt at the historical novel; here she can give expression to her love for the old estates, for country life, and for the customs and usages of days gone by.

Kristian Elster, the younger, son of the fine novelist of the same name, is himself an outstanding writer of novels and essays. He ranks among those who give promise of something great, and one is confident that his most characteristic works are still to be written.

Chief of the tribe of the youngest lyrical poets is Herman Wildenvey. His poems are light and graceful, filled with jest and humor. A singer who walks his own careless way, and who has a joke and a rose for every one he meets. More serious, but an artist of equal rank, is Olaf Bull. The former gives his great and enthusiastic audience poems in abundance. The latter is more critical and particular, but a new poem by him is a literary event. They both are distinctively esthetics—*l'art pour l'art*—no great idea or passion, no confessed belief, no hymn to something great for which their hearts are burning, except perhaps woman and springtime.

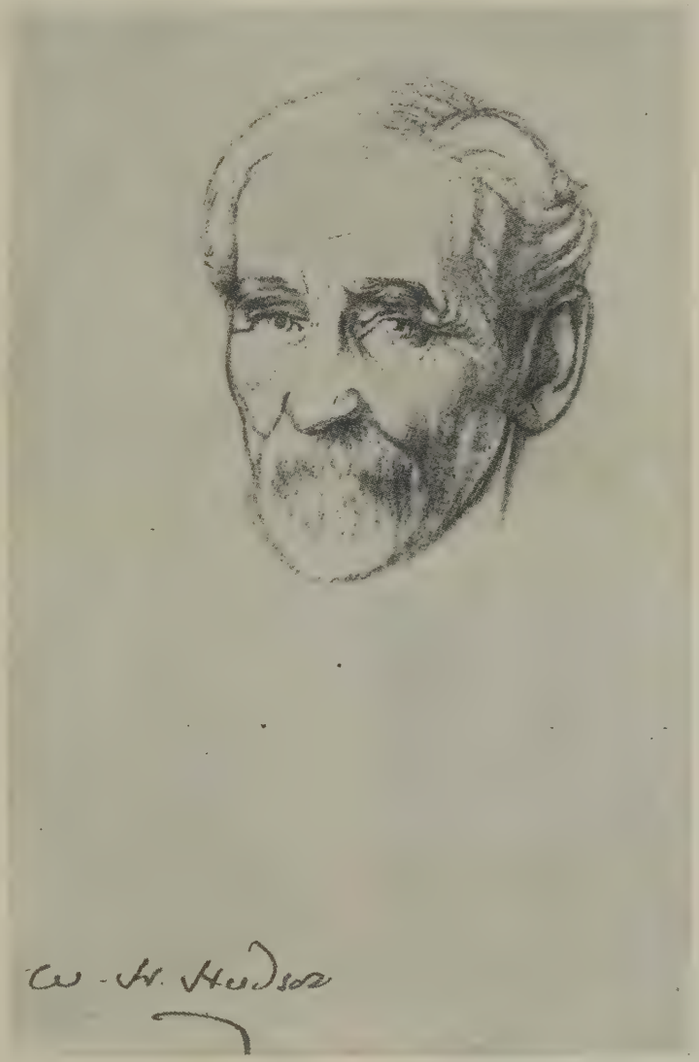
But we have arrived at a turning-point. There is no doubt that

(*Continued on page 76*)

The Mystery and Charm of W. H. Hudson

By William Lyon Phelps

W. H. HUDSON died in London, August 18, 1922. How old he was I do not know. The Dent circular says he was born in 1841; Edward Garnett gives the date 1846. I do not even know his name, only his initials, W. H., which are as mysterious as the W. H. found in one of the most famous books in history. Hudson, who was so particular and accurate in describing birds, never cared to furnish details about himself. "My life is in my books," he said, and indeed they do contain his observations, his reflections, his experiences, and his philosophy. "Who's Who" contains no biographical facts, and the latest edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, including the supplementary volumes, has no article on him, tho many living men are included. We know that he was born on the pampas in South America, that in 1880 he was married to Miss Emily Wingrove, a concert singer, who bravely and cheerfully shared his penniless adventures; but whether she is living or not I can not tell. Hudson's friend of forty years, Mr. Morley Roberts, has undertaken to write a book of Recollections, which should be one of the most important biographies of our age.



Hudson always regarded himself as an Englishman, and in his books repeatedly and proudly alludes to the fact. His father, however, was born in Boston and his mother in New Hampshire. But his father's father was English and had come to America in the early years of the nineteenth century. The fact that both Hudson's father and mother were born in America was apparently not known to his English friends, and he seems to have made no mention of it; he had hardly any American acquaintances and all his intimate associations were with England and the English people. England was Home.

I am indebted for some valuable information to Mr. John Macrae, of E. P. Dutton and Company, who under date of January 27, 1923, writes me as follows:

> Last March I had the joy and the privilege of spending three days with Hudson. We were in the extreme Southwest of England. Mr. Hudson was living then in a workman's cottage at Penzance. We motored all about the country, and I found, from personal contact, a beautiful soul, full of fire, radiating love for everything and yet at the same time having as a part of his outer shell some of that caution and suspicion of man found often in wild animals. One point about Hudson which has been literally overlooked is the fact that Hudson's father, as I understood Mr. Hudson, was born in Boston and his grandfather came from England to Boston about 1808. Hudson's mother was a Miss Kimball from New Hampshire. At the age of nineteen Hudson's father was working on the docks in Boston. Something fell on him, crushing his chest. The doctor in Boston at the time informed him that probably he would never be able to stand the rigor of that climate with his bruised chest. He was in love with Miss Kimball, who was seventeen years old at the time. They talked the matter over together. She decided, or rather insisted on marrying him and then migrating to the Argentine. . . . It was quite evident that Mr. Hudson's father was probably more or less shiftless, altho he never allowed himself to speak of his father other than with reverence and respect. Hudson had a wonderful love, admiration and loyalty for his mother. This was one of his consuming passions.

In a letter to Mr. Dent, the publisher, Hudson said that it had been always his ambition to become a kind of modern St. Francis, for he desired and courted poverty; and the publishers had taken jolly good care to see that this aim should not be frustrated. His books attracted little or no attention, and with the exception of a few intimate friends, such as Morley Roberts, Edward Garnett, John Galsworthy, and Earl Grey, he had no constituency. His friends were like his readers; few, but——

Like so many men of chronically bad health, Hudson lived to be old; outdoor life, which he loved, was what kept him above the surface of the earth. He was not physically able to have a "career," for which fact we should be grateful. He became a first-rate naturalist, the leading authority on the birds of South America, and the best interpreter of that neglected continent. But Hudson is not a great writer because of his knowledge, or of his choice of themes; in literature it is never the subject, but always the style, that determines a man's final rank. His personality is altogether charming; his love for all God's creatures, his intellectual respect for animals, the absence of condescension in his treatment of dogs, horses, and cats, his sincerity and love of truth—all of these are splendid qualities and illumine every one of his books: but they could not have given him a place in literature. He belongs to literature because he was a literary artist.

He came to London about the year 1874; can one imagine a greater change in environment? Yet, altho England was his home for the rest of his long life, and altho all his books were written there, he often suffered from nostalgia for the pampas, and as "poets are always most present with the distant," he was able to write about the far-off South American life with great vividness. In England, too, he practised the same powers of observation, going over the country afoot and on his bicycle, studying the habits of birds and animals, and preferring above all other men those who lived close to the soil · farmers, shepherds, and gipsies.

There were times when he wondered if he had done well in

CARTING WATER FOR THE FLOCK
(From "A Shepherd's Life")

coming to England at all; if it had not been wiser to have remained in South America and finished his life in the land of his birth. But, in spite of ill-health and poverty and neglect, he would have been happy anywhere; there were always sunshine and rain, the changing winds, the abundance of animal life. For Hudson never felt it necessary, as so many do, to assume the pose of pessimism. He was ever grateful for the incomparable gifts of life. At the close of "Far Away and Long Ago,"[1] he writes:

> When I hear people say they have not found the world and life so agreeable or interesting as to be in love with it, or that they look with equanimity to its end, I am apt to think they have never been properly alive—nor seen with clear vision the world they think so meanly of, or anything in it—not a blade of grass. Only I know that mine is an exceptional case, that the visible world is to me more beautiful and interesting than to most persons, that the delight I experienced in my communings with Nature did not pass away, leaving nothing but a recollection of vanished happiness to intensify a present pain. The happiness was never lost, but owing to that faculty I have spoken of, had a cumulative effect on the mind and was mine again, so that in my worst times, when I was compelled to exist shut out from Nature in London for long periods, sick and poor and friendless, I could yet always feel that it was infinitely better to be than not to be.

Hudson makes that double appeal to readers made by Thoreau and John Burroughs—fact and fancy, nature and art. But he was also a novelist. He wrote five novels, two of which seem destined to enjoy a permanent place in the history of English fiction. These two are "The Purple Land"[2] and "Green Mansions."[3] The former was his first book, being published in 1885. It seems almost incredible that it failed to attract attention, for it is a wildly exciting romance of love and war, an adventure story raised to the *n*th power by literary art. In the present edition there is a highly interesting preface by the author,

HURDLE PITCHING
(From "A Shepherd's Life")

in which he speaks of its first appearance in two slim volumes (they should fetch a big price to-day), and he adds that it was reviewed "not favorably" under the heading of "Travels and Geography." It had no sale and passed into oblivion, whence it was rescued in 1904 by "certain men of letters, who found it on a forgotten heap and liked it."

Hudson, for all his scientific attainment, accurate observation, and love of exactitude, was an incurable Romantic; this thrilling novel abounds in athletic and military adventures, together with sentimental love episodes. Hudson was a true knight, idealizing women; there is a chivalry in his attitude toward women, which, heightened by his fierce passion for Beauty, gives color and charm to all his narratives, whether they are reminiscences or works of pure imagination. He was particularly fortunate in his mother; he speaks of her in "Far Away and Long Ago" with intense affection, yes, with idolatry. She was beautiful in face and lovely in disposition and intensely religious. She brought the boy up in Christian piety, and whatever may be a son's attitude in later life, there is no better teacher on earth than a mother who is, both in faith and in daily life, a devoted Christian. She can give something to her children that is more valuable than any other gift. Hudson never ceased to worship his mother, and I feel sure that much of his reverence toward women came from the fact that the first one he knew was so splendid an illustration of what all women should be.

RHEA, OR S. AMERICAN OSTRICH
(From "The Naturalist in La Plata")

"Green Mansions" (1904) is Hudson's masterpiece. John Galsworthy, in his Foreword, says, "Of all living authors—now that Tolstoy has gone—I could least dispense with W. H. Hudson. . . . A very great writer, and—to my thinking—the most valuable our age possesses." It is good to know that Hudson had the pleasure of reading such praise from one most qualified to bestow it; it was a reward for all the years of neglect. "Green Mansions" is a hymn to beauty; the heroine is the most perfect type of natural woman I can remember anywhere. The descriptions of the forest and forest life are unforgetable. How Rousseau would have enjoyed this book! Yet I have never been able to forgive Hudson for the ending of it. I do not care whether a story has a happy ending or not; I want it to have the ending that is natural to it, that the reader feels to be inevitable. It surely was not necessary to arrange this horrible and tragic close. In a way, it defeats the author's main contention, that life in the open and in wild country has so much that is superior to life in the cities. If such savagery and such cruelty exist where Nature is most beautiful, it is after all not to be regretted that so-called civilization conquers both primitive land and primitive people, for with the advance of civilization there is diminishment of cruelty.

Hudson, however, had learned from nature that strife is not only the law of both animal and human existence, but, curiously enough, he seemed to feel that physical strife was necessary to

[1] Far Away and Long Ago. By W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

[2] The Purple Land. By W. H. Hudson. With an Introductory Note by Theodore Roosevelt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

[3] Green Mansions. A Romance of the Tropical Forest. By W. H. Hudson. With an Introduction by John Galsworthy. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

SHEPHERDS AND THEIR DOGS
(*From "A Shepherd's Life"*)

human well-being. Altho he lived through the Great War, and comments on it frequently in his later books, he never seemed greatly shocked by it. He ridicules the pacifists and thinks that if a time should come when wars have ceased to be, then the human race would be flabby. This is strange doctrine; surely there is enough struggle in life to keep the spirit from becoming soft, without the necessity of wholesale murder. Even a philosopher like William James used to talk about "substitutes" for war; why not provide substitutes for cancer and yellow fever?

All human beings are inconsistent; there is a charming inconsistency between Hudson's gentleness and kindness toward animals and little girls, and his belief in war and strife.

"Green Mansions" is a novel so different from any other that I know, the reader is transported at once into surroundings so strange, and the heroine is so original, that the book leaves an indelible impression. If it were not for that unnecessary bonfire, I would place this book in the front rank of English fiction.

"A Crystal Age"[4] (1906) to which Dr. Clifford Smyth contributes an introduction, is, I think, a failure. It is a Utopian romance, rather imitative of Samuel Butler's "Erewhon." But I found it intolerable, and if that place is heaven, give me earth. The people in it, who are held up to us as perfect, are insufferable bores; their unctuous self-satisfaction, their smug self-righteousness, the appalling dulness of their daily existence, make one long for Times Square. Dr. Smyth knows perfectly well that this is one of the inferior works, but he is quite right in pointing out its important place in Hudson's philosophical beliefs. Hudson himself stoutly defended it, because in his heaven there is no sex. Turgenef said that "for every age love has its tortures," and he was of course quite right about it. In getting rid of the torture, however, we should lose a good many other things. Hudson believed that no advance was possible until the sexual instinct should become atrophied, and he cites Benjamin Kidd as authority. It is curious that the same position is taken in Bernard Shaw's "Back to Methuselah," where love, kisses, and all that sort of thing hold sway for three years, and then are got rid of forever. With all this nonsense out of the way men and women can go on living eight or nine hundred years in the development of the pure intellect. The difficulty is, that the aged specimens Shaw produces are as intolerable bores as Hudson's perfect men and women. Furthermore, they look extremely unhappy. It seems to me that in "A Crystal Age" the people were not nearly so happy as most of the college professors I know at Yale.

Mr. Alfred Knopf, the enterprising publisher, makes the following interesting announcement:

> The last time I saw W. H. Hudson, in May, 1921, he spoke to me about a short novel he had written years ago and never published anywhere. I begged him to find the manuscript, for I have always felt Hudson's writings to be sure of a place among the deathless classics of English literature. Well, we duly arranged that I should publish the book, and at the very time of his death, last August, Hudson was correcting proofs. He had also promised me a special introduction, but of this he had done only the opening pages. . . . I doubt if Hudson left much unpublished material behind him, for he had been going over his papers carefully, and so I think the publication of "Ralph Herne"[5] a literary event of the greatest interest and importance. I am, therefore, publishing the book very handsomely.

Hudson must have changed his mind about this book, for years ago when Edward Garnett read it, he told the author that its publication would ruin any man's reputation, and according to Garnett, Hudson set no store by it. But before his death Hudson knew well enough that nothing now or in the future could ruin his reputation, and apparently he loved this story written so many years ago. And it is easy enough to see why. It gives a fine picture of the city of Buenos Ayres as it appears to English eyes; and it gives also an amazingly powerful description of a yellow fever epidemic. I am glad that this manuscript is finally to see the light, for in everything that Hudson writes there is something for us; and the failures of genius are in themselves interesting. But it is an atrociously bad book—bad in construction, bad in characterization, bad in style. I am certain that if the name of Hudson were not signed to it, it would be received with ridicule. It is unpardonably sentimental and goody-goody *ad nauseam*. But it is an interesting fact in natural history that the author of "Green Mansions" and "Idle Days in Patagonia"[6] could have written such piffle.

Hudson also wrote another novel, "Fan," by "Henry Harford," published in 1892, which I have never seen. Mr. Garnett classifies it as a complete failure along with the MS. "Ralph Herne." Hudson was a master of the short story, as any one would know who had read his autobiographical and travel books. Whenever he stops to tell a tale, one sees instantly that he was a born *raconteur*. Of the short story, "El Ombu," published in "Tales of the Pampas,"[7] Theodore Roosevelt said it ranked first among all Hudson's writings, and Edward Garnett says it is the best short

GAUCHO
(*From "The Naturalist in La Plata"*)

story in the English language. It certainly is not; but it is very fine.

Of the naturalist books, I was particularly interested in what

(*Continued on page 49*)

[4] A Crystal Age. By W. H. Hudson. With an Introduction by Dr. Clifford Smyth. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

[5] Ralph Herne. A Novel. By W. H. Hudson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

[6] Idle Days in Patagonia. By W. H. Hudson. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

[7] Tales of the Pampas. By W. H. Hudson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

M. Coué Studies America and Applies His Method

By Joseph Collins

WHEN I returned from Europe a few days ago, whither I had gone with M. Coué (that is, we had adjoining rooms in an ocean palace), I found awaiting me two books by my famous co-worker in the field of disease. The gorgeous red paper jacket of one bore the legend, "The only new book by M. Coué"; the other, "Emile Coué's new book." Both of them contain, the one without, the other within, a photograph of his smiling, kindly, quizzical face. The suspicion immediately crossed my mind that the wise little Frenchman had had a lapse of habitual prudence, and had essayed, on leaving this country, where he had been received so enthusiastically, to carry water on both shoulders by giving a manuscript on the same subject to two publishers. But I was immediately purged of the suspicion when I read at the bottom of the scarlet jacket: "M. Coué cables that he has neither written nor authorized any other new book." When I had finished reading the books I thought the gaudy jacket should bear the legend, "There is nothing new in this book." But I recalled the phrase: "Dr. Percy Stickney Grant's challenge of the divinity of Christ is an admirable example of a vigorous national spirit, eager to push away every obstacle to the march of the intellect." To me, at least, this is a new idea. If I could escape the accusation of stone-casting, I should say that M. Coué sails his craft in unfamiliar waters with great daring. "The idea of the League of Nations could only have germinated and developed in the minds of a people who themselves constitute a family of States." But did it germinate in the U. S. A.? No one would be foolish enough to ask, Did it develop here? Even the Senior Senator from Massachusetts would not admit it. M. Coué has sailed so long in the seas of psychology, charts of which he has been unable to acquire by personal or by vicarious effort, that he does not hesitate to enter other fields and make statements which seem to many at variance with fact.

Courtesy Educational Pictures Corp.

"SAY IT, MEAN IT, BELIEVE IT—AND IT WILL BE SO"

Neither M. Coué nor his publishers have done anything to disturb the old adage, "There is nothing new under the sun." He does not claim to have done, or to be doing, anything new. He disclaims it. "I have merely reduced to a simple formula theories which were known to be truths thousands of years ago." Now if he had said "facts established empirically," instead of "theories," the statement would be literally true. Whether that which M. Coué is doing and attempting to teach is new or not should not concern us for a moment. The thing that concerns us is: Is it of benefit to mankind, especially to the part of mankind that is playing the rôle of under dog: the sick, the desolate, the despairing, the hopeless? If it is, what does it matter if it be new or old, orthodox or unorthodox, ethical or unethical, psychologic or esoteric, mystical or material? Does "My Method"* do the trick? That is the question. The answer depends on whether or not the question must be answered categorically. No matter which way you answer it categorically, the answer will be truthful. And this reminds me of one of M. Coué's favorite sayings: "I know I am not wrong, and if I should be wrong I would be right." The truth is that "My Method" helps, "cures," many sufferers. Many of those whom it delivers have sought the counsel and aid of those licensed to combat disease and have gone away unaided. This alone is sufficient justification for welcoming "My Method."

One of the questions which M. Coué says that he has frequently been asked is "Can autosuggestion do any harm?" It seems incredible that one should ask "Can I injure myself by saying 'Every day in every way I feel better and better'?" One might injure his *amour propre*, for how could he respect himself the following day, and the day after, if he found himself worse? He might, of course, jeopardize his chances of recovery if he should say to himself, while the vermiform appendix was making ready to burst, that he felt better every day, if such self-suggestion or self-deception were to prevent him from obtaining the services of a surgeon. But there are exceptions to every rule, and the rule of autosuggestion is that it does no harm. After all, it ought to be no more injurious to repeat an apparently silly formula for the sake of securing a certain mental attitude than to indulge in physical exercises in order to obtain the strength or flexibility that would enable one to assume or maintain a desired physical condition.

M. Coué is a wise man; at least he is what we call a long-headed man. It is well known that apothecaries often are. They are famed for knowledge of their fellow man, particularly the emotional reactions of their fellow man, and in some countries, like Italy, they have a great repute as forecasters of events. I am not seeking to convince that M. Coué's long-headedness and professional training have any interdependence. M. Coué was born long-headed. His professional training merely enhanced his perspicacity. "Deny that you are great and the world will thrust greatness upon you" is a thought that has often been in his mind. M. Coué is one of the most consistent disclaimers working in the

*My Method: Including American Impressions. By Emile Coué. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1923.

miracle field to-day. "I am not a doctor; I am not a professor; I am not a healer; I am not a miracle worker; I am not a discoverer; I do not want people to have a fanatical belief in me." But just in proportion as he disclaims, so do his admirers protest that he is all of these.

"The practise of autosuggestion will not relieve one from observing the ordinary rules of health. Most emphatically I do not advise you to dispense with doctors' service." This may be a sop thrown to the Esculapian Cerberus to distract him or to divert his attention while guarding the entrance to the "ethical arena." Why should not doctors be dispensed with if "My Method" cures all diseases, before so many of which the doctor stands impotent and chagrined, hopeless and humble? M. Coué assured me time and again that there was no organic disease which could not be influenced to recovery by his method. He cited case after case of disease which I have never seen eventuate in recovery cured by his method, and when I sought to learn his theory of how his method operated in such cases he led me into an atmosphere of mysticism and supernaturalism which not only soothed me but deadened my desire for rational explanation.

And what are these rules of health to which M. Coué refers? Have they been formulated and writ in stone like the code of Hammurabi? Are they a modification and elaboration of the regimen of Salernum? Are they more ancient or recent? Does M. Coué know them; does he practise them? If I should live as he does, as I saw him live for a week, and as he tells me he lives, I should be ill. I should be ill even tho I should go about with a piece of string tied in twenty knots in my pocket, upon which my concealed fingers played while I articulated, in a low but clear voice, just loud enough to be heard by myself, "Every day, in every way, I am getting better and better." How do I know I should be? Experience teaches. To placate the goddess Hygeia I have to look askance at food, I have to woo and wed exercise, I have to do many things that M. Coué neglects safely. Therefore his rules of health can not possibly be called my rules of health. There are no more rules of health for man than for dog. There is only one rule: live. The most that physician or philosopher, priest or prophet has been able to add to that rule is to tack on an adverb, such as temperately, chastely, wholesomely, prudently. But temperance for Mr. Jones is riotous indulgence for Mr. Smith, and chastity for Mr. Gallagher is wallowing in sin for Mr. Shean. A man hasn't a dog's intelligence, hence he artificially stimulates and pampers his fundamental urges, and from this, from cupidity and from vanity, flow the majority of his ills over which he has any control. The real source from which flow the ills that M. Coué combats so successfully is a spring in the Garden of Eden, beneath the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. If Adam and Eve had received the Lord God's castigation with the same unconcern as the serpent, we, their descendants, would never have known fear, and not knowing fear we should never have encountered fifty per cent. of the disease which we have encountered during the past seven thousand years, and which we shall continue to have so long as our present ideas of our origin and development dominate mankind.

What was left undone in the way of preparing us for the demon Fear by our first ancestors, and by the influences brought to bear upon them, has been supplied by those potent mechanisms, creeds and conventions. We shall have Fear "in our midst" so long as they last, and the *whole* world whispering on vicarious rosaries will not liberate us.

M. Coué has taken a fundamental truth and stated it in language that every one understands: the vital mechanisms of the body are not in the control of the conscious mind; they function when one is unconscious as well as when one is conscious. Therefore they are *en rapport* with the unconscious mind, the mind whose product he calls imagination. The vital mechanisms are influenceable by this imagination for good or for evil. Unfortunately for us, civilization and convention combine to influence the vital mechanisms by the conspicuous product of the conscious mind, viz., will, determination, desire, expediency, call it what one may. The result is conflict between "will" and "imagination," and the latter is always victor. If you don't believe it, try to open your hand after you have made a fist, while saying to yourself sincerely, audibly and determinedly, "I can not open it," and you may be convinced. M. Coué is.

Nowhere do I find in "My Method" or in "How to Practice Autosuggestion"* the information that M. Coué gave me *a viva voce:* "You know my relaxation is my garden. I get from that what you get from travel, from books. Before I plant my garden I prepare the soil, for one does not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles." [One of the pleasures of intercourse with M. Coué comes from his frequent reference to the Holy Writ.] "This preparation is of greatest importance. Before I see my patient, he has been seen by some one whom he encounters in the garden of my clinic or in the waiting-room, who has been benefited by following my method. Of course he tells the newcomer, he assures him he will be benefited. The suggestion is more potent because it does not emanate from me. The patient is already well on his way to be cured when I see him. And then the atmosphere of my clinic is impregnated with hope. My patients believe they are going to get well, and I know they are."

In the two little books that have apparently resulted from his American visit, M. Coué does not claim that his method can cure any disease, tho he frequently said there is no disease that can not be favorably influenced by it. But that mysterious mental and emotional state called the "obsessive psychosis," he admitted to me, stumped him and his method. If his hypothesis (or what he formerly called his discovery, until it was traced to Rochester, N. Y.) is correct, viz., that the "will" is wax in the hands of the imagination, obsession should be dispelled by his method as morning mists are dispelled by the rising sun.

M. Coué found "Americans more susceptible to suggestion than French or English"; in fact, he found Americans the ideal patients for his method. This is not at variance with the findings of innumerable other miracle workers, healers and demi-gods who have come here to establish new religions or to offer cure-alls for the ills of body or of mind. A less polite observer than M. Coué might label us the most gullible, as well as the most suggestible, of people. But M. Coué is always polite, even suave. He says:

> Strange to say, I have never had occasion in Europe to observe the enormous effect of suggestion on the national life of a country. Here in America it has struck me most forcibly; are Americans exceptionally susceptible? Are their subconscious minds particularly sensitive? It is quite possible. I am bound to state, in any case, that I have rarely met with such constant success in teaching patients how to get rid of their ailments as I did at my American conferences. Naturally, one of the principal reasons for this success was the wide publicity given to my methods beforehand; people read of them long before coming to me, and their minds were already fertilized by the thought of a cure; the thought grows into a belief, and by the time the patient reaches me the idea has been transformed through imagination into a reality. . . . In Europe no such faith-inspiring publicity existed, except, perhaps, quite recently—and then only in a very small way. Nevertheless, I do think Americans in general are more responsive to suggestion than French people or English. I see that in the solution of their national problems.

This is not a strange conclusion to be drawn from a visit to the home of Christian Science. M. Coué finds convincing testimony to our national suggestibility in our prohibition law.

> For instance [he says] I do not believe that any amount of suggestion would ever persuade my countrymen to become "dry"! Yet I was told that Prohibition was imposed upon a majority by a strong-minded minority, and that, in reality, almost every one longs to slake his thirst again in something stronger, honester than the "Scotch Brew" which caught my eye on the restaurant cards of suggested beverages. See the force of suggestion, however—jugs of iced water have taken the place of the once-indispensable bottle of iced champagne (!) on the tables of the most-famed haunts of luxury. And what is more astonishing is that the effects seem to be almost the same. Diners sup their crystal glasses of water with evident pleasure, and their merriment and vivacity of conversation as the dinner goes on could hardly be greater were their glasses filled with the sparkling wine of Rheims or Epernay.

This illustration may fit M. Coué's argument. But is it possible

(*Continued on page 64*)

*How to Practice Suggestion and Autosuggestion. By Emile Coué. New York: American Library Service, 1923.

Ancient Egypt in Modern Fiction

By Louise Maunsell Field

EGYPT is dead. So men have long declared, not knowing or not choosing to know how many of her ideas and beliefs still survive, how much we moderns of the twentieth century owe to the great men and women of a day so long past that their names and deeds were utterly forgotten, or remembered only in alien, prejudiced accounts, until the fortunate discovery of the Rosetta Stone made possible the reading of their records. Now every year increases our knowledge of the grandeur which was Egypt, Egypt, which can teach us so much. And one of the best ways of learning what the daily life, the human side of this wonderful country were like, is to read the fiction wherein those who know what has as yet been discovered about the mighty dead have endeavored to reconstruct that long-past time, to show us these men and women as they lived, show us the existence which was so unlike our own.

It is interesting to note the change which has come over writers of Egyptian fiction from the days of the pioneer George Ebers down to the present time. The author of "Uarda,"[1] "An Egyptian Princess,"[2] and numerous other volumes, many of which are now out of print, frankly avowed that he made little attempt to reproduce the ideas and thoughts of the ancient Egyptians, but only their customs and outward ways of life, so far as these were then known; but Terence Gray, whose "And in the Tomb Were Found—"[3] is the most recently published volume of Egyptian fiction, has set himself to accomplish what Ebers did not even try to do—to show not only the manners of these men and women, but their ideas, beliefs, and habits of thought, some of which seem almost to belong to a different planet.

THE GOOD GOD

From his portraits and his mummy in Cairo

[The above and other illustrations used in this review are taken from Terence Gray's "And in the Tomb Were Found—" (*Appleton*)

Written in drama form, these short plays of Mr. Gray's go back even to the builder of the Great Pyramid of Ghizeh, Khufu, the famous Pharaoh of the remarkable Fourth Dynasty, who reigned about 2900 B.C.; then on to Amenemhet I, a fragment of whose advice to his son, Sesostris I, has come down to us, and forms the groundwork of the play, the story of how she whom the King had "loved beyond all women" and her son conspired to murder the "Good God," Amenemhet, Pharaoh and regenerator of Egypt. The revolt which destroyed the power of the Hyksos rulers, the Shepherd Kings the Egyptians hated, and an interview between Moses and Rameses the Great, give the author a further opportunity to put vividly before us some of the points of view of these men and women of old. The divine right of kings has a familiar sound even to our ears, but Amenemhet and those about him not only believed that he ruled by divine right, but that he was himself divine; the marriage of brother and sister, so unthinkable to us, was not only correct, but if it were the Royal Daughter, Heiress of The Two Lands, whose marriage was in question, then only among her brothers, like herself divinely born, could a suitable husband be found. The Egyptian belief in immortality was a genuine, vital thing; the worst punishment which could be inflicted was the punishment which involved complete extinction, the obliteration of both body and soul. Called up by a magic more powerful than any used by the renowned magicians of Egypt, this world of long ago lives again in these brief sketches. We see Khufu defying the priests of Ra; Amenemhet looking down upon the dead body of his treacherous son; the aged, weary, desperately bored Rameses listening with indulgent amusement to the denunciations of the quite unimportant prophet of those Hebrews who had recently been making themselves so troublesome; Queen Kamose going voluntarily to share the horrible doom of her brother-husband. The book is fascinating, dramatic, convincing, deserving of much more extended comment than can be given it here.

It is interesting to compare Mr. Gray's sketch of the time of the Exodus with that given by Sir Rider Haggard, whose Egyptian stories were praised by no less an authority than Sir Gaston Maspero. The identity of the Pharaoh of the Exodus being still uncertain, the author of "Moon of Israel"[4] has chosen neither Rameses nor his son Merneptah to fill the rôle, but the usurper Amenmeses, who reigned for a little while in the place of the rightful heir, Seti II, hero of the novel. The events, related presumably by the famous scribe Ani, are given as they were later transcribed by the Hebrews, in accordance with those popular ideas Mr. Gray declares to be altogether mistaken. Egypt was still the most powerful country in the world, and the glittering pageantry of Pharaoh's court dazzling as must have been that of the now famous Tut-ankh-Amen, about 150 years before.

Some have argued that Hebrew influence had much to do with the religious revolt of Tut-ankh-Amen's father-in-law, Akhnaton (Amenhotep IV), but the well-known Egyptologist, Garrett Chatfield Pier, in his romance of "Hanit the Enchantress,"[5]

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[1] "Uarda." By George Ebers. With frontispiece. A. L. Burt & Co. $1.00.

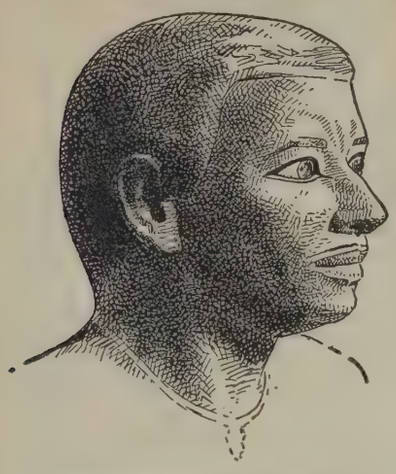
[2] "An Egyptian Princess." By George Ebers. A. L. Burt & Co. $1.00.

[3] "And in the Tomb Were Found—" By Terence Gray. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co. $2.50

[4] "Moon of Israel." By H. Rider Haggard. With frontispiece. Longmans, Green & Co.

[5] "Hanit the Enchantress." By Garrett Chatfield Pier. E. P. Dutton & Co.

declares that Akhnaton's monotheism was largely due to his Syrian mother, the beautiful Queen Tiy, that it was the Syrian Aton he worshiped, not the old Egyptian sun-god of the same name, and presents the much-discust Pharaoh as a weakling, in sharp contrast with Breasted's description of him as the world's first revolutionist. No novel gives a fuller, more carefully detailed picture of life in Egypt during the time of Egypt's splendor than does this one, with its account of the beautiful pleasure lake Amenhotep III had made for his beloved Queen, where her gorgeous barge, whose cedar beams were covered with thin plates of gold, floated amid the white and blue lotus flowers. Tho the prolog and the epilog are of modern times, and tell how the curse of the priests of Ra fell on those who violated the carefully protected tomb, "Hanit the Enchantress" is for the most part concerned with that Egypt whose magnificence has lately blazed out upon us from the tomb of one of her lesser Pharaohs.



THE HEREDITARY PRINCE RIYAHOTPU

From the statue-group of Riyahotpu and Nofrit in Cairo

But the novels of Egypt's great days are comparatively few, most of the fiction-makers having chosen to write of that later time, knowledge of which can be obtained from sources other than her tombs and temples. Two notable romances tell of the Persian conquest—Ebers's "An Egyptian Princess," whose leading figure is the conqueror Cambyses, and Rider Haggard's just-published novel, "Wisdom's Daughter."[6] For this tale of the early life of Ayesha, later to be known as "She," has a very great many of its scenes laid in Egypt, during the reign of the last Pharaoh of the old Egyptian stock, Nectanebes. There in the splendid Temple of Isis at Philae Ayesha ruled as High Priestess, and there, clad in the garb of the goddess, wearing the vulture cap and the bent symbol of the moon, holding the sistrum and the cross of Life, she first came face to face with Kallikrates, the Greek, whom she was doomed to love through many ages. There, before all the Court, she saw in a vision the doom of the Two Lands. And later, in the ancient Temple of Isis in great Memphis, she brought the vengeance of the outraged goddess upon Ochus Artaxerxes, who had ravaged the Two Lands, literally with fire and sword, destroying monuments and temples, overturning and defiling the statues of kings and gods alike, bringing wo to Egypt and to the Egyptians who had allowed the gods of Greece to win them from their allegiance to their own, allowed Aphrodite to displace Isis. Yet the worship of Isis had much of gentleness and beauty, and the book contrasts it sharply with the sacrifices offered to Moloch, which Ayesha witnessed when she was for a little while the captive of Egypt's treacherous ally, King Tenes of Sidon.

THE ROYAL SON KHAFRIYA

From his statue in Cairo

So in the pages of the fictionists the downfall of the once haughty, all-powerful Egypt is vividly and thrillingly depicted.

[6] "Wisdom's Daughter." By H. Rider Haggard. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.75.

It is again Rider Haggard who shows us, in that tale of Allan Quatermain's Egyptian incarnation called "The Ancient Allan,"[7] something of what the Persian rule meant to the Two Lands. But in the days when Allan was Shabaka and loved the royal lady Armada, there was still enough of the old spirit left for such revolts as the one of which he tells us. When the Persian Empire fell, to be succeeded by the rule of Alexander of Macedonia, and then of those Greek kings we call the Ptolemies, the picturesque story of that Cleopatra who was in fact the seventh of the name dominates all the rest. George Ebers, in "The Sisters," told of another royal and capricious Cleopatra, but his novel is now out of print.

THE LADY NOFRIT

From the statue-group of Riyahotpu and Nofrit in Cairo

Already, in the time of the Ptolemies, Egypt was becoming a happy hunting-ground for tourists, and considering the difficulties of traveling which existed in those days, would seem to have attracted them then almost as much as it does now. Some years later, when Rome was mistress of the world and her ruler the Emperor Tiberius, a rich young nobleman, Publius Lucius Sabinus, took a pleasure trip through that fertile province—or so Louis Couperus tells us, in his entertaining romance "The Tour."[8] The country of the Nile was feeble then with age, senile, fallen from her ancient dignity. Tho the worship of Isis had spread into other lands, the shrines of Egypt's gods were maintained principally as a bait for wealthy travelers. Her priests had forgotten the wisdom of their ancestors, and become merely so many custodian guides, who were glad to show the curious the sacred images—at a price—or would turn Apis, the sacred bull once reverenced as symbolizing an aspect of Osiris, out into the field to trot about for their amusement. Already, so many centuries ago, "Memphis was the eternal past," empty, magnificent, withdrawn into a deadly, yet deathless calm, in sharp contrast with turbulent Alexandria, where stood the great diversorium, or guest-house, whose proprietors were prepared to accommodate wealthy tourists who did not scrutinize their bills too closely, and would arrange personally conducted trips up the Nile or into Ethiopia for them if they wished—and paid.

The gods were sinking into oblivion; men had begun to talk of the "new god." Christianity was soon to dominate pagan Alexandria, with the results Kingsley has described in the famous "Hypatia."[9] Soon the gods of old had become demons to the followers of the new faith, and none dreamed of the day which was to come, when the Crescent would replace the Cross

(*Continued on page 53*)

THE BUILDER OF THE PYRAMID

From his ivory statuette in Cairo

[7] "The Ancient Allan." By H. Rider Haggard. With frontispiece. Longmans, Green & Co.

[8] "The Tour." By Louis Couperus. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.00.

[9] "Hypatia." By Charles Kingsley. E. P. Dutton & Co. (Everyman's Library.)

Bringing Boys, Girls and Books Together

By Hildegarde Hawthorne

AMONG all the gifts you can make a child there is none more conducive to his present and future happiness and content, none more likely to add richness to his life, than —hold on, not a book! Not a book, but—the habit of reading. Give him the habit of reading, and train that habit toward reading with discrimination, and you have done something for which he may well be thankful all his days.

Books should be the daily companions of a child's life. And they ought not to be linked too closely with the school. You don't want to create the idea that reading is a task, a lesson. It's the fun, the good time, he can get out of reading that needs to be emphasized. You want to make him enjoy reading, so that reading will become a treasured part of his daily life; and there is nothing difficult about this. Books really are good fun, and various in appeal and interest as are the minds that seek them. There is hardly an activity in the existence of a boy or a girl that can not be extended into books. There is no dream, no ambition—and children are full of dreams and ambitions—that reading will not help. There are a hundred methods of approach.

One important item is to get away from the notion that Christmas is the only season for giving books. There should be something spontaneous in book gifts. If your boy or girl talks to you about something interesting to him or her, give a book on the subject during the next day or two. It might be something in nature that had aroused comment or inquiry—bird, plant, mountain—or travel, or some hero of the past; it might be music, it might be camping or athletics. Whatever it is, it has its book or books, and is capable of confirming in the young mind the idea that a book is a friend in need, a thing for every-day use and pleasure. A bunch of books given at Christmas can never produce that particular effect. And then, Christmas is a time when most people are too rushed to give fit consideration to book-buying for children. They do the best they can, but it is a poor best. If books are spread over the year, they are far more likely to be wisely selected than if they are given only at Christmas. You can not give books suited to vacation reading in the hurly-burly of Christmas shopping. And yet vacation is the most important season for training a child's reading faculty, for inoculating him with the real passion for books that will be so precious throughout life.

Another important item: talk about the books your child is reading. Discuss them, rouse comment and criticism. There are children who gallop through books, and appear to be readers, who are nothing of the sort. The book sped through has told them nothing and has left nothing behind it in their minds. Any book will do for this kind of child. He reads to pass the time, to hypnotize himself, as it were, during moments or hours that would otherwise be a bore. Reading of this kind is poor stuff. But if you get your youngsters to discuss their reading, you will make their interest a living thing. Not in a pedantic manner, but freely and naturally. If they utter what seem heresies to you, never mind. The great thing is to have them thinking about what they read, and keenly alive to it.

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King Arthur of Britain.

From "The Book of King Arthur," by Howard Pyle

Then, you can talk to a child about things which will lead to reading. And of course you can tell stories, stories that they will find amplified in some chosen book. A little girl belonging to a friend of mine has been reading the three enchanting volumes by Pyle based on the Morte d'Arthur legends. She was started on these by hearing two or three stories of knights and magicians; a few days later the first volume was presented to her, and talked about. She was told something of Pyle himself, something of the sources from which he drew his tales; the book was made real and human. And soon afterward there was mention of the Tennyson poems based on the same stories, then parts of these were read aloud, and next the little girl was reading them, too. Merely giving her the Pyle books as a Christmas gift could not have made them the living friends they are to her, could not have linked her to that rich field of legend and story and poem into which she has entered.

We are too apt to leave it to the schools to introduce our children to the classics. The trouble there is that the book becomes not a friend, but a taskmaster. You can't force enjoyment. And you can not form a habit of reading without enjoyment in the business. Yet it is true that without a knowledge of our classics no one can be considered educated. They are, after all, the foundation of our language and our thought. Happy, then, the child who comes to them simply and easily, with no notion that he is doing something expected in reading them. In these days, when the great books are brought out so charmingly, so sumptuously, a classic need not be made alarming. Walter Scott, Dickens, Mrs. Gaskell, Washington Irving, Shakespeare and the poets, even the great historians such as Motley, Prescott and Macaulay, are all the best of reading, and much of them is full of appeal to young readers, if only they are given a decent chance. The 'teens can enjoy Carlyle keenly and read Ruskin with pleasure if the reading habit has been formed earlier, and trained on good things—on the great old fairy-tales, on Lamb's

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QUEEN MORGANA LOSES EXCALIBUR HIS SHEATH

From "The Book of King Arthur," by Howard Pyle

Stories from Shakespeare, on Stevenson, on the lyric poets. Children are naturally fond of poetry if it is read to them with sympathy, above all with that inner enthusiasm which makes itself felt. They do not have to understand it entirely in order to love the beauty of its music, its cadenced charm of phrase.

There is, of course, a great difference in the turn for reading shown by different children. Suppose your boy says he hates to read. Will you be satisfied with that? How does he really know anything about it? Try him out a little. Begin with good detective stories, if there is no better road. But *good ones*. Mystery tales that are excellent mysteries, certainly, but that are also well written, that have distinction. These exist; there are, indeed, a good many of them. Few boys can resist them. After two or three of the latest, give him one of Wilkie Collins's, and then one of Poe's. Not so much because they are better than the new ones, but because they will let him see that all the stories are not written to-day. That the past exists. Avoid only the cheap book, the poorly done piece of work. There are hundreds of these cheap and thin books, and only too many of them are brought out especially for the young. Don't have them in the house.

And for this one reason, if for no other, do your book-buying for the children all through the year instead of at one hurried season. Know the books you give. Know at least something of the work of the men who have written them. Remember that books are playmates quite as much as your child's boy and girl friends. Don't give him a vulgar or badly written book as a companion. The subject does not really matter as much as does the method. That is the reason why many a child who is left to browse in a fine library and who reads anything he cares to among the well-chosen books on the shelves can often read books that in their subject are hardly suited to his years, that discuss human relationships he is not meant yet to realize, without the least harm, because the method is fine, the mind with which he is in contact of the best. A child lives in a world where much is incomprehensible to him; he is not disturbed when he meets incomprehensible portions in some book. He merely lets that slip by him, keeping to the story itself, liking the characters or disliking them for reasons of his own.

One clever woman keeps what she calls a rainy-day hoard of books for her youngsters. These volumes she has chosen carefully from time to time and laid aside till vacation days arrive. She has had time to read, or at least to look pretty thoroughly into each of the books. She has chosen them to meet the varying tastes and demands of the children to whom they are to go. When the rainy day comes, perhaps spoiling some picnic or other planned-for pleasure, and the children are disconsolate, she draws from her hoard.

These rainy-day books are the best procurable, and they are good stories, too. Or if they are not stories, they are on subjects dear to one or another child. She has given most of W. H. Hudson's nature books on such occasions, for one of the children is an enthusiast on birds and animals. She has given delightfully illustrated editions of such poems as "Evangeline" or "Marmion." She has given rousing tales of adventure and thrilling fairy-stories. She has White's "Boys' Life of Daniel Boone" ready for a call this coming year, a book written for boys, maybe, but written as well as any such book can be written, making a living, breathing portrait full of the romance and the flavor of its day. She has books on butterflies and wild flowers, she has books by Enos Mills and John Muir on our National Parks and the animals that live in them, for the family takes an occasional vacation in these wonderlands, and she wants the children to know about them beforehand, a thing they delight in. It is wise to remember that almost every child is keen on information, information that links up in some way with the life he leads or expects to lead, or that some one he likes leads.

It is as a living interest that books should be presented to your child, and this does not keep out old books, nor fairy-books. For imagination is a living quality of the child's mind, and this quality is appealed to in the reconstruction of an elder day such as is found in "Ivanhoe" or in Hawthorne's books of Greek and Roman days and legends, or in a new book of stories such as Hugh Lofting's delicious fooling or Bowen's "Solario the Tailor," with all its colorful yarning. There is no surer way to kill an incipient love of reading than by boring the young reader. The best story in the world, if it does this, is bad for him. If it is dead to him, lead him away from it as swiftly as may be.

All the same, it is not impossible to win a child to reading a book that you know is worth reading and feel pretty sure has its interest for him, even tho he makes a slow start with it. Then is the time for you to talk about the book in a way that will reveal its true spirit. You need tact for this, but if you are going to get anywhere with a child, you know how much you need tact in all your interchanges with him. And you are going to get quite as much fun out of this business of introducing your boy to literature as he is in meeting the critter. If reading were not treated with so solemn a countenance there wouldn't be half so much trouble about seeing how entertaining the thing is. If going to the movies or playing baseball or fishing or hunting or camping were presented to our young people with the deadening gesture which we have come to employ in presenting good stuff to read, these things would have to be taught in school and made obligatory in getting a degree, or they would cease to be. Make reading a sport, or rather acknowledge that it is a sport, and see to it that the best materials for reading only are allowed, and reading will get the prestige and give the delight it should get and is able to give. Make it at once casual and important. Let books appear, new and often, on the living-room table. Talk them over at least as much as you do your meals and the change of bill at the motion-picture theater. The joy in books is one of the great and most lasting joys of life, and it is worth giving some thought and trouble to seeing that your children do not miss this joy, and that they come to know it in its finest and most various expression. Above all, begin young. Begin with the babies and the picture-books, the little songs and stories, the charming fancies in color and rime that flutter from the presses like butterflies, and spread the pollen of the love of books wherever they settle.

The Literary Digest
INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW
PUBLISHED BY FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
ADAM W. WAGNALLS, PRES.; WILFRED J. FUNK, VICE-PRES.;
ROBERT J. CUDDIHY, TREAS.; WILLIAM NEISEL, SEC'Y
354-360 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

MAY, 1923

"The Ten Best Books"

TASTE IN LITERATURE is not governed by majority rule, still less does it conform to the critical judgments of those whose business it is to sift the good from the bad in books. If the literary students of a hundred years ago had set about selecting the "ten best books" produced in their era it is practically certain the poems of Shelley, Keats, Blake, would not have appeared in any of their lists. On the other hand, it is equally certain that they would have chosen the poetry of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Byron, and, in fiction, the Waverley Novels; also, possibly, "Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility." Half a century later, say from the early fifties to the eighties, while there would have been cordial recognition of Dickens and Thackeray, Tennyson and Longfellow, it is extremely doubtful whether Poe, Whitman, Swinburne, Meredith, or even Browning, would have polled so much as a vote apiece. From such flagrant omissions the cynical, quite naturally, find cause sufficient for jeering at the fallibility of the literary critics and their traditional failure to recognize true greatness when it comes to them in the guise of a contemporary. But, after all, one should remember the other, the positive side of the argument, that the erring critic might well advance in his own defense. For every genius who lives and dies unrecognized by those of his own generation there are treble the number who gain immediate recognition. The finest, the most eloquent tribute to Shakespeare came from the pen of a contemporary, and in like manner the supremacy of Milton, Dante, Molière, Cervantes, Victor Hugo, Balzac, Tolstoy and Turgenef was generously acknowledged by those who knew them in their habit as they lived.

OF COURSE, it may be argued that the Shakespeares and Miltons of literature are cast in such gigantic mold that the critics living in their day and failing to discern something of the splendor and majesty of their proportions would be convicted of an obliquity of vision that is almost inconceivable. But the fact that there have been literary geniuses of the highest order, spinning out the golden thread of their lives in comparative obscurity, ignored by those who should have known them for what they were—the Blakes and the Shelleys, the Poes and the Whitmans of the past—gives zest to any discussion of contemporary literary achievement and sharpens one's eyes for the possible "Great Unknown" of this generation to whom the laurels of fame may be awarded by the more discerning reading public of the future. And then one falls to speculating: does this "Great Unknown," this contemporary writer whose art will immortalize this age for all the ages that are to come—does his name appear in any of the lists of "The Ten Best Books" of the present century that the critics have compiled and that are published elsewhere in this number of the INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW? It may well be that his name is there—and the admitted possibility is half the fascination that goes with the list-making habit.

BUT there is more to be gained than the mere pleasure of choosing one's literary favorites in symposiums of this kind. Books give the spiritual dimensions of the age that produces them. The literature of an era contains a profounder, a more searching history of a people's development than would be possible in the most voluminous and exhaustive record of events. Thus, in going over the literary landmarks of the last twenty-three years, as these critics have done, they may not have reached, they surely did not expect to reach, a final verdict as to the "Ten Best"—to use a verbal inaccuracy—a verdict that will please all of us. But, on the other hand, their investigations and conclusions give some measure of the varied, complex experiences mankind has traversed during this period. Had these critics hit upon the same estimates in their choice of an aggregate total of one hundred books it would naturally have been interesting; but such agreement, implying a narrower field to select from, would not have had quite the significance that their wide divergence in choice actually suggests. The fact that there are comparatively few duplications of titles (thirteen in all) in the ten lists given by them is an impressive reminder of the store of literature of a relatively equal standard of excellence that has accumulated since the birth of the century.

IT IS this wealth of material that makes a list of the ten great books, representative of the intellectual growth of the two decades through which we have just passed, so perplexing to the compiler. Moreover, the difficulty is largely historical. It would be hard, if not quite impossible, to find a period of equal length in which so much has happened as in this first quarter of the century. As Professor Canby points out in his discussion of the problem, the last twenty-three years "split into halves"—and the division is inevitably reflected in the literature of the period. Hence, there are many books produced since 1900 that seem, nevertheless, to belong to an older epoch, while others of more recent date, molded by the fiery impact of the World War, fall into a classification the full meaning of which it is yet too early to trace. The past and the future come together in this age of the world as never before, and out of this crucible of spent traditions, new ideas and impulses a literature is forming that, for the moment, we lack perspective to realize in all its varied lineaments, its complete stature.

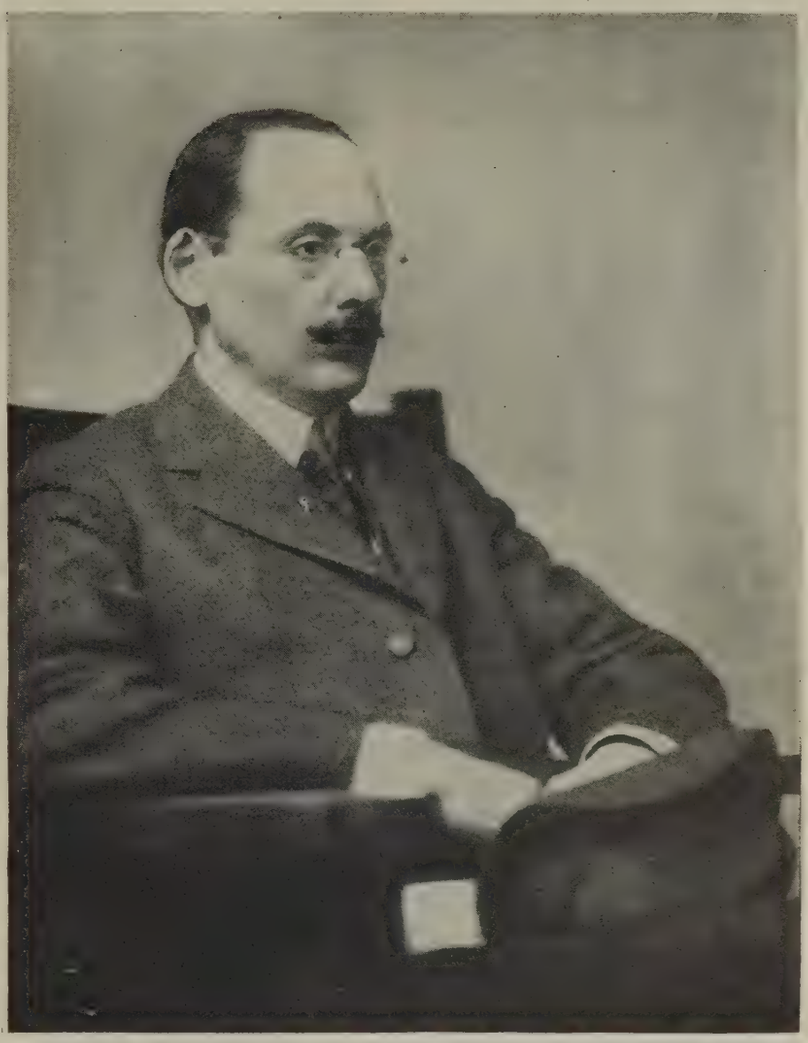
THIS seems to be the final result of an attempt to determine what the great books of the present century are—a glimpse of a new literature in the making. The "Great Unknown" who will bring this literature to its supreme fulfilment may be among us now, unrecognized, but serenely confident of his task—or he may still be struggling for the mastery of those powers that will bring him his ultimate triumph, if not in this generation, then in the generations to come. There are those, indeed, who affect to see in the existing conflict of new and old standards the threatened extinction of genuine literature altogether. But for this attitude there is little warrant, if one looks to the past for helpful analogies. More than once it has happened that an era of great creative literature has followed some national upheaval with its consequent confusion of standards. There was such confusion as a result of the French Revolution, and then came the literary renaissance in the first years of the nineteenth century, the echoes from which are only now passing away. The great Elizabethans followed on the heels of England's struggle with Spain, the beginning of her fight for naval supremacy. And today, with a world still smarting from the most devastating war in history, the wealth and promise of literature are abundantly evident in the roster of great books belonging to the springtime of the century as presented by the critics to the readers of this magazine.

CLIFFORD SMYTH.

Mr. Robinson's Novel in Blank Verse

By Richard Le Gallienne

WHEN poetry is difficult reading for readers accustomed to poetry and at ease with all manner of poets from the greatest to the least, it will not do to assume that the fault is with the reader. It will not do to suggest that the poet's thought is too deep for the reader's shallowness, or that the reader is perhaps suffering from hardening of the intellectual arteries. "Superior" critics, priding themselves on belonging to an "acute and honorable minority," frequently make this assumption. They made it against readers far from shallow or unsophisticated who protested against the verbal perversities, the oracular acrobatics, of Browning and Meredith, properly distinguishing between the work of those poets which was completely created and that which remained in the process of parturition. They recognized—and time has been on their side—that the frequent obscurity of Browning and Meredith, as had happened before with earlier metaphysical poets, came either of imperfect poetic power, of impatient workmanship, of lack of clearness in the poet's own conception, or of deliberate and defiant mannerism. There was nothing in the thought of Browning and Meredith, as there has been nothing in the thoughts of poets who have succeeded them and been infected by them, so "profound" that it was beyond the power of inspired artistic patience to embody in illuminating expression.



E. A. ROBINSON

The more difficult, the more subtle, delicate, or vague the poet's thought, the more obligatory it is upon him to express it as clearly as possible, as clearly, that is, as is compatible with the preservation of the essential mystery of its atmosphere. Elliptic and periphrastic utterance may be satisfactory to the poet himself, but the reader has a right to expect something more than "chaos illuminated by flashes of lightning." Such utterance belongs to what one might call the "higher" slipshodness, a sort of artistic "sabotage," and sometimes it denotes an unbecoming arrogance in the poet alike toward his art and his readers. It is the reader's duty toward himself and the poet in question to resent it, and to refuse to be browbeaten into acquiescence either by the poet or his fanatical admirers. The business of poetry is expression, not fantastic "obscurantism," and when a poet fails to make us see what he is seeing, it is because he himself sees it imperfectly, or will not be at the pains to make it clear, or, as sometimes happens, wilfully chooses to make a simple matter parade as a profundity.

There are times when we are aware that the poet is sincerely striving after the expression of really abstruse matters, those thoughts that lie beyond the reaches of our souls, and then, of course, the reader will sympathetically strive with him. This we feel to be frequently the case with Mr. Robinson, but it is a testimony to his high poetic endowments that it is precisely when his art is faced with translunary material, with the subtler spiritual and intellectual *nuances*, that it most successfully meets the challenge, and asks least allowance from the reader. When Mr. Robinson is difficult reading—and only his disingenuous flatterers, or his blindly ensorcelled disciples will deny that that is not seldom—it is not because his thought is so very deep or unfamiliarly "modern," for his thought, his spiritual and intellectual "message," is usually exprest not merely with clearness but with radiance. It is rather where it would seem easier to be clear that he is obscure, in the more external parts of his poems, in the "staging," so to speak, of his psychological dramas, in the conduct and accessories of his stories, in the introductions of his characters, their exact relations, and their manner of speech one with another. Here it is impossible to acquit him of inveterate mannerism, often confusing, irritating, and even distasteful.

This mannerism is of no recent growth with him. It has been a stumbling-block with some of his admirers from the beginning. Even his loyal—and, be it said, illuminating—henchman, Mr. Lloyd Morris, in his "Essay in Appreciation,"(1) is constrained to admit that in his determination "to so thoroughly suppress what he feels to be the obvious" Mr. Robinson sometimes goes so far as "to wholly baffle the reader." "To wholly baffle the reader" can not reasonably be held to be the business of poets, tho some of our more fashionable "moderns"—with whom I would not for a moment be thought to class so serious and responsible an artist as Mr. Robinson—would seem to make that their one intelligible aim. It will be pertinent here to quote the context of Mr. Morris's remark, and the quotation will serve as an example of his mode of exegesis. Dealing with Mr. Robinson's method of dramatic presentation, Mr. Morris says that of "certain remarkable qualities in these poems,

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(1) THE POETRY OF EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON: AN ESSAY IN APPRECIATION. By Lloyd Morris. With a Bibliography by W. Van R. Whitall. New York: George H. Doran Co.

one of the most important is their penetrating diagnosis of complex psychological states. He has something of the Greek attitude in feeling that the essential drama of life lies in the inward effect of experience upon the spirit, and that action is important only in so far as it provides a release back into the external world of those forces which it has generated. . . . Thus, in a wholly pure form, such an art would reflect experience only in its spiritual consequences by revealing the behavior of the emotions and the intellect under the influence of the external world, but the stimulus and the discharge, being obvious, would tend also to be negligible. . . . It is because he conceives experience in this way, that in so many of his purely dramatic poems the external story seems never to be written; the "elliptical method" which many of his critics have remarked is merely his way of approaching experience with the greatest directness, of shedding a brilliant light on what he feels to be fundamentally important, and relegating the obvious incident to implication.

We shall presently see how Mr. Robinson applies this formula in his new poem. "Roman Bartholow"(2) is a psychological novel in blank verse. The novel in verse is a hybrid form which many excellent judges have never been able to "abide." It necessitates incongruities which the greatest artistic tact can scarcely reconcile, and which only great poetic and dramatic inspiration can persuade us to overlook. It is, of course, far from being a "modern" form. In fact, it is unashamedly "Victorian." At its lowest rung, the five-cent boxes of the second-hand booksellers provide us with apparently inexhaustible copies of "Lucile," at its highest we have its supreme masterpiece "The Ring and the Book," while Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh" comes nearer to success than is generally admitted. Tennyson's domestic idylls are very skilfully done novelettes. Perhaps George Meredith's "Modern Love" comes nearest, alike in its method of "tragic hints" and in the actual shape of the story, to "Roman Bartholow." To both poems some similar objections can be made. The "plot" of both is unnecessarily hard to disentangle, both poets being enamored of the elliptical method, both nervously a-dread of the obvious, and the verbal eccentricities of both are akin. In each case we are presented with a tragic matrimonial "triangle," but in "Roman Bartholow" a fourth character is added, a recluse scholar-fisherman, with the characteristic Robinsonian name of "Umfraville," who appears at intervals of the action as a sort of "chorus"-interpreter.

The poem opens with Roman Bartholow, the husband, stepping out on his lawn on a spring morning, where he gazes over the resurgent landscape, elate with the consciousness of the resurgence of his own soul, that for a year had seemed dead within him. This opening passage presents the situation:

> He would have raised an altar now to spring,
> And one to God; and one more to the friend
> Who, coming strangely out of the unknown
> To find him here in his ancestral prison,
> Had brought with him release. Never before
> Would he have said that any friend alive
> Had magic to make light so gross a weight
> As long had held him frozen out of sense
> And hearing of all save a dead negation
> That would not let him die. When Gabrielle,
> Serving a triple need, so fondly sought
> And rarely found, of beauty, mind and fire,
> Had failed him—where was life, and what was left?
> So Bartholow had asked himself in vain,
> And many a time again without an answer;
> While she, in her discreet bewilderment,
> Had known him only as a furniture
> That was alive and tiresome, he supposed,
> And only rather bravely to be cherished,
> Like a mute fretful changeling; for the soul,
> At last insurgent in him, she knew not.

The friend out of the unknown who, by some magic of his personality, the nature of which the reader is left to divine, has healed Bartholow's soul, is one Penn-Raven, a masterful self-confident talker, who has lived in the neighborhood for the past year, and recently been domiciled with the Bartholows. Incidentally Bartholow has supplied him with money, and the thaumaturgist, unknown to the husband, and without any deliberate villainy on his part, has also received further payment for his transcendental services by deflecting the love of the wife in his own direction, tho to what overt degree on either side is not made very clear, such clarity, apparently, being too "obvious" for Mr. Robinson's method. His influence on Gabrielle, however, has been strong enough to make it impossible for her to inhabit with her husband that "new house" for their love which he sees rising from the ruins of the old, that spring morning. She answers to Bartholow's enthusiasm for this dream-house with skeptical coldness and ironic banter:

> "You are an angel, and, for all I know,
> A carpenter—but how are you to build
> This house, and out of what? New love? New vision?
> Where do we buy these things? I'm not assured
> That you will build this house."

Her husband reproaches her with her "sad acrobatics of new language"—a phrase which the reader will note for other and more general application to the somewhat knotty euphuism of style which characterizes the whole poem—and gazes at her "as at a stranger in a sanctuary." The morning that had begun so auspiciously for Bartholow's soul under the vernal influences darkens, as the three sit down to breakfast over some trout which the hermit-fisherman Umfraville, making an early call, had brought with him, and after some philosophizing in his quaint and learned way, and some whisky, had departed. Umfraville is introduced by Mr. Robinson in this fashion:

> He [Bartholow] was holding a long breath
> Of living air, for joy of having it,
> When suddenly a footfall and a voice
> Summoned his eyes agreeably to the sight
> Of one whose garment of mortality,
> Fashioned unhandsomely of misfit patchwork,
> Was made for him to wear, not asking why.
> Bartholow, smiling, looked him up and down
> Aware that in his gaze was no encroaching
> On more than wilful incongruity,
> Flaunting a more pernicious taste in frenzy
> Than order would elect. Soiled heavy shoes
> Laced halfway to the knee, were to the purpose;
> The rest was all a chequered inflammation
> Of myriad hues that had, like those on Joseph,
> No capturable names. A fishing basket
> Hung weighted from one shoulder, and a rod,
> Held with a flexile and immaculate hand,
> Lay wrapped across the other; and underneath
> A shapeless variegated sort of cap
> There was a face made more for comedy
> Than for the pain that comedy concealed,
> Socrates, unforgetable, grotesque,
> Inscrutable, and alone.

Breakfast resolves itself into a lively fencing bout of wits and tempers between husband and wife, Penn-Raven, the "resident saviour domiciled," "munching amain" the trout, and

> Beaming on Bartholow and Gabrielle
> With childish eyes that were as innocent
> As those of a large house-dog meditating.

The conversation is carried on in periphrastic Robinsonese, having a strong family likeness to the conversations in Meredith's novels, which will be either to the reader's taste or not as he is constituted. Gabrielle refuses the trout because Umfraville has brought it. She does not like his face, and the reader gets the impression, rightly or wrongly (he must not be blamed for not being quite sure), that Gabrielle suspects Umfraville of knowing something of how matters stand between her and Penn-Raven. At all events, she declines the trout, and here is a portion of the scene:

> "I'll say it was a sad and learned man
> Who caught them—leaving you and our friend here
> To comfort him with your imagined thanks.
> He has imagination."
>
> "Not too much,
> I hope," she murmured, with a faint recoil;
> "That is, if he's the same unhappy monster

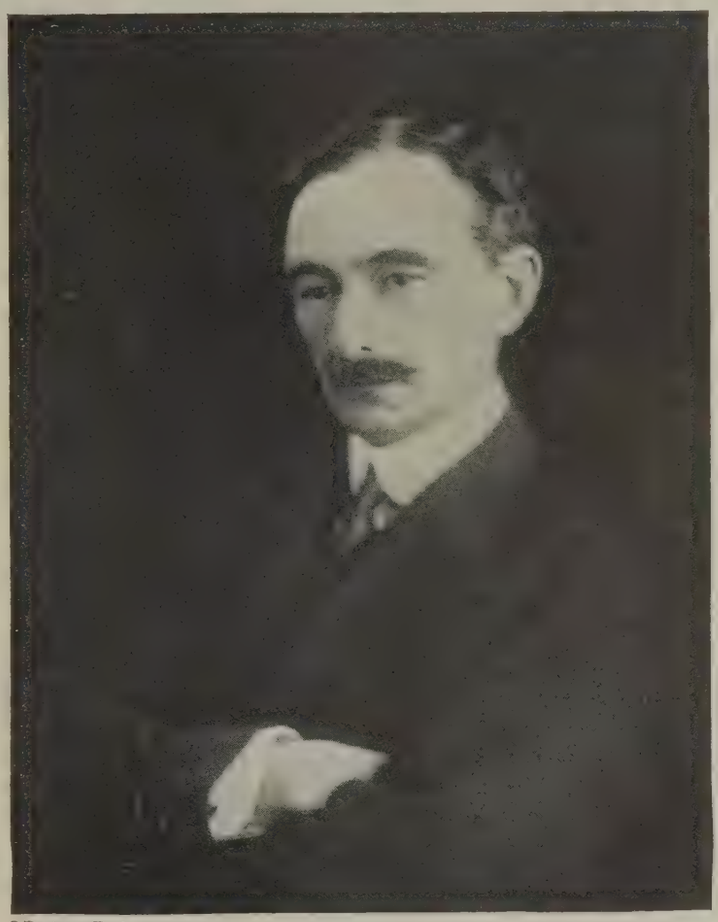
(*Continued on page 62*)

(2) ROMAN BARTHOLOW. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan Co. $1.75.

Nine Characters in Search of an Ego

By Lloyd Morris

IT WILL be little short of surprizing if "The Orissers"* does not arouse in this country as extensive a critical discussion as was precipitated by its publication in England some five months ago. For the novel provides an unquestionable opportunity for such ventilation of theory and display of partizanship as contemporary criticism seems peculiarly disposed to welcome. To old-fashioned readers whose literary acquaintance does not embrace such old-fashioned writers as Emily Brontë or George Eliot or Henry James, "The Orissers" may seem, as it did to an English critic, a notable experiment. Meanwhile the reader whose proclivities are insistently contemporary is likely to be perplexed by any suggestion that the novel contains elements either unconventional or experimental. If we know the tradition of the psychological novel in English literature it is somewhat difficult to discover any precise flavor of novelty in "The Orissers." And if we are on familiar terms with the novels of Miss Dorothy Richardson or certain of the later novels of Miss May Sinclair; if we have read "Ulysses," the novels of Marcel Proust, the stories of Virginia Woolf, or even those of Katherine Mansfield, we shall probably find "The Orissers" to be by contrast comfortably and cozily Victorian.



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L. H. MYERS

To point this out is by no means to dispraise "The Orissers," which, if not strikingly unconventional in form, is none the less in many ways a remarkable novel. It is the author's first flight into fiction, and ten years, so rumor has it, went into its composition. The author is the son of the late F. W. H. Myers, who is remembered less for some very beautiful essays in literary criticism than for a number of volumes dealing with psychic phenomena which he wrote during his long presidency of the Society for Psychical Research. It is hardly strange that some of the varied interests of his distinguished father should be among the major preoccupations of the author of "The Orissers." Foremost of these, as is quite apparent from the novel, are psychological research and philosophical speculation. By way of motto Mr. Myers has prefaced his novel with a quotation from Bacon's "Novum Organum," defining the four species of illusion which beset the human mind; the "illusions of the tribe," inherent in human nature, the "illusions of the den," proceeding from individuality, the "illusions of the market," formed by the association of men with each other, and the "illusions of the schools," which have "crept into men's minds from the various dogmas of peculiar systems of philosophy." It is the influence upon character and life of these four types of illusion—human, individual, social and speculative—which the novel explicitly studies.

This ambitious program Mr. Myers has been wise enough to accomplish through the medium of a story. Unlike certain of his more widely known contemporaries to whom reference has previously been made, he has refused to dispense with the element of plot. And while character is the dominant interest of the novel, situation and action are clearly conceived and firmly realized. The story itself, tho simple in outline, is highly melodramatic in incident, involving successively a suicide, two intrigues, a murder and a protracted death-agony. It revolves about a lonely English country-house in which circumstances have brought together nine people of sharply differentiated character and temperament whose motives are in perpetual, bitter conflict. One of the notable effects of the novel is the suggestion, never for a moment relaxed by the author, of an imponderable tho inevitable doom which overhangs Eamor House and which manifests its presence in an atmosphere of brooding suspense and spiritual isolation that coils about each of the characters like a clammy mist. That he has conveyed this mysterious, eerie horror without undue emphasis, and that, in exhibiting its corrosive effect upon the nature of each of the characters, he has made it vividly a part of the reader's experience must be accounted a considerable achievement. It is in this that Mr. Myers's art is seen at its best, for with the greatest economy of means he has created an effect of balefulness comparable in power to that exercised by "Wuthering Heights" or "The Turn of the Screw."

Both atmosphere and incident are relegated by the author to a subordinate position; in fact, the reader's interest in the events described in the novel attaches not to those events as such, but to what they portend of the secret and concealed natures of the major characters. For the probe of the author's analysis strikes depths of thought and feeling, of intuition and impulse and desire which, altho unacknowledged by the individual and superficially inactive in all the common relations of life, constitute the essential elements of individual personality. It is with this core of primitive nature lying far beneath the superficial aspects of character that Mr. Myers is specifically concerned.

What Mr. Myers portrays in "The Orissers" is the rebellion of the ego against its self-imposed shell and the perversion of its naked energy by the four species of illusion—racial, individual, social and speculative—to which it is subject. Allen Allen, the central masculine character, is corrupted only by the inherent "illusions of the tribe." The Orissers—Nicholas, Lilian, and the strange degenerate Cosmo—suffer equally from those illusions which proceed from their complex individualities and those

(*Continued on page 65*)

*THE ORISSERS. By L. H. Myers. 554 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

A BUSY HOUR IN THE CITY ROOM, NEW YORK "TIMES"

Mr. Cobb Makes Revelations by the Stick

By Charles Willis Thompson

"I AM a good reporter," says Irvin Cobb, "and I admit it, and I can prove it, and I am proud of it." He is a good reporter, but not a perfect one. Nevertheless, he is such a good reporter that he has a perfect right to take the chair of authority, as he does in his new volume, "Stickfuls,"* and lay down the law concerning the newspaper business. For his book is in reality only in form one of reminiscence and anecdote; actually he is teaching by example. At times he lays aside altogether the reminiscent guise and frankly preaches.

Mr. Cobb has been through the mill. It is a good many years since he came out of it. He says he is still a reporter and always expects to be one, and in a sense that is true; but the old days of the mill, when he was taking assignments or reading copy, lie far back. He has kept just enough in touch with his old profession to be up-to-date; in its changes it has not passed him by.

He rightly complains that there is no business concerning which such ridiculous misunderstandings are entertained by the general public as the newspaper business, and attributes that undoubted fact to the persistence of certain venerable—he means aged—misconceptions about it, fostered by ignorant novels and lying plays. He enumerates a dozen or so, including the misconception of a reporter as an eager young thing darting about with an inquisitive note-book, the misconception that a cub reporter can beat a star on the story of the year, and the misconception that a newspaper city room resembles a madhouse more than a business office.

Undoubtedly Mr. Cobb is right on this main point. Still, there are a few other reasons for the pop-eyed way in which the public misunderstands the newspaper business. One is that when newspaper men undertake seriously to enlighten them, each newspaper man who does so differs from all the rest in his explanations. Mr. Cobb is no exception. They say Mark Twain was a good reporter, and he ought to have been, since he learned the trade of every-day reporting in a hard and thorough school, and yet the principal lesson that Mark Twain took out of the trade with him was that one should never quote an anonymous authority. This was so burnt on his soul—a phrase of Carlyle's that no reporter would be allowed to use—that he kept on repeating it to newspaper beginners all his life, vehemently asseverating that if he were a city editor again and any reporter brought him a story quoting "a high authority" without giving the authority's name, he would discharge that reporter without benefit of clergy. If he did this, his paper would be beaten daily on all the most important items of news in his city and in the world. For instance, the President of the United States is himself the source of most of the important news coming out daily from Washington; he sees the reporters at specified hours and tells them not only what is going on but his view of it, the only stipulation being that if quoted at all he must be quoted anonymously. This was the rule of the White House as far back as the time when Mark Twain was a reporter.

Mr. Cobb, therefore, will not take it ill if not all newspaper men agree with all he has to say about their many-sided trade. He flays alive the dramatist who represents a city room as a madhouse, and yet no such dramatist has ever described such a Bedlam more effectively than Mr. Cobb himself does in this very book on pages 84 to 87. It is so true to life that every experienced newspaper man will instantly recognize not only the paper but the string of papers to which it belonged. "I bet," says Mr. Cobb of the editor of this publication, "when he talked in his sleep he yelled." This journalistic war-whoop was printed in the Middle West. The authors of the play which set the fashion for madhouse city rooms came from the Middle West. Who knows but they got the idea from that very paper on which Mr. Cobb once worked?

The truth is, of course, that these Bedlams are few in number by comparison with the sanely run offices, whether in large or small cities. As it is, tho, Mr. Cobb has given a wrong idea to either one set of readers or the other by his conflicting attitudes.

This able reporter entered his fascinating trade believing many of the popular misconceptions about it. He believed, for instance, that reporters were "Bohemians" and wrote their most brilliant stories under the influence of liquor. As for the Bohemian part

*STICKFULS: COMPOSITIONS OF A NEWSPAPER MINION. By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Company.

of it, he never saw more than one Bohemian in all his life, and that was when he was just breaking into the business at the age of sixteen in a small Kentucky town. He never did see any signs of the liquor myth. He devotes several pages to this latter phase of the subject, which he sums up as follows: "There may have been a day when great newspaper reporters were great drunkards, but I'll say this: it was before my day." He is so specific as to say that a reporter who does not drink in office hours can not bring last night's hangover into the office more than three times without being discharged.

It certainly was, as Mr. Cobb says, before his day. It was in July, 1874, most certainly, for in that month *Harper's Magazine* published an article by James Parton called "Falsehood in the Daily Press," in which that authority, speaking of reporters, said:

> The shore is strewn with the bodies of promising youths who came to the city furnished only with the unscientific, baby morality with which so many children are sickened, and thought it a fine thing to be called Bohemians, and to end a hard night's work with a deadly supper in a cellar. They did not suspect that it was only a low and mean kind of suicide until they had lost the power to withdraw.

By implication Parton indicted reporters as a class, and attributed their shortcomings to their low rate of pay. Here it becomes interesting to compare Parton in 1874 with Cobb in 1923, and see how little progress has been made. "The nauseating trail of fifteen dollars a week is seen all over them," wrote Parton forty-nine years ago; "a sign of that agonizing contest for existence which goes on wherever ten are trying to subsist upon means insufficient for five." Cobb gives from ten to fifteen as figures for the majority, and says that even when he became star reporter and was covering the State Capitol of Kentucky he only got eighteen dollars. He quit that job to become editor of a paper in another city, working day and night, and his salary was thirty dollars, which was considered high.

Parton, however, was not talking about New York, "where alone in the United States," he said, "newspaper offices exist in which poor-devilism has been extirpated. In New York alone a competent and well-trained journalist receives as large a compensation as a lawyer, doctor, or clergyman of the fourth rank, and nearly enough to pay the rent of a small house in a second-rate neighborhood." Parton considered this a considerable advance from the time when Greeley let Raymond quit the *Tribune* rather than increase his pay five dollars. Yet Cobb tells us that when he came to New York he went to work for fifteen dollars a week, it being a rule on that paper to pay beginners no more, and this in spite of his long and brilliant career as reporter, correspondent and editor in other States. Here Mr. Cobb may deceive his readers by his indulgence in the vice of silence. He should have made things clear by adding that this was the only morning newspaper in New York that had such a rule, and that he could have doubled his salary as a beginner, or even done better than that by going to some other office. He also speaks of forty, fifty and sixty dollars as peaks to be attained within a year by the beginner, and sixty-five as if it were a large salary. First-rate reporters in New York have received as high as a hundred dollars a week, and even more. Still, this does not apply to the majority and probably dates back only to about the time when Mr. Cobb ceased to be a reporter in the literal sense—say the time of the Thaw case.

Many of the illusions Mr. Cobb punctures have been punctured before, but they stick persistently in the public mind and must go on being punctured until they are dead. One of them is the delusion that reporters are always trying to circumvent one another and score "beats," whereas in fact they work together on "big stories," and it is a point of honor with them to see that their comrades get everything there is to get. I remember a case in which a reporter assigned to such a story finished his article and was sent out on another assignment quite late at night. Meanwhile a reporter on a "rival" paper got a piece of news connected with the story on which they had both been working and called up his office. Learning that the man was out and would not be back until near the time of going to press, he asked for the city editor, and requested him to detail a reporter to take the new angle over the telephone. He had also called up the offices of the other men on the assignment and given them the same information. This one happened to be the only one who was out.

It hardly seems necessary to explain that reporters keep the confidences of those who give them information, especially since some have gone to jail for keeping them; but as many people persist in believing the contrary Mr. Cobb is justified in telling that old truth again. The best of his stories is one in which a German officer divulges to him the secret of the Crown Prince's so-called victories. It would have made a great beat if Cobb had published it, but he did not, altho the officer laid no injunction of secrecy upon him. If he had, it might have got the officer into trouble. I remember an occasion when in the same fashion William H. Taft, then Secretary of War, let slip an important governmental secret to half a dozen reporters. "Mr. Secretary," said one of them, "since you have told us this without any injunction of secrecy, we shall of course publish it unless you add such an injunction; but it is only fair to warn you that if we do you will get into a lot of trouble, and we advise you to request us not to print it." Mr. Taft glanced at the others, who all nodded, and the injunction of secrecy was hurriedly forthcoming. It will be seen that in both these cases the matter went far beyond the mere respecting of confidence; in each case no confidence was asked, and yet the person giving the information was saved from the consequences by the reporter's code of honor.

Mr. Cobb also does well in smashing the universal delusion that newspapers are hard up for matter wherewith to fill their columns and are even *agents-*

(*Continued on page 51*)

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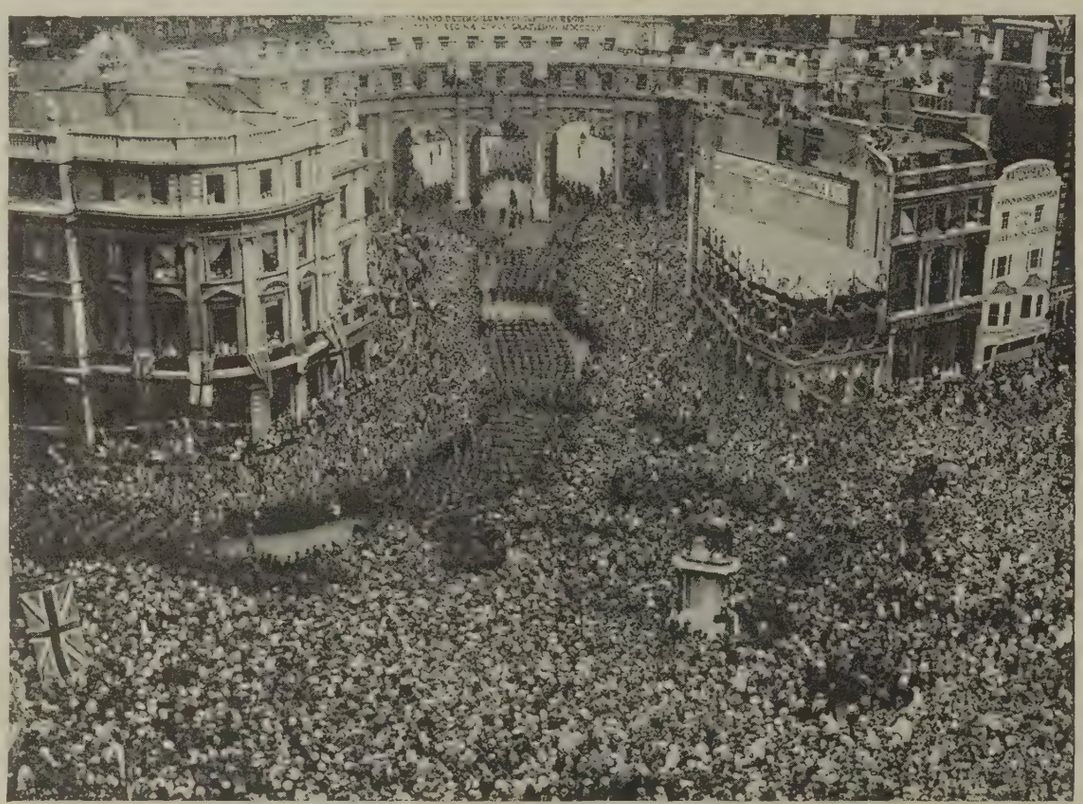
IRVIN S. COBB AND HIS DEBUTANTE DAUGHTER, ELISABETH COBB, AT THE SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS' SHEIK BALL

Anonymous Novelist Pictures London in Wartime

By Mary K. Ford

ONE of the severest tests a book can undergo is that of being read aloud, when every defect starts out in bold relief and every error in grammar, construction or taste is emphasized. Two recent novels emerge triumphant from this trial, "The House on Charles Street," and "The House on Smith Square,"* the first of which appeared some months ago and the second, its sequel, has just been published.

The author's name is not given, which is not extraordinary, as the books, especially the first, depict London officialdom during the war, with its inefficiencies, its red tape, its futilities, and from its pages the reader gets some idea of the obstacles which lay in the path of those who were trying to bring order out of chaos. "The House on Charles Street" opens in France, immediately after the declaration of war. Two American girls are caught there, but soon make their way to London, where one of them, Sidney Lea, is so absorbed by the state of affairs that she decides to stay in England and do what in her lies to help. After a short clerical experience in a hospital she gets a position as private secretary to Sir Thomas Easterly, M.P., a fine old fellow, a typical old-fashioned Conservative, whose three sons had volunteered, and who, with others of his stamp, formed "a bulwark against which weakness strengthened itself and terror gave way to stedfastness." To this man's service Sidney brings orderly habits, a quick intelligence and a keen interest, which make her extremely useful; and in this position she comes in contact with many of the men whose ability is destined to pilot the country safely through dark days.



LONDON'S GREAT PEACE PARADE AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR

The story, altho interesting enough, is by no means the chief feature of the book. The character-drawing is so good that the reader feels that, had he but lived in London in those days, he could identify the principal personages of the story without any trouble. Chief among these is Adrien Romeyn, later Lord Waveney, whose influence is as far-reaching as it is inconspicuous, whose intelligence is great, and whose power is due to the fact that he has an infallible instinct for success. This man, unhappily married, is the hero of the story, if there be one, and Sidney finds herself attracted to him for more reasons than one. Among the strongest scenes in the book is that in which she, at Sir Thomas Easterly's request, helps Romeyn to extract a confession from a woman in high life, who had become a drug addict and had given traitorous information to the enemy. Another vivid character is Colonel Ashburnham, who embodies the spirit of the explorer, the born adventurer (in the literal sense) and the patriot. He has dash and resource in the field, a natural facility for languages which makes him extremely useful in the East, and his career there has been sufficiently brilliant "to overcome the hostile jealousy with which the Indian Army was regarded by the British Army and the War Office, an hostility dating from a cleavage of a century ago, but which effectively deprived the officers of the Indian Army of a chance of distinction."

Among the examples of British futility given is the action of the War Department toward the inventor of a flashless powder. The procrastination, the hesitation and the final adverse decision, because, years before, the inventor had shown up the incapacity of the War Office—it is not surprizing that the person who tells that story desires to remain unnamed. The comments on America are fair, tho our prolonged neutrality does not cut a very glorious figure, and the book ends with the parade of the American troops through London in 1917. But before that page is reached we are shown some of the troubles with which England had to struggle at home. The traitorous efforts of some of her foreign-born citizens, the terrible failure of "General Menzies," the inefficiency in high places—all these are depicted with such vividness that the reader holds his breath as he reads, in spite of his knowledge of the Allies' ultimate success.

"The House on Smith Square" deals with the last months of the war, when the tide had begun to turn in favor of the Allies, and it is, in consequence, less exciting. It follows out the fortunes of Lord Waveney and Sidney—now the widow of Harry Ashburnham after a brief married life—and to the *dramatis personæ* are added a couple of young Americans, brother and sister, one a soldier, the other a nurse. By this time Lord Waveney's wife is dead and he is being angled for by the Honorable Laura Theydon, aided and abetted by her father and all her relatives and friends, for the desirability of the match is unques-

*The House on Charles Street and The House on Smith Square. Anonymous. New York: Duffield & Co.

tionable. But it is one thing to lead a horse to water and another to make him drink, and altho the Honorable Laura almost accomplishes her purpose, Lord Waveney eludes her at the last moment, and we leave him at the end of the story with a fair prospect of happiness before him.

The book is less absorbing than its predecessor because it deals with less stirring times, but the character-drawing is up to the author's standard, as is shown in her portrayal of Lord Wroxeter, the handsome, middle-aged, warm-hearted aristocrat, whose past would not perhaps bear a puritanic scrutiny, but whose present kindliness could not be doubted. There are many charming little touches in the book, full of feeling, such as the scene where Rendall, the American officer, takes leave of some English people before returning to the front.

> When Lady Blanche bade him good-by she spoke from the heart. "Sorry you have to go back," she told him; "my boy went last June. All right? Oh, yes. He's dead. God bless you!" and George never forgot it. She looked him straight in the eye, and that's how he always thought of England—as looking one straight in the eye, because her losses were an honor.

A note from the publishers suggests that the book is by a woman, whose name is withheld on account of her frank criticism of British failures and stupidities. As to the nationality of the author there will be various opinions. On the side of those who hold her to be English are the use of certain Anglicisms, such as "leathern," "an uniform," and the wonderful appreciation of the English point of view and of the delicate shades of opinion on social matters that would seem almost impossible to an outsider. On the other hand, comments are made upon certain British habits and customs that no English person would be apt to make, because these customs are taken for granted as a matter of course. For example, Sidney attended a dinner-party early in her stay in London, when she still "held the naive view of the New World that such gatherings as these were primarily intended for pleasure and social intercourse. . . . Later she came to realize that they are nothing of the sort and no more designed with a view to mutual enjoyment than is a church service." The author's description of English children is amazing, and to my mind settles the question of her sex.

> At nine Jack Caird had all the poise and subdued effect of a blasé little man of the world. He gave evidences of careful training as to manners and personal appearance, while at the same time the latter bore witness to an unheard-of neglect. His teeth needed cleaning and straightening, and he had a slight but perceptible defect of vision. . . . If he had the usual childish liking of novelty, he had long been schooled not to show it, so she found herself groping through an empty little mind, in which every idea had long since been stereotyped. It was a strange experience to find an English boy reproducing in his person some of the worst faults to be found in American education fifty years ago, by English critics—namely, the loss of childhood—but it was one often to be repeated.

The books are extremely well written, with a distinction of style that is delightful to meet in these days of slovenly and ignorant technique, and are so interesting that the reader hopes he has not heard the last of the various characters.

Getting at the Heart of Radio Mystery

IT was a fortunate thing for radio enthusiasts, young and old, when Dr. Henry Smith Williams decided to write his book on "Practical Radio,"(1) for he has been producing popular books about the wonders of science all his life, and probably no living man is better equipped than he to grasp the foundation principles of this latest scientific marvel, and to present the whole subject in simple language for the practical use of the average boy or man desiring to set up a radio outfit. Electricity in any of its phases is not easy to explain in terms that the beginner can understand, and even Dr. Williams has to call upon his readers' power of mental concentration when he comes to tell how the various electric currents perform their wonderful work of translating radio waves into sound waves. But any adult reader who is not mentally lazy can penetrate the most abstruse scientific points with the aid of this book.

It is more than a little startling, as the author says, to reflect that countless radio messages are passing right through one's body in every direction—that at the very moment when you are reading these lines there is probably a speech or a concert going through your vital organs. But when you stop to think of it, it is no less amazing that these radio waves, so weak that we are utterly unconscious of them, can be caught up, amplified almost beyond belief, and translated into sound waves so loud that they can be heard by a large audience many miles away from the sending station. Dr. Williams tells just how this miracle is performed. He does it by describing first the simplest beginnings, and then tracing each new improvement, from the primitive crystal-detector apparatus to the most elaborate amplifying and super-regenerative devices.

Thus the assembling of the necessary equipment for an amateur receiving station is made so simple—with the aid of numerous pictures and diagrams—that any intelligent boy or girl can learn how to construct one for home use. Whether he or she can understand the theory of how the electricity works in some of the complicated devices now in vogue is more doubtful; but if not, it will be because the subject is rather abstruse, even in the simplest form that can be given it, and not because the author has failed to make it as plain as possible. Besides, it is hardly safe to say that anything is too hard for the boy radio fan to understand, when even the urchins on the street can be heard talking learnedly about "variable condensers," "honeycomb coils" and "variometers." The whole radio game, as Dr. Williams remarks, is "essentially a boy's game at which men who remain perennially young may play." Heinrich Hertz, called the father of radio, was only twenty-eight years old when he discovered the electromagnetic waves that carry the radio messages; Marconi was only twenty when he began the investigations which led, three years later, to a convincing demonstration of the possibilities of practical radio. Dr. Lee DeForest was still in the twenties when he began the experiments which culminated in the audion tube, that incomparable wonder-worker, that extraordinary little contrivance which looks like an electric light, and which has been called the heart and soul of the modern radio receiving and transmitting mechanism. And Major Edwin H. Armstrong was still a Yonkers schoolboy when he began those practical investigations which have at length led him to the discovery of the super-regenerative circuit, the latest marvel of the radio world, bringing out the full powers of his "feed-back" principle, the principle which has made possible the broadcasting and wide-range receiving achievements of the present day. No wonder that radio is called the boys' science!

The latest discoveries in the use of coil aerials—instead of the outdoor wires—are given in one of Dr. Williams's chapters, and the one on "Radio-Frequency Amplification and Super-Regeneration" presents the discovery which Major Armstrong revealed last summer before the Institute of Radio Engineers, and which, by the use of a whole battery of radio-frequency amplifiers, makes the radio of the past look like a flivver in the presence of a Rolls-Royce. There is a chapter also for those amateurs who desire to send messages as well as to receive them; by the way, more than 15,000 such amateurs are already operating their own sending stations in this country. Problems of the advanced amateur likewise receive attention, as do the subjects of "wired wireless," radio control of distant apparatus, and various other related subjects. It is difficult to see how there could be a better book for the radio amateur than this one by Dr. Williams.

(1) PRACTICAL RADIO. By Henry Smith Williams. Illustrated. 413 pp. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.75 net.

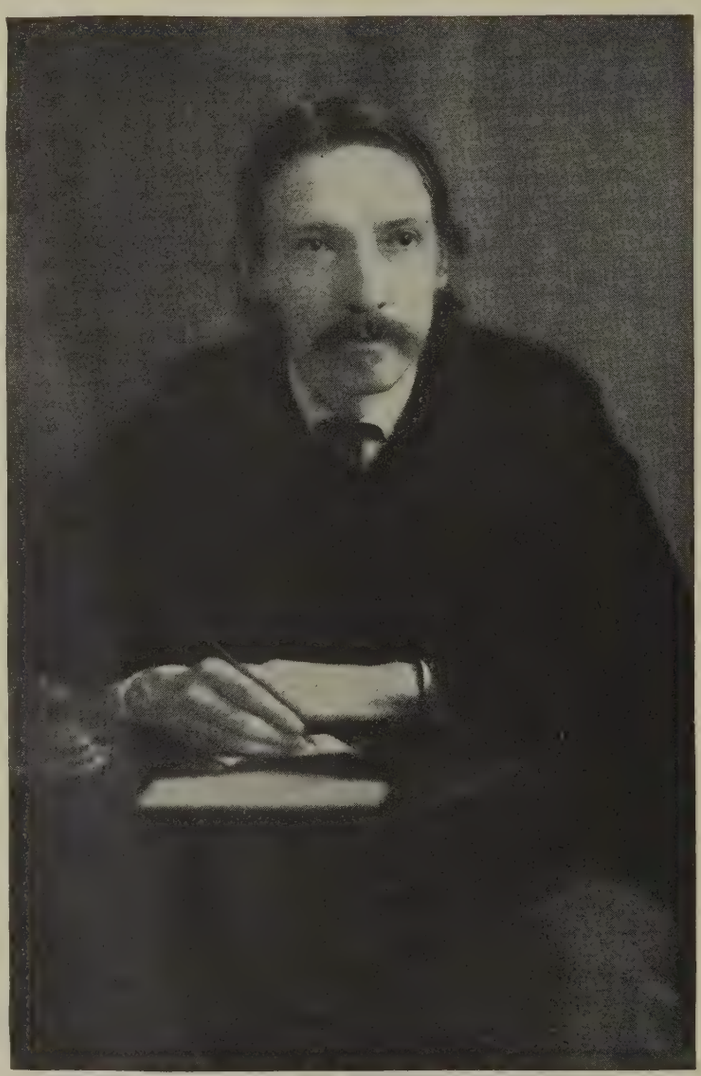
Some Victorians and Others in Playful Mood

By Edwin L. Shuman

IT WAS a happy thought that led Miss Rosaline Masson to enlist the Stevenson Club of Edinburgh in the enterprise of collecting reminiscences from persons who had known the author of "Treasure Island." The result is a volume entitled "I Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson,"* in which nearly a hundred of his old-time acquaintances in Scotland and England, in Australia, America and the South Seas, recall pleasant experiences not previously recorded. As Stevenson died in Samoa nineteen years ago, the time is ripe for such a last gleaning, and the book is richer in interest and value than one would have dared to hope.

The longest contribution is from Sir Alfred J. Ewing, Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and reveals the influence which Professor and Mrs. Fleeming Jenkin exercised on Stevenson in his years of rebellious youth. Professor Jenkin tried in vain to teach Louis engineering, but his fine, strong personality, with that of his brilliant wife, dominated the university and evidently played a vital part in helping to shape the young author's character. Another contributor, Flora Masson, tells of the student theatricals at the Jenkin home, and of an escapade in which Louis covered himself with mingled glory and disgrace. Miss Masson tells it well:

> It was in Greek tragedy. The curtain had fallen on a powerful and moving scene, amid the applause of the audience, and the stage was left in the possession of two of the young actors—Mr. Hole and my brother—both in Greek garb. In a momentary reaction after so much unrelieved tragedy, these two, oblivious of their classic draperies, threw themselves into one another's arms, performed a rapid war dance, and then flung themselves on opposite ends of a couch at the back of the stage, with their feet meeting in a kind of triumphal arch in the center. Louis Stevenson, who had been officiating at the curtain, took one look at them. He touched a spring—and up went the curtain again.
>
> The audience, scarcely recovered from the tragic scene on which the curtain had fallen, gave one gasp of amazement, and then broke into a roar of applause. That roar was the first thing that showed the two luckless acrobats that something had happened. They leapt to their feet—only to see the curtain fall once more. Professor Jenkin, who was host and stage-manager in one, had been watching this particular portion of the play from the front. Without a word he left his seat and went behind the scenes. "Mr. Stevenson," he said with icy distinctness, "I shall ask you to give me a few minutes in my own room."



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The future author of "Kidnapped" declared later that those ten minutes in private with his friend the professor were the very worst he had ever experienced. The adventure had taken too realistic a turn for his romantic nature.

There are brief reminiscences from Mr. William Archer, Mr Edmund Gosse, Sir James Barrie, Sir Sidney Colvin, Sir Graham Balfour, Professor George Saintsbury and many others. Several give amusing instances of young Stevenson's bizarre dress and of his persistence in shirking classroom work, but show how constantly he was laboring to learn to write; others tell of the time when he practised law, handling exactly four cases, which brought him less than fifty dollars all told. Lord Sands recalls the fact that R. L. S. was once a candidate for the Chair of Constitutional Law at Edinburgh University, and that he was fortunately turned down by a vote of the Bar. Thomas Hardy writes of a time when Stevenson obtained his permission to dramatize "The Mayor of Caserbridge," and Lloyd Osbourne describes the curious family life of the Stevensons at Vailima.

Mrs. Bourke Cockran of New York, whose father was the American Land Commissioner in Samoa, also writes charmingly of the Vailima period. She was a little girl, and Stevenson happened to learn that she had been born on Christmas and therefore had no real birthday of her own. On the spot he offered to give her his birthday, and proceeded to draw up the necessary legal document, as follows:

> I, Robert Louis Stevenson, advocate of the Scots Bar, author of "The Master of Ballantrae" and "Moral Emblems," stuck civil engineer, sole owner and patentee of the Palace and Plantation known as Vailima, in the Island of Upolu, Samoa, a British subject, being in sound mind, and pretty well, thank you, in body:
>
> In consideration that Miss Annie H. Ide, daughter of H. C. Ide in the County of Caledonia, in the State of Vermont, United States of America, was born out of all reason on Christmas Day, is therefore out of all justice denied the consolation and profit of a proper birthday:
>
> And considering that I, the said Robert Louis Stevenson, have attained an age when O we never mention it, and that I have now no further use for a birthday of any description:
>
> Have transferred and do hereby transfer to the said Annie H. Ide all and whole my rights and privileges in the thirteenth day of November, formerly my birthday, now, hereby and henceforth, the birthday of the said Annie H. Ide, to have, hold, exercise and enjoy the same in the customary manner, by the sporting of fine raiment, eating of rich meats, and receipt of gifts, compliments and copies of verse, according to the manner of our ancestors.

After charging the recipient to use the said birthday with

*I CAN REMEMBER ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Edited by Rosaline Masson. With six illustrations. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $2.50.

moderation and humanity, "it not being so young as it once was," the document ends with all the pomp of seals, signatures and witnesses. The whole is typical of the best in this worthwhile book, which in its novel and effective way is a new revelation of the playful side of Stevenson's nature.

Another book that adds at least one good item to the growing store of Stevensoniana is the Dowager Countess of Jersey's "Fifty-one Years of Victorian Life."* One of its brightest chapters is that telling of the author's visit to Samoa in 1892. She and her brother were guests of Mr. Bazett Michael Haggard, a brother of Rider Haggard and a close friend of the Stevensons. After a few days of acquaintance R. L. S. proposed in Haggard's absence that they each write a chapter of a story to be called "An Object of Pity, or The Man Haggard," and this they actually did, the Countess and her brother contributing the first two chapters, while Stevenson, Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Strong and Graham Balfour wrote the other four, embodying in them many jokes on their friend and various incidents connected with a secret visit which the whole party had made to the home of the Samoan Chief, Mataafa. The story was written in the grandiose style of Ouida, and was inscribed to her in a humorous dedication by R. L. S. When the composite thriller was finished, the hero was invited to a luncheon at Vailima, where Lloyd Osbourne, adorned with leaves and flowers in native fashion, acted as butler. Mr. Haggard had been kept in ignorance of what was on foot.

Margaret Countess of Jersey

> When the banquet was over [the author continues], a garland of flowers was hung round Haggard's neck, a tankard of ale was placed before him, and Stevenson read aloud the MSS. replete with allusions to, and jokes about, his various innocent idiosyncrasies. So far from being annoyed, the good-natured hero was quite delighted, and kept on saying, "What a compliment all you people are paying me!" In the end we posed as a group, Mrs. Strong lying on the ground and holding up an apple while the rest of us knelt in various attitudes of adoration round the erect and smiling countenance of Haggard.

Many other notables, from Gladstone to Balfour, from Fanny Kemble to Sarah Bernhardt, figure in Lady Jersey's sprightly reminiscences of the Victorian epoch. As a daughter of Lord Leigh and the wife of Lord Jersey, the author has known most of the British nobility. As a child she shook hands with the Duke of Wellington and was kissed by young Queen Victoria. One of her earliest girlhood memories is that of the wedding of the Prince of Wales in 1862, in connection with which she says:

> The present ex-Kaiser, then Prince William, aged four, came over with his parents for the wedding. He appeared at the ceremony in a Scottish suit, whereupon the German ladies remonstrated with his mother, saying that they understood that he was to have worn the uniform of a Prussian officer. "I am very sorry," said his mother; "he had it on, but Beatrice and Leopold [the Duke of Albany] thought that he looked so ridiculous with tails that they cut them off, and we had to find an old Scottish suit of his uncle's for him to wear." An early English protest against militarism!

Froude, the historian, was one of the friends of the family, and the author found him pleasant but somewhat cynical, as when he remarked to her one evening that all books ought to be burnt. She replied that she had read some of his with pleasure, and asked why he had written them if he held such an opinion. He shrugged his shoulders and remarked, "Il faut vivre." In an address at St. Andrew's he once declared that statements by clerics were usually untrustworthy. About the same time his brother-in-law, the Rev. Charles Kingsley, gave a discourse at Cambridge in which he quoted Walpole's paradox to the effect that whatever else is true, history is not. A wag thereupon perpetrated these lines:

> Froude informs the Scottish youth
> Parsons seldom speak the truth;
> While at Cambridge Kingsley cries
> "History is a pack of lies!"
> Whence these judgments so malign?
> A little thought will solve the mystery.
> For Froude thinks Kingsley a divine,
> And Kingsley goes to Froude for history.

James Russell Lowell, the American Minister, won the heart of the Countess with his perfect charm of manner, and several of his letters and poems, quoted in her pages, attest his friendship for her. A volume of his early poems, presented to her by Thomas Hughes, was rendered doubly precious when Lowell visited her country home in the summer of 1884 and wrote on its fly-leaf the poem later published under the title, "The Optimist." Lowell's "With a Copy of Omar Khayyam" was written to accompany a volume of Omar which he gave to the Countess, and the charming letter that went with it now appears for the first time in her book.

This author's pages are rather too largely filled with reminiscences of her endless travels—in Europe, in Egypt, in India, in Australia and New Zealand, and in the United States. Her strongest impression of America seems to have been acquired in Chicago, a city which she visited at the time of the World's Fair, and which seems to have called forth all the uncomplimentary epithets in her vocabulary. She thinks her grandfather did an ill turn to the world when he facilitated the building of this "overgrown, bumptious, and obtrusive city" by the sale of some of the land which it now covers, and intimates that if Columbus could have foreseen Chicago he might have decided to leave America undiscovered. Perhaps the fair critic's strictures would be less severe if she could see Chicago now, after thirty years of steady progress toward Mr. Burnham's City Beautiful ideal.

Horace Wyndham, the British novelist and journalist, in his reminiscences of "The Nineteen Hundreds,"* begins where the Countess of Jersey left off, bringing the survey of literary Britain down to the present time. Thus we get a glimpse of Arnold Bennett nearly a quarter of a century ago, when he was still Enoch A. Bennett and was writing articles on camisoles for a woman's paper which he was editing; of Hall Caine when his friends still knew him only as Tom Caine; of G. K. Chesterton when he was still waiting on the mat outside of dingy Fleet Street offices; of Richard Le Gallienne "in knickerbockers and a jaunty straw hat, prattling amiably of threnodies" at the Café Royal; of H. G. Wells in the days before he took himself seriously as a philosopher, and before a witty critic had been tempted to remark

*Fifty-one Years of Victorian Life. By the Dowager Countess of Jersey. Illustrated. 392 pages. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $7.00.

*The Nineteen Hundreds. By Horace Wyndham. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $2.50.

(*Continued on page 47*)

Creative Writing in Australia and New Zealand

By Jane Mander

NEW ZEALAND has produced very little imaginative writing to be known beyond its own shores. One reason is its youth, and another the absence of any local market for original work. A person who means to get anywhere with writing in New Zealand has also to get out of the country. But even with such encouragement as may be got elsewhere the output is pathetically small.

We did inspire Butler's "Erewhon." We inspired Macaulay to picture us meditating over the ruins of London Bridge. We inspired Kipling to write "Last, loneliest, loveliest" of the city of Auckland, and Pierre Loti to reproach us for our wicked winds, but we have shown no signs as yet of producing for ourselves a Butler or a Macaulay, a Kipling or a Pierre Loti.

We have provided a birthplace for Hugh Walpole and for Katharine Mansfield, but we can not claim them as New Zealand writers, for their art was perfected on this side of the world.

We can claim one poetess of genuine ability, Miss Jessie Mackay, who is also a polished essayist, and who has written charmingly of Maori lore; and one good short-story writer, G. B. Lancaster, who is now in America, and has published work here. We have in Will Lawson our best writer of descriptive verse. We like to claim Arthur H. Adams, whose earlier and best poetry was written in New Zealand, but he has been so long identified with Australian work that he must be considered there.

We have made a beginning with novels, but few indeed are those who have won through to London or New York. Under the name of Alien, Mrs. Baker many years ago had a New Zealand novel published in London. More recently Dulcie Deamer made a dramatic beginning with historical stories. Then she went to Australia. She has since found a London publisher. But she is not writing of colonial life.

JANE MANDER

Australia, on the other hand, has achieved a literature of distinctive color, humor and originality. It has even had periods. First it had an extremely brief novel-writing period, limited to two men. Then it had a poet. There followed him a considerable number of verse and short-story writers of the Sydney Bulletin school. And now there are indications of greater versatility, and of a swing to novel-writing.

The old convict classic, "For the Term of His Natural Life," by Marcus Clarke, was Australia's first notable novel, and it remains to-day the best long realistic story the country has produced. The modern men could improve on its craftsmanship, but not on its power. It was followed by Rolf Boldrewood's stories of the wild life of the hills and plains, stories akin to the vendetta tales of the American West. Boldrewood loved the bushranger and bandit, and put him into "Robbery Under Arms" and "Starlight and His Gang."

Then came the poet, Adam Lindsay Gordon, an Englishman, who went out early to Australia and identified himself with its life and color. But he took something of Swinburne and Browning along with him, and tho he sang of the new land he used borrowed meters. His narrative poems, "How We Beat the Favourite" and "The Sick Stockrider," made him widely popular, while the haunting melancholy of some of his shorter poems reached another kind of audience. Tho he shot himself at the height of his popularity, he had done enough work to keep him among the big names of Australia.

One can not go on with the story of Australian writing without some notice of the dominating influence upon it of the Sydney Bulletin. For fifty years that unique weekly paper has nursed the leading verse and story writers of the country. As its money was good, very good, and always prompt, it drew and kept the best of them. As it even advanced money to some of its favored sons for poems not yet born in their imagination, it was regarded with affection amounting to idolatry. As it was for years the only possible market for original stuff, men had to write for it or go unheard. It developed so much prestige that every scribbler lived to get but a paragraph past its ruthless and cynical editors.

Now, how far its best writers influenced the Bulletin and how far it shaped their style and subject matter would always be a matter for argument. But it did cultivate and foster a stereotyped style of realism, sarcasm, and humor. Tho it was catholic enough in spots, tho its critical Red Page roamed the whole world in its appreciation and judgment of literature, still it kept its own sons too much to the aboriginal. It demanded the oaths of the goldfield, the raw meat of the squatters' camps, the sordid drama of the Sydney Chinese dens, the crude tragedy of Larrikin love. Blasphemous and disrespectful it has been and remains to all that savors of imitation and soppiness and make-believe. It is sworn foe of "the toff," and no pink-tea tale ever got by its readers. It gave men a fine training in condensation. But it took, and led them to produce, stuff that could be published nowhere else. For it is largely written in Australian slang, as unintelligible to readers in other countries as the Yorkshire Weekly, or Gaelic, or J. A. V. Weaver.

The best known man in the long list of Bulletin writers is Henry Lawson, but recently dead. His has been the first name in Australian letters for a generation. He was a poet, but his best poetry went into his prose, and it is a great pity he did not do more short-story work. He had the chance to be the O. Henry of Australia. He knew all the types who tramped the backblock roads, who took a selection out back, who struggled with the loneliness and the

(*Continued on page 63*)

Diary of an Eighteenth Century Pepys

By Robert S. Hillyer

JOSEPH FARINGTON (1747–1821), member of the Royal Academy, amiable friend of most of the illustrious artists of his day, probably considered his diary* as a foundation for some future biography of himself, some sidelight on his artistic career. "Much also I was induced to put down in writing," he says, "as being curious Anecdote and useful to the Biographer." He envisaged, without doubt, lasting fame as a painter, and made many an entry with an eye on a possible Vasari. Time has, as usual, defeated his original intention. When the diary was unearthed at a sale, two years ago, Farington as a painter was wholly forgotten. And now he rises into immortality not through any interest attaching to his own person or attainments, but through the power of immortal names which were, to him, merely tags for certain of his acquaintances.

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EDINBURGH CASTLE

From the picture by Joseph Farington, painted 1788

Farington himself makes small demand on our attention. He was a "true gentleman," a hard worker, a generous friend, a good man; "the great man" (to quote Northcote) "to be looked up to on all occasions . . . his great passion was the love of power — he loved to rule. He did it, of course, with considerable dignity." Perhaps, too, he was something of a martinet. "Tho Mr. Farington has more authority in the Academy than any other member," remarks a critic, "and from Majesty of appearance, and haughtiness of Behavior can terrify his puny Competitors into *violent* obedience, we speak our opinion." Perusal of the diary itself will hardly enrich these characterizations except to exhibit an even temper, a lack of humor, and an unimaginative power of observation. For the pages are extremely matter-of-fact accounts from day to day of people met and things seen, significant only because these people and things have entered history as well. The highly centralized society of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth gave opportunities for contact unknown in our own dissparkled era. Indeed, the twentieth-century boast that we have eliminated space is the greatest of fallacies, since we have merely spread ourselves at an alarming speed over the map, and eliminated any possibility of a common center where all the great minds of the world congregate and are observed. We shall never know again such conditions as made the Farington diary possible. In his day an artist and gentleman could know intimately nine-tenths of the masters in politics, art, and literature without making any voyage longer than that from London to Paris.

He made the most of this fortunate situation. King George III, Burke, Fox, Lord Nelson, Marat, Mirabeau, Napoleon, Boswell, Mrs. Siddons, Warren Hastings, Benjamin West, Turner, Gainsborough — these are but a few of the people who have given Farington a share of their immortality. In many cases, it must be admitted, their appearance on his stage is but momentary and casual; they were taken for granted then as now. And often the diarist merely stirs in us an exasperated wish that he had possest a style slightly more vivid, an outlook slightly more imaginative. It is only necessary to compare his note on the trial of Warren Hastings, of which he was a spectator, with Macaulay's account to discern how utterly he lacked even that small touch of the dramatic which we demand of journalists. And since many reviewers have compared his diary to that of the great Mr. Pepys, it is only fair to the latter to remark that no comparison is possible. Pepys would endure for ever even had he not come into contact with the great men of his time; he is an immortal in his own right; one of the finest Gossips, the lustiest Chirpers, who ever marveled at this many colored world. He wrote for his own delectation in a code never meant to be deciphered; we can imagine him reading it over with many a chuckle, thanking God, like the Wife of Bath, that he had known the world in his time. Farington, on the contrary, is nearly always austere and careful, the professional diarist making a self-portrait for posterity. Remembering Mr. Pepys' pæans on the subject of fine dress, let us turn to Mr. Farington's note on the same subject:

> In the course of the evening I mentioned to the Members [of the Royal Academy] present my wish, and I knew it to be the wish of others, that a uniform dress should be worn by Members of the Royal Academy at all their public meetings, which would give an impressive respectability to them, and in a becoming way distinguish them as a body . . . I mentioned that formerly such an idea had been held by Sir Joshua Reynolds, etc., and that they proposed that gowns be worn. I thought this would be carrying it too far, and that a blue coat, with some distinction of collar, cuff, and button would be sufficient.

I am sure that Mr. Farington needs no uniform to be impressively respectable. His whole diary is just that.

As a matter of fact, were the diary not impressively respectable, it would not be a true picture of the time and class to which the author belonged. In these pages we are presented with a sketch

*The Farington Diary, by Joseph Farington, R. A., edited by James Grieg. Vol. I. July 13, 1793, to August 24, 1802. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1923.

of the aftermath of the neo-classic era, an era which, stiff and artificial as it undeniably was, yet had underneath all that a certain crude gusto best personified by the great Doctor himself, with his colossal learning and his uncouth strength, his hair-splitting pedantry and his bludgeoning *obiter dicta*. But during the period of these diaries, the first grumblings of the Romantic Age were echoed in the thunder of the French Revolution, men were beginning to question gods and kings, and the whole landscape of history was obviously about to change, in color if not in contour. Altho Farington now and again can not avoid referring to new ideas and new doubts, it is apparent that he, like the other left-overs from the age before, was shielding himself against change by an impressive respectability.

Let us take, for example, his comment on the engravings of William Blake:

> Feb. 19 (1796). West, Cosway and Humphry spoke warmly in favour of the designs of Blake the Engraver, as works of extraordinary genius and imagination. Smirke differed in opinion, from what he had seen; so do I.

Alas! poor Smirke!

> Jan. 11, 1797. Blake's eccentric designs were mentioned. Stothard supported his claims to genius, but allowed he had been misled to extravagances in his art & he knew by whom. Hoppner ridiculed the absurdity of his designs, and said, "Nothing could be more easy than to produce such. They are like the conceits of a drunken fellow or a madman." Represent a man sitting on the moon and drowning the sun out, "that would be a whim of as much merit."

Consider also the case of the unfortunate nobleman, supporting natural eccentricities in the midst of this over-artificial society:

> Lord Lytleton the Statesman was a very absent man, of formal manners, who never laughed.—In conversation He would frequently forget propriety in regard to the subject of it before the Company he happened to be in.—At Lady Hervey's . . . he began to relate a conversation which he that day had with Mr Wildman, on the subject of bees, & proceeded to describe the generation of Bees, with many particulars, which put the ladies into some confusion. At another time Lord Orford met him at Lady Hervey's when with a tea cup in his hand, he advanced towards the table & returning back talking solemnly and moving backwards, before he reached his chair, he crossed his long legs & sat down, not on His chair, but on the floor. The wig went one way and the tea cup another, while his Lordship with unmoved gravity continuing his conversation recovered himself.

Lord Orford, who doubtless took great delight in the discomfort of his fellow peer, "had so strong a prejudice against Johnson's reported manners," that he refused to meet the Doctor. So much the worse for Strawberry Hill!

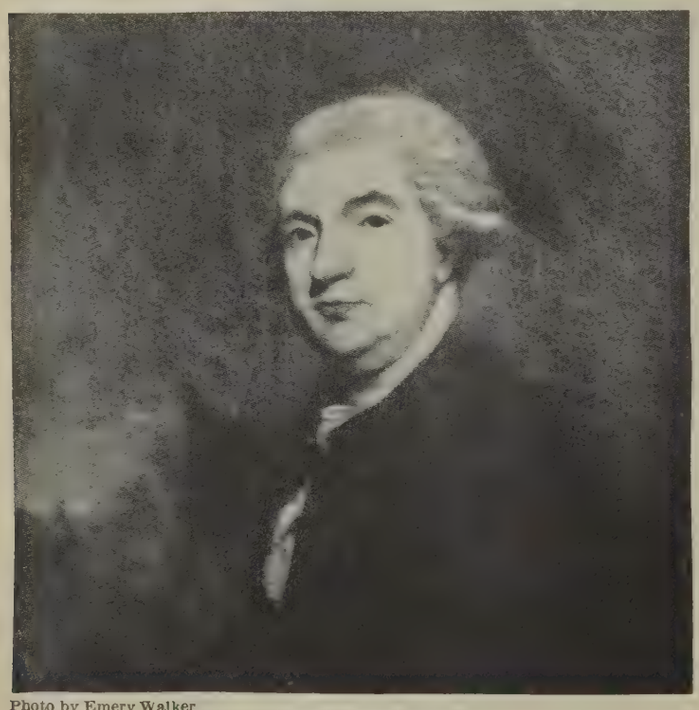

Photo by Emery Walker

JAMES BOSWELL

From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds

Photo by Emery Walker

HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD

From the portrait by George Dance

And while the generation of Bees was putting the ladies of England to confusion, the Revolution was feeding the ladies of France to the guillotine. It would be unjust to say that Farington's diary is almost unaffected by the stupendous event, for we find many an interesting anecdote about this or that leader, a very fair summary of the character of Louis XVI, and a rather pitiable picture of George III's fearful aversion to any man or tendency that might be considered "democratic" (revolutionary). But there is not a trace of the spiritual ferment which was to reshape the entire world in a few years. His comments on the changing times are confined to the narration of external incidents; a brave Royalist girl is sent to the scaffold; Napoleon is seen and described; Mirabeau converses with Burke by means of sign language; Marat's sojourn in England is recalled; Trumbull speaks of Tom Paine with aversion. It will be extremely interesting, when the subsequent volumes of this diary are published, to see whether or not Farington ever was touched at all by the new order. The completed diaries will take us to 1821, a year that witnessed the full fruition of the Romantic Movement. The Lyrical Ballads were published in 1798; Keats died the same year as the diarist, Shelley one year and Byron three years later. Was Farington interested at all in this new development in the mind of man? or did he remain to the end a post-Johnsonian, living in an artificial world whose boundaries were constantly dwindling?

In his own realm, at least, he was more open-minded. With the exception of the rather stupid commentary on Blake's work, his judgments were uninfluenced by prejudice or jealousy. He was generous in lending his great prestige to less fortunate artists; he was always ready to advise or to aid in securing membership to the Academy. Turner was among those whom he helped, and his accounts of Turner's early days are among the most interesting items in the diary. And nowhere in these pages is there a note of that anxiety, so common among artists, lest some one else receive a little praise or capture an honor.

This aloofness from emotion, perhaps part of the machinery of impressive respectability, is the dominant tone of the diary as a whole. Persons and events are described with absolute austerity and abstinence from judgment. Altho this method does not, like the methods of Pepys and Boswell, breathe life into lifeless history, it reveals hitherto unrecorded facts with sincerity and candor, adding to the bulk of history, if not to its liveliness.

A Treasure-House of Lost Quotations

By Brander Matthews

WHENEVER I have occasion to examine a new book of reference, dictionary or cyclopedia, written in the English language, I find myself recalling what Matthew Arnold said three-score years ago in his essay on the "Literary Influence of Academies." He asserted that books of this sort in English were likely to be greatly inferior to the corresponding books in French. He asked:

> Why is all the journeyman-work of literature, as I may call it, so much worse done here than it is in France? I do not wish to hurt anybody's feelings; but surely this is so. Think of the difference between our books of reference and those of the French, between our biographical dictionaries (to take a striking instance) and theirs; think of the difference between the translations of the classics turned out for Mr. Bohn's library and those turned out for M. Nisard's collection.

'Tis sixty years since Matthew Arnold exprest this opinion; and if he were alive now he would be the first to confess that the situation has changed, greatly to our advantage. I venture to believe that the French are to-day rather inferior than superior to us. They have nothing as good in its kind as the "Dictionary of National Biography" and the "New English Dictionary." Bohn's library has been superseded by the Loeb Classical Library, an American enterprise sustained by the labors of both British and American scholars; and this withstands comparison with Nisard's collection. Nor would the French find it easy to match Lang's Homer and Theocritus, Butcher's Aristotle's "Poetics," Jebb's Sophocles and Gilbert Murray's Euripides. On the other hand, it must be admitted that the cooperative "History of the French Language and Literature," edited by Petit de Julleville, is a far more distinguished work than either the "Cambridge History of English Literature" or the "Cambridge History of American Literature."

KATE LOUISE ROBERTS

But where the French have only one good cyclopedia, La Rousse's, we have half-a-dozen, British and American; and where they have only one good dictionary, we have three (all American), the Century, the International and the Standard. Moreover, there are two American undertakings of a kind which the French have never attempted. They have not yet seen the advantage of imitating Poole's "Index to Periodical Literature," with its increasingly useful sequels; and they have no collection of familiar quotations, or at least none to be compared for a moment with the invaluable Bartlett and the now revised and enlarged Hoyt.* As it happens, these two American compilations are also without any worthy British rivals. At first sight, it might seem that Bartlett and Hoyt were rivals of each other; but when we compare them we can not fail to see that they supplement one another and that each of them has its own field and its own method, and that they are both indispensable to the literary worker.

Bartlett is exactly what its title page declares it to be; it is a dictionary of "Familiar Quotations: A Collection of Passages, Phrases and Proverbs Traced to Their Sources in Ancient and Modern Literature." And Hoyt's is exactly what its title page declares it to be, a "Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations, Drawn from the Speech and Literature of All Nations, Ancient and Modern, Classic and Popular, in English and Foreign Text, with the Names, Dates and Nationalities of Quoted Authors." The difference between them is obvious; Bartlett's collects only the quotations which are more or less familiar, arranging them in the chronological order of their authors, whereas Hoyt's does not limit itself to the quotations which are popular; in fact, every reader is likely to find in its pages a multitude of passages previously unfamiliar to him, and the quotations, familiar and unfamiliar, are arranged, not chronologically by authors, but by topics, so that the consultant, seeking passages for immediate practical use in connection with a determined theme, finds these grouped together and ready for his selection. Bartlett is a book of reference solely, and it is excellent as such, whereas Hoyt has a divergent utility in that it justifies its claim to be "practical" by supplying a heterogeny of quotations likely to be instantly useful.

A good example of this practical utility of the new Hoyt can be found under the topical heading "Woman." Here are twenty-two serried columns of remarks about the female of our species, complimentary and uncomplimentary, more than two hundred in all—and I must confess that a good half of them were unfamiliar to me. Furthermore, a head-note advises the reader also to consult the selections under "Coquette" (nine), "Matrimony" (one hundred and twenty-five), "Wife" (seventy), and "Wooing" (eighty-one). Here's richness for you—"infinite riches in a little room." Any one, who may be called upon after dinner for an impromptu speech in honor of the fair sex, can here help himself with both hands; and he will be a man of very wide reading if he does not discover in this treasury many "a gem of purest ray serene" the sparkle of which will be new to his eyes.

Of course, a satisfactory review—or at least a really adequate review—of a book of reference can be written only after the reviewer has made himself intimate with the volume by long usage; and the most that the present reviewer can claim for himself is that he has dipt into this portly tome here and there and that he has done what he can to plumb its depths. He has found himself so agreeably allured that he has now and again abandoned his casual browsing to read a score of consecutive pages, finding many old friends, familiar as household words, and making many

*HOYT'S NEW CYCLOPEDIA OF PRACTICAL QUOTATIONS. Completely revised and greatly enlarged by Kate Louise Roberts. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1923. 1343 pp.

new acquaintances whom he will be glad to meet again. So far as quotations are concerned, familiarity does not breed contempt.

I have not only tasted this volume, I have tested it by looking for various waifs and strays. To my surprize I found the Comte de Resseguier's quaint sonnet of only fourteen words. I was glad to see that the rime of the little girl who had a little curl, and who when she was good was very, very good, but who when she was bad was horrid—I was glad to see that this unforgetable character-sketch was properly credited to the children's poet, Longfellow, whose claim to it is sometimes unrighteously denied. I rejoiced to discover the author of the immortal quatrain about good old Boston, "the land of the sacred cod." He was a certain Samuel C. Bushnell, and the toast was appropriately uttered at a Harvard Alumni dinner (at Waterbury). And I had an added joy in learning that Mr. Bushnell's verses about Boston had inspired another bard, Mr. Dean Jones, to hymn the praise of New Haven,

> The home of the truth and the light,
> Where God speaks to Jones
> In the very same tones
> That he uses to Hadley and Dwight.

I searched to make sure that the "female of the species" was duly recorded; and it was (p. 891); but I failed to find a note recording that Bret Harte had earlier informed us that "the female of his species laid Milton Perkins low." I had an unsatisfied curiosity as to the source of the title of "The Way of All Flesh"; and now my curiosity is satisfied at last, for it is here set down as taken from John Webster's "Westward Ho!" I missed O'Hara's "Fame's eternal camping ground" under "Fame," but I ran it down (by the aid of the Concordance) under "Soldiers" (p. 728). And by the same assistance I found Kinglake's characterization of a British regiment in one of the Crimean battles—"that thin red line tipped with steel." One of the most welcome results of my wanderings through this maze—"but not without a plan"—was to learn that it was Sir Walter Scott, in the introduction to the "Talisman," who put into circulation the story of the playbill "which is said to have announced the tragedy of 'Hamlet,' the character of the Prince of Denmark being left out."

One of the novel features of the book is that a quotation from a foreign language is given in the original tongue, accompanied by an English translation; and I am glad to be able to express my opinion that these translations—so far as I have had time to compare them—are both exact and easy, that is to say, idiomatic and not pedantic. And the editor reveals her own avoidance of pedantry by not insisting unduly on her own rule, as, for example, where she gives passages from the Bible in the English of King James's translators, without needlessly supplying the original Hebrew or Greek or even the Latin of the Vulgate.

The machinery of the book, so to term it, is ample and admirable; and I have used it without happening upon more than one or two unimportant slips. There is a Bio-

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There was a little girl
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead;
And when she was good
She was very, very good——

—From "The Little Mother Goose"

© Rand-McNally

——And when she was bad
She was horrid.

—From "The Real Mother Goose"

graphical Index of forty-four double-columned pages, supplying the full name of every author quoted from, his nationality, his birth and death dates, a brief characterization, and the numbers of the pages where the quotations from him may be found. This enables the reader to see at a glance the frequency with which a writer has provided quotable material. For example, it amused me to count that we have in this volume thirty extracts from Matthew Arnold, twenty-two from Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and only twelve from Mark Twain—evidence, if any were needed, that verse lends itself to quotation more readily than prose.

Then there is the most useful apparatus of all, a Concordance of every significant word, filling three hundred and sixty-eight triple-columned pages. The preparation of this key to the riches of this treasury must have been a task of appalling magnitude, for which every seeker after information will be grateful. I have utilized this Concordance freely in my endeavor to evaluate the work of the editor; and I have never once found it inadequate or misleading. It is by such a Concordance that the book must stand or fall. Altho the type chosen is necessarily small, it is clear and easily read. In fact, the typography of this stately tome is excellent in every way.

Finally I may record that this new edition is truly "up to date." It contains the phrases minted of late years, not only by speakers and writers of literary standing but by the humbler newspaper bards as well. It preserves the outstanding sayings uttered during the Great War; it credits them accurately, and it records the occasions of their utterance.

Courtesy Air Service, U. S. Army

"GOOD OLD BOSTON, 'THE LAND OF THE SACRED COD'"

The Growing Pains of American Democracy

By Maurice Francis Egan

IT IS a spritely book that Stuart P. Sherman has given us in "The Genius of America."* A gentleman in the spring of middle age shaves off his mustache, rubs in a little Pompeiian cream, and disports himself among the young in order gently to wean them from their adventurous ways. If Dr. Sherman had not so overladen his book with quotations from Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman — all of whom he claims as Puritans — one would doubtless have found his rapid and dogmatic utterances much more important; but when he brings himself so constantly into comparison with these three masters of literature, one sometimes finds his pipes of Pan a little thin in their music. He lets many arrows fly at the younger generation, who are as hard to hit as a wedge of wild ducks, and who have a curious quality of assuming another form before you have time to get a bullet into their hearts. Many of "the young" whom Dr. Sherman holds up to the sportsmen are rapidly becoming old; the fatal tonsure already appears on the backs of the heads of some of them, and their activities will have taken new form before his volume is in its fifth edition.

STUART P. SHERMAN

The conscientious research worker, devoted to comparative literature, is never happy until he discovers what "the young" in the present are like when put back into the past. One feels it one's duty to find a prototype for Mr. Mencken, Mr. Spingarn, Mr. Dreiser, et al. This requires some thought, but it is quite evident that the prototype of these gentlemen was a man who was young once himself—the late Horace Greeley, who, as Mr. Nathaniel W. Stephenson said, was "a type of American that no European can understand: he believed in talk, and more talk, and still more talk as a cure for earthly ills. He never could understand that any one but himself could have strong convictions." If we take the trouble to read Greeley's writings—a hard task—we shall find that he represents the attitude of "the young" toward the life of to-day. But in their case, tho not in his, there is always a chance that they will come back to reasonable sanity. And really some of the denunciations flung at them are both exaggerated and intolerant; almost anything is better than stagnation.

But Dr. Sherman, when he speaks from his heart, and ceases to invent windmills, touches on certain fundamentals which need to be recalled to us. He is weary of the term "service" as limited to constant, energetic activity in material well-doing. He is, perhaps, a little severe on the Young Men's Christian idea of unremitting work as bounded by the word "service," and he might have let the medical missionaries in China alone, for if anybody serves without waiting they certainly do serve for the good of humanity.

> If the word and thought of service are to be rehabilitated [he says], we must have new criterions of service. We can not set apart the word for those who give food to the body and withhold it from those who give food to the mind. We can not reserve it for those who help the sick and deny it to those who help the well. Service does not cease to be service when the intelligent and the strong are assisted. We can not consecrate the word for ministers and teachers merely because they work for a smaller wage than presidents of railroads and singers in grand opera. Service does not cease to be service when it is remunerated. On the contrary, the world, as it grows wiser, will steadily insist on rewarding more amply all those who know how to provide what it wants. Deep in the heart of the world is a passion for discovering a larger and better life for all the people in the world, not even excluding the intellectual and other privileged classes; and every one who assists in any way at that discovery does honorable service. Furthermore, whoever bends his full strength to increasing the healthy and pleasurable life of men, sooner or later will find in his work, whatever it is, something of the peace and satisfaction of religious devotion.

In his chapter on "Vocations" Dr. Sherman is at his best. He distinguishes between the enthusiastic admiration of the great crowd of men to-day for the most skilful prize-fighter, the best baseball pitcher, the clever chess champion, and the pathetic or gay moving-picture actress or actor, and that fundamental and unvarying respect and even affection which the average man has for George Washington, for Alexander Hamilton, or Theodore Roosevelt.

The author himself admits that he has a lingering fondness for certain eminent villains, such as Richard III, Cellini, Henry VIII, Ivan the Terrible, Frederick the Great and Napoleon. It seems to be rather a blot on his otherwise good taste that he shows no mark of admiration for Charles II, to whom England owes more than she will ever admit; or for Philippe Egalité, who possest most charming and villainous qualities. It is not that we admire the vices of these men, he says; "paradoxical as it sounds, we seldom show ourselves such disinterested lovers of virtue as

*The Genius of America: Studies in Behalf of the Younger Generation. By Stuart P. Sherman, author of "Americans," "On Contemporary Literature," etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

when we feel a thrill of approbation in the presence of the great criminals."

Dr. Sherman is right when he advises the young to beware of the sentimentalism of the old. As a rule, old people have very uncertain memories, and they are the slaves of convention. It is the fashion for an old man to declare that he was never so happy as when he was young. The truth is that the most unhappy persons in the world are the young, but they have the fortunate faculty of forgetting their intermittent concern over what the future will bring to them.

"If I were addressing an audience on the verge of twenty," adds the author, "I should say, 'Distrust these sentimental old people; don't believe a word of all this. In all probability the most happy and fruitful days are still to come.'"

Dr. Sherman points out the reasons for the unhappiness of youth when he says that youth is the time of aspiration and that underneath the apparent philosophy of "gathering flowers while you may, old time is still a-flying," there is always a vague sorrow, which is like the touch of frost on a peach blossom. He says that even "Main Street" to-day longs for a philosophy. It is the desire for something finer and better than any experience has yet offered to the young.

In "Vocation" there is much less of the assumption that the latest generation is full of new types. In another place Dr. Sherman resignedly admits—and yet with delight in the charms of femininity—that there are many young girls who will endeavor to induce any man to do what they want him to do, without a single appeal to his sense of justice or his intellectual qualities. He cites a particular young woman, a member of a college class. She wanted special preferment from the august Dean She inquired first of Dr. Sherman whether the Dean was married or not, and then she declared, with confidence, "Oh, I'll take care of the Dean," or words to that effect.

But these are merely echoes of what Eve said about Adam, probably more than once; and even St. Theresa, whom George Eliot discovered for the benefit of the Anglo-Saxons, and who was anything but "a flapper," had her own ways of managing the male sex before she became a Carmelite. Dr. Sherman, who is a man of the world as well as a pedagog, strangely mixes up a type with a method. The truth is, the type has not changed at all; only Cleopatra has become much more the fashion than Trollope's Lilly Dale, and has driven the indirect manner of persuasion rather off the stage for the moment. Why not admit that essentials do not change? In the seventies there was "the girl of the period," and the "Boston dip," the question whether women ought to propose or not, and the same wild appeal to heaven to save our American world from the destruction threatening it.

Dr. Sherman's chapter on "The Superior Class" is well worth serious consideration. If he would let Emerson alone and not obscure his own original thinking by overpolished enamels borrowed from other people, he would be much more effective. And why Emerson? It is true that this upright New Englander occasionally melted under the divine fire, and that the youth of the last two generations owe much to his inspiration; but Marcus Aurelius would have done as well; and Dr. Sherman himself has much more of warm suggestion and fine enthusiasm than Emerson, who was like a light from which all heat had been abstracted, enclosed in a clear block of ice.

When Dr. Sherman writes another book as seminal and as fraught with suggestions for wise living as this is, let us hope he will stand on his own legs. In "The Superior Class" he comes very near to the making of a definition of what democracy really means, but, after all, he only describes it. Democracy, he says, politically and socially considered, is a method of recruiting a superior class. He considers that women have a greater influence in American life than they ever had. He is of the opinion that the modern woman, inferior to the modern man in this respect, is struggling between a bold imagination and a timorous intelligence.

The women of the "sheltered class" require—he quotes this from a writer of the New York *Times*—as much education for the use of the ballot as the Southern peasantry and the Northern foreign-born. He takes Mrs. Katherine Gerould as an example. It is evident that he regards Mrs. Gerould very rightly as one of the first of our stylists. In her stories she shows, he thinks, a bold imagination; in her essays a timorous intelligence. She is an example, then, of the American woman of the "sheltered class," and, as far as one can gather from the implications of Dr. Sherman, she is a representative of those people who, in a democracy, must undertake the management of society.

Mrs. Gerould, he says, looks on the Concord set of the happy times of Hawthorne and Emerson and the Alcotts as rather "underbred." The surroundings, it seems, of the Emersons, the Hawthornes and the Peabodys were not adequate signs of an inward elegance, which Chinese rugs, Chippendale chairs and silver Roman lamps would have imparted to them. In fact, it would seem, according to Dr. Sherman's presentation of Mrs. Gerould's ideas, that if you get the right kind of Persian rug, some real Florentine carved walnut, and a little bronze of the right period, the virtue of elegance soaks into you from the outside.

But surely the "superior class" that intends to manage society and feels it has the right to do so does not take this point of view. There is an exotic class that takes this point of view—a class very common in literature, but not so common among us in life, which exists in no other country except among the very middle-middle classes in England; and we who admire the sanity and distinction of many of Mrs. Gerould's essays can hardly believe that she is responsible for this hopelessly snobbish and bourgeois point of view.

Mrs. Gerould, it seems, hopes for little in the cause of real culture from the West—"We can not count on the West to help us, for the West is curst with State universities." It is assumed that one of the essentials of culture is the love and appreciation of beauty. If the State universities of the West have done as little for the cultivation of the love of beauty—such a love as the poorest Italian peasant of the Campagna has—as Mrs. Gerould's hereditary Eastern universities, culture in our country is certainly in a bad way! One can not agree entirely with Dr. Sherman in his estimate of Mrs. Gerould. She has had great opportunities for knowing a simpler and better form of society than that in which her creatures move; but if Dr. Sherman's interpretation of the genius of America were really true—out of regard for his susceptibilities one must use the subjunctive—this would be one of the most hopeless countries in all the world to live in.

Every American ought to read his "What Is a Puritan?" It is full of subtle, unconscious humor, and it bristles with the causes of mental irritation which will force the thoughtful to read and reread it, and to put swear words on the margin. One can not pay a modern essay greater compliment than this. We discover that Cromwell was tolerant, that Walt Whitman was a Puritan, and that Cotton Mather was a most attractive man.

The difficulty of a pedagog when he writes on mundane things is that he can not get rid of his books. Now literature to-day is much more an expression of personal feelings or emotions than of a general mental condition, and therefore neither Mrs. Gerould nor Mrs. Wharton nor Booth Tarkington nor Sinclair Lewis can be taken as typifying a common point of view—that is, an American point of view. And when Dr. Sherman talks of the "literature of the Middle West," he seems just as unreasonable as if London, having sated itself with Thackeray, should wonder why Birmingham or Manchester did not produce a rival. But the "Genius of America" is at its best when read aloud. It was at its best when Dr. Sherman spoke its contents, with sparkles in his eyes. It is an interesting, amusing, irritating document, with touches of extremely profound, original and sane thought. It is more the result of contemplation and meditation than of wide observation.

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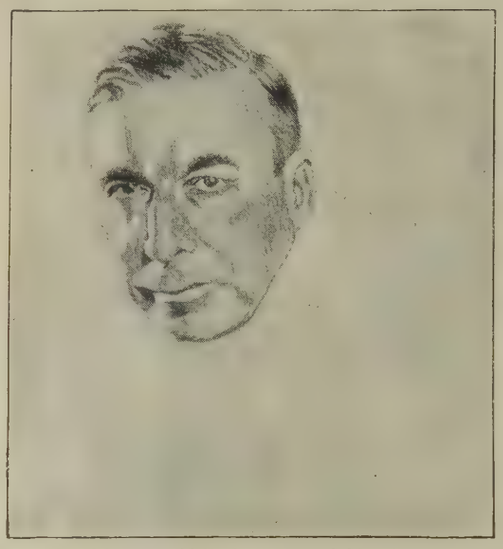

The same old Tark—just watch him shy
Like a hunted thing, and hide, if let,
Away behind his cigarette
When "Danny Deever" is the cry.
Keep up the call and by and by
We'll make him sing and find he's yet
The same old Tark.

The poem used to hang on the walls of the old Princeton Club in New York to commemorate the undergraduate days of Booth Tarkington, Princetonian, cosmopolitan and Indianan. From a boyhood as a fellow townsman of Riley and Meredith Nicholson, in Indianapolis, Tarkington passed on through college, traveled extensively and wrote for five years with a resulting income, he confesses, of exactly $22.50. "Life" first accepted one of his jokes and Gibson illustrated it. "Cherry," an historical sketch of Princeton, was his first accepted story, though "Monsieur Beaucaire," following shortly, led him to fame. Dramatist and novelist, Tarkington has found wide favor with the American people. He has twice been awarded the Pulitzer prize for the American novel, an honor accorded to no other writer. His favorite sport is boating, his favorite reading biography, and among his favorite authors four are Frenchmen: Cherbuliez, Daudet, Balzac and Dumas.

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Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski—seaman, Englishman, Pole, novelist—was born in southern Poland in 1857. He grew to boyhood in Cracow and at the age of nine, on looking at a map of Africa, pointed his finger to the mysterious heart of the dark continent and said, "When I grow up I shall go there." And he did—twenty years later—to Stanley Falls.

Conrad dreamed of the sea, which he had never seen, and for his wild desire to be a sailor he earned from his friends the name of "a hopeless Don Quixote." He sailed from Marseilles in 1874 and earned his captain's papers ten years later at the age of twenty-six.

In 1894 he left the sea for good, having contracted an African fever. He carried with him, though, the MSS. for his first book, "Almayer's Folly," and for the past quarter of a century has lived with the memory of his youth.

Conrad's books are an immortal record of the sea and its people, and his name, said James Gibbon Huneker, "is the only one that may be linked with the immortal company of Meredith, Hardy and Henry James."

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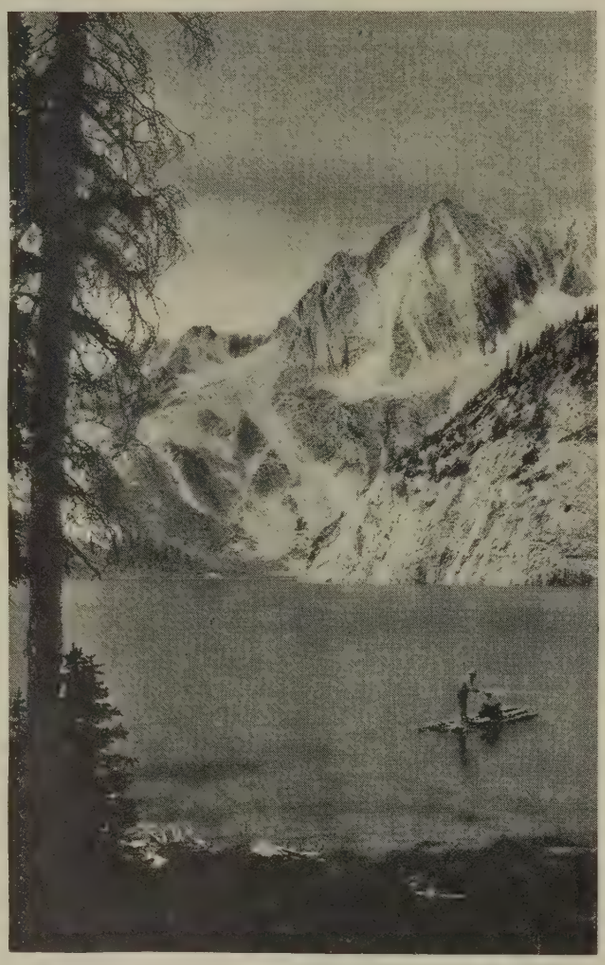
Springtime Wanderings Among Outdoor Books

By A. Donald Douglas

SPRING deferred maketh sick the heart; but when at last she does bring back blue days and fair, most of us are eager to have a rendezvous with her. What if she is a fickle maiden notoriously late to appointments? We continue to believe in her, and to offer Easter hats as hardy annual sacrifices to her snowy, capricious temper. Winter has been too much with us, wherein late to the office and soon home again, getting grippe and spending money on theaters (plus war tax), we lay waste our hours in an indoor fever of confined activity. Let one insinuating vernal fragrance float like a promise into the schoolroom, and the primrose blossoms not more rath in the meadows than the shining morning boy on the baseball diamond, or the one little, two little, three little savages grub in the woods. The sedate and the secescent rush no less eagerly, tho with a more dignified haste, into the outdoor world to welcome the flowers that bloom in the spring, and if you know how to woo them, bloom also in the home garden.



SNOWMASS PEAK AND LAKE, SOPRIS NATIONAL FOREST, COLORADO

Fisherman on raft in foreground. From "Roughing It Smoothly," by Elon Jessup (Putnam).

What will your well-kept garden wear? If the wild flowers grow in far secret glades beyond your journeying, you may indulge your vigorous unroving energy with the mattock and the hoe. The choice may lie between a sloping rock or rose garden; and if you know the rules of ornament, appropriateness, sound construction and scale you can not go wrong, especially if you have the aid and guidance of W. S. Rogers' book, "Planning Your Garden."[1] "Pottering" about the garden is pottering in the strict sense of the creative artist. With a limited income at the mercy of an unlimited income tax no one now save the very rich may achieve the designed proportions and the formal exquisite richness of the Medieval Pleasance, the Garden of Delight, the Italian Renaissance Garden, that of the Tudors or Elizabethans, all of which are described in Esther Singleton's "The Shakespeare Garden";[2] but at least you can visit a Shakespeare garden in Van Cortlandt Park, and if you labor faithfully and well you can aspire to a full, comfortable harvest of beets, cabbages, cauliflowers, sweet corn, celery, parsnips, radishes, and spinach.[3] In the eighth century and up to the seventeenth the venerable monks and the no less venerable Parkinson, the last of the great herbalists, sought in herbs a cure for disease, demoniac possession, and long-seated melancholy. This curious subject is elaborately treated in Eleanor Sinclair Rohde's volume on "The Old English Herbals."[4] The modern gardener is less hopeful in such matters, being content to find occupation for a busy hour and sustenance for the family.

On high poetic authority we are informed that in spring the burnished dove glitters as from the sun and the wanton lapwing gets him a very superior crest. Now unless the Encyclopedia Britannica (11th Edition) looms close to hand most of us can hardly tell the difference between a lapwing and a nuthatch, or the delicate distinction between chipping and vesper sparrows. If, however, the spring fever takes you further a-field and a-wood than your own front-door garden, you really ought to know that a nighthawk does not devour grown hens, and that a warbler feasts on worms. First aid in all such matters can be found in "Bird Biographies," by Alice E. Ball.[5] When the piping voice at your side asks you to name the bird caroling in the tree, or flitting down the deep arch of the blue sky, and you answer with parental vagueness, "Oh, just another bird," when all the time it is an indigo bird, then your wisdom is forever suspect, and your child wants the Book of Knowledge for Christmas instead of that radio set (concerts nightly). All you must do is to read "Poems About Birds"[6]—a book whose first poem is composed by no less formidable an ancient than the venerable Bede—and learn bird habits from stories of vivid accuracy[7] and you are ready to recognize a redwing by the flirt of his tail.

The fabled tired business man is often only tired of business. From too much trampling in the subway, from hope of margins and fear of insurance agents set free, he disguises himself as a duckhunter and crouches all night in a damp swamp to learn that the darkest hour for ducks comes before dawn. He may have murderous intentions upon ruffed grouse, quail, woodcock, pheasant, or snipe. He buys a gun, acquires a dog, and goes right on with the shooting.[8] He may have no less murderous but less sanguinary intentions upon the little fishes in the sea, or the trout and bass that speckle the watery floors of lake or stream. The astute and experienced fisherman (be he a compleat angler

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[1] PLANNING YOUR GARDEN. By W. S. Rogers. Illustrated by the author. 301 pages. New York: Doubleday, Page. $1.75.

[2] THE SHAKESPEARE GARDEN. By Esther Singleton. With numerous Illustrations from photographs and old woodcuts. 345 pages. New York: The Century Company.

[3] THE HOME VEGETABLE GARDEN. By Ella M. Freeman. 207 pages. New York: Macmillan. $1.75.

[4] THE OLD ENGLISH HERBALS. By Eleanor Sinclair Rohde. 235 pages. London: Longmans, Green & Co. $7.

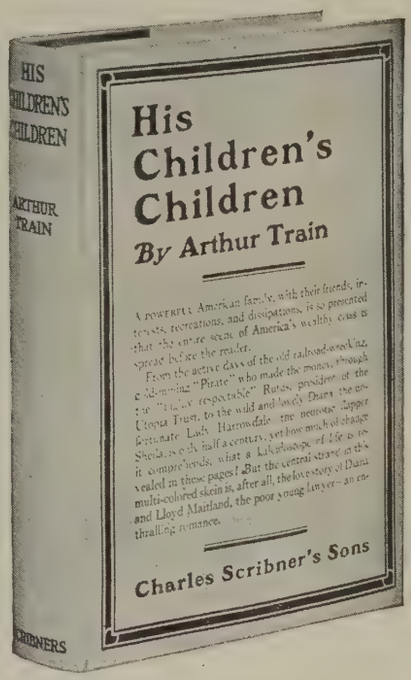
[5] BIRD BIOGRAPHIES. By Alice E. Ball. Illustrated by Robert Bruce Horsfall. 291 pages. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $5.

[6] POEMS ABOUT BIRDS. Chosen and edited by H. J. Massingham, with an Introduction by J. C. Squire. 406 pages. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

[7] KNOWING BIRDS THROUGH STORIES. By Floyd Bralliar. Illustrated by E. R. Kalmbach. 340 pages. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. $2.

[8] WING SHOOTING AND ANGLING. By Eugene V. Connett, 3rd. 226 pages. New York: Scribner's.

"One of the books of 1923 that will live beyond 1923."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*



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By Arthur Train

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and not an incomplete amateur) knows the most devious intricacies of fly-casting, wet-fly fishing, and dry-fly fishing, and how he may with most patience and address entice the reluctant finny bass into the waiting and hospitable boat. You don't put the bait on the hook in any old fashion. The way of the trout is not the way of the bass; and a tartog fishes with greatest eagerness upon a succulence of small green crabs. In spring and summer he who can, fishes; he who can't, plays chess. They offer equal fascinations in that they both require an infinite capacity for keeping still.

WOODCUT FROM THE TITLE PAGE OF THE "GRETE HERBALL." 1526

From "The Old English Herbals," by E. S. Rohde (Longmans).

Young people can not keep still hour after hour waiting for the early fish to catch the worm, and so they had better be occupied in discovering the wild flowers that star the fields and hillsides and lend enchantment to the long perspectives of the forest glades. In the football season all that most of us know about roses is that they cost six dollars a dozen, and they are hothouse roses born but to die in the crush and pandemonium as the fullback squirms triumphing across the goal-line. Even as we walk the fields where two is company, and a cow is always in the way, can we tell a large flowering trillium from a fringed polygala? Cypripedium parviflorum; cypripedium acaule; monarda fistulosa! Names monstrous like conjurements and boggling incantations! Yet it isn't as bad as all that, nor is an acquaintance with wild flowers a privilege reserved for scholars who have kept up their sonorous unintelligible Latin. You can just as easily know the wild flowers by their given English names, which already you know vaguely from the poets. We know that rosemary is for remembrance, whatever that means. It is more useful to know that in May you may look for the cardinal flower and the magenta, in June for the blueflag and the columbine, in August for the bluebell and the shamrock.[9] Music may not have charms to soothe the savage elephant breast. Even within that formidable tegument it may induce a sweet unrest. Yet a love of flowers is a sure sign and proof of the civilized man. Shakespeare's love of flowers reveals more than just a sentimental weakness. More than the other blood-clotted Elizabethan dramatists he may lay claim to the compassionate modern mind, which would rather linger over a marigold and larkspur than throw old shoon at the nocturnal cat.

NOTHING BETTER TO DO THAN TO PLAY ALL DAY

From "Putter Perkins," by Kenneth Brown. (Houghton Mifflin)

In our spring wanderings many of us will not get so far as the Malay jungles, where gigantical constrictors drag their slow length along. Even commutation rates wouldn't carry us to the bearded tiger in his den and the rhinoceros in his own particular private swamp. These quaint and curious quadrupeds, however, are snared by resolute men who penetrate into dismal sloughs and bring back the jungle folk for our contemplation in the wide areas of the Bronx Park.[10] We may there envisage a constrictor without active danger of its embrace. Most of us would rather trap a potato bug in its lair than an orang-utang in its ancestral tree. Yet once a hugeous ape is snared and drafted for overseas service we pay him the supreme compliment of free peanuts. A rhinoceros in a park is strange enough; a rhinoceros on a river's brim must be an horrific and appalling spectacle. The tank in the cage of the prisoned hippopotamus is not after all the Congo River, and not even a hippopotamus all hide and no brain can swim in his tank with the same splashy enthusiasm as in the Congo.

Not even a bachelor, of course, can afford a trip to Africa and see the animals living their own lives far from the hard stare of sweaty yokels at the circus. Recent moving pictures, however, have brought Africa, if not to our front door, at least to the theater, and also in the illustrations and pages of such a book as Major Stevenson - Hamilton's "Animal Life in Africa"[11] we may see the king of beasts in his rightful empire. Hyenas and jackals yammer like lost souls to the immense moon; vast herds of antelope and giraffe darken the ground and pass like a phantasmagoria before the vision; lions and chetas roar into the echoing night; the hippopotamus and rhinoceros gambol and snort in muddy rivers; a crocodile gapes for whom he may devour; the ostrich rises early on the wings of the morning and runs to the uttermost parts of the desert. If we wish to understand the balance of slaughter whereby Nature preserves her power we should remember that the birds of prey, African or American, are among the best friends of man in that they destroy uncounted multitudes of snakes and rodents and bugs. In the past farmers have shot hawks not wisely but too well; but now farmers as well as nature lovers are beginning to learn that

Photographed by Edwin Levick

NORMAN E. BROOKES

From "Singles and Doubles," by W. J. Tilden, 2d. (Doran)

[9] THE BOOK OF WILD FLOWERS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By F. Schuyler Matthews. Illustrated by the author. 387 pages. New York: Putnam's. $3.

[10] TRAPPING WILD ANIMALS IN MALAY JUNGLES. By Charles Mayer. 207 pages. New York: Duffield & Co.

[11] ANIMAL LIFE IN AFRICA. By Major J. Stevenson-Hamilton. 147 pages. New York: E. P. Dutton. $4

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By FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG

The Spectator says:

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every hawk is not to be shot at sight or every owl at dawn.

Every one loves to stroll through the cool recesses of the deep woods or observe the majesty of forests stippling the ridges of great mountains. Not every one realizes that the destruction of forests for commercial exploitation, or the carelessness of a single camper may in a day destroy what it has taken Nature centuries to build. The leveling of forests appears less cruel and sanguinary than the wanton murder of animals; and yet the cruelty is no less real, and the disappearance of forests no less certain than the disappearance of some of the most interesting wild animals. Buffaloes now walk at will on government preserves, and bears beg sugar from the kindly tourist; but people continue to regard forests as imperishable merely because they once appeared inexhaustible. Not their usefulness alone is cause for their protection. Every one of us would hate to imagine a time when forests are as extinct as the dodo and the giant sloth.

Our national forests[12] have been protected and preserved alone by the efforts of a little group of wilful men who refuse to let them die merely so that campers might go on throwing lighted cigarets and hot ashes all over the place. It is the most vicious of criminal carelessness to keep the camp-fires burning after you have gone back to the city and left a charred forest as a sacrifice to a complete holiday. When America was discovered, vast forests covered all the eastern and southern sections, and after an arid stretch of Western prairies floated like an enormous green sea from the Rockies to the Pacific. Half of the original forests have been cleared for farm industries and cities. The other half is still classified as forest land, but here, too, the forests have largely disappeared.[13] In this immolation the camper has had his disreputable share. Trees are as good citizens (tho without the vote) as many Democrats and Republicans.[14] The chief difference is that many voters are harmlessly moth-eaten with discredited ideas, whereas trees really are moth-eaten. We can not have too ceaseless a vigilance against insect and fire and commercial greed, lest the grandeur of forests perish from this earth.

FIFTEENTH-CENTURY GARDEN WITHIN CASTLE WALLS—FRENCH

From "The Shakespeare Garden," by Esther Singleton. (Century)

If on a camping trip you get lost in the woods, you promise to be a good boy and never throw lighted matches again. You decided to camp on the blissful ignorant assumption that in going back to nature all you needed was a kit and a glad smile. You then began to realize that a vacation has its responsibilities of preparation, and even as joyous and casual an escapade as camping is just as hard work as getting down to the office on Monday morning. Perhaps you can paddle your own canoe, and can more or less put up a tent, but rather less than more. Do you know how to avoid the poison squad of the woods, the venomous sumac and the deadly mushroom? If you don't, you will live to scratch and regret it. Woods etiquette, using a compass in the woods, sailing a boat, choosing a camp site, these are matters of serious culture on which your life may depend, or at least a good wetting. If you are wise you will know all about everything before you start. You can read it in a book[15] and it won't in any way lessen the wonderment of the seductive woods or the serene mirror of the glinting lake. Any dog can swim, but you would not be just any dog, and so you learn all the ingenious and diversified methods of propulsion whereby a man may breast the deep. Their name is not legion: they have much more interesting names, trudgeon and crawl, racing breast-stroke, and racing back-stroke, side-stroke and racing dive.[16] Nor is diving simply a question of rushing in where angels would fear to tread water. The plain front-dive, the swallow-dive, the front and back jack-knife. They are all you do not know yet, and all you need to know.

SHOOTING FROM A SINGLE BATTERY

From "Wing Shooting and Angling," by Eugene V. Connett, 3d. (Scribner)

A CAPTIVE ELEPHANT IN INDIA

From "Trapping Wild Animals in Malay Jungles," by Charles Mayer. (Duffield)

(*Continued on page 61*)

[12] The School Book of Forestry. By Charles Lathrop Pack. 157 pages. Philadelphia: The American Tree Association. $1.

[13] Our Vanishing Forests. By Arthur Newton Pack. 188 pages. New York: Macmillan. $2.

[14] Trees As Good Citizens. By Charles Lathrop Pack. 245 pages. Philadelphia: The American Tree Association. $2.

[15] Roughing It Smoothly. By Elon Jessup. 247 pages. New York: Putnam's. $2.50.

[16] Swimming and Diving. By Gerald Barnes. Illustrated with specially posed photographs. 140 pages. New York: Scribner's. $1.25.

Some Victorians and Others in Playful Mood

(*Continued from page 31*)

that "Diogenes himself had some difficulty in discovering Truth at the bottom of wells."

Such glimpses there are of nearly every author and actor of any note in London since the beginning of the century; unfortunately, however, they are glimpses so brief that they seldom have a chance to blossom into anecdotes. Having lived most of his life on the fringes of Bohemia, Mr. Wyndham has developed a somewhat cynical irreverence in the presence of the Great Ones, so that the things he does record about them are not the things which they would be most eager to immortalize. "Possibly our leading authors," he says, "look just a little more stupid and commonplace than ordinary individuals, but this is merely a matter of opinion." Some of them, he adds, especially the profest humorists, are not good at seeing jokes on themselves. When one of these, for instance, remarked that he frequently got inspiration for a paragraph while washing his hands, he became quite annoyed at the suggestion that he take a complete bath and get inspiration for a whole volume. By way of introduction to the obsequies of the numerous London comic papers that have perished in recent years, Mr. Wyndham remarks:

> One of the most depressing experiences I know is to read the average "comic" paper (alleged). This is probably why a supply of these dismal organs is always on hand in the waiting-rooms of dentists, the theory, of course, being that what happens subsequently in the operator's chair is a pleasant contrast.

This uncomplimentary opinion, one suspects, is the result of a difference of view-point between the author and certain editors as to what is comic and what is not; one editor regarded Mr. Wyndham's demand of payment at the rate of ten guineas a column as a cause for laughter.

Among the many London periodicals whose demise is recorded in Mr. Wyndham's pages is *Young Folks*, in whose columns Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped" ran serially. Its editor, James Henderson, gave "Treasure Island" its title, changing it from "The Sea Cook," the name which Stevenson had suggested. This editor's very modest ideas on prices are attested by the author of the present volume, who recalls a time when the now distinguished novelist A. S. M. Hutchinson was glad to get five shillings a week out of the cashier, and when Mr. Wyndham himself was fain to accept seven shillings sixpence as top price for an article or short story. He admits, however, that Mr. Henderson ran a free luncheon table in Red Lion Court, where contributors were welcome on Fridays, and where he received more in mutton chops than he was ever paid in cash.

Here is one of the many things told about Lord Northcliffe:

> It happened that, much to the annoyance of "the Chief"—who simply could not understand that anybody could ever want to leave his employment—the editor of one of his Sunday papers resigned, in order to accept a better job from a rival firm. Thereupon (so the tale goes), Northcliffe bestowed the vacant position upon a young man then occupying a very subordinate post on his staff. The next thing he did was to send for this fortunate youth and remark that he had also decided to make him a director.
>
> "Oh, thank you very much, my lord," returned the recipient of this unexpected bounty, almost prostrating himself on the floor with gratitude. "Very good, indeed, of your lordship to recognize me like this. I'm sure I don't know what I've done to deserve it."
>
> Northcliffe, however, who hated snobbery among his employees, cut this performance very short.
>
> "Don't worry yourself about that," he said grimly. "You haven't done anything. You're not nearly clever enough. I'm not making you a director because you deserve it, but just to show your predecessor, that ungrateful fool Gubbins, what he's missed by leaving me."

Historians probably will find slim pickings in Mr. Wyndham's book, but by the same token the entertainment-seeker will find no dull pages.

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DM

Building a Lighthouse for the Blind

Tales of Heroism and Fine Achievement

ONE of the saddest of war's grim aftermaths is the host of men of the combatant nations blinded by rifle bullet and shrapnel burst. Many of them in an agony of despair took their own lives, but the great majority lived on with a pitiable, desperate hope that they might still be of some service in the world. Life, even in perpetual darkness, was sweet. To these unfortunates a few generous, truly altruistic men and women came with the message that they could not only be of service to themselves but to others. They could be taught to "see" with fingers sensitized and grown uncannily perceptive—Nature's partial compensation for their great loss. The pioneer in this magnificent work was a woman who had the soul, the vision and the unconquerable determination of a Florence Nightingale. Miss Winifred Holt found in working for the sightless the field that gave greatest scope for her unusual talents, and her labors in that field have won her the love and admiration not merely of those she has so nobly aided but of all who appreciate the pathos and misery of the helpless blind.

WINIFRED HOLT

In "The Light Which Cannot Fail" Miss Holt (now Mrs. Mather) has collected brief tales of heroic blind men and women, written at odd times during the last ten years.* If there is a more profoundly tragic note in those which deal with the war blind—because, in the plenitude of youth and strength, the light was taken from them—there is as well a tenderness of sentiment, a spiritual quality in the others that makes its particular appeal.

The first "Lighthouse" for the blind was established in New York before the war. There for several years the work, largely experimental, progressed. It was found that the blind were capable of doing efficiently many more things than tuning pianos and making cane-bottom chairs. They could model skilfully in clay, weave, type, even excel in certain factory operations. Indeed, during the agonizing war years, blind workers in French munition factories daily produced one-third more shell casings than their seeing comrades. When Miss Holt went to France in 1915 to establish in Paris the Phare de France it was not with the idea of simply caring for the unfortunates blinded in battle, solacing them in their tragic misfortune, but to teach them how to become self-sustaining and self-respecting members of the community. She was able to demonstrate that, far from being a living death, blindness might prove a key to a new life far more contented than the old. That her success in this effort was phenomenal those who have followed the matter in the public press already know. But the book does far more than confirm an acknowledged fact. Having dedicated herself to the cause of the blind, Miss Holt appears to have compiled this volume with a double purpose:

First, to bring to the public's attention by the frank appeal of true stories the fine courage of these unfortunates, and their innate capacity for working out their salvation if only given a little encouragement and help; secondly, to impress the fact that blindness, except in war time, is preventable. We must fight the conditions that cause it as we fight tuberculosis, pneumonia and other well recognized diseases.

Perhaps the most interesting section of the book is Part III, which is sub-titled "A Handbook for the Blind and Their Friends." Miss Holt discusses in these chapters the psychology of the blind, their point of view, how to approach and stimulate them to productive effort. As their affliction makes them far more sensitive than the more fortunate, tactfulness is essential in all who come in contact with them, if the best results are to be hoped for. On this point the author warns:

> *Never be hasty,* no matter how firm you are. To be patient does not mean to be sentimental or patronizing. First, be sure that the man knows of his blindness: then speak directly, frankly about it, using ordinary tact. *Never use the third person* when speaking of the blind who are present. Avoid offensive queries such as: "Does he see at all?" "Does he eat?" "Can he work?" Blind people are quite as sensitive as the rest of us to being treated as if they were imbecile. Accept blindness as a misfortune, later to be reduced to an "inconvenience" as a blind member of Parliament finely called it. By so doing, teach your blind man to take it as a matter of course. Never pity him or let him degenerate into self-pity. If possible, he should look on his handicap as a spur to urge him to feats of patience, endurance, and prowess which otherwise he would not and could not have accomplished.

Altho marriage has been the best solution of many a blind man's problems, an unsuitable union is of course far more tragic than would be the case if both had full possession of their faculties. We are reminded that the first French soldiers blinded in battle were deluged with proposals, and in a great many cases the resultant marriages were far from successful. Even when the spinsters were actuated by the purest of motives and had no thought of pensions or of a husband who could not keep an embarrassingly close watch over their activities, it frequently happened that the maternal solicitude, the unselfish devotion essential in such cases, was lacking. These sentimental women soon found that, in the sober light of the daily round, life with a blind man was for them a torment. Therefore Miss Holt, with the wisdom of experience, offers this advice:

> Say to him, don't marry in haste and repent in leisure. Make doubly sure, before you ask any one to share your lot, that you are not only in love, but that your love rests on an enduring basis of congeniality of temperament and taste. Be sure that the wolf will not drive your affection from the door, and that you are choosing a wife who is sufficiently strong in mind, body, amiability and charity to stand the strain which the marriage to a blind man will, even under the most favorable conditions, inevitably impose upon her.

Even those who are not personally interested in the blind will find in this book clear definitions and solutions of the problems every community and every individual must ponder, if all are to do their human duty by the afflicted.

*THE LIGHT WHICH CANNOT FAIL. By Winifred Holt. 419 pages. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50.

The Mystery and Charm of W. H. Hudson

(*Continued from page 15*)

Hudson says in Chapter XI of "A Hind in Richmond Park,"[8] of the Upland Plover. This beautiful bird is really not a plover at all, but a sandpiper, because it has a heel, and plovers have no heels. Its proper name, as Hudson gives it, is the "Bartramian sandpiper." It loves dry, grassy meadows and pastures, has a wonderful trill in singing, and whenever it alights, places the tips of its wings tight together above its head, as tho it were doing one of Walter Camp's setting-up exercises. Hudson says that in South America he used to see literally millions of these birds every year, and now they are doomed to extinction. When I was a small boy, I used to see them in a field at Cottage Grove, near Hartford, Connecticut; and they still visit my place in Michigan every spring; but they always leave about the twentieth of July. I never understood why migratory birds leave so long before there is any reason for it until I read the chapters about migration in this book. The subject of migration is originally treated by Hudson, and is based not on any theory, but exclusively on his observations in Argentina, the best place in the world to find the facts.

I dare say some of the readers of this review, provided they have got as far as this sentence, would find some advice about reading Hudson not impertinent; and to those who do not know their Hudson, I suggest that they read "Green Mansions" first, and then "The Purple Land." They will be so thrilled by these two romances that they will wish to know everything possible about the man who wrote them, and they can not be restrained from reading his other books. Next in order they should read "El Ombu," and then "Far Away and Long Ago." After this should come "Idle Days in Patagonia," containing that marvelous thirteenth chapter, which was such a favorite with William James. Now we can leave Patagonia, and the reader should take up "Afoot in England,"[9] to be succeeded by "A Shepherd's Life,"[10] and "A Hind in Richmond Park," his last work. By this time one will not be content until one has read everything; the "Naturalist in La Plata,"[11] and all the bird-books—"Birds of La Plata,"[12] "Adventures Among Birds,"[13] "Birds in Town and Village,"[14] "Birds and Man"[15]—and then "Dead Man's Plack and an Old Thorn,"[16] "A Traveller in Little Things,"[17] "The Book of a Naturalist,"[18] and "A Little Boy Lost."[19]

It is good tidings that there is to be a complete and beautiful edition of Hudson. E. P. Dutton & Co. are to publish this in twenty-four volumes, during the next twelve months. There will be 750 sets for England and 100 sets for the United States. Their appearance will be worthy of the literature they contain.

It is essential that there should also be published a full and authoritative biography of Hudson, with a collection of letters. I believe this is more to be desired just now than any other "Life" that I can think of.

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[8] A Hind in Richmond Park. By W. H. Hudson. Dutton & Co.

[9] Afoot in England. By W. H. Hudson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

[10] A Shepherd's Life. Illustrated. By W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

[11] The Naturalist in La Plata. Illustrated. By W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

[12] Birds of La Plata. By W. H. Hudson. Two Volumes, Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

[13] Adventures Among Birds. Illustrated. By W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

[14] Birds in Town and Village. Illustrated. By W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

[15] Birds and Man. By W. H. Hudson. Alfred A. Knopf.

[16] Dead Man's Plack and an Old Thorn. By W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

[17] A Traveller in Little Things. By W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

[18] The Book of a Naturalist. By W. H. Hudson. New York: George H. Doran Co.

[19] A Little Boy Lost. By W. H. Hudson. Alfred A. Knopf.

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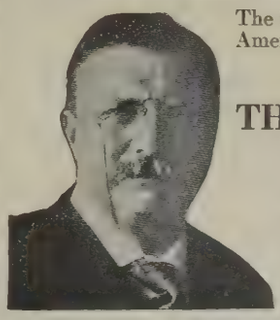

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With the Makers of Books in America

I.—*The House of Putnam*

PUTNAM'S is one of the oldest publishing houses in the United States. It began to do business on lower Broadway, New York, eighty-six years ago, and since then it has occupied ten different quarters on its journey uptown. Its growth has followed closely the growth of New York, and its history parallels in a large measure the history of the publishing business in America.

When in 1837 George Palmer Putnam came to New York from Brunswick, Maine, he discovered among other things that publishing was beset with more difficulties than merely finding authors and printing their books. Judged by present-day standards, the ethics of the business were interpreted with considerable freedom.

For example, it was a common practise among publishers to "pirate" the successful English novels of the day and sell them in this country without paying royalties to the author. The same state of affairs held in England, and the English or American author who was so fortunate as to have achieved a best-seller in his own country could frequently look to a corresponding popularity for his work on the other side of the water without, however, the added flavor of pecuniary reward. Mr. Putnam was largely responsible for doing away with this kind of evil.

BROADWAY BY GASLIGHT, SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

"Here we have a fine characteristic picture, drawn for us by A. Hill, and engraved by Damoreau, representing Broadway by gaslight. Its spirit will be acknowledged by all who see it, and its truthfulness by those who are best conversant with its localities. Prominent in the line of buildings on the right is the Broadway Theater, with its line of glittering lamps, and the people pouring into the vestibule. On the other side of the street are several noted places—Putnam's bookstore, Taylor's famous saloon, Brady's daguerreotype rooms. That fine corps, the New York Light Guard, are seen filing along the sidewalk, on their return from a parade. The flag in the distance floats from the Liberty pole at the corner of Grand Street. The street, itself crowded with omnibuses and private teams, presents its usual crowded aspect, the confusion being increased by an alarm of fire, in obedience to which a fire company with their machine and lanterns are dashing madly in the direction indicated by the signals. The whole picture will call up many agreeable reminiscences."—*From Gleason's Pictorial Weekly, February 4, 1854.*

It happened that not long after he had come to New York Mr. Putnam went to London and opened a branch office there (incidentally making Putnam's the first American house to do business directly in England), and the result was that it enabled him to view the publishing situation from both sides of the water.

From that time until his death in 1872 he was an international figure, not only in the publishing world, but in the larger sphere of Anglo-American understanding. During his early residence in London he wrote a book whose purpose was to provide Englishmen with what they seemed (to him) most to be lacking, namely, some plain facts about the United States and its inhabitants. The title shows that he believed in doing a job thoroughly. It was called, "American Facts: Notes and Statistics Relating to the Government, Resources, Engagements, Manufactures, Commerce, Religion, Education, Literature, Fine Arts, Manners, and Customs of the United States of America."

In spite of the fact that, when it was published, one English reviewer, who evidently preferred to cherish his own opinions, wrote: "We have had quite enough both of their facts and of their fictions," it was well received and proved valuable in helping to counteract the absurd impressions which many of the English people of that time held regarding us.

But the most important result of Mr. Putnam's strivings toward amity was the final effecting of an international copyright law. Throughout his lifetime he fought unceasingly in a cause which involved a basic principle of business ethics, and before his death he had the satisfaction of having inaugurated the series of Copyright Leagues which culminated, under the direction of his son, Major George Haven Putnam, the present head of the house, in the enactment of the copyright law of 1891.

During the course of its existence the Putnam house has published the works of many of America's distinguished writers. In 1848 the publication of Washington Irving's works was begun. In the same year the Putnams introduced James Russell Lowell to the public with his "Fable for Critics." Two years later they brought out an edition of James Fenimore Cooper. Susan Warner, of "The Wide, Wide World" fame, Dr. Mayo, Miss Sedgwick, Myrtle Reed, Cynthia Stockley, Anna Katharine Green and other well-known writers came out under the Putnam imprint. In other fields than fiction the Putnams have sponsored some notable works. In their series of the "Writings of the Fathers

of the Republic" (1844) they illumined American history with the works of such distinguished lights as Hamilton, Franklin, Jay, Jefferson, Lincoln, Thomas Paine and others. They have published Roosevelt's "Winning of the West," the works of Carl Schurz, and numerous contributions in science, theology, art and education.

It was characteristic of Mr. Putnam that in his business methods he established his own precedents and followed his own traditions. Where he found doubtful practises he substituted sound principles, and by strict adherence to these principles he was able to accomplish reforms which revolutionized certain aspects of the publishing business.

Along in the early 1850's the magazine editors did most of their editing by using the shears upon English periodicals. They reprinted whatever they thought would interest their own readers, and original contributions were comparative rarities. It was at this time that *Putnam's Monthly* came into existence, and Mr. Putnam startled the publishing world by announcing that his magazine would contain nothing but original contributions. Altho it suspended publication during the financial crisis of 1857, its influence was such as practically to revolutionize the literary and publishing standards of the day.

On the death of Mr. Putnam the firm was reorganized by his three sons and became known as G. P. Putnam's Sons. Major George Haven Putnam, whose army rank dates from the Civil War, succeeded his father when he was twenty-eight years old. He has been head of the firm for fifty-one years. The heaviest part of the responsibility that had passed into his hands was that of conserving and cultivating the fruit of his father's labors. Adequate protection for English and American authors, a better understanding between the peoples of both countries—these have been his chief aims. Major Putnam is to-day the secretary of the Copyright League, having reorganized it after his father's death and secured the enactment of the copyright law. He is also president of the Free Trade League, and one of the founders of the English-Speaking Union. His activities for Anglo-American friendship are well known.

Aside from the many best-sellers which have been associated with the Putnam name in recent years, perhaps this firm's most notable achievement was the publication last year of the "Outline of Science." And now it is to bring out some time this year an "Outline of Literature and Art," a work which should be particularly appropriate in view of the part that the house of Putnam has played in the literary growth of the country.

Mr. Irvin Cobb Makes Revelations by the Stick

(*Continued from page 27*)

provocateurs of news. Every newspaper throws away nightly more than it prints; of what it does print hardly anything escapes the blue pencil and shears of the copyreader, so much so that a column story often appears as five lines; and with all this care there still remain in most newspaper offices large amounts of copy that have actually been set up by the compositors, but for which there never was room. These orphans of the galley sheets are technically known as "the overproof."

"Stickfuls" deserves reading by every one who wants to get an understanding of the newspaper business given brightly but very earnestly. The last quarter of the book trails off into mere reminiscence, and the last chapter should never have been included at all. It is in Mr. Cobb's horsiest style, and reads as if it had been ordered at some time by a magazine editor who wanted the earliest and clowniest form of Cobbery. These exceptions mar the unity of an otherwise ably conceived and ably executed book.

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A Main Street Picture of Washington

Harvey Fergusson's "Capitol Hill"

THE realization that the rosy-hued spectacles through which we view an old tradition are manufactured by our own illusions does not in the least lessen our consternation when some one comes along and rudely dashes them from our eyes. We like to imagine things as they should be. We like to think (at least, for public consumption) that our institutions, the apex of democracy, are all holy white Greek temples where the sacred fire is tended by zealous priests. We like to imagine these things, but, of course, we know they are not so. The white bubble of the dome of the capitol at Washington stands for an ideal, but when we wave sentimentalism aside we realize that it also stands for a great many other things, among them being a rapacious materialism that is successful because of its own disillusionment. When a writer comes along and tears the romantic veils from the actuality we are indignant not so much because we believe him untruthful but because we do not like to have our rosy spectacles pulled from our eyes. It is like rubbing salt in a wound that had been forgotten.

HARVEY FERGUSSON

And this is what Mr. Harvey Fergusson does in his extremely skilful novel, "Capitol Hill." He paints Washington, the capital of the country, and does it without an iota of sentimentalism. The book falls into the classification of local realistic fiction. It builds up by the use of small instances, typical characters, and an intimate presentation of atmosphere an existence from which all veils have been torn. In a certain degree the book does for Washington what "Main Street" did for the small mid-Western town and what "Babbitt" did for the hustling young city. Taken in its entirety it is not a pleasant picture, and there will undoubtedly be a host of readers who will point out that Mr. Fergusson has emphasized the materialistic side of his scene at the expense of its more idealistic qualities. He may have done this, but the book so smacks of reality, of intimate knowledge and sureness of facts, that the conviction persists that "Capitol Hill" is in nowise greatly distorted. Mr. Fergusson himself outlines the objective of his novel in a speech placed in the mouth of the one sympathetic personage of consequence in the book. This is Henry Lambert, a newspaper man with literary ambitions, and Lambert, it may be suspected, is the author himself thinly disguised.

The book primarily is the Odyssey of the career of Ralph Dolan, but the adventures—emphatically materialistic—of this typical young American are set against the fluctuating, disillusioning background of Washington life, official and private, stretching from the last year of the Taft administration and coming down to the after-war period. Ralph is offered as a fair example of the young man who takes to Washington intrigue and materialism as a duck does to water, and who consequently makes an obvious success of his life. It is only the idealists who fail in Washington. It is only the men with dreams, the impractical prophets of the millennium, who find the city a hard and stony road. Ralph is a fleshly young fellow with not enough erudition to hold him back, with a somewhat blunted moral sense, an opportunist who places the money consideration above all others. He comes to Washington with a few dollars and passes through the great mill in various capacities, a waiter in a small restaurant, a folder of endless speeches in the mail-room of the House Office Building, a secretary to a Representative, a newspaper man, a lobbyist, a director of war-time publicity and eventually the rich head of a great national organization. All things come to him because he is sly, merciless, a born conspirator and a man without any ideals. Money and power are his goals, and he does not have to sacrifice any particular principles, because he has none. And yet Ralph is not a bad character. He is only the natural product of the crass materialism of American life. His nearest approach to idealism is an indulgence in infrequent sentimentalism, but even this is not permitted to clog the wheels of his inevitable approach toward success.

Naturally, the various phases through which Ralph passes bring him into contact with typical examples of the individuals that make up Washington life. The ignorant and calculating politician awarded with a seat in the House of Representatives for fidelity to the Party, the futile idealist who has by some miracle reached that goal, the disillusioned newspapermen who make public opinion and are not too particular for absolute truth, the lobbyists fiendishly clever who are past masters of intrigue and who control Congressmen by obtaining a material power over them, the relics of past administrations who carry on their pitiful life in a whirling city that has ceased to take them seriously, the socially ambitious women with daughters for sale to the highest bidders, the emancipated young women who poured into Washington during the war, even the women of easy virtue—all these pass through the pages of the book, coming into contact with Ralph; and he uses them as best he may for his ultimate advancement.

Particularly impressive is the picture of wartime Washington, with its numberless headquarters, its influenza epidemic, its hectic rush and whirl and loosening of all moral values. The crowded city is almost hysterical because of a letting down of

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CAPITOL HILL. By Harvey Fergusson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

all bars. Through this uproar Ralph pursues his way untouched, anxious only to avoid active service and to secure a safe berth with some organization that will pay him a huge salary. He finds it in the Red Cross headquarters. One of the finest portraits in the book is that of Colonel Bleason, Ralph's superior, the owner of a chain of newspapers, a hard-drinking, sentimental ignoramus, leavened only by an impressive appearance and a certain small-town shrewdness.

The women in the book are for the most part unsympathetic. One or two do touch a chord in the reader; the woman of the streets, for instance, who becomes Ralph's companion for a time, until her wretched death; and the long-limbed, reckless, bob-haired secretary of Colonel Bleason, who is swept away by the influenza epidemic. These women live their lives with a sturdy, unreckoning intensity. But the others are schemers with Materialism as their god.

The book as a whole is unpleasant, for it is written with an absolute disregard for sentimental values. Here are characters unlovely, small, mean and pitiful, but who yet possess certain admirable traits. These traits merely emphasize the lack of ideals as a whole in their possessors. The brisk style of Mr. Fergusson, unassuming and never attempting fireworks, is a pleasure.

Ancient Egypt in Modern Fiction

(*Continued from page 19*)

in Alexandria, and the most famous of the Khalifs, Haroun-al-Raschid himself, pass judgment on the Lady Heliodore, a Coptic Christian, descendant of the ancient Pharaohs, and upon her lover Olaf, who in an earlier incarnation had loved a princess of Egypt, and still wore the chain of gold and inlaid shells and emerald beetles known as "The Wanderer's Necklace."[10]

There are two themes closely connected with ancient Egypt which seem particularly to attract modern writers. First, the reincarnation idea, used by Marie Corelli in her tale of "Ziska," best dealt with by Algernon Blackwood in his wonderfully impressive novel "The Wave,"[11] where the drama whose first scenes were played in the Egypt of old is brought to a climax in the Egypt of our own day, the Egypt of ruins and excavations. And second only to the reincarnation theme, is that of the curse laid upon those who violate a tomb, and disturb the long slumber of its inhabitant.

Lord Carnarvon's tragic death, which some of the superstitious have attributed to other than natural causes, has brought new attention to this theme, so thrillingly handled by Bram Stoker in his tale, now out of print, "The Jewel of the Seven Stars," so superbly used by Algernon Blackwood in one of the best of his remarkable "John Silence"[12] stories—"The Nemesis of Fire." About the silent mummy, laid to rest so many thousands of years ago, the priests of Egypt, who were also magicians, had woven their spells, spells which enabled them "to attach to the mummy, to lock up with it in the tomb, an elemental force that would direct itself even after ages upon any one who dared molest it."

So emerging little by little out of the silence of the ages and the veils of mist which the passing years wrapt round her until she was all but completely hidden beneath them, ancient Egypt is slowly emerging, revealed not only by the researches of the archeologist, but by the magic of the fiction writer who knows how to use the archeologist's discoveries, whose imagination has power to reconstruct the ancient splendors. So are we able to witness the stupendous drama of Egypt's dominance and Egypt's decadence, her glory and her decay, her mysterious, mystical influence which can still enthrall the minds of men, Egypt the magnificent, dead—and immortal.

[10] "The Wanderer's Necklace." By H. Rider Haggard. With frontispiece. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.

[11] "The Wave." By Algernon Blackwood. E. P. Dutton & Co.

[12] "John Silence." By Algernon Blackwood. E. P. Dutton & Co.

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A BOOK A WEEK

is coming from our presses this year. Our current list of publications is the best we have ever issued: all of them are, in our opinion, distinguished by textual excellence and physical attractiveness. We list below a few of our latest publications which we especially recommend.

Cécile Tormay

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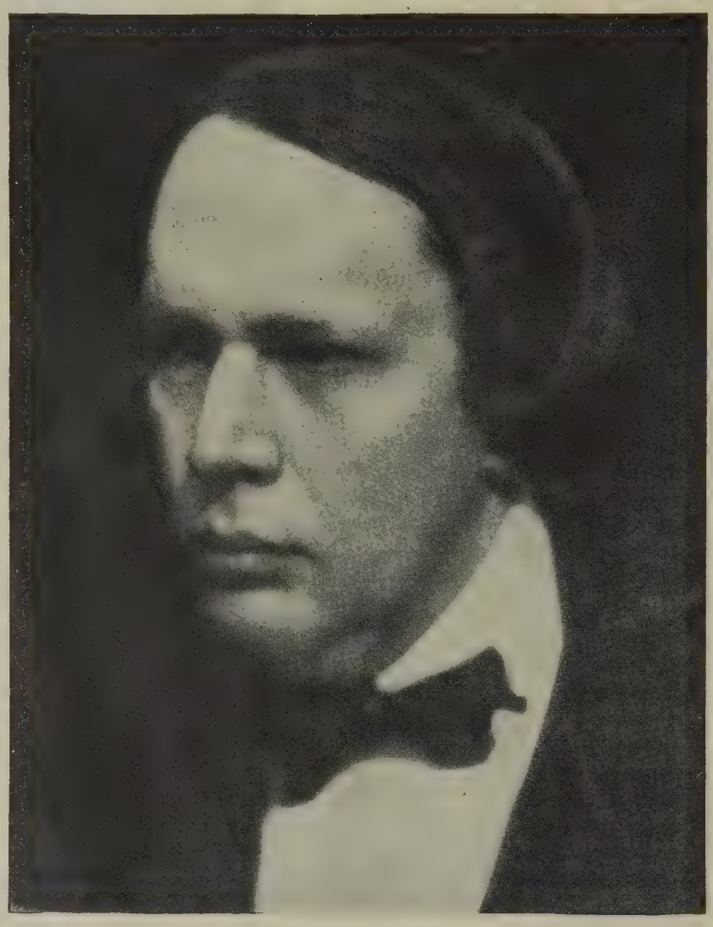
The Russian Revolution in a Novel

By Alexander I. Nazaroff

COUNT TOLSTOY'S "The Road to Calvary,"* which is the first attempt at depicting in a novel the downfall of the Russian Empire, has already become something of an event in world literature. Its original Russian text was published at Paris in 1920–1921. Toward the end of 1922 it was translated into French, German, Czech, and Norwegian, and scored an unusual success all over Europe. Now it has been put into English.

Count Alexey Nicholaievich Tolstoy is the third Tolstoy in Russian literature (he is a very distant relative of Leo Tolstoy and of the author of "Tzar Theodor"). He began his literary career in the first decade of the present century, and, apparently without effort, achieved brilliant results. Even at that time a Russian critic said of him: "He writes just as easily and naturally as he breathes." On the eve of the Great War he already ranked among the most outstanding Russian writers. He has shown himself a master of subtle psychological analysis; but with this he combines a still greater talent for handling complicated plots. He writes in short, concise sentences,throbbing with life and color. His characterizations are brief, sharp, and salient: the atmosphere of his novels and stories is fresh, wholesome, full of sunshine and of youthful, humorous warmth. He has never been sidetracked by abstractions or by political-purpose writing, a curse which has burned out many a Russian talent (for instance, that of Gorky). He never preaches, nor does he "expose" for satirical purposes. He is an esthete and artist, above all. Such are some of the characteristics of his pre-war plays, short stories, and novels. Of the latter, three should be mentioned: "Transvolgia," "The Lame Gentlemen," and "Two Lives."



ALEXEY TOLSTOY

The Bolshevist Revolution expelled him from Russia, but did not kill his resourceful talent. Moreover, he matured as a writer, and, in the light of the great catastrophe, surpassed by far his pre-war achievements. In the last few years he has written a score of plays, one of which, "Love—The Golden Book," was translated into French and produced with great success in Paris; also several volumes of short stories, and three novels.

"The Road to Calvary" is Count Tolstoy's masterpiece. It opens on the eve of the Great War. Against a background of the perverse, beautiful, proud, and unhealthy Petersburg the author sketches a tender portrait of a young girl, Dasha, who, at the age of awakening womanhood, has come from a remote province to live with her sister, and to study. Katya, the sister, is married to a prosperous lawyer, Smokovnikov, and their house is one of the centers of a feverish intellectual and artistic life. This gives the author an opportunity to unfold gradually before our eyes a magnificent panorama of the decadence and mental bewilderment which reigned at that time over the Russian middle-class intelligentsia. Katya, at heart a good, simple-minded woman, is carried away by the latest and most extravagant artistic fashions. Her apartment is decorated with futuristic paintings. Her dinner parties are attended by a cynical and noisy crowd of literary critics, radical lawyers, modernistic poets, etc. Dasha is also absorbed into this atmosphere. We see her at the Philosophical Evenings Society, where, cheered by the younger section of the audience, an unknown speaker shouts out in rage that "world economics will strike the first blow of the iron fist on the dome of the Church. . . ." And here are the "Splendid Blasphemies"—a meeting at a futuristic club, where verses are read in exaggeratedly passionate voices about all sorts of forbidden themes.

It is in the midst of this frenzied, artificial and feverish mental decomposition that Dasha meets Ivan Ilyitch Teliegin, a modest engineer, throbbing with manliness and unsophisticated moral health. Her instinct of self-preservation attracts her to him, but at the same time she is intoxicated by the apotheosis of sin and perversity then dominating intellectual Russia. For "such was Petersburg in the year 1914. Worn out with sleepless nights, drowning its despair in wine, gold, loveless love, in the insistent strains of the tango—the death hymn—it lived as if in expectancy of the terrible and fatal day. . . . The new and incomprehensible crept in through every crevice." And the feeling of an inevitable catastrophe creeps gradually into the reader's own heart, growing stronger with every page. As the novel progresses, Count Tolstoy amalgamates into his sparkling, nervous narrative new characters, new backgrounds and situations. His enormous canvas spreads wider and wider, the stream of his novel grows and swells in volume.

The plot develops with equal rapidity. Katya does not love her husband. In the midst of the intellectual frenzy going on in her house she painfully feels her own emptiness. It is this feeling that makes her for a night the mistress of Bezsonov, a poet finding inspiration in a dull and bottomless immorality. Dasha also is fascinated by this man, whom she loathes, but to whom she is attracted by a painful, irresistible passion. But the discovery of his relations with Katya awakens her healthy, womanly self, and her friendship with Teliegin begins to develop into love.

The catastrophe, however, approaches. A strike and a riot at the factory where Teliegin works; the cold cynicism of a crowd of dockworkers on the Volga, where Dasha travels—every

*THE ROAD TO CALVARY. By Alexey Tolstoy. Translated by Mrs. R. S. Townsend. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

stone laid by Count Tolstoy's artful hand makes you feel that one blow will be sufficient to transform the great Empire into dust.

In a fashionable summer resort of the Crimea, Dasha learns in mute amazement that war is declared. Teliegin is called to the colors and sent to the front. Here the novel overflows the limits of individual lives: the whole of Russia, with its peasants and soldiers, its war-profiteers and saints, its romantic history and passionate impulses, passes struggling and palpitating before our eyes. Every scene at the front, in the trenches, is a masterpiece. The wild-animal enthusiasm of a rapid attack, the dull fatigue of sleepless nights and incessant shooting, the havoc and despair of retreat and defeat are sketched with laconic precision and crude vividness. Every little detail is concrete, every soldier is a living, clear-cut individual, just as is Prince Dolgoruky, who, leading the Imperial Guards into battle, "walked about under machine-gun fire with a cigar in his mouth and habitually swore in French."

Teliegin is wounded and taken prisoner. It is then that Dasha becomes fully conscious of her love for him. Feeling in every fiber the pitiless horror of the war, she now abhors the unstable moods and refined nonsense which had dominated her soul only two years before. Meanwhile Teliegin is sentenced to death by the Austrian authorities for a crime which he has not committed. He succeeds, however, in escaping audaciously from the camp and in making his way back to Russia. From Moscow, where he stays a week with Dasha, he is sent as an engineer to a munition plant in Petersburg. It is there that the symptoms of the impending revolution condense in heavy clouds. The rhythm of the narrative becomes precipitate. The spirit of upheaval permeates every page. Dull, grim dissatisfaction, labor troubles, the unrestrained folly of the night cabarets, where for a minute looms Rasputin's smiling face; general bewilderment and growing demoralization—such are the elements masterfully accumulated.

The strain in the suffocating atmosphere is so great that you are almost relieved when crowds begin to assemble in the streets and the first machine-gun shots are heard. The incoherent confusion, the tragedy, and the enthusiasm of these momentous days are transmitted in rapidly shifting, fragmentary scenes with unsurpassed power and accuracy. And then follows the catastrophe, as wild and tragic as all this preparation has led the reader to expect. Both sisters, however, emerge spiritually purified.

Such is the scope of this powerful, fascinating book. It is a historical novel in the sense that you see how separate actions and moods of numberless individual characters summarize the downfall of a great empire. History organically grows out of the psychological plot. The acting characters in Count Tolstoy's pages are almost numberless, as are also the scenes, landscapes, situations; but the author has attained such a degree of esthetic unity that no one of them can be dropt or shifted.

Unfortunately, the English translation fails at many points to do full justice to the original. The fine flavor of the author's style is seldom caught, and there are even a few inaccuracies.

Alexander III and Leo Tolstoy

IN THE Russian State Archives, among the papers of General Cherevin, which have been removed from the Anichkov Palace, there is an autograph note by Alexander III, characteristic of his attitude toward Leo Tolstoy. To the note is annexed a proof-sheet of I. Palimpsestov's review of Tolstoy's play, "The Power of Darkness." The review was published in No. 10 of the *Moscow Zerkovny Vedomosti* (Moscow Church Journal) for 1886, and it was evidently that review which called forth Czar Alexander's note, which, judged from the evidence available, was addrest to Cherevin. This is the text of the note:

"I shall talk this over with you at your first audience. An end ought to be put to this disgusting behavior of L. Tolstoy; he is a pure nihilist and an atheist. It would not be wrong to forbid now the sale of his play, 'The Power of Darkness'; he has already managed to sell quite enough of that abomination and to spread it amongst the people.—A."

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("Aguecheek") Foreword by Henry Garrity

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In This Month's Fiction Library

Joseph Greer and His Daughter

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER'S new novel, "Joseph Greer and His Daughter," is a sound piece of fictional art which can be read for its human interest, without bothering about anything else—yet which compels brooding thought of its subject matter, once the story is laid aside. While in no sense didactic, and at furthest remove from thesis, it makes you think about Chicago, about America, about our contemporary native life. Moreover, frank and open-eyed as it is in studying that so-complex thing, human nature—even suggesting Dreiser at times in the plain-spoken presentation of type and scene—it possesses a balanced normality which illustrates the right sort of truth-telling; it stands for the literary realism which is also reality, because the light and shade of life are properly blended.

Essentially, the book is character study, a cross-section of family psychology seen under a microscope, without myopic distortion. The conception of both Greers, Joseph the father, Beatrice the daughter, is freshly original, yet convincing, and certainly of great attraction. I have never met a Joseph Greer, any more than I have a Joseph Vance; but I accept him, sans hesitation, as I did DeMorgan's creation. He is believable and likable, this imperfect creature who has good enough in him to make us sympathetic and forgiving. He is superbly motivated, and rings true. Likewise you feel that his child, suddenly thrown as a young woman into the filial relation with her spectacular parent, would turn out much as she did in her attitude to her father and in her subsequent marriage, which so outraged Greer. Family history and environment take care of this, as well as the handling of the character itself. The reaction on Greer, by way of grief and disappointment, helps firmly to sketch in his own personality; indeed, properly, Beatrice, tho an admirable portrait by herself, is kept subordinate to the great object of the novel—the full-length study of Joseph Greer.

Greer is as distinctive as a mid-West promoter as is Babbitt as a mid-West booster, with this difference: Babbitt is familiar, recognizable, almost a stencil figure; we pay him the compliment of "recognition," in Henry James's phrase. Greer has an alien quality, an unpredicableness, which means "surprize," James's other word to explain the twin lures of all fiction. We take Greer as true, but he piques us, is something that has not before swum into our ken. Therefore he is a higher form of character creation.

The plot, always centering in Greer's manipulation of his invention, while a circle of business men strive to manipulate him to his disaster, is solidly a framework for this unforgetable middle figure; those who want story interest can have it here. But long after the fable is forgotten, Greer will remain to allure, breed questions, quicken the imagination. The eight or ten subsidiary figures interwoven with the Greers to give that three-dimensional effect of life which a real novel should always impart, but often doesn't, are splendidly done, adding contour and color to the composition: Jennie, Greer's secretary; Violet, the light wife of Greer's rival, who so nearly goes over the precipice with him; Henry, the clerk (he might be described as the *raisonneur* of the play) and his sophisticated sister, Margaret; Burns, Beatrice's honest chauffeur-husband—to say nothing of the business group with whom Greer is associated—they are all clearly limned, with many a shrewd thrust into the heart of human actions and reactions. They not only win credence, but awaken admiration for the skill and truth of the portrayal. Yet, as implied, they can all be seen as feeders to the purpose of building up Greer. But they are not types, they are veritable flesh-and-blood men and women, like the rest of us.

Perhaps it seems hardly fair to call such a character as Jennie minor, in any sense. She looms up four-square and dominant in her touching, dog-like devotion to her employer, and one of the finest things in the story is the representation of their relation as something far more than mere sex-pull. I am tempted to cry out, "Thank God, here is *one* contemporary novelist who isn't Freud-mad!"

By such a performance, it seems to me, Mr. Webster takes his place with the very few authors of fiction who probe beneath the surface, preserve sanity, and have adequate technique to handle material. The book is a distinctive and worthy addition to our native product in fiction. RICHARD BURTON.

JOSEPH GREER AND HIS DAUGHTER: A NOVEL. By Henry Kitchell Webster. 489 pages. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.

Times Have Changed

ELMER DAVIS has used his experience as a teacher, together with an intimate acquaintance with the topography of Long Island, to write what may be termed a near-mystery story which, beginning in rather a perfunctory manner, gathers force as it proceeds, until it winds up in a whirl of excitement. "Times Have Changed" is so very much better than most of the mystery tales turned out, and the characterization shows so much genuine talent, that it seems almost a pity Mr. Davis is not willing to spend more of his time and labor in producing books that might easily become very finished products. The fact is that the man who can write a good, exciting story, tinged with humor, and depicting characters who need to be depicted, is very rare, and is doing good service to a whole lot of people who need mental recreation, such as Presidents of the United States, Supreme Court judges, and theologians, not to mention tired business men and ladies who raise families and conduct households—if there are still such beings.

Mr. Davis's story concerns itself with an eminently respectable school teacher who—because of a journalistic background—suddenly reverts to type, and goes through a series of nocturnal adventures which give the author a chance to treat with the night-life of New York, and to exert his ingenuity on a plot which excites our admiration for its cleverness while constantly making us wonder whether it is going to carry through. But it does carry through, even if the ending, while not exactly disappointing, doesn't seem to be quite right. Even to make that statement, however, may be taking a mean advantage of the reader, who might not agree with us at all.

While this book is reminiscent in atmosphere, it shows the kind of liveliness and humor and real stage-business which leads to the conviction that the author is capable of doing very much better. THOMAS L. MASSON.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED. By Elmer Davis. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

Jacob's Room

THIS is not a usual book, viewed from any angle. Jacob, his mother, his friends, all of the various characters, are portrayed with an utter disregard for any conventional method of technique. Yet the book has a technique—one entirely its own, which at first is puzzling in its strangeness, but which does not startle so as to conflict with enjoyment after the first few pages. It is a book which reveals the minds of people rather than their actions.

It is not so much what they do as why they do it, and what they think about it, with fate, chance, or whatever you want to call it, all in the strange scheme of things, too. Their moods, their thoughts, not merely introspective and often inconsequential, scarcely realized moods, are here shown with a fine, keen sense of mental perspective.

There is Mrs. Flanders writing an answer to a proposal of marriage: "Dear Mr. Floyd," she wrote. "Did I forget about the cheese?" she wondered, laying down her pen. There is Mrs. Jarvis, who "walked on the moor when she was unhappy. . . . She was not very unhappy, and, seeing that she was forty-five, never perhaps would be very unhappy, desperately unhappy, that is, and leave her husband, and ruin a good man's career, as she sometimes threatened . . ." There are plenty of genuinely vague emotions Mrs. Jarvis has upon the moor: "When the horizon swims blue, green, emotional—then Mrs. Jarvis, heaving a sigh, thinks to herself, 'If only some one could give me . . . if I could give some one . . .' But she does not know what she wants to give, nor who could give it to her." And Mrs. Lidgett in St. Paul's Cathedral:

> Tired with scrubbing the steps of the Prudential Society's office, which she did year in and year out, Mrs. Lidgett took her seat beneath the great Duke's tomb, folded her hands, and half-closed her eyes. A magnificent place for an old woman to rest in, by the very side of the great Duke's bones, whose victories mean nothing to her, whose name she knows not, tho she never fails to greet the little angels opposite, as she passes out, wishing the like on her own tomb, for the leathern curtain of the heart has flapped wide, and out steal on tiptoe thoughts of rest, sweet melodies.

A strangely beautiful book is "Jacob's Room," and the author, Virginia Woolf, has given us many a flash of genius here.

MARY GRAHAM BONNER.

JACOB'S ROOM. By Virginia Woolf. 303 pages. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Tyler of Barnet

IT IS perhaps unfair to judge Bernard Gilbert by "Tyler of Barnet," when in a preface he carefully states that it is simply Volume III of the Old England Series, and that it is not possible completely to comprehend any book of the series until all have been read. The present reviewer has not read the first two, and has no intention now of reading those to follow. This may circumscribe one's judgment, but it can not prevent one from believing that the author has tried here an experiment which, academically, seems plausible, but which in his hands is a failure.

An English rural community is presented through a seven-year period, in all its forms of life and activity, with the prosperous farmer class predominating. Mr. Gilbert explains that we have outgrown the need for heroes and villains. Perhaps; but even the boldest iconoclasts have not dared what is attempted here: an exhaustive exposition of the personalities, habits and conversation—above all, conversation—of a large settlement of triumphantly uninteresting people. The author has carried communal principles into a purely artistic field, which is in itself fatal, for art is of necessity quite undemocratic. The years that he spent in establishing a Farmers' Union and in failing to establish an Agricultural Laborers' Union tug at his sleeve throughout his novel, which, in spite of his protestations, is really not a novel at all. Mr. Gilbert invokes Balzac, Tolstoy and Henry James, but to no purpose. None of them tried anything approaching this, and if they had done so the appalling gray mass of material would have been illumined by the glow of their own words. The people, tho far too numerous in the best of circumstances, would have lived. In the present instance there is no story, no style, and, it is almost safe to say, no living person; only a network of drab events and mediocre, close-packed humanity.

"Too long," says Mr. Gilbert, "has the artist pandered to the egoist with pictures and scenes in which the central figure, identified as Self by the reader, revolves amid satellites." This outlook, he continues, must give way to one in which man sees himself

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in relation to his fellows. Mr. Gilbert has not helped to hasten that day. Nothing could be better planned to rob one of all community spirit than this book.

TYLER OF BARNET. By Bernard Gilbert. 282 pages. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.

Career

A SADISTIC plan of revenge for social ostracism formulated with the cruel nicety of the Oriental, the attempt of an English newspaper man to realize a fanatical idea of imperialism, all the mingled eastern and western intrigue of diplomatic life at Constantinople—these are the foundation stones of young Jim Fanshaw's career. Fresh from Eton and Oxford, he becomes the youngest of the junior secretaries at the British embassy. When he first steps into his new room, he finds on the desk a woman's picture which his predecessor has left behind, a heritage which falls to Jim along with his secretary's desk down in the chancery. From that moment, Irene Ducane, the beautiful Levantine girl, belongs to his career. Everything works to encourage his subjection to her, and not the least of all, the staff's repeated warnings against her fascination.

Irene does not have the subtle lure of Conrad's half-caste women. She has too much English blood, and her mind is too crisp and independent for that. Her sensual charm must be accepted as a quality of the mysterious life she has led, for it can not be felt from the words in which she is described. Shane Francis and Ishmael are both mad in about the same proportion, tho to very different ends. Lady Barstow, the American wife of the ambassador, is the universal joint in the social machinery of the embassy. The best bits of characterization are put into the minor characters, such as Denise and the secretaries of the legation. Maddox is "a living emblem of personality, crumbled, in sacrificial tribute, at the altar of officialdom," and his wife is his perfect complement, a woman whose pride was that she could at all times be found at home.

It is hard to imagine a book more thoroughly suited to dramatization than Lady Kennard's. After the first hundred pages, which move slowly but not dully, the action takes place in vivid scenes playing up admirably juxtaposed forces, and all drawing to a tense climax. The background is sketched in lightly by a sentence here and there, with a fresh feeling for color. The blue glint of the Bosporus, the gorse-grown hill of Roumeli Hissar, the rise of the moon at midnight over Giant's Mountain weave a spell that renders impotent the rationalism of the West.

CAREER. By Dorothy Kennard. 395 pages. New York: The Century. $1.90.

The Shaft in the Sky

AS ITS title would suggest, "The Shaft in the Sky" is a novel of Washington; of Washington treated from its two most characteristic facets—politics and society. The word-pictures are well drawn. Written by an older person, the story would at times be impossibly romantic and hopelessly idealistic; but these are honest elements of youth—and Mr. Graves possesses both sincerity and a promising talent. The book has to do with the return from France of one of the "great young men" whose war and Peace Conference service had been distinguished. Gilchrist Sturtevant was a Wilson man, his imagination fired and driven through admiration of his master. He enters politics, hoping to win a seat in the House of Representatives, whole-heartedly devoting himself to liberal policies. His contact with "votes" is commendably sketched, as is the general campaign; the account is, at times, so complete as to be a direction-sheet for the office-seeker.

His progress is checked, however, by a ruthless and clever girl whom he has unconsciously offended; she makes it her business to defeat him—and in the process becomes involved with political forces beyond her control. When she has accomplished her ends she finds them unworthy, but by that time the damage is done.

The first part of the book, "New Earth," having to do with the campaign, is rather wooden; but the second part, "New Heaven," devoted to personalities rather than to issues, more than makes up for the earlier pages. This is Mr. Graves's first novel; each chapter is an improvement as compared to the one preceding, just as the second is far better than the first part of the book. If he has further work in preparation it will be worth watching; he is intimately familiar with Washington, its people, its aspirations, its spirit. In "The Shaft in the Sky" he is too unfamiliar with his literary tools to be quite convincing; but he feels and observes—and beyond that, thinks. Above all else there is a spontaneous enthusiasm in the present volume that makes it, as a story of contemporary youth, quite unique.

THE SHAFT IN THE SKY. By John Temple Graves, Jr. 295 pages. New York: George H. Doran Co $1.75.

The Lucky Number

IAN HAY is unquestionably a good sportsman; one also feels that he has unquestioning faith in his readers. To suggest, in a comprehensive preface, the contents of the thirteen stories comprising the volume, calling attention to this one, apologizing for that, requires the former; to take it for granted that the stories will be read after having been "given away" beforehand, proves the latter. They will be read, for they are, with one exception, of popular stuff. Most of them have appeared in widely circulated magazines. With the same one exception, all follow short-story rules, and none is unusual.

That exception is "The Liberry." With his hail-fellow manner (which ill-becomes him in this instance), Hay apologizes for it. In the face of this, one feels that he might not care to have it compared—in an indirect way, for it lacks hard brilliance—with Aldous Huxley's "The Tillotson Banquet." Whether he cares or not, the comparison is inevitable. Here is a new Ian Hay, a popular author who handles with rare delicacy a situation that, had its presentation faltered for a moment, would have been sloppily sentimental. In forty-odd pages is created the character of Mr. Baxter; within those few pages is a lifetime—happiness, sorrow, an old man's secret, and simple tragedy. Its improbabilities are its most convincing elements—and Mr. Hay had done better for himself had he not introduced it with the commonplace "this is a true story—".

The twelve other stories are fairly representative; some are extremely slight, an occasional one is clever, the last of the group is hardly more than an anecdote. On the whole the collection is entertaining, obviously presented for just that purpose, and, to any admirer of Ian Hay's, worth adding to the rest of his books. But one comes back to "The Liberry." It alone is outstanding; it will be remembered long after the rest have yellowed in the dusty stack of yester-year's popular magazines.

THE LUCKY NUMBER. Thirteen short stories by Ian Hay. 355 pages. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.

Going Together

IF THERE is one object more pathetic in organized society than the divergent person, it is the divergent adolescent. In "Going Together" Louise Dutton effectively presents such a type—and accomplishes her purpose with unusual delicacy and charm. The book is slight, rather optimistic and sentimental in tone—but saved by unexpected deft satire and whispered irony.

"Going Together" is the story of small-town New England youth. Sally Belle is followed through three years of quiet, growing life; years of childish, then girlish ambitions and hopes, spent with other growing children. Here is remarkable lack of

sophistication; either "flapperdom" is overlooked intentionally, or there are, in some odd corners of the country, girls who are still old-fashioned. Sally Belle is evasive, but quite real; so is her cavalier. One can almost picture them in another ten years. To some the picture would be pleasant, and to others, as time passed, it would seem harsh. The boy is practical, phlegmatic, kind; Sally Belle is sensitive, a dreamer, who might willingly suffer to realize her dreams. It were better could the combination remain youthful.

What is the market for such a book as this? It is not exactly juvenile, nor is it suited to the apparent popular taste in books dealing with adolescents—for not enough fun is made of the characters. Nor could it appeal to those wishing thrills, or blind sentimentality, or maudlin idealism. Is its appeal to sensitive minds that could read into its light framework a lyric of youth? There are so few such minds.

GOING TOGETHER. By Louise Dutton. 311 pages. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.90.

Pay Gravel

The horses stood motionless, their ears pricked forward.

Clattering footsteps drew nearer. . . .

A shrill scream of despair cut the night . . . answered by a chorus of diabolical howls. Again came the terrified cry, and the gambler (San Juan Joe) exclaimed: "A woman!" . . .

Dinsdale drew her across the horse behind him. "Sit straddle. Arms around my waist."

The Indians, with no thought of danger, were running in a group and howling exultantly. They heard the girl cry out, but attached no significance to it. They never dreamed that succor was at hand for her until they heard the thudding of swift hoofs, and then it was too late for them to take shelter.

For a moment they listened, astounded. Then Dinsdale and San Juan Joe, the Gambler, were upon them, both hands of each spitting fire.

Around the turn they beheld a rosy bed of coals, with flames licking through the charred embers of two wagons. The ground was strewn with boxes and bales, and the horses had been butchered. But what constituted a more horrible litter were the mutilated forms within the zone of light.

DEADWOOD—San Juan Joe's gambling joint—vice—shooting.

Dinsdale fled after having shot a man in self-defense.

Scissors, a messenger from San Juan Joe and supposedly a half-wit, met Dinsdale in Rapid City and told him that it was safe for him to return to Deadwood, and that the gambler wanted him to go in on some deal with him.

While avoiding robbery and death at the hands of the road agents, Dinsdale and Scissors were captured by the Indians. For days they were close to torture and death—

If you enjoy this kind of a story, melodramatic, full of action, you'll want to know what becomes of the girl whom Dinsdale and San Juan Joe saved; who Scissors and Dinsdale really are, the actual business San Juan Joe is engaged in, and the outcome.

The story is laid in the Black Hills in the year 1876 and is replete with Indians, robbers, torture, death, murders, all tied with the thin, milk-blue thread of romance. "Pay Gravel" depends for its success, not on novelty of material, unusual melodramatic situation, or fine writing, but on sheer, not too incredible, adventure.

PAY GRAVEL. By Hugh Pendexter. Frontispiece by Remington Schuyler. 353 pages. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.

Four of a Kind

"THE Right that Failed," a story embellishing a prize-fighter into a short-story hero, cut and tailored according to the best technical regulations; "Different from Other Girls," a story of a girl and a man (this almost tells you the plot) and *her* father, who is *his* employer; "Eight Million Bubbles," a story of soap, success and sentimentalism; and "Only a Few of Us Left," a story

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of passing sportsmanship—these four long tales make up J. P. Marquand's book, "Four of a Kind." It would be just the book to give to a man of traveling profession yet of ethical standards, for it is assuredly easy reading, while its humor and gaiety are of a "wholesome" nature. Yet the book can not be dismissed too lightly. The stories are perfectly turned, and the facility in writing which they show can not fail to be admired.

FOUR OF A KIND. By J. P. Marquand. 331 pages. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

Valley Waters

HOW far back can a person remember? To find the answer to this question becomes the motivating purpose in the life of David Mann, when at the age of twenty-three he awakes in a hospital in France and learns that in his delirium he has called for his mother, a person he has never known, unless in early infancy. His search for the answer to this question, and for his mother, is the story told by Mr. Stewart in "Valley Waters."

David remembers back to a day in Chicago when he, with a man and a woman, to whom he did not belong, found himself put out on the sidewalk. Farther back than this early date he persistently tries to work. The reader finds himself doing psychological tricks in tracing his own early memories. In David's case a few details emerge—a mourning dove, a cemetery, a vivid memory of a strange, unbelievable, but real garden of pearls and emeralds, two tumble-bugs rolling a ball in the dust of the road. There are some interesting discussions on these points with the nurse, the doctor, and others, but it is too difficult for David to build up anything definite from them. So he goes back to the life he had known before the war, with the intention of working it all out somehow from there. In this life he comes in contact with several characters of equal importance in the story. Vose, the blind piano-tuner; the red-haired, dowdy Miss Shane—these approach reality, but remain people read about. Maud, whom he finds again, is less actual, and much less appealing.

Parallel with the story of David Mann there is given the life and setting of a family in the Muskingum Valley in Ohio. This place is pictured with a vividness that is one of the best things in the book, and the reader feels that the author has known intimately this environment. A cut in the steep hilly road, the graveyard at the top, the view over the valley—these are remembered after the story is finished.

In spite of the dramatic possibilities of the situation, the tone remains even and unperturbed. There are no stirring emotional moments, no high spots. A sort of old-fashioned sentimentality permeates the book, symbolized by the song and story of "Lorena," which occupies a large but unimportant place in this gentle, mellow tale.

VALLEY WATERS. By Charles D. Stewart. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Tremendous Event

MANY years ago Mr. H. G. Wells invented a new thrill in "The Invisible Man" and "The Time Machine." The newest discoveries of science were manipulated with ingenious distortion to create a suspension of disbelief in chemic miracles and to rouse pleasurable gooseflesh in the well-known jaded reader. None of Mr. Wells's literary disciples have outmatched their father in scientific lies dramatically told with so much corroborative detail that it is hard to decide where space leaves off and the time machine begins. Since "Fifty Strange Stories" science has been a storehouse for plundering by writers who consult a learned geologist, and then juggle the facts into a dazzle of legerdemain.

M. Leblanc has now abandoned Arsène Lupin by the wayside and enrolled in the school of applied science inaugurated by Mr. Wells, who has always possest the advantage of knowing science at first-hand and so has never been in need of another's brain. In "The Tremendous Event" M. Leblanc does not invade Mars like Mr. Burroughs, or cultivate monstrous fungi like Sax Rohmer, or travel like Jules Verne in twenty-thousand-league boots under the sea. Geology has furnished him with the limestone material for his most recent romance.

Suppose, he says, the bed of the English channel to suffer a convulsion from the displacement of a geologic fault. A rib of rock thrusts its spine up through the waves and joins the tight little island to France. Preliminary waterspouts devour voyaging ships; the new-built tunnel lies crusht; Dieppe and Hastings shudder into ruins. Simon Dubosc, an athletic Frenchman, is the first to walk from France to England, and walking isn't easier than flying, despite all the advertisements of rubber heels!

But enough, enough! As in all of M. Leblanc's romances, the interest of "The Tremendous Event" does not lie in literary art, or the creation of character, or the subsidiary (if any) idea. The plot's the thing; and even if you are certain that love conquers all, you want to unlock the plot for yourself.

THE TREMENDOUS EVENT. By Maurice Leblanc. New York: The Macaulay Company. $1.75.

Jeanne-Marie's Triumph

IN "Jeanne-Marie's Triumph" Miss Clara Laughlin strives to bring hope and certainty to a world weary and sick and crying after the war and the augmenting disillusion of these last four dismal years. She has not written a novel, nor has she pretended to write a novel, except as the frame of an idea and in the guise of a message.

Jeanne-Marie is said to be a French girl whose father has been killed at Verdun, and whose broken spirit is revivified by the inspiration of the Unknown Soldier and the solemn ceremony of his burial. To her this obscure hero in his secret identity typifies the resolute and quiet fortitude of her father, and so she seeks to impart the lesson of the dead to the despondent living. Jeanne-Marie is not, however, a girl, but a voice; and her triumph is not a story, but an allegory. She wishes every one to carry on, that the beloved dead may not have died in vain.

Except for her burning zeal of conversion, Jeanne-Marie has no semblance of humanity. She is obviously the creature of an allegory, and should be so judged. It is perhaps unjust to compare "Jeanne-Marie's Triumph" to Rolland's "Pierre and Luce," but the comparison is edifying. Both books offer the piteous spectacle of love in war, both dwell with an intense affection upon the beauty of Paris even under the threat of immolation, both set forth exquisite souls in terms of faith and need. M. Rolland believes in love; Miss Laughlin believes in that mysterious spirit of the people which shall one day regenerate France. The difference between the two romances is the difference between the facile sentiment of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" and the distilled secret ecstasy of a Brahms's "Intermezzo;" between a too easy, obvious fragrance, and all the miraculous heartbreak of true love.

No one would wish to impeach the sincerity and the pleading of Miss Laughlin's treatise, but at best it remains a tract of the times and not a page torn from the troubled book of life. The style has no lyric wings; the villains are excessive in their villainy, the heroine is unexampled in her virtue. Jeanne-Marie's triumph is a spiritual fairy-story, where all things are possible in the best of impossible worlds.

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH. By Clara E. Laughlin. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25.

The Treasure of Golden Cap

BENNET COPPLESTONE, a more or less clever English writer of light fiction, obeys an old impulse in "The Treasure of Golden Cap." He writes about buried treasure. Now, writing about buried treasure used to be a habit among a certain class of light fiction purveyors. It was a simple matter to bury an iron-bound chest of gold moidores and pieces of eight (generally on the

Long Island shore) and hide the secret of its whereabouts in a time-yellowed log-book or a stray scrap of paper. This valuable slip of paper was generally the source of plot and counterplot, two groups striving mightily to obtain it, one of the groups being quite villainous. Virtue always triumphed, however, and this attribute often took the form of a pleasing young damsel who stumbled upon the treasure rather unexpectedly in the next to the last chapter. The very last chapter was devoted to a warm embrace indulged in by Virtue, the young lady, and the stout young gentleman who had aided her so assiduously through the 300 pages of the tale.

Mr. Copplestone evidently knew this formula very well. And, being a wise man, he also knew that he must ring several changes upon it if he was to make his book palatable to a more or less sophisticated public. His first change was to make the young couple brother and sister instead of lovers, thus doing away with unnecessary sentimentalism. His second change was to make the treasure something quite different from gold moidores or pieces of eight. Of course, what that something was must remain a secret except to those people who read the book. But the other time-honored ingredients are there. There is the old vagabond who possesses the mysterious chest. There is the log-book which is deciphered with difficulty. There is digging and vain search. However, there are but few thrills. And those few are contained in the ancient document that contains the secret of the whereabouts of the treasure.

THE TREASURE OF GOLDEN CAP. By Bennet Copplestone. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Springtime Wanderings Among Outdoor Books

(*Continued from page 46*)

Nature may be everything you say in her praise. Wild flowers are delicate and rare; crocodiles are rare, and not delicate. Campers come and campers go, and fishermen go on forever hoping that, ere the trump of doom or the dinner-bell, fine careless fish may bite. Yet many there are who find in Nature only a playground for organized sport. Many there be (go mark their scores well) and their number groweth yearly, who believe that whatever is, is golf. From sun-up to dewy eve you will find them abaft the green and smiting the diminutive white ball. Very few of them are clever enough to invent a ball like a miniature torpedo, its flight controlled by storage batteries in the pocket.(17) The ball is more skittish and difficult to control than a woman's will; and meanwhile brave men toil on to victory and the eighteenth green, and supper attains an Arctic frigidity and golf widows multiply even as the leaves of autumn.

Hardly less numerous than the votaries of golf are the swift and subtle tennis players, whose timed strokes and exquisite technique weave a pattern of delicate fierce beauty. Nothing else in sport equals the glitter and rhythm of perfect tennis, and in no sport (except in the trained and embattled hordes of football) does there shine deeper sportsmanship and individual fortitude.(18)

Whether you are a man with a hoe in a vegetable garden, a wise man knowing that a rose with another name smells like a carnation, an angler calling trout from the vasty deep, or a collector of the cumbrous and engaging hippopotamus, you are being molded closer in body and spirit to the dramatic evolution and the inscrutable sublimity which Robert Williams Gibson discusses with a good deal of profundity in "The Morality of Nature."(19) Whether your impulse carries you to sport, or the cultivation of the lowly radish, or the unrolled splendor of primeval forests, you are come into the abiding-place of beauty.

(17) PUTTER PERKINS. By Kenneth Brown. 126 pages. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

(18) SINGLES AND DOUBLES. By W. T. Tilden, 2d. 228 pages. New York: George H. Doran & Co. $2.

(19) THE MORALITY OF NATURE. By Robert Williams Gibson. 412 pages. New York: Putnam's. $3.

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Edwin L. Sabin is one of the few writers who can picture women caught in the web of romantic out-door adventure and make his heroines wholly natural and utterly irresistible. He is an out-door man, to whom the frontier characters and scenes he depicts so vividly have been familiar from boyhood.

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INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

354 Fourth Ave. New York City

Mr. Robinson's Novel in Blank Verse

(*Continued from page 24*)

That once, a year ago, brought you a gift
Like this, and his face with it For I've seen him
Here in this house; and he has looked at me.
Pfah! Take it away, for I'm not hungry."

Bartholow frowned. "If you had ridden your fancy
Around the last immeasurable orbit
Of the last satellite of the last sun,
You and your fancy could have trundled home
No sort of wilder trash than you imply
When you say that."

She broke a roll and laughed:
"Surely an avalanche of words like yours
Would crush the morning appetite of lions.
I like the man who said that all who talk
Through breakfast should have poison in their coffee.
Hereafter I'll have mine in bed again."

"By which you mean," Penn-Raven said, removing
A spinal column from the pink-white flesh
Before him on the plate, "you fear the Greeks,
Et dona ferentes."

The writing of this breakfast scene, in its exasperating affectation, reveals the danger of absurd incongruity which the writer of a modern novel in blank verse must find such great difficulty in overcoming. He is obliged to be "realistic" in his details, but, writing in blank verse, to be periphrastic or prosaic in his utterance. The result makes large demands on one's tolerance, and necessitates an entire suspension of the sense of humor. It has very much the same effect as similar realistic scenes in grand opera, where "please, pass me the salt," or "kindly hand me the crumpets" must be sung to the music of many fiddles, at whatever cost of verisimilitude. We say it is the convention, and must, of course, so accept it. But in writing, at all events, the incongruity should be reduced as far as possible, whereas with writers such as Meredith and Mr. Robinson it is too often exaggerated beyond courteous endurance. The same fault mars all Mr. Robinson's writing. It mars his beautiful and poignant "Lancelot," where we come upon such passages as this: (Lancelot is speaking to the Queen):

"You were the Queen of Christendom," he said,
Not smiling at her, "whether now or not
You deem it an un-Christian exercise
To vilipend the wearing of the vanquished."

Making all allowance for the convention, the word "vilipend" is here as unnecessary as it is atrocious. What are such mere "flaws," it may be said, against the whole fine achievement? Maybe, and it would be foolish to miss the achievement because of such flaws. At the same time, in Mr. Robinson's writing they are so numerous as to constitute a permeating vice of style seriously intruding between the reader and his noble poetic gift, which, at the height of its operation, is capable of such moving and lovely utterance. And here again the comparison with grand opera holds. We must put up with the minor absurdities of the convention if we are to enjoy the lofty arias, and, when those come along, of course, we forget the absurdities. So it is with Mr. Robinson in "Roman Bartholow." As the story unfolds itself, and the great moments develop and culminate, such flaws are burnt and purged away in the intensity of the emotional poignancy and the excitement of the spiritual insight. Consider the scene, for instance, when Gabrielle takes her final leave of Bartholow, on her way, tho he knows it not, to drown herself in the river. Few poets have known better how to wring our hearts with the anguish of such moments, an anguish which lives in the very verse itself, and very pitifully we watch Gabrielle reaching out toward Bartholow and his "new house" as far as her nature can:

"No, there is no good reason that I follow,"
He said, "for any longer talk of houses
That might be good for you and me to live in.
Not that it matters now, except for you.
You are not destitute, and you may build
Yourself another house, one of these days,—
One that will be away from trees and rivers,
And nearer the world's music. I was wrong
To shut you up in such a place as this,
And it was wrong of you to let me do it. . . .
You had no right to be so beautiful,
Or I to be so blind. . . .

No. I should hardly say there was a reason
For you and me to talk of houses now.
Your doubt that morning when I told of one
That I was building, as you prophesied,
More out of nothing than of anything,
Was founded more to last than any house
That you and I may build of sand on sand—
Like children I have seen down by the river. . . .

There is no need of going to the river,
Either for sand or moonshine. We have both,
Here on high ground, and we have nothing else;
And when we know that we have only sand
And moonshine for a fabric, why say more
Of houses?"

"I shall say no more of them,"
She said. . . .

"It is not good
To say the same thing always, or to look
Too long at nothing, as we are looking now.
If I were some one else, I might see more,
For then there might be more. If I were you,
I might regain myself, as you have done,
And so persuade myself that I was going,
Like you, by endless roads into a region
Where there should be no sand. I spare your moonshine,
For it may not be that. If I were wiser,
I might yet live to make myself all over,
And make you to forget me as I was
When we were here together in the darkness,
In all that I should be. This episode,
Although it fills your eyes with ice to-night
Instead of execration and hell-fire,
Is only a short part of a long story
That would have been about the same without it,
And had the same conclusion. If I were lighter,
I might rise out of this and fly away
On wings a little worse for a blind singeing.
But you were right—I was not made for this;
And I was made no more, so it appears,
For that. I'm always asking why it was
That I was made. Assuredly not for you.
But why should I be tiresome, or assume
That you care, now, whether I am or not?
I'm only saying I shall soon be gone
Away from here, and you will soon be free.
As you have said, you are not going to die.
Far from it, I surmise. If I saw death
As a worse thing than your deliverance,
Awaiting you some day, from everything
Alive that was a trailing shred of me,
I'd wish to live—almost; and wholly wish it
If we could read and speak in the same language,
In the same world. You might remember that."

"I am the bridge, then, over which you pass,
Here in the dark, to find a lighted way
To a new region where I cannot follow,
And where there is not either sand or moonshine,
And a new sun shines always. Well, that's something.
It may be all it was that I was worth."

Her lips moved
And would have smiled if they had not forgotten
What they were doing. She was nearer now
And she was looking at his eyes again,
To see for the last time if there was hidden
Within them anywhere a better reason
For her to linger than to go away.
Failing, she laid her hands upon his head
And touched his forehead with her shaking lips.
"You might remember that," she said, and left him.

This is the heart of the poem, but it is rich with many another beautiful passage, and memorable lines are everywhere, lines with secondary haunting meanings beyond their context:

"The time comes always for our vanishing;
And we who know best when the time has come
Are best remembered after we are gone,"

says Penn-Raven, whose treachery, it is good to know with prosaic—not psychological—certainty, Bartholow discovers, with the result that instead of his transcendental "vanishing" he is

most unpsychologically kicked out—with this remark from Umfraville as epitaph:

"Nature, that has a deal to answer for,
Put something in him, inadvertently,
Prepared and graduated for the lymph
And essence of a worthier organism."

Umfraville himself is thus adumbrated by Bartholow:

"You know best
Where you belong—whether among your dead
Who are still with us, or among the living
Who are not yet alive."

And the whole "argument" of the story is summed up in this beautiful concluding passage:

The man of books
Answered him only with a lonely smile;
And then, among the slowly falling leaves,
He walked away and vanished gradually,
Like one who had not been. Yet he had been
For Bartholow the man who knew him best,
And loved him best—acknowledging always one
That had betrayed and saved him. He was gone,
Also, and there was no more to be said
Of him; and there was no more to be paid,
Apparently, on either side. The sum
Of all that each had ever owed the other
Was covered, sealed, and canceled in a grave,
Where lay a woman doomed never to live—
That he who had adored her and outgrown her
Might yet achieve. He sighed, and saw the ivy
Glimmering on the wall of the old house
Like an old garment over covered years,
Till his imagination made of it
The cover and the integument itself
Of the unseen. The tangled roots of wrong
Were drawing always out of hidden soil
The weird existence of a tangled vine
Too vaguely intertwisted and involved
For sanguine gardeners, who might only prune
Or train a few new branches.
"Well, that's something,"
Gabrielle might have answered then, he fancied:
And she might then have smiled as wearily
As on that unforgotten unreal evening
When she had touched his forehead with her lips
Before she had gone silently upstairs,
And silently away. . . .

Mr. Robinson is no "sanguine gardener." His reading of life is neither sanguine nor pessimistic. His endeavor is faithfully to give us the text itself, without pointing any moral—for it has no moral. No one in this triangle was to blame. Perhaps life itself was not to blame. They came together so, interacted upon each other so, and made this tragic music. That was all.

Of the figures involved Gabrielle and Umfraville alone have the breath of life, and move us to any human sympathy. Gabrielle is the only one in the story with any sense of humor. Mr. Robinson's women usually have more humor than his men—and it is difficult to see in what her "soul" was inferior to the "souls" of her patronizing male associates. Penn-Raven and Bartholow are both abstractions, posturing and voluble "soul-states" rather than realizable human beings, and the defect of the poem from a psychological point of view is that in the case of the psychological hero we get no clear idea of what was originally the matter with his soul, the nature of the salvation brought to it by Penn-Raven, or of its final value; nor have we any notion of the nature of the grandiose ends hinted at which it is to serve as, having complacently accepted Gabrielle's human sacrifice, he goes forth with his "soul," as his precious possession, into the new life awaiting him. Finally, as to the form of the poem, "Roman Bartholow" can not be said to justify the novel in blank verse as one adapted to psychological purposes.

It necessitates too much incongruous machinery, and such a form as that of "Modern Love," in Meredith's hands, at all events, makes for better poetic economy, in that it admits a more drastic excision of the "obvious," with a less scattered presentation of the essential moments, and generally results in being more consistently a poem. Too much of "Roman Bartholow" is neither a novel nor a poem.

Creative Writing in Australia and New Zealand

(*Continued from page 32*)

poverty of the pioneer. He could see into them as Kipling saw into the British Tommy. His "While the Billy Boils" is a classic, its dramatic prose unspoiled by the fashion for slang which came along later. But it is more as a verse writer that the average Australian loves Lawson. He was a natural rimester for the people. It was plain life that interested him, simple tragedy that commanded his sympathy. Such a title as "When Your Pants Begin to Go" suggests the appeal he had for the squatter and the tramp. This subject is typical of a good deal of the verse turned out by him and his contemporaries, and represents the taste of a considerable section of Australia in a period when the arts were struggling out of their crude beginnings.

Lawson had many imitators, and contemporary with him there have been a long list of verse-makers, few of whom can be mentioned here. A. B. Patterson became well known for his poem, "The Man from Snowy River." He also wrote a number of short stories of backblock life and racing. E. G. Brady wrote a novel besides verse and stories. Other men doing much the same work were Victor Daley, Will Dyson and Barcroft Boake. Henry Kendall was one of the few poets who struck a finer note, and who did more finished work.

Of the younger men writing poetry to-day there are two who stand out. David McKee Wright might be called the Padraic Colum of Australia. He is an Irishman writing of the Irish Renaissance. Besides that he does Australian poetry in more delicate fashion and with less of a purely local appeal than any man out there. C. J. Dennis has developed into the Australian J. A. V. Weaver. His two volumes of verse, "The Sentimental Bloke" and "Ginger Mick," are classics in their way. He has a sense for drama and a fine gift for sarcasm.

One result of the limited market in Australia and the fact that the open columns of the Sydney Bulletin were not equal to supporting every writer in the land has been that almost every scribe the country has produced went to original writing by way of journalism, and has had to keep to that profession. Also he has had to be versatile in both directions. Australia could not afford such a luxury as a specialist. But if a man liked to be six specialists in one he could get along. And there are two such men at least who have counted enormously in the literature of the country. Frank Morton, for over twenty years one of the editors of the Triad, a critical journal now published in Sydney, has written charming verse, delicate fantasy, delightful essays. He is, besides, one of the most discerning critics in the country. He is cosmopolitan and international in outlook. He is certainly the finest craftsman in the art of writing out there to-day, and his output has been as extraordinary as his versatility. They say out there that he could write a symphony round a sewer. Arthur H. Adams, born in New Zealand, but long since identified as Australian, is also a finished and versatile writer. In addition to verse and short stories for the Bulletin, he has written novels and plays. One of the latter, "Mrs. Pretty and the Premier," was produced in London by Arthur Bouchier. He is reported to be the author of two books published in New York last year, "A Guide Book to Women" and "Honeymoon Dialogues," sophisticated and cynical stuff that out-Georges W. L. George.

Australia has had a few men who could be classed under the heading of humorists. Steele Rudd's "On Our Selection," hardly to be called a novel, was so amusing a picture of life on the land that it was successfully dramatized and had a considerable run. Comic town types have been done by Edward Dyson in his "Fact'ry 'ands" and similar studies, and A. G. Stephens, the editor of the Bookfellow, has written a volume of Larrikin philosophy called "Bill's Idees."

Since its first spurt into novel-writing, Australia has had only one man who has been consistently a novelist, Roy Bridges, a Tasmanian journalist now on the Melbourne Age. Many

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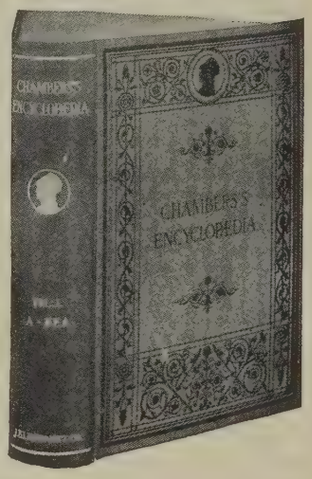

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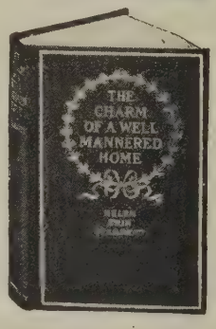

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MONTREAL PHILADELPHIA LONDON

short-story writers have turned out a novel or so, but the lack of financial encouragement in the country itself, and the difficulty and discouragement involved in getting work to London killed many enthusiasms in that direction. But Roy Bridges has produced a dozen novels. A number of them have been published in London, and one of his latest books, "Rogue's Haven," is on the current list of a New York publisher. Beatrice Grimshaw, known to American readers, is an Australian, but not a typical writer of that land, for she has chosen to go outside it for her subjects.

Randolph Bedford, now in New York, has written three novels, which, however, are not as well known as his short stories in the Bulletin. Ethel Turner has been for a generation a great favorite with her list of long stories for young people. Her "Seven Little Australians" and "The Family at Misrule" made her popular. F. Charles Rodda, at present in New York, has recently won considerable notice from his country's critics for "The Fortunes of Geoffrey Payne," a novel of early life in Australia.

In 1921 an Australian landowner offered a prize of a thousand dollars for the best novel of the country produced by an Australian. It was won by a new writer, Frank Russell, through "The Ashes of Achievement," which has now been published in New York. This book, tho somewhat crude in comparison with the best that is written on this side of the world, marks an advance on a great deal of the Australian work. For one thing, it has got away from the convict and bushranging days, shows more power of characterization, and has come up to date in its subject matter.

Many of the titles I have quoted give an idea of the limited scope, so far, of Australian work. It is intensely local. It is almost entirely narrative and descriptive. Such characterization as there is is objectively done. There is no evidence that the New Psychology has touched Australian writers. They do not get inside their characters. They do not spiritualize their experiences. There is, apart from some of the modern short-story work, but little subtlety. There is nothing out there that can be compared with the modern movement here. They have no D. H. Lawrence, no Sherwood Anderson. They come nearer to having Carl Sandburgs. But Australia has all the materials for any kind of writing. I have wondered why no Knut Hamsun has arisen to write another "Growth of the Soil" epic. Perhaps it is because the climate is against epics in Australia. No man could stay indoors long enough to write one. The country has developed its own brand of Main Street (they call it Queen Street out there), but not yet its Sinclair Lewis. We have numberless unwritten novels in the eternal struggle of the refined and cultured English with the pioneer environment. But no Australian writer has yet got behind the man in that struggle. The newcomer who can not light a fire is simply a subject for gibes.

We fall back upon our perennial excuse: "We are too young. Give us a chance."

M. Coué Studies America and Applies His Method

(*Continued from page 17*)

that the long-headed Frenchman was so cruelly deceived by superficial appearances as to think Americans had auto-suggested themselves into mistaking water for wine? Or could his enthusiastic reception in this country have been so bare of genuine hospitality as the illustration would seem to imply? It is more easy to believe that M. Coué knew well whereof he spoke and was smiling behind his hand all the time he wrote this paragraph in commendation of the superior suggestibility of Americans over Europeans. M. Coué does not, in selecting this illustration, differentiate as clearly between gullibility and tractability as one would be led to expect from observation of his work and converse with the genial worker. Upon the former he may safely rely to a high degree in dealing with American patients; but before coping with

the latter he might advantageously study at first hand the native American mule.

It is, however, hard to believe that M. Coué really made any serious mistake about us. It is much easier to consider him a better psychologist than a writer, and a more practical than theoretical psychologist. In testimony of this, note his most grievous criticism of us as a people: namely, that we are in a little danger of becoming too "efficient." Is there any vice of which Americans as a people would rather be accused than of over-efficiency?

M. Coué devotes a chapter to "American Efficiency," admiring extravagantly detailed evidences of it. Yet, gently, very suavely, he tells us:

> System, standardization, and clock-work efficiency are certainly desirable, and they do much to make life run smoothly. Yet, intuitively perhaps, I seem to discern danger in overstraining to reduce abstract qualities to mathematically perfect equations in actual practise. It may become an obsession, like any other notion, however good in itself. I often have to remind patients of this when I see them making auto-suggestion into a sort of monomania. Extremes meet, and it is quite possible for a system, if pushed to excess in complicated elaborateness, to break down completely, simply because it seeks to provide for every contingency except human intervention.

Yes, M. Coué is a "practical" psychologist, as well as a genial and long-headed man, or he would not have taken his readers into his confidence to the extent of confessing amusement when the constantly recurring question is put to him: "If I don't get any relief by reciting the 'day-by-day' formula twenty times, should I recite it thirty, forty, or fifty times?" and he replies: "Say it as many times as you like; only don't let it become an obsession."

Experience and observation have taught me that it is not the man who knows most who "puts it over." It is the man who knows little, but who has acquired or was born with the putting-over knack, who succeeds. M. Coué has accomplished something which many whose knowledge of physiology and psychology, of disease and personality, is so vastly superior to his that it would be an affront to them and to science to compare them. It is not only in the field of medicine that such accomplishment is seen, altho that field is a favorite one, for a sick man's credulity passes all understanding.

I pondered this when I took leave of the therapeutic wizard, and I continued to reflect on it. Later, when I heard Big Ben striking the hours, I stopt whispering "Every day, in every way," and said: "Ben, I salute you. You are my aptest illustration, for are not you, one of the clock wonders of the world, an amateur's, even a barrister's, idea and determination? There was no conflict between Sir Edmund's will and imagination when he had you constructed." When the Houses of Parliament were being designed it was planned to transfer Big Ben from his habitation in St. Paul's to the clock-tower of those wondrous buildings, and it was proposed to make it the best clock in the world. The specifications were set forth, and among the stipulations was that it should keep exact time to within one minute a month. These specifications were taken to the various clock-makers in the United Kingdom, who were equal then to the best in the world.

They declined to bid, on the ground that the specifications were so exacting that no tower clock had been made or could be made to come up to the requirements. Then Edmund Beckett, a barrister practising law in the Temple, came forth and said that he could do it and would.

He persuaded Dent, the famous clock-maker, to do the mechanical work without guaranty and under his supervision and guidance. For more than half a century the clock has been certifying every hour and every quarter that the barrister "put it over."

M. Coué "put it over" in the field of therapeutics, where countless workers of infinitely superior knowledge and skill have failed. I wish him success in his efforts.

Nine Characters in Search of an Ego

(*Continued from page 25*)

characteristic of their attitudes toward life. To the interests of these characters are opposed those of another group, John Mayne, Walter Standish, Madeleine and Nina, all of whom cherish the ideals of a purely materialistic society and refer their thoughts and feelings to the tribunal of the communal mind.

The conflict which the story reveals is therefore clearly defined. In its most general terms it is the perpetual conflict between the self-conscious individual and industrial society, between the ego and the herd. Modern materialism, in Mr. Myers's opinion, is a subtly dangerous force aiming to invest society with a religious sanction and bent upon creating a social automatism. It therefore necessarily resents self-consciousness and highly developed individuality as inimical agencies and reprobates the play of free and skeptical intelligence. Self-consciousness and intellectual egotism are, however, as Mr. Myers points out, equally dangerous to life. "You live," says Allen to Nicholas Orisser in a passage which summarizes the philosophic content of the novel,

> You live, like many moderns, on the higher cerebral levels of the mind; and those levels reflect not the deeper movements of the organic life, but the activities of the individual consciousness. We of to-day have lost that immediate unity with the life of the race which was so spontaneous in the minds of our ancestors. Each person has become an end in himself. A dualism has arisen between the animal life of the race and the volition of the individual. The end of nature is no longer the object of man's will. But nature is not remade by the arbitrary personal philosophies of individual minds. . . . And where the will of the individual conflicts with the will of the Great Mother there results a condition of chronic nervous and mental strain. Sex, disenfranchised, outlawed, excommunicated, builds itself a rebel citadel from which it raids the land. . . . The energies of the will are in instinct, which belongs to the organic life. The apostate will cuts itself off from the source of its energies. Mind you, I have no quarrel with the ego. The ego has come to stay. But if it is to develop fruitfully, it must desist from rebellion. . . . At the present day we are in dire need of larger personalities, in which the individual elements of the mind, such as reason and will, shall be harmonized with the deeper instincts of the race, to form one living whole.

Mr. Myers possesses unusual ability to create character and to plumb its most secret recesses. His method is frankly analytic, even diagnostic; our perception of the natures of the people about whom he writes is not conditioned exclusively by what they do, but is gleaned from their responses to their common experience, their effects upon each other, their talent for introspection and their peculiar disposition to exhaustively dissect each other's motives. As a result we know every aspect of each individual nature and we are familiar with each person from every conceivable point of view. Unlike Dorothy Richardson and James Joyce, Mr. Myers does not reflect thought and emotion as a shifting, fluid content of consciousness. His method is by no means impressionistic; it leaves no opportunity for the collaboration of the reader's imagination. He writes in the vein of Henry James or Marcel Proust, relentlessly pursuing every shade of thought and feeling to its finest conclusion, stripping away layer after layer of the mental and emotional processes of his characters like skins from an onion. Curiously enough, the characters survive this clinical diagnosis almost unimpaired.

Altho "The Orissers" can not be said to constitute either an experiment or an innovation in fiction, due credit should be given to its unusual power. It is an absorbing and convincing study of character, largely, it must be confessed, unpleasant, against a background of melodramatic incident, and under the expectancy of an impending fate. Moreover, it is a novel of ideas, surveying the life which it reports from the point of view of a consistent philosophic attitude. That he has fused these two elements successfully is the index of Mr. Myers's achievement. In "The Orissers" psychological documentation and an extraordinarily bulky freightage of ideas tend to disproportionately depress the scales against art. Yet so evident is the author's power that one awaits with anticipation a novel wherein he will more completely fulfil the remarkable promise of "The Orissers."

A Close-up of Books and Authors

A LETTER from Johan Bojer, written at Hvalstad, Norway, to the Century Co., contains the following: "In September this year I hope to see you in New York. I am going to U. S. to give lectures for my compatriots who have cultivated Minnesota and Dakota." Of his new novel, "The Last of the Vikings," Bojer observes in quaintly-flavored English: "I will tell you the truth; there is no teaching in it. I have written the novel as a monument to my old comrades of the Lofoten fishing life, and I had no dream of the possibility that the book should be such a success. In France it has been published by *l'Illustration* and then as a book by the great publisher Calmann-Levy."

Sheila Kaye-Smith, author of "Joanna Godden" and "Green Apple Harvest," and one of the most talented of contemporary British novelists, recently made a speech in England on the subject of the current novel. During the course of her address she accepted the suggestion made in the editorial of the March issue of this magazine, and nominated six contemporary novelists as candidates for literary immortality. Her selections were Thomas Hardy, H. G. Wells, Rudyard Kipling, Joseph Conrad, John Galsworthy and Arnold Bennett. She then gave a second list of "runners-up." These potential immortals are May Sinclair, Rose Macaulay, Clemence Dane, Hugh Walpole, J. D. Beresford, W. L. George, Compton Mackenzie and D. H. Lawrence.

A book which is likely to make many readers alter their impression of a famous English poet has just been published in this country by the Harvard University Press. It is entitled "Wordsworth in a New Light" and comes from the pen of Emile Legouis, the great French scholar, who has devoted many years to the study of Wordsworth. Professor Legouis's researches in the documents of the town of Blois revealed the fact that during one of his youthful trips to France Wordsworth had a natural daughter. Later it developed that the French mother of this daughter was recognized in terms of familiarity by Dorothy Wordsworth, and the daughter herself as she grew up was acknowledged by the poet. Twenty years or more after Wordsworth and his French mistress were separated by the Revolution and subsequent war with England, they again met at Calais at the poet's urgent request. By that time the flame of love seems to have been quenched in both, and they never met again.

A correspondent who was greatly imprest by a poem entitled "100% American," dealing with the visit to this country of the Moscow Art Theater, and printed some time ago in the New York *Times*, requested some information about the poet. The author of the poem, John V. A. Weaver, is the literary critic of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, and the author of two volumes of striking verse, "In American" and "Finders," written, as he says, "in the American language," and of a short novel, "Margie Plays the Game," in which he experimented with the same language in prose. These volumes are not, however, Mr. Weaver's sole claim to fame. It is rumored among the "Sophisticates," as Mrs. Atherton terms them, that in collaboration with Mr. John Farrar, editor of *The Bookman*, Mr. Weaver is responsible for the invention of the "younger generation." Be that as it may, the day is shortly coming when Mr. Weaver will regretfully find himself promoted from the "younger generation," members of which must be not more than twenty-nine years old. Time will do it, for Mr. Weaver's thirtieth birthday approaches.

Edwin Arlington Robinson sailed for Europe on April 18. Mr. Robinson plans an indefinite stay in England, and goes first to London, where he expects to pass the summer.

Lady Cynthia Asquith, who is the wife of a son of the former British Premier and a daughter of Lord Wemyss, has written a book on child training which is to be published this month by Charles Scribner's Sons under the title of "The Child at Home." This book, while it gives sound and practical advice, is said to be written with much humor and playfulness and to be illuminated by much anecdotal matter.

D. H. Lawrence, now quietly living in New Mexico, will have two new books out shortly. One, just published, "The Captain's Doll," is a series of three short novels so closely related in theme that they constitute a unity. Each is a representation of the new relation between man and woman, the relation between husband and wife which Lawrence conceives will be the basis upon which man and woman will live in the future. A second volume, "Studies in Classic American Literature," contains essays on Walt Whitman and Hawthorne and studies of Herman Melville, Benjamin Franklin, Richard Henry Dana and other American writers.

William McFee, the novelist and marine engineer, who has taken out naturalization papers in the United States, told recently in an article in the New York *Sun* why he wanted to become an American. "It is my conviction," he writes, "that the man who changes his nationality easily has very little nationality to change. The immigrant who rushes over to the United States without even changing his underwear is doubtless justified in his enthusiasm for the life, liberty and pursuit of happiness which he discovers, for the first time, on these shores. . . . But to an Englishman of the middle classes like myself who has lived for years at a time in America, who has lived in many different countries and attained a certain degree of sophistication, the United States makes no such appeal to his imagination. He comprehends 'democracy' as an ingenious and familiar contrivance by which government functions without causing him private or personal distress. He is getting over his early feeling that he would never dream of remaining. He finds he does like it, and the notion of returning by the next steamer has died away!"

"The Unveiled Ladies of Stamboul," by Demetra Vaka, just published by Houghton Mifflin, has an interesting personal story behind it. The author is a Greek whose family lived in Constantinople for more than seven hundred years. She was educated at Athens, the Sorbonne in Paris, and New York University. She early revolted against conditions in the Near East, especially as regards the marriage system then in vogue, and ran away from home to come to the United States. In New York she supported herself by writing for a Greek newspaper and teaching French. In 1904 she married Kenneth Brown, who persuaded her to send an account of her early experiences to a magazine. It was accepted, and soon afterward her first book, "Haremlik," was published. In it she told of harem life as it seemed to her when she returned to Turkey after six years in the United States. Other books followed. During the war Demetra Vaka took an active part in Greek politics, and recently made another trip to her childhood home. The result of this visit was a book on the changing status of the women of the Orient, soon to be published.

A "Best Seller" in Brazil

BRAZIL'S literary circles are finding endless wonderment in the double success of a young author and publisher, Monteiro Lobato, who, at the same time that he was making a name for himself as a writer of considerable analytic power, became the godfather of the hitherto undiscovered talent of the country, and through good business methods has revolutionized the Brazilian book market.

A few years after Senhor Lobato had exchanged the city for the country and the profession of attorney-at-law for that of coffee planter, he turned up in Sao Paulo with a small collection of short stories, "Urupes." Not finding a publisher, with characteristic enterprise he immediately decided to be his own, and began with a large edition at that. His success was instantaneous, formidable. One of the types created by him, *Jeca Tatu,* the ungainly unpolished philistine, at once was adopted throughout the country as the personification of all that is formal and materialistic. The noun *jeca* was incorporated into the every-day language; it even acquired inflections and became a verb. The late Ruy Barbosa consecrated it in a solemn oration in the Theatro Lyrico of Rio de Janeiro.

Monteiro Lobato followed up his success with a sequel to his first book, entitled "The Ideas of Jeca Tatu," a psychological study of the jungle people. After this, another series of short stories followed, and lately has come a book for children, which has caused a mild scandal among old pedagogs by the introduction of imagination into the dry juvenile literature of Latin America.

It can not be clearly determined whether the success of Monteiro Lobato has been furthered by his bitter criticism of Brazilian life, or whether it has been attained in spite of this criticism. At any rate, the public took edition after edition of his works, and when Lobato purchased an anemic magazine of Sao Paulo "to have something to do," success also came to it to the extent of making the resurrected publication the most widely read of the periodicals dedicated to serious matters in the entire country.

In a small room of a flat of the Rua Boa Vista, Lobato could be found every day, in shirt-sleeves, doing a bit of everything, from the writing of "leaders" to the wrapping of the mail packages. His help was limited to three or four young men, but when the pressure of circumstances warranted it, Lobato mobilized the entire force of his contributors and chessmates—for all the time not taken up by editorial or shipping duties was given to interminable, silent battles over the chess-board.

Soon the set of young and talented writers that helped Lobato were in their turn launched in book form. Leo Vaz, Hilario Tacito and others were thus embarked under the banner of the Revista de Brazil editions. Without offices, without a printing-plant, without even a personnel, dense mystery surrounded the working of the enterprise and the final destination of the books. The volumes, thousand after thousand, were distributed directly from the small jobbing plants. "Where are my warehouses?" Lobato used to say, with his magnificent unconcern: "The whole of Brazil is my warehouse."

And sure enough, the publications of the Revista de Brazil were slowly making their way to the most remote corners of the immense country. They were going after the reader, whether he were to be found at that moment in Rio Grande do Sul or in Matto Grosso.

One fine day Monteiro Lobato closed the cramped quarters in which he had begun business, and, as if at the waving of a wand, opened his great modern printing-plant, a building with impressive offices and vast press-rooms, where the humming of the rotary presses is heard day and night. A twenty-year-old manager, selected by Lobato, not on account of any literary preparation, but solely for his business acumen, presides over the publishing concern, whose unceasing stream of books is already flowing out of the country and will soon begin to make modern Brazilian literature popularly known in foreign parts.

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(*Continued on page 73*)

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(*Continued from page 71*)

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The House of the Secret (La Maison des Hommes Vivants). By Claude Farrère. Translated by Arthur Livingston. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50.

A story of strange happenings in a solitary house in a dark ravine, with three infamous old men and an appalling secret.

Cap Fallon, Fire Fighter. By John A. Moroso. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.75.

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Murdo. By Konrad Bercovici. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.

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O. Henry Memorial Award: Prize Stories of 1922. Chosen by the Society of Arts and Sciences. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.90.

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My Lady of the Moor. By John Oxenham. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 90 cents.

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Tarzan and the Golden Lion. By Edgar Rice Burroughs. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

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The World Outside. By Harold MacGrath. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.75.

The story of how a murdered man's son solves an uncanny mystery in dark side-streets of New York City.

The Clue of the New Pin. By Edgar Wallace. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.90.

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A Daughter of Adam. By Corra Harris. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.75.

How Nancy McPherson, having acquired money and a lover in New York, goes to the aid of her father in his last great fight.

Juvenile

The Bad Child's Book of Beasts. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.25.

Nonsense-verses in which Mr. Belloc introduces the children to an entirely new set of ferocious animals. Humorously illustrated.

When I Was a Boy in Denmark. By H. Trolle-Steenstrup. Illustrated. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.25.

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My Method: Including American Impressions. By Emile Coué. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.75.

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For April 1, 1923.

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County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Wm. Neisel, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of the Funk & Wagnalls Company, Publishers of THE LITERARY DIGEST INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation) etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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Norway's Return to Art for Art's Sake

(*Continued from page 12*)

during the latest years literature has again become more and more a forum for debate. But the ideas discust are quite different from those championed by authors in the golden age of the problem novel. What then was called reaction is now on the way to become modern. There is no foot-race for "the new," but a quiet looking backward for the good old things we have lost.

Johan F. Vinsnes used to write good stories and plays just for the sake of writing and of describing human beings. Lately he has turned more and more toward religious propaganda in his works. He himself is a pharmacist, but he impresses one as being a minister in the garb of an author:—We need Christianity back again. All this faith in the ability of political powers to create greater human happiness is humbug. All this talk about radicalism and a new Utopia is delusion. Look into your own heart and reconcile yourself with God. Then society will become a better place to live in, without parliaments and strife between the classes.

Another author of note who has made the same turn is Gabriel Scott. He has written beautiful lyrical poems, modern and historical novels of considerable value. But lately he too has turned toward the religious—in a peculiar, primitive way. In the novel, "The Spring" (Kilden), he relates the dreams and reflections and simple religious belief of a fisherman. In "The Golden Gospel" (Det gyldne evangelium) he tells in fairy-tale form about how the Lord and St. Peter wandered around on earth. St. Peter thinks there are a good many faults to be found in the way the world is created and in the arrangement of things as a whole, and suggests how they may be corrected. But little by little, as they walk on and he gathers more experience, there dawns on the old watchman of heaven's gate the realization that the world is, when you look underneath the surface of things, not only well and sensibly arranged, but also beautiful beyond words. Certain parts of this book are of high lyrical beauty.

But the great name around which everybody now gathers is Mrs. Sigrid Undset. Both in novels and in discourses, and to some extent also in discussions in the press, this woman has set forth her independent views on the many movements of the time, especially on the emancipation of woman. She has had the courage to maintain that a woman can accomplish nothing greater and more holy than to become a good wife and mother. At a time when the right to vote and to be a power in party politics seemed to be the only things of interest to "the feminists," Mrs. Undset's view-point created a great sensation because her books bore marked evidence of their author's wide knowledge of humanity and were written in a sure artistic form. She relates the truth without any adornments, so in certain respects one might call her a naturalist; but she also possesses both beauty and warmth, and a wonderful richness of thought.

She speaks as one who has authority. Her latest novel, "Kristin Lavransdatter," is in three big parts, and the theme is taken from the Middle Ages of Norwegian history. Here we meet a whole array of splendid types of men, set against the political, social and religious conditions of the time. And in the center of it all stands a woman, Kristin herself. We follow her from childhood until she dies in a convent as an old woman. And when the story is finished we say: "That woman really deserved to have her story written. Her life surely was varied and rich." We see her in her relationship to her parents and to her husband, to the clergy and to religion. But first and last we see her as a mother and live with her in her joys and pains over the new beings she has brought into the world. Here her character is monumental. For the first time in our literature has a whole period of history been elucidated through a woman, not mentioned in any book of history, taken as one of the many, whose fate it usually is to be born, to live, to disappear and be forgotten.

Mrs. Undset has through this book thrown a light over the Middle Ages of our history such as no learned professor has ever been able to create. But the book embodies all ages. It is an eternal human document.

Books Talked About in Literary Europe

THE younger literary set in France—the group that worships at the shrine of the late Marcel Proust and his analytical fiction—is greatly exercised over a new novel by Valery Larbaud called "A. O. Barnabooth: Journal d'un milliardaire" (Paris: La Nouvelle Revue Française). It is the story of a young millionaire who is the slave of his millions, whose money pursues him, tyrannizes over him, fills him with a hopeless soul-weariness. He grows timid, frightened of his own shadow-of-a-rich-man; his fortune imprisons him more closely than would the want from which it delivers him. Yet when he undertakes to be rid of the incubus, to throw the money by handfuls into the Arno, a panic on the London Stock Exchange threatens to destroy the industries in which his money is invested, and to plunge thousands of innocent people into suffering. Barnabooth's travels all over Europe, his amatory and spiritual adventures, his struggles as of a fly in a spider's web, give M. Valery Larbaud full opportunity for that delicate and subtle psychological analysis in which the French novelists of the after-war period seem to excel. A Paris review which gives this book the leading place in the month's fiction finds the hero, despite his fifty million dollars, a light, fantastic and almost intangible being, but says that his ever-changing mental states are analyzed and handled with great artistic skill. It adds that if the unfortunate hero is still living he must be greatly relieved by the shrinkage of his capital since the war.

Literary France recently had the curious experience of seeing a new French poet introduced to his own compatriots by a Spanish author, Señor Blasco Ibáñez. The poet is Paul-Emile Bibily, and his first book, "Poesies" (Paris: Alphonse Lemerre), contains a long introduction by the Spanish novelist telling the poet's life story and appraising his poems. M. Bibily is Vice-Consul of France in New York, where he has lived for the last ten years, and it was here that Señor Ibáñez met him two years ago, falling instantly under the charm of the young man's personality, in so much that he forgot the business for which he had gone to the consulate and talked for an hour on literary and artistic themes as only Latins can. It was the Spaniard who encouraged the Frenchman to go on writing poetry, and who at length has become the godfather of his book. M. Bibily's poems reflect the many moods of his eventful life. His war poems have won this tribute from Ibáñez:

> M. Bibily, as a good Frenchman, loves his country more than anything else in the world; his verses prove it beyond measure. But this is not enough to explain what he has done in his war poems. He alone of all his fellow-countrymen, it seems to me, has had the rare merit of being able to rise above the contingencies of the conflict, and to see it, with philosophic serenity, in its vast totality and from the unique and general view-point of suffering humanity. One finds almost no celebrated names in these poems written between 1914 and 1918: Rheims barely mentioned, the Marne, Verdun, and that is all. No great chief is exalted in these lines: only soldiers, the pitiful company that is suffering and dying for an ideal. This short chapter embodies the whole history of those four tragic years; it develops in a harmonious curve, from the France of 1914, rising for humanity, to the France of 1918, triumphant, worn out, but still with a soul that shines "like a lighthouse on the misty brow of the ages," to guide the nations, thirsting for happiness, toward a future of ideal peace. No other modern poet, so far as I know, has been able thus far to realize such a vision.

The Paris critics fully confirm this judgment, paying tribute to the musical purity of language and the extraordinary richness of M. Bibily's poems.

A comprehensive introduction to one of the most important contemporary German poets may be found in Robert Heinz Heygrodt's "Die Lyric Rainer Maria Rilkes" (Freiburg-im-Breisgau: J. Bielefeld), a critical study that makes accessible two of Rilke's earlier volumes of verse as well as his better-known "Larenopfer" and "Traumgekrönt." The new volume is praised by European critics for the thoroughness with which Herr Heygrodt has surveyed the poet's works, and for bringing out the influence upon Rilke of the Bohemian landscape, of his travels in Russia, and particularly of his debt to the Scandinavian writer, J. P. Jocobsen.

The supreme experience of motherhood is the theme of all the stories in "Finestre Altre" (Milan: Mondadori), a new volume by Ada Negri, which is said to give her an assured place in the first rank of modern Italian short-story writers. For her, love plays only a secondary part in a woman's life, as compared with the joy and suffering of motherhood. The first story, "Il Suo Diritto" (Her Right), is about a child, Lucetta, who is disfigured for life by a burn. The misfortune makes the mother so intolerable that the father is driven away to the Argentine. Lucetta grows up and becomes a successful singer, however, in spite of her deformity; and when she captivates a great violinist—becoming his mistress, since her power over him can be only temporary—her mother agrees that this love is but her right (diritto). The violinist at length deserts her, and Lucetta dies when her child is born. But Lucetta's mother becomes a normal woman again as soon as she has a healthy baby to look after. The same motif of motherhood runs through "Il Sonno," "Ombra," "Gli Orfani," "La Moglie," and all the other stories, and European reviewers declare that every sketch in the book maintains the same high level of power and insight.

Ray Stannard Baker's three volumes on "Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement" are among the most-talked-of books in Europe, and not a little of the criticism is adverse. The press of each country finds its own points of attack, and Mr. Baker's chapter on "The Turkish Empire as Booty" seems to have produced a universal resentment among the Allies—probably because it is a criticism of most of them. In England there is resentment against the claim that Mr. Wilson's peace program was peculiarly American. In a three-column review entitled "The Failure of President Wilson" the London *Times Literary Supplement* says: "Not only were the ideas in no way peculiarly American, but when the test came they were repudiated by the American people. . . . For in truth, as Mr. Baker himself honestly shows, when it came to the point no nation was firmer—was, we may say, even harsher—than America herself in refusing to surrender real or supposed national interests to the doctrine of self-renunciation." This reviewer calls attention to an "extraordinary blunder" in Mr. Baker's book. Mr. Lloyd George's well-known memorandum of March 25 on the general policy of the Peace Conference, he says, is attributed to General Bliss, and the ideas thus fathered upon the American General are praised, whereas the same arguments, when used elsewhere by the British Prime Minister, "are attributed by President Wilson and Mr. Baker to 'funk.'" Despite much adverse comment, however, this reviewer admits that Mr. Baker's work "is, since M. Tardieu's book, 'La Paix,' much the most important publication which has yet appeared on the Paris Conference."

The Literary Question Box

QUESTIONS

The purpose of this Department is to develop self-service. Readers will aid each other in tracing and locating elusive literary quips, poetic phrases or lines, popular rimes, aphorisms, ballads, maxims, proverbs, etc. All communications should be written only on one side of the paper, and should be addrest to The Literary Question Box, International Book Review. Replies are printed in the order of their receipt and credit is given to other correspondents in rotation. The space limits imposed on the Department allow the consideration of questions only of wide interest. Such as can be answered direct will be so treated by the Editor on receipt of a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous correspondents.

"I Shall Arrive"

MRS. A. D., Glendale, Md.—Kindly let me know the name of the author of the lines,

"I see my way as birds their pathless flight;
I shall arrive what time, what circuit first—
I know not——."

This may not be correctly quoted. I should like to know what follows, and will greatly appreciate assistance.

Barbarism

C. W. L., Kingman, Kan.—I would like to know the author of the following, which I do not find—

"There is the moral of all history's tales,
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past;
First dawn then glory—when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption—barbarism at last."

Nations Yet To Be

V. W., Edmonton, Alberta.—(1) Can any one assist me in tracing a poem containing the following lines?

"I hear the tread of nations yet to be—
The first low wash of waves where soon shall roll a human sea;
The rudiments of empire here are plastic yet and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world is rounding into form."

(2) Can any reader quote the song "When the Stars Were Young," written by Rubens and sung by Mme. Kirkby Lunn?

Not So Poor

T. B. B., Port Dover, Ontario.—Who was the author, and what is the name of a ballad in which a young farmer bewails to his sweetheart the loss of all his worldly possessions, especially a bay or chestnut mare, through the foreclosure of a mortgage held by his rival? He thinks he has also lost his chance of winning the lady until she asks him what she is worth, and when he says she is worth the whole world, she tells him he is not so poor.

A Square World

B. V. I., Pittsburgh, Pa.—I note with delight your new department. May I ask for the following?

"They say the world is round,
And yet I often think it square;
So many little hurts we get
From corners here and there."

Also, "To-day is the to-morrow we thought of yesterday," or words to that effect.

Beauty in the Eye

R. S. P., Baltimore, Md.—Can you give me the author, and if possible the context, of "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder"? I have stumped everybody I know in the educational realm hereabouts.

Author Wanted

H. P. B., San Francisco, Calif.—If you will give me the author of the following poem, I shall deeply appreciate it:

WHENCE COMETH MY HELP

Out from the city's noise and strife,
Out from the world of men,
Up to the land of a wilder life
I have come back again!

* * *

I will go through the fearsome night
Heedless of fear and scorn;
Failure is failure, but right is right—
I will endure till morn.

* * *

So has the mountain brought me peace,
Though I must fight again;
Fearless I go where the storms ne'er cease
Back to the world of men.

Fear God

X. F. W., Des Plaines, Ill.—Can any one inform me who was the author of the following saying: "He who fears God, fears no one"?

Work for God and Man

M. S. G., Jersey City, N. J.—Can you tell me where I can find the poem in which are the following lines?

"It is great to be where the fight is strong,
To serve where the heaviest troops belong,
To work for God and man."

Also, the poem, "Left Alone at 80."

The Yankee Volunteer

C. N. W., Chattanooga, Tenn.—In one of the international boat races along in the '80's or early '90's you will remember that the defender of the cup was the Yankee *Volunteer*. Some one wrote a very clever poem which was widely published and, I think, set to music, which was called "The Yankee Volunteer," the concluding line of each verse being, "That dashing child of victory, the Yankee Volunteer." I should like very much to secure a copy of this poem with the music, and if not the music, the poem would satisfy me.

I shall appreciate any information you can give me as to where I can secure either or both.

Taps

Sister M. R., Nashville, Tenn.—Will you be kind enough to find out for me the author of the enclosed poem? It was written from memory and the writer is not sure that he has every word correct, but, as a whole, he believes it is like the original.

"TAPS"

Farewell brave old campaigner, your last fight
Is fought and won! No more shall war's alarms
Disturb your rest with strident call to arms;
Now, after toilsome days, comes quiet night.
In barrack's rest you watched the waning light,
You watched the youthful soldiers march to war!
When came the call their souls had listened for,
Their hearts were ready and their armor bright.

Then Death came tauntingly and smote your shield;
You faced him bravely—met each thrust and blow
And vanquished him with patience; now you go—
Your CAPTAIN calls you from the battlefield.

The weary strife is o'er—life's clamors cease;
"Well done!" your welcome from the Prince of Peace.

Hobbs Hints Blue

W. F. N., Los Angeles, Calif.—Can any of your readers acquaint me with the source of the following quotation from "The Mirrors of Washington"?

"Hobbs hints blue,—Straight he turtle eats:
Hobbs prints blue,—claret drowns his cup.
. . . fished the murex up."

Dear Mariner

W. S. K., Morristown, N. J.—Who is the author, and from what poem are the following lines?

"All ports are thine, dear mariner, though others name thee dead;
I sight thy pennants flying, and I know thy sails are spread."

Oot an In

J. T., Media, Pa.—Can any reader help me? About thirty years ago I read in an American magazine a poem which I think described a storm in Scotland. The refrain was this:

"In, in, oot an' in
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin."

About the middle of the poem was this line—

"And the spate was mirk as hell."

A Passing Gleam

J. A. S., Waupun, Wis.—Can any one give me the anthology, the first verse of which is

"A passing gleam called life is o'er us thrown;
It glimmers like a meteor and is gone.
What do we mortals by this existence gain?
A drop of pleasure in a sea of pain."

In Old Granada

F. F. G., Manlius, N. Y.—Could any one give me the entire poem which begins—

"Years ago in old Granada, where the Moors were forced to flee,
Each man locked his door behind him,
Taking with himself the key."

Mountain Home

W. H. H., Lone Oak, Ky.—Could you give me the author and history, and if it is *folk-lore*, of the following lines, and the *entire poem* or *song* of it?

"Not for gold or precious stone,
Would I leave my mountain home;
Crowds and fashions of the town
Have no power to drag me down."

Centaurs

Miss I. M. M., New York.—About five years ago I read a poem in some magazine regarding a couple of centaurs. The male centaur spies the female in the beauty of the early dawn, and the line "I chased her down the morning" is the stirring note of the poem.

I am most desirous of having that poem in my library, but have searched in vain for it. If you can direct me to the publication in which it appeared, I shall be most appreciative.

As Age Advances

A. F. W., Colo. Springs, Colo.—During the Civil War a humorist,

I think his pen name was Orpheus C. Kerr (office seeker), wrote a poem in doggerel which he called "Age Bluntly Considered," the first four lines of which were as follows:

"As age advances, ails and aches attend;
Backs broadest builded, burdensomely bend,
Cuttingly cruel comes consuming care,
Dealing delusion, drivelry, despair.

This was continued until the alphabet was exhausted. I would be glad if some one could cite to me where I could find the whole poem.

ANSWERS

Father Tabb

Dr. Francis A. Litz, Baltimore, Md.—The complete limerick, containing the three lines quoted by your correspondent "J. K.," Nelson, B. C., is as follows:

High Flyers

"There were two brothers named Wright
Who rose in aerial flight;
But a poet I know
That much higher could go,
For he soared till he went out of sight."

The verses are autobiographical. *Out of sight* refers to Father Tabb's blindness, for he became totally blind in the same year the Wright brothers succeeded with their heavier-than-air machine. His native humor never once deserted him during the period of his blindness. Only two short and unsatisfactory biographies of Father Tabb have been published: M. S. Pine's *John Banister Tabb*, now out of print; and Jennie Masters Tabb's *Father Tabb*. I am about to publish a complete and detailed critical study of *Father Tabb, His Life and Works*.

Thanks are due also for answer received from S. M. R., Nashville, Tenn.

The Joblillies

George A. Wheeler, Ballston, Va.—Your correspondent, "F. E. B.," Johnstown, Pa., will find the Joblillies are the small gentry of a village, the squire being the Grand Panjandrum. See Brewer's "Reader's Handbook," p. 549.

"There were present the Picninnies, and the Joblillies, and the Garyulies, and the Grand Panjandrum himself." —S. Foote, *The Quarterly Review*, xcv. 516–17.

Thanks are due for answers received also from Allen French, Concord, Mass.; Mrs. Blanche C. Smith, Weston, W. Va.; Mary L. Samson, Le Roy, N. Y.; Vernon Way, Alberta, Can.

To Jest at Dawn with Death

Adelaide Dixon, Sharon, Pa.—"C. A. H.," of Richmond, Va., whose question was printed in the March issue, will find the quotation he desires in Rudyard Kipling's "Ballad of East and West," on page 201 of the New World Edition of the Works of Rudyard Kipling—"Departmental Ditties." The correct wording is:

"Kamal has gript him by the hand
and set him upon his feet.
'No talk shall be of dogs,' said he,
'when wolf and gray wolf meet.
May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of
me in deed or breath;
What dam of lances brought thee
forth to jest at dawn with
Death?'"

Thanks are due for answers received also from Ernest McCullough, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Katharine J. Bartlett, Philadelphia, Pa.; Henry C. Pickering, Woodbourne, Pa.; C. H. McElhaney, Pomeroy, Pa.; Gladys Allen, Stonewall, La.; George C. Williams, Ithaca, N. Y.; Philip E. Siggers, Washington, D. C.; Elizabeth B. Williams, Richmond, Va.; Edward P. Carter, Jr., Groton, Mass.; Vernon Way, Alberta, Canada; Mildred T. Swanson, Eagle Rock, Calif.; Mrs. H. L. Cunliffe, Seattle, Wash.; Robert Peirce, Belmont, Calif.; Grace Gray Miller, Pomona, Calif.

At Sea

H. M. Magnuson, Geraldine, Mont.—The lines quoted by your correspondent "Z. K.," Newport, N. H., in the March number, occur in a short poem entitled "When Shall We Three Meet Again?" The poem may be found in number 15 of "Choice Selections," published by the Penn Publishing Company, of Philadelphia, 30c, or in Dana's "Household Book of Poetry," published by Appleton & Company, $5.00.

In Poppy Land

Miss Kriemler, Stuttgart, Germany.—The ballad "W. S.," Philadelphia, inquires about in the February number of this Review is to be found in Clement Scott's charming little book, "Poppy Land—Papers Descriptive of Scenery on the East Coast of England."

The Garden of Sleep is the old disused churchyard of the little village of Overstrand, near the watering-place of Cromer, Norfolk, East Anglia, England. In the Overstrand churchyard stands an old flint-covered tower. When visiting the Garden of Sleep some years before the war, I was told the story of the tower. One morning the inhabitants of Overstrand awoke to find their church washed away by the sea and only the tower left standing. A few miles off Cromer coast, lies buried in the deep also the village of Shipden. On clear days you are supposed to see the church and houses of the sunk village and on moonlit nights hear the church-bells ringing far down in their blue grave. The Garden of Sleep on the cliff, with the old crenelated, Norman-looking tower, is a most romantic, poetry-inspiring spot.

Thanks are due for answers received also from Kenneth H. Limmer, Norfolk, England; Mrs. H. F.

Why Clark Missed His Great Chance

"It means a quarter of a million dollar contract, and I can't get away."

"Why not send Clark?"

"No use. He can't talk to men. He has no command of the English language."

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Freeman, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. C. H. Thrall, Bowen, Ill.; Mrs. A. G. Page, Los Angeles, Calif.; Harriet E. Cushman, Chula Vista, Calif.; Mrs. Sherwood Johnston, Knoxville, Tenn.; Mary L. Booth, Oklahoma City, Okla.

"The Broken Pinion"

ANNA R. JACKSON, Toughkenamon, Pa.—The first three stanzas of "The Bird with the Broken Pinion" were written by Hezekiah Butterworth. There are four stanzas to the poem—the fourth was written by P. P. Bilhorn. The whole poem is set to music by F. M. Lamb, and may be found in songs of "Redemption and Praise," revised, compiled, and edited by John A. Davis and John R. Clements, 20c, and published by Bilhorn Brothers, 152 E. Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

Thanks are due for answers received also from Woodford D. Harlan, Takoma Park, D. C.; Mary C. Jameson, Wautoma, Wis.; Maud Bruce, Opelika, Ala.; Frank N. Dexter, Elroy, Wis.; John Grant Shick, Wayne, Nebr.; B. V. Imbrie, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. W. H. Jarden, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. S. A. Wagnell, Zion, Ill.; F. W. Tanner, Urbana, Ill.; B. F. Wanamaker, Elmira, N. Y., and A. M. Hutton, Valley Falls, N. Y.

De Rougemont

J. G. SCHLAFFER, Baltimore, Md.—The adventures of De Rougemont were originally published in *The Wide World Magazine* some years ago. On the death of De Rougemont, June, 1921, and upon the return of an expedition from the interior of Australia, a great many of the claims of De Rougemont were found to be true. *The Wide World Magazine*, issue of February, 1922, contains the complete story of the life of this wonderful man among the savages. The magazine is published by George Newnes, Limited, London.

[The name De Rougemont was the pseudonym of a Swiss adventurer named Henri Louis Grin, who in 1898 published an account of his adventures as a castaway in the Sea of Timor in 1863. EDITOR.]

Thanks are due for answer received also from Bertha W. Eames, Worcester, Mass.

Paul's Prayer

FRANK N. DEXTER, Elroy, Wis.—Mrs. J. W. L., Wichita Falls, Tex., will find her reference in Frederick H. Myers' poem, "St Paul," 17th stanza, published by Macmillan.

"Evangeline"

MARY C. JAMESON, Wautoma, Wis.—A good authority on the historical facts concerning the Acadians of "Evangeline" is Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolfe."

Thanks are due for answer received also from Margaret Doherty, Columbus, Ohio.

"A Night in Honolulu"

"BUBBLES," Chicago, Ill.—"A Night in Honolulu" is the title of a play by Howard McKent Barnes, but this, as far as I know, has not yet appeared in book form. The author may be reached through A. Milo Bennett, Delaware Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Silk-Purse and Sow's Ear

GEORGE C. HARVEY, New York, finds this old English proverb in John Ray's "Compleat Collection of English Proverbs" (1st edition, 1742; later editions, 1757 and 1813), rendered "You can not make velvet out of a sow's ear." He adds that "the original 'You can not make a silk-purse out of a sow's ear' has been recently challenged by a firm of manufacturers who took a sow's ear and made a beautiful, soft, and flossy purse out of it"; but, he adds: "It is not silk."

Sordello

H. C. SCHWEIKERT, St. Louis, Mo.—I submit the following answer to the question asked by J. G., of Paris, Ky., in the March Literary Question Box: Sordello was a Mantuan by birth, and lived from 1180 to 1255. He is remembered as a Provençal Troubadour who employed the language of Provence because it seemed better fitted than his native Italian for lyrical perfection of his verse. He is frequently mentioned in Dante's *Purgatorio*.

ROBERT E. BEAUPRE, Burlington, Vt., to whom thanks are due for a like answer, adds that an excellent essay on Sordello may be found in George Willis Cooke's "Browning Guide-Book." Thanks are due for answers received also from George A. Wheeler, Ballston, Va.; Allen French, Concord, Mass.; Mary L. Samson, Le Roy, N. Y.; George M. Turner, Harley, Ia.; Mrs. L. E. Felton, Hanford, Calif.; Chas. E. Campbell, New Britain, Conn.; E. L. Egner, Chicago, Ill.; Ruby E. Rowland, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Herbert L. Carney, Charleston, W. Va.

"How Big Was Alexander?"

The REVEREND T. M. HURST, Arnot, Pa.—The verses asked for in your March number by "G. E. M.," Harbor Springs, Mich., may be found in McGuffey's *Third Reader*, first published in 1856. The poem was printed anonymously, and is sixty-four lines long. The first verse reads:

How big was Alexander, Pa,
That people call him great?
Was he, like old Goliah tall,
His spear a hundred weight?
Was he so large that he could stand
Like some tall steeple high;
And while his feet were on the ground,
His hands could touch the sky?

The spelling *Goliah* was used as cited above.

Thanks are due for answers received also from Mrs. F. A. Bronson, Chicago, Ill., whose copy of the complete poem has been forwarded to "G. E. M.," and C. W. Marshall, Germantown, Pa. Thanks are due for answers received also from Mrs. John Gardiner, Tucson, Ariz.; B. V. Imbrie, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Helena B. Burton, Garfield, Colo.; Mrs. Clara T. Hillman, New York City; Mrs. A. W. Pinney, Norfolk, Conn.

Fortune and Hope

F. W. BRADLEY, Columbia, S. C.—Answering "H. V.," New York City, the source of the words quoted in the February issue is said to be a Greek epitaph ascribed to Janus Pannonius which translated into Latin reads—

"Inveni portum: Spes et Fortuna valete?
Sat me lusistis, ludite nunc alios,"

which freely translated into English runs.

"I have reached the port; Hope and Fortune, farewell!
Of me you have made sufficient sport, now make game of others."

The lines occur at the end of Book IX, Chapter 10 of Le Sage's "Gil Blas."

Spring with Dewy Fingers

ROWENE S. SNYDER, Ilion, N.Y.—The following poem contains the lines quoted by "C. M. C.," Glenwood, Ind. The poem was written by an English lyric poet, William Collins, who was born in Chichester on December 25, 1721, and died June 12, 1757. It is entitled "How Sleep the Brave," was written in 1745, and is rated as the most beautiful of a series of "Odes" upon which his fame as a poet is established.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To deck the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit there.

Thanks are due for replies and copies of the poem received from Elizabeth Hubbard, Elkin, N. C.; Linda W. Browne, Raleigh, N. C.; H. C. Schweikert, St. Louis, Mo.; F. E. Yerkes, Gloversville, N. Y.; Mrs. H. R. Burton, Washington, D. C.; Charlotte S. Butz, Allentown, Pa.; H. Anderson, Philadelphia, Pa.; Adelaide Dixon, Sharon, Pa.; Allen French, Concord, Mass.; Ruth Carroll Mosser, Hoopeston, Ill.; H. M. Magnuson, Geraldine, Mont.; Barbara Blaine, Berrien Springs, Mich.; H. J. Fenton, Annapolis, Md.; Otto H. Rollis, Alberta, Canada; C. R. Hardy, Atlanta, Ga.; Alexander N. Sloan, Jr., Rahway, N. J.; Louis M. McKnight, Detroit, Mich.

The Church and the World

MRS. R. C. DABZELL, Wheeling, W. Va.—In your March number a question is asked by "E. C.," Mount Vernon, N. Y., as to the authorship of a poem called "The Church and the World."

I found the poem in a Hymn Book of the Millennial Dawn followers; it can be had, I think, from the International Bible Students' Society in Brooklyn, N. Y. The authorship was not known to the makers of the Hymn Book. The poem, which consists of one hundred and four lines, is called "The Nominal Church." It is too long to publish. [The copy made and sent to the Question Box by our correspondent has been forwarded to "E] C.," Mount Vernon, N. Y.—EDITOR.

Thanks are due for answers received also from H. E. Harper, Oakland, Calif.; J. P. Leyenberger, Wheeling, W. Va.; F. O. Cunningham, Massena, N. Y.; J. Wm. Denton, Portsmouth, N. H.

When Bryan Came to Butte

J. D. EASON, Jr., Washington, D. C.—"T. M. H.," Arnot, Pa.: Answering your inquiry as to where you may find a copy of the poem, "When Bryan Came to Butte," permit me to say that this poem was written by the Editor of *The Anaconda Standard*, an important daily newspaper of Butte, Mont., during Mr. Bryan's first campaign. A copy of this poem could be secured by writing to *The Standard* at Butte.

Out of the Dusk

DOROTHY PIERMAN, Buffalo, N. Y.—I am enclosing the complete poem, "The Fantom Caravan," by Kendall Banning, about which "A. L. D.," Sharon, Pa., was inquiring in your issue for April. It is too long to publish. [The copy made and sent to the Question Box by our correspondent has been forwarded to "A. L. D.," Sharon, Pa. EDITOR.]

Sam Houston

CLARK S. BEARDSLEE, Buffalo, N. Y.—The lines quoted by "C. C. J.," Kalkaska, Mich., are from Byron's "Childe Harold," Canto IV, Stanza 10.

Thanks are due for answers received also from J. D. Campbell, Beaumont, Tex.; Dr. D. S. Lamb, Washington, D. C.; Joseph C. Bily, Pittsburgh, Pa.

We Do Others Wrong

FRANK WILLIAMS, East Orange, N. J.—Richard Chenevix Trench, Irish prelate, Archbishop of Dublin (born in Dublin, Sept. 9, 1807; died in London, March 28, 1886), is the author of the beautiful poem in which occur the lines whereof "T. B. R.," Orange Depot, N. Y., makes inquiry.

Thanks are due for answers received also from Mrs. H. C. Ayers, East Orange, N. J.; Rev. J. A. Richards, Winnetka, Ill.; E. W. Streeter, Wheaton, Ill.; Rev. Henri L. G. Kieffer, Frederick, Md.; E. McP. Ravenel, Charleston, S. C.; Frederick W. Simpson, Atlantic, Ia.

The Little Cares

MRS. GORDON V. KELLOGG, Chicago, Ill.—In answer to the request of "H. F.," Oklahoma City, Okla., the poem, "The Cares of Yesterday" was written by Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

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INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

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TERMS: $1.50 a year, in advance; a single copy 15 cents; postage to foreign countries 50 cents a year, excepting Canada and countries where the United States domestic rate applies. BACK NUMBERS, not over three months old, 25 cents each. RECEIPT OF PAYMENT is shown on address-label, usually the month after a remittance is received; date of expiration includes the month named on the label. CAUTION: If date is not properly extended after each payment, notify publishers promptly. Instructions for RENEWAL, DISCONTINUANCE, or CHANGE OF ADDRESS should be sent *two weeks* before the date they are to go into effect. *Both old and new addresses* must always be given. PRESENTATION COPIES: Many persons subscribe for friends. Those who desire to renew such subscriptions must do so before expiration.

THE LITERARY DIGEST INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW is published monthly by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. London Office, 134 Salisbury Square. Printed in the United States of America.

Entered as second-class matter November 29, 1922, at the Post-Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The Literary Digest
INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW
Volume I, No. 7 NEW YORK, JUNE, 1923 Whole Number 7

The Younger Generation Grows Older

By Roselle Mercier Montgomery

THERE are signs of it on every side, if one will but use one's eyes and ears—signs that the Younger Generation in the literary world is not so young as it used to be!

We capitalize because, tho generations may come and generations may go, there is, there can be, but one Younger Generation. That, of course, is the generation that made the name famous; that, at the end of the war, took over—indeed, made over—Literature and Life; that produced the Flapper and all her by-products, including her celebrants; that drove the Victorians, like the biblical herd of swine, down into the sea; in short, the generation that we have just lived through, or down, whichever way one cares to put it.

How will the era which they have dominated go down in literary history? How will it be named to distinguish it from eras that have gone before and from eras that will come after? It will scarcely be called the Age of Innocence—that would be to laugh! Nor will it be called the Age of Adolescence, which, in the bright lexicon of Victorian youth, used to be a synonym of Innocence.

The youngsters themselves would like to hear it called the Age of Sophistication, since Sophistication has been its literary and social idol.

But, altho Mrs. Atherton, flatterer that she is, in "Black Oxen" uses "Sophisticates" to describe the young editors, critics, authors and columnists who make up the literary smart set of

"THEY MERELY MADE A NOISE BECAUSE THEY WANTED TO FRIGHTEN THE VICTORIANS AND TO BE TALKED ABOUT"

New York, and indeed the literary Soviet of America, we are thinking that Time, that keenest of critics and most incorruptible of judges, that writer who will never publish a book and who has therefore no fear of giving offense, will find another name for them and for the age in which they have flourished.

It is our guess that their era will go down in the annals of Time as the Age of Pretense, and they themselves, not as Sophisticates, but as Young Pretenders to Sophistication!

It has been a game, this pose at sophistication, and one that has been, like the dancing craze, both strenuous and popular; one at which each player has tried to outdo all the other players; one which has been played so seriously that it has deceived not only the onlookers, but the players themselves. So children, sometimes, at their make-believe games, put on masks, funny or horrible faces, that frighten each other and themselves.

But it has been only a game!

The youngsters have been nowhere nearly so sad and so bad and so mad as they wanted us to believe. They merely made a noise because they wanted to frighten the Victorians and to be talked about. It is only fair to say that in these two ambitions they have been successful!

Take the case of the Flapper, the outstanding product of the Age of Pretense. Was she ever as wicked as she was press-agented to be? Never—or hardly ever! But she craved the spotlight and assumed the mask of sophistication in order to get it.

That she did get it only proves what a good publicity stunt sophistication is. Victorian hands went up in horror; Victorian tongues began to wag; her literary playmates began to make copy of her. Fortunes, literary fortunes and reputations, were made overnight by the celebrants of her bobbed hair and skirts, her parked corsets, her alleged flask, her petting propensities. No editor could get enough of her, no preacher could make too much of her!

All in all, with the aid of everybody, the Flapper had what she herself would describe as a wonderful time until — well, until somebody peeped behind her mask and discovered that she was only pretending, that she was as simple, really, as Little Miss Muffet or the Little Girl with the Curl! As soon as she was found out, the Flapper stopt playing, put her skirts down and her hair up, and, almost overnight, retired from editorial pages, magazine stories, books and Sunday sermons.

There are signs—plenty of them for those who are on the lookout for them—that the rest of the Young Pretenders have wearied of the game. Not that all the players at it were young; but they all pretended to be young, as well as sophisticated.

"WAS THE FLAPPER EVER AS WICKED AS SHE WAS PRESS-AGENTED TO BE?"

The instinct for survival is strong, even in those in whom it is an anachronism — Victorians, for example. And many of them had to go with the rising tide of sophistication or go down under it.

Some of them were writers dependent on their writings for their bread and butter and theater tickets. Their writings, in turn, were dependent upon the favor of young editors, young critics and young readers, all of whom cried for sophistication and simply refused to be happy until they got it.

So, in the language of General Pershing and Lafayette, "Nous voilà!"

Not that all the readers, either, were so young or so sophisticated as they pretended to be; but with literature offering a Fountain of Youth, who could turn away? Here was a direct, sure-fire and simple way to get young quick. Less expensive and experimental than the new French and Austrian methods, it was yet far ahead of Mary Garden's advice: to "say thirty-nine — and look brazen!" It was less mussy than facial creams; less heroic than skin removal; less strenuous on the muscles than daily dozens, and on the memory than fibs about one's birthday! One could be young by merely admiring the right authors. One had only to forswear Tennyson for Ezra Pound; Walter Scott for Scott Fitzgerald; James Russell for Amy Lowell; and George for T. S. Eliot.

How comforting that now one need not dissever oneself entirely from the Younger Generation and be considered a playmate of the Patagonian plesiosaurus, if one confesses oneself bored by Symbolism and wearied with Sex—the two sign-marks of Sophistication—for the Young Pretenders are themselves beginning to tire of them, and are beginning to smile, tho timidly as yet, at Sherwood Anderson, T. S. Eliot, James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence,

and other "*Dial* operators." This time last year it was literary sacrilege even to question the genius of any contributor to the *Dial*, yet "The Waste Land," which received the *Dial's* two-thousand-dollar award as the most distinguished contribution to literature in 1922, in 1923 comes perilously near being an acknowledged literary laughing-stock!

Besides this new disposition to smile irreverently at recent idols, there are other signs that the Younger Generation is, like Heywood Broun's Boy, "growing older." One of them is that Alfred Kreymborg and other free-verse poets are beginning to write a good bit in the conventional rimed forms, the sonnet especially. They are rather patronizing about it, it is true, and rather apologetic, as well becomes those who have so often reiterated that their brand of spirits needed the freest of free verse to uncork themselves in. Perhaps they still scorn the shackles of good form and perfect rime — else Alfred Kreymborg would not end his Petrarchian sonnets with a couplet, and would not rime *been* with *dream*, as he did in a recent sonnet in *Harper's Magazine*. Due, no doubt, to the fact that some of the Younger Generation poets are no longer withholding their approval from rime and rhythm, the conventional forms of verse are breaking out in the most unexpected pages, where until very recently everything, poetically speaking, was without form and void. It is almost like meeting flappers in gloves, or seeing them make curtsies—but it is a sign of the changing times.

It is significant, too, that the Poetry Society this year has elected for its president a classicist, and rather a stern classicist, John Erskine, and that this year at its annual dinner it applauded to the roof Lizette Woodworth Reese's diatribe against formless verse. "Art," said that scolding Victorian schoolma'am, "is no slattern, standing with her arms akimbo; she is an aristocrat, with the restraints and restrictions of her class." And the room echoed with applause from the very same palms that a year ago clapped Amy Lowell's defense of polyphonic prose!

"IT HAS BEEN A GAME, THIS POSE OF SOPHISTICATION"

Ah, yes, there is a distinct drift toward the very conservatism that it has heretofore been the mission of the Younger Generation to denounce and deride. Here is John Farrar in a recent number of the New York *Herald Book Review* telling us that Sherwood Anderson, whom we ourselves heard him praise to the skies in a talk to the Pen and Brush Club about a year ago, is a Horrible Example to young writers. He says that Sherwood Anderson has not lived up to the promise of his earlier work—but is it, might it not be possible, that Mr. Farrar's own point of view has shifted?

"ART IS NO SLATTERN STANDING WITH HER ARMS AKIMBO"

A lot can happen in a year, and it is manifest that a lot has happened, a good deal of which has been unnoticed or at least unrecorded; but there has been just enough shift of opinion to make last year's opinions and utterances as much out of style as last year's hat that looked so smart when we put it away! It is almost certain that Scott Fitzgerald would not this year shout so vehemently that it is "only the young who are important—only the young to whom interesting things happen!"

For the Younger Generation has come face to face with an awful specter!—yet a very real, very live one. It has looked upon the Youngest Generation! Ah, yes, yet another has arisen and is beginning to show uncomfortable signs of life! It is to-day making demands and criticisms of the Younger Generation strangely like those which they yesterday made of the Victorians. Do not take our word for it. Hear what Floyd Dell has to say about it in the current number of the *Bookman:* "The generations move more swiftly these days, and I, who am still a member of a younger generation which has just begun to get a foothold in the citadel of public taste, find myself denounced by a still younger generation as one of that gang of oppressors and tyrants whose authority must be destroyed if literature in America is ever to come into its own!"

It will probably be quite a definite shock to the Younger Generation to find itself written down in cold print as in the past tense. We remember a similar shock when our young nephew, just out of college, referred to us as the past generation! We said that we were feeling as young as we ever did, and that made our young nephew laugh and tell us that feeling as young as one ever did was the first sign of Age!

The Literary Traveler in Egypt

By Algernon Blackwood

THE return of Tut-ankh-Amen into the sunshine after 3,000 years in stifling darkness has a drama both majestic and pathetic. There is a poignant contrast in it. After thirty centuries of peace and silence, he reenters a world that, apparently, has little changed so far as human nature is concerned. The bickerings about precedence and pecuniary values, about the ownership of the treasures, the commercial exploitation generally, he would find, in principle, similar to the squabbles he was familiar with in his own day. That kingly figure, blind, deaf, unfeeling, is fortunately unaware of the violent contrast his resurrection emphasizes: the strident chorus of modern voices—his own *silence*.

It is an eloquent silence. He emerges from his ancient tomb with dignity, with grandeur, bringing with him into our practical twentieth century a sense of mystery, of star-like leisure, of wonder; something of awe, and a strange, forgotten beauty too. There is about him almost an unearthly touch, not dissimilar, perhaps, to the emotion wakened in Kinglake by the Sphinx, his fellow-splendor, so briefly and so adequately described in "Eothen": "Comely the creature is, but with a comeliness not of this earth"—a pregnant sentence that lays upon the mind again, with Tut-ankh-Amen, that singular Egyptian glamour, which is, indeed, a mysterious, almost an unearthly spell.

A considerable amount of nonsense has been written about it. Cheapened by exaggeration, vulgarized by familiarity, it has become for many a picture-post-card spell, pinned before the mind like the posters at a railway terminus. The moment Alexandria is reached, this huge post-card hangs across the heavens, composed of temples, pyramids, palm-trees by a shining Nile, and the inevitable Sphinx. And the monstrosity of it paralyzes the mind. Memory escapes with difficulty from the insistent, gross advertisement. It deafens imagination. Behind it, however, there hides a potent yet a nameless thing, not acknowledged by all, perhaps, because it is so curiously elusive, yet surely felt by all, because it is so true. An effect that does not pass away is wrought subtly upon the mind, an effect that, not being properly comprehensible, *is* nameless. Having once "gone down into Egypt," one is never quite the same again; having drunk of the water of the Nile, there is a yearning to drink of it again. Moreover, it is the casual visitor, unburdened by antiquarian and archeological knowledge, who may best estimate this power: the tourist who knows merely what he has gleaned, say, from Baedeker's general synopsis, is more freshly sensitive to it than the excavator or official who has lived long in the country. He becomes aware, too, that it is all the more enchanting because he is unable to define and analyze it.

U. S. Navy official photograph

THE FAMOUS COLUMNS IN HYPOSTYLE HALL IN THE TEMPLE OF AMMON

All countries, of course, color thought and memory, stirring imagination in any but the hopelessly inanimate—whence the educational value of travel-psychology—but, whereas from Greece, Japan, India, the traveler returns with reports he can evoke at will and label, he returns from Egypt with a marvelous blur that defies detailed description. Saturated, maybe, with overmuch, the mind recalls with definiteness nothing coherent. There comes to its summons a colossal medley that half stupefies: immense stretches of tawny sand drenched in a stinging sunlight; dim, solemn aisles of granite silence; stupendous monoliths that stare unblinking at the sun; a shining river licking its slow way across a murderous desert; an enormous night-sky drowned in brilliant stars. A score of temples merge into a single monster; great pyramids float across the sky, like clouds; palms rustle in mid-air; and from subterranean gloom there issue muffled voices that seem to utter the hieroglyphics of a long-forgotten tongue.

The mental horizon, oddly lifted, brims with this procession of gigantic things, then empties again without a word of explanation, leaving behind a mere litter of big adjectives—unchanging, formidable, amazing, and the like; while the coherent single memory that should link all these together hides too deep for articulate recovery. The Acropolis, the wonders of Japan, of India, the mind can grasp; but this composite enormity of Ramesseum, Serapeum, Karnak, Cheops, Sphinx, with a hundred temples and a thousand miles of sand, seem to have bludgeoned it into temporary silence. That dreadful post-card, moreover, rises like a wall. Yet, behind the post-card, behind the adjectives, and sure to emerge for full recognition in due course, the mind remains aware of some huge, alluring thing, alive with a pageantry of ages, strangely brilliant in blue and gold, magnificent, appealing almost to tears — something that drifts past like a ghostly full-rigged ship with crowded decks and painted sails, too vastly scaled for sight to take it in. The spell, that is, has become operative.

I remember asking myself what I had gained, and I remember the fruitless result. Nothing came but that abominable, shouting post-card, endlessly extended. Its very endlessness, however, was a clue. Egypt *is* endless and inexhaustible; some hint of eternity lies there, an awareness of immortality almost. To-day, after a doze of four or five thousand years, sub-

terranean Egypt peeps up again at the sun. The vast Memphian cemetery that stretches from Sakkhâra to the Mena House has begun to whisper in the daylight. The Theban worship of the sun is being reconstructed. There is a sense of deathlessness about the ancient Nile, about the grim Sphinx and Pyramids, on the very colonnades of Karnak, whose pylons now once more stand upright after a sleep of forty centuries on their backs; above all, in the strength of the floating, rustling sand—something that defies time and repudiates change in death. Out of that flat, undifferentiated landscape which is Egypt, still stand the unconquerable finger-posts of stone, pointing, like symbols of eternity, to the equally unchanging skies. The spell is laid upon you once you have looked into the battered visages of those Memnon terrors, which reveal, yet hide, far better than the Sphinx. They have neither eyes nor lips nor nose; their features, as their message, inscrutable. Yet they tell this nameless thing plainly *because* they have no words. Out of the green fields of millet they stand like portions of the Theban Mountains that have slid down into the plain, then stopt for a few more centuries to stare across the Nile and watch the sunrise. From them, as partly from the opened tombs of priest and Pharaoh, comes some ingredient of this singular Egyptian spell.

SPHINX AND PYRAMID

Unguessed at first, because sought for in some crude, tangible form it never assumes, it flames up unexpectedly—perhaps in a London street when fog shrouds the chimneys; perhaps at a concert; perhaps in a tea-room among perfumed, gossiping women; in church, at the club, even in bed when falling asleep just after a commonplace evening at a commonplace play. A sound recalls the street cries of the Arabs, with its haunting sing-song melody; a breath of air brings back the heated sand, the rustle of the curtain whispers as the palms and acacia whisper—and the truth is realized. Up steals the immense Egyptian glamour. It pours, it rushes up. It is over you in a moment. All this time it has lain coiled in deep recesses of the inner being—recesses where there is silence because they are inaccessible amid the clamor of daily life. There is awe in it, a hint of cold eternity, a glimpse of something unchanging and terrific, yet, at the same time, soft and very tender too . . . . The pictures unroll and spread. You feel again the untold melancholy of the Nile. The grandeur of a hundred battered temples beats upon the heart. There is a sense of unutterable beauty. Something in you bows to the procession that includes great figures of non-human lineage. Up sweeps the electric desert air, the alive wind, the wild and delicate perfume of the sand; the luminous gray shadows brush you; you feel the enormous scale of naked desolation which yet brims with strange vitality. An Arab on his donkey flits in color across the mind, melting off into tiny perspective. A string of camels stands against the sky, swaying forward the same moment as tho it never ceased. A dozen pyramids cleave the air with monstrous wedges, pointing holes in space. In peace and silence, belonging to a loneliness of ages, rise heads and shoulders of towering gods of stone, little jackals silhouetted, perhaps, an instant against deific thighs half buried in sand. Great winds, great blazing spaces, great days and nights of shining wonder float past from the pavement or the theater stall, and London, dim-lit England, the whole of modern life indeed, are reduced sharply to a miniature of trifling ugliness that seems the unreality. Egypt rolls through the heart for a second and is gone . . . . Conventions drive you . . . there are letters to be answered, appointments to be kept, calls to be paid, and a new umbrella to be bought . . . . But out there the days swam past in a flood of golden light, and, caught in a procession of ancient splendors, changeless as the leisured Nile, majestic as the desert, and fresh still with the wonder that first created them, you moved with the tide as of some unconditioned world. Egypt steals out and whispers to you in your dreams. Once more you float in an atmosphere of passionate mirages. . . .

Egypt with a power of seduction almost uncanny, has robbed the mind of a faculty best described perhaps as the faculty of measurement. Its scale has stupefied the ability to measure, appraise, estimate; and this balance, once destroyed, wonder and awe capture the heart, going what pace they please. Size works half the miracle, for it is size including a quality of terror—monstrous; and, but for the glorious beauty that thunders through it, this sheer size might easily work a very different spell—dismay. The modern mind, no longer terrified by speed, to which it has grown contemptuously accustomed, yet shrinks a little before this display of titanic and bewildering size. Egypt makes it realize that it has no handy standard of measurement. It listens to words that are meaningless. The vast proportions uplift, then stupefy. The girth of the Pyramids, the height of the Colossi, the cubic content of the granite columns and the visage of the Sphinx exprest in yards—these convey as little truth as the numbered leagues of the frightening desert or the length of that weary and interminable Nile. You draw a deep breath of astonishment—then give up the vain attempt to grapple with a thing you can not readily assimilate. A dizziness of star-distances steals over you; there is a breathlessness of astronomical scale in it that exhilarates while it stuns. What mind can gain by the information that our sun, with all its retinue of planets, sweeps daily 1,000,000 miles nearer to Hercules, yet that Hercules *looks* no closer than it did thousands of years ago, when Tut-ankh-Amen was laid to rest? Such distances lie beyond comprehension. Similarly, in Egypt, there is something that forever evades capture in the monstrous details of sheer size, beautiful with majesty, that tower above the shrinking reason. The land exhales a steam of enchantment that lulls the senses. You move through this almost visible glamour. All about you is a high, transparent screen, built by the centuries, and left standing; modern life, cast like a cinema-picture upon this screen, becomes the unreality. Herein lies one letter, at least, of the spell of Egypt—the mind is forever aware of something that haunts from the further side of experience.

For some, a rather dominant impression is undoubtedly "the monstrous." A splendor of awful dream, yet never quite of nightmare, stalks everywhere, suggesting an atmosphere of Khubla Khan. There is nothing lyrical. Even the silvery river, the slender palms, the fields of clover and barley and the acres of flashing poppies convey no lyrical sweetness, as elsewhere they

(*Continued on page 80*)

The Satirical Humor of an Italian "Colyumist"

By Arthur Livingston

HEYWOOD BROUN is one of the few humorists versatile enough to dare let the boy grow older. Luigi Lucatelli, whose "Teodoro the Sage"(1) Mr. Bishop has translated, was reminded one day that his "pupo" (an Italian Buster Brown) had been cavorting for fully ten years on the pages of the Roman comic weekly, *Il Travaso*. "Never mind," said he; "the 'pupo' is an 'über-pupo'—a 'super-kid.' Any other youngster, in ten years, would have become at least a sergeant in the fire department. Mine remains a 'pupo'—proof, I take it, that he inherited great stability of character from me."

LUCATELLI IN THE ACT OF "BRINGING UP THE KID"

From "Come ti erudisco il Pupo" (Bologna: Cappelli)

I quote the passage frum Lucatelli's masterpiece, "Come ti erudisco il Pupo" ("Bringing up the Kid"), a collection of "columns" which Lucatelli contributed to *Il Travaso*, and which, along with Trilussa's Roman sonnets, made that paper as famous in the Italian world as *Punch* has been in the Anglo-Saxon, or *Life* in the American. (In view of linguistic obstacles, *Travaso* has relied more upon its cartoons by Scarpelli, Finozzi, Guasta and Sto for its international vogue.) However, the real American analogies to Lucatelli, at present, would be H. I. Phillips, Christopher Morley, Heywood Broun, Don Marquis and F. P. A. Or, more exactly, since he belongs to the pre-war period, he might be thought of as a Josh Billings—something less "literary" than Mark Twain, that is, something slightly antiquated as compared with the up-to-the-minute newspaper humorists of our own day.

The "Theodore" whose rollicking pessimism Mr. Bishop has introduced to the American public is only one of the "types"—Italians say "macchiette"—which Lucatelli endeared to the Roman and Italian public. "Signor Coso Così," descendant of a "civis romanus" named "Cosus Cosanus" (Mr. Thingumbob, or Mr. Plainman, in other words), is equally famous. Most important of all is "Oronzo E. Marginati" (Oronzo E. Chairwarmer), who was Lucatelli, in that writer's humorous personality, himself. Oronzo had a wife, Teresa, and theirs was the celebrated "pupo," whom both instructed in the ways of the world, the father from the view-point of a man who knows life as it is lived; the mother from the view-point of the sentimental novelists, who show life as it ought to be. Teodoro Nusica, if I remember rightly, was father-in-law to Oronzo and, accordingly, grandfather to the "pupo."

We could not claim that Lucatelli's imagination in this regard is anywhere near as startling as that of Don Marquis, whose brain literally teems with original and very true and human types. On a score of points, in number of devices and clever ideas, Lucatelli might stand second to Stephen Leacock, also—with Leacock he has many themes in common. He is, perhaps, more even in tone, he has probably more spontaneity, and certainly much more learning, than Irvin Cobb.

Just what effect, an American might wonder, would our favorite humorists, so deeply immersed in our local atmosphere, have, if they should be suddenly translated to some wholly foreign and strange environment, as Lucatelli, Roman of Romans and Italian of Italians, has been to ours? Two things may be noticed about such transferences. In the first place, local flavor now being attenuated, the general or universal aspects of the humorist's mirth come to the fore, with the strange consequence that the author gains in dignity. Throw "The Old Soak," for instance, into Berlin, Vienna or Paris! People would understand, from a flash here and there, that he is funny; but Don Marquis would be taken first as an American, and then as an Anglo-Saxon; and at once a swarm of critics would begin comparing him with Edgar Allan Poe, Longfellow, William James and Shakespeare. In the second place, those qualities for which the American public most dearly loves its entertainers would be regarded as irritating defects. How insipid, how savorless, how banal this good-humored American optimism, which never sees realities, or, seeing them, fails to treat them with courage and conviction!

Such, by and large, has been Lucatelli's first experience with us. The sparkle of "Teodoro the Sage" has been generously praised

LUCATELLI, THE VIOLENT REACTIONARY, UNDERTAKES TO ABOLISH THE AIRPLANE, THE AUTOMOBILE, THE TELEPHONE AND THE PHONOGRAPH

Cartoon from "Come ti erudisco il Pupo"

by Heywood Broun and Christopher Morley, for instance. Other reviewers elevate him into "literature" and classify him in one or another of the philosophic systems. Finally some resentment is

(1) TEODORO THE SAGE. By Luigi Lucatelli. Translated by Morris Bishop. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.00.

exprest at his "wholly negative attitude," his overpowering, all-pervasive pessimism, which leaves not one ideal, not one hope, not one emotion, unimpaired.

There is no question about this latter fact. The only problem is to understand it sympathetically.

American humorists must be good-humored (a convention, perhaps an irksome convention, like any other); European humorists may be, and usually are, bad-humored. Mr. Bergson erects a theory of humor on cruelty (plus mechanism and intellectuality); Max Eastman bases his on an instinct which leaves free play to sympathy and good-fellowship. F. P. A., to satirize some of our eloquent but unlettered politicians, opens a "Spring Tournament in Mixed Metaphors," where the victim of each joke will be the first to laugh. Lucatelli would take such a politician and flay him alive: "See this ignorant buffoon who dares parade his imbecility in public."

American humorists rarely touch a man when he is down; or at least they lift him to his feet before they jibe at him. Read, on the other hand, Lucatelli's devastating reviews of D'Annunzio's novels. He catches the Seer in the foibles of his character, his intellect, his private life, his social connections—even in his financial embarrassments—and reduces him to nothing under a soul-killing ridicule. In the "Theodore" now available in English, the reader will find a similar drastic annihilation of the nobler abstractions—Truth, Honesty, Charity, Gratitude, and so on. Is there nothing, the American is inclined to ask, in which this Italian believes?

There is plenty in which he believes, and Fascismo is nere to prove it. The backbone of the Fascista movement, which is a movement of very positive affirmation, is constituted by a hundred thousand Lucatellis, more or less, whom five years of war brought from grumbling satire to heroism, from heroism to self-assertion, and from self-assertion to national power.

Lucatelli is the mouthpiece of the old pre-bellum middle class of Italy. He comes from that class, he speaks to that class, he is that class. It was a class of respectable, law-abiding citizens, shop-keepers (Mr. Beals says "push-cart men"), farmers, salaried employees, people of moderate education (Mr. Mencken says "the booboisie"), of precarious financial security, of patient, meticulous, dutiful labor (without "pep," without the sporting instinct that risks everything on one throw), of dogged, penny-saving parsimony, of infinite capacities for sacrifice. It was a class made up of plain men (conventional, narrow-minded, reliable, disciplined), those plain men who, in turn, make up a nation, as audience for the famous, as constituency for the politicians, as "public" whenever the public is to be blamed, cajoled or fleeced.

In Lucatelli's prime (1895–1915) that public, that middle class, could look up to a luxury-loving aristocracy whose enjoyments it envied, to a rapacious plutocracy whose money it coveted, to an incompetent government of celebrities whose power it resented but did not fear. Below were the great laboring masses seething with new ambitions, stirring with a new restlessness. Above and below, that is, the dynamic, the productive (Mr. Wells would say the "nomadic") elements in Italian society; while the middle class held the passive, the conservative mean. The pre-war middle class of Italy was caught between two mill-stones (in every fight between capital and labor, for instance, it is the "public" which pays). It saw itself the victim of its own virtues; for it is a truth that comes to shock people sooner or later (the shock is severer according as we are more naive) that the cardinal virtues are really conservative, and not dynamic, in character: they were invented by people anxious to keep what they have. Men bent on getting more than they possess have other virtues, other temperaments, other ideals.

So the middle class growled and snarled and ridiculed. It snarled at the insurgent proletariat below; it ridiculed the pride, the posing, the rhetoric, of the supermen above. "The middle class is rotten," said Panzini, another humorist of that class. In literal truth, the middle class was discouraged, skeptical, pessimistic.

It was Lucatelli.

This discouragement, this passive, skeptical pessimism I would distinguish as the "Italian" element (a pre-war Italian element, notice!) in Lucatelli. He is more specifically "Roman" in his blasting impudence toward the grandeurs of life. Leap back two thousand years, and you find a Martial walking the cobble-pavements of Rome and twitting the weaknesses of emperors. Go back five hundred years, and you find a Pasquino and a Marforio thumbing their noses at the Vicars of Christ. (A German Protestant, Von Hutten, came down across the Alps, copied their witticisms into a volume, and made them the foundation of the modern humorous newspaper.) Go back fifty years, and you find a Gian Giacchino Belli demolishing, in six volumes of laughter, the pretensions of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. Go back ten years and it is Lucatelli.

The populace of Rome, in its three thousand years of history, more or less, has seen three sets of gods go tumbling from omnipotence into oblivion. It has seen emperors, and republics, and kingdoms, and aristocracies, and papacies, rise, triumph, and fall. It has experimented with all the virtues and with all the vices. It has known, accepted, tested—and abandoned—all ideas and all theories. It knows, as a result, that the world is inhabited by plain people, who, if you give them a chance, will make fools of themselves; and the fools of the universe have, for centuries, been going to Rome along all the roads that lead to that city. So the Roman laughs. "Here's another!" said a Roman jokester, as Mussolini marched down from Romagna, and, right arm extended in the Imperial salute, went up the Quirinal.

This skepticism about big people and big words and big ideas, this love for puncturing the exaggerated and reducing it to common humanity, is the "Roman" in Lucatelli.

A true grandeur indeed it must be that can look important against the great engulfing history that has deepened by several feet of ruins and débris the soil of the Seven Hills!

Mr. Morris Bishop has done an interesting piece of work in the translation of "Theodore the Sage," of which the Italian title reads: "Thus Spake Two Fools." He has chosen as his medium a fairly literal sentence, slightly stilted, therefore, and naively quaint, which breaks, on occasion, into the commonplace Americanism: "I would make through thee a new classification of the virtues of the beasts; for in all truth the white dove is a brazen cocotte, and the stately swan can't sing for a cent." The effect is delightful. Probably also the "Due imbecilli" is that selection of Lucatelli's work which is at once translatable and characteristic of the author.

For much of Lucatelli is beyond even approximate rendering in another tongue. His most famous device, for example, is to take a Roman vulgarity and dress it up, in the Malaprop manner, with some synonym of exaggerated refinement. His chief figures are Romans of the people who handle Italian in their own deliciously inaccurate way. All the humor that comes from such turns of phrase is, and must remain, local.

And his more "literary" works tend to lose just his distinctive excellence, which is local flavor. Certainly a half-dozen of Lucatelli's short stories are masterpieces in the manner of Guy de Maupassant, whose method he follows—the story, for example, of the war hero, whose glorious death is celebrated by a statue and a public festival, and who returns home alive to be welcomed as a "swindler of public opinion;" or the story of the "vile seducer" whose act as a good Samaritan is rewarded by ostracism. For a blend of Lucatelli, littérateur, with Lucatelli, humorist, we have hardly more than "Il Cittadino Coso Così" ("Mr. Plainman"), whose biography is trenchantly outlined in a dozen pages or more, and combines the savor of the "pupo" with what people call "style."

I don't know whether Lucatelli is a great writer. He is Lucatelli. And that is enough to ask of anybody.

The Children's Land of Enchantment

By Lenore St. John Power
Librarian Children's Room, New York Public Library

SUMMER is come, and the children will be going off again to find those Islands of Enchantment, left behind last year, when houses in the mountains were closed up; when houses on the edge of the sea had their breakwaters strengthened against the storms of winter; and when the children in the big cities, coming out of the parks at nightfall, heard the newsboys shouting that the largest department store in the world was having a sale of school supplies. All the children rushed away from the Islands of Enchantment fast enough then, for school is an exciting adventure, but every one of them thinks of going back the minute the sap begins to stir in the trees. Some of the littlest ones had only got as far as the Bay of Dreams; some boys had found the Landing Place for Black Magic; and quite a number of girls had found the weird wood where wishing-caps and cloaks of darkness are made; one child had even found the place where the stars are repaired, and another is still looking for the Lost Cities of Atlantis. So the search is on again, and the book-reviewers are looking about to see what they can find to help the children.

THE GALLOPING PLOUGH
From "A Doorway in Fairyland," by Laurence Housman. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

A man well versed in all the history of fairyland, and knowing well how to find the secret paths that lead to it, is W. W. Tarn. He is an eminent British scientist, and he wrote a book called "The Treasure of the Isle of Mist,"[1] which he dedicated to his little daughter. Out of his great understanding of the phenomena of nature; out of his knowledge of the history of man and the building of cities, he has created a fairyland that calls upon science to give it groves filled with trees made famous in legend and history, to give it mirages of surpassing beauty, and fairies that represent all the lost peoples and nations and languages. Mr. Tarn calls these things "The Treasure of the Isle of Mist," and he says that for all anybody can prove to the contrary people may be carried off by fairies every day of the week, especially in such places as the uncrossed desert of South Arabia or in the unexplored snow ranges of New Guinea. It may even be the rule there. And so Mr. Tarn has created a fairyland so wonderful that it is difficult to realize that it is built up of a clever blending of the real and the supernatural. After many marvelous adventures through caves and grottos, and across burning sands, Fiona, always guided by the woodcock's feather, comes to the Fairy City:

> Very beautiful it looked, rose pink on a wooded island in a fair lake of water, whose blue mirror gave back every trembling cupola and minaret; and toward it, down a broad track marked by tamarisk bushes, went a goodly company of merchants, with tinkling bells on their camels' necks and golden ornaments on their camels' heads, the company of a chief who rode ahead on a white Arab steed with his long jezail laid across his saddle bow.

Fiona resists following the mirage and goes on until she is in Fairyland. Then she meets fairies from the Old Stone Age carrying the blade bones of bison on which were carved pictures of the mammoth and the reindeer; fairies from Egypt carrying blossoms of the blue lotus; fairies from Cappadocia moving to the clash of cymbals; fairies from the land of Sheba bearing caskets of agate filled with spices; fairies of old England carrying bows of yew and branches of May; fairies of the Tuatha-dè crowned with rowan and carrying harps. From all the corners of the earth came fairies to dance in the fairy-ring on All Hallows E'en.

This book is not for children who are looking for the first time into the land of enchantment, but for those who have been there and want to stay longer, or for those who are in danger of growing up; or for grown-ups who love the lands where "wizards practise Infernal Necromancie."

Nearly thirty years ago Laurence Housman, already known in England as an artist of much originality, began to write fairy-tales for children, and to design pictures for them himself which his sister, Clemence Housman, engraved on wood. Four volumes were published, "A Farm in Fairyland," "The House of Joy," "The Field of Clover," and "The Blue Moon." The stories, written with a strong poetical feeling, and illustrated with a delicacy of line that suggested Dante Gabriel Rossetti, attracted considerable attention at the time. Some there were who were

SAND FLAT SHADOWS
From "Rootabaga Stories," by Carl Sandburg. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

[1] THE TREASURE OF THE ISLE OF MIST. By W. W. Tarn. London: Philip Allan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE BLUE WIND BOY
From "Rootabaga Stories," by Carl Sandburg. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

enchanted by the exquisite beauty, the tenderness, the weird fancy and the mysticism of the stories, while others found the tales and the illustrations alike too fantastic for their liking. The stories are now presented to American children in a two-volume edition, "A Doorway in Fairyland"(2) and "Moonshine and Clover."(3) Children, looking for enchantment this summer, will want to know about the Blue Moon, the memory of whose beauty makes the nightingale sing all the night through; and about the seven famished Fire Eaters who came into Noodle's house and literally ate him out of house and home; and especially will they want to race around the Equator on the Galloping Plough, that miracle of husbandry which caught at the heart-strings of all men who beheld it. In "Moonshine and Clover" the gay adventurers will find the lovely Japonel, who looked once too often into the fairy-pool; and they will find Rollonde, a rocking-horse of rare good sense and feeling, and many another tale, sad or gay.

With all this highly romantic fancy Laurence Housman keeps a gleam of humor sparkling, and a laugh up his sleeve for human folly. Never do the stories become saccharine, which is often the case when a modern writer mixes the ingredients for a fairy-tale.

Unfortunately, the illustrations have lost much of their delicacy of line in the reprinting; nevertheless, for those who love romantic things, here are two books.

"Are there no enchantments that happen in America?" ask the children as they leap from the Galloping Plough. So Carl Sandburg is sought, and he comes with a guitar under his arm and "Rootabaga Stories"(4) in his pocket. After a song or two, Mr. Sandburg puts the children on the Golden Spike Limited, with Gimme the Ax and his two children, Please Gimme and Ax Me No Questions, who are tired of living in a house where everything is always the same, and they all ride away to have adventures in the Rootabaga Country. Out of the car window they see the ovens where the circus clowns are baked, long ovens for long clowns and short ovens for short clowns; and they see the balloon pickers gathering the balloon crop:

> Each picker had his own stilts, long or short. For picking the balloons near the ground he had short stilts. If he wanted to pick far and high he walked on a far and high pair of stilts.

After the children leave the Golden Spiked Limited, adventures happen thick and fast—extraordinary adventures with the things you see every day, like skyscrapers, taxicabs, uncles, rag dolls and broom-handles. Then some adventures about things not so common, like Sand Flat Shadows, Corn Fairies, Flongboos, and the things that the wind hears as it blows from the prairies over the cities at night. It is a poet who tells of these things; it is a poet who makes the Potato-Face Blind Man speak, and who fashions the pictures which the Mist People make while Fire the Goat and Flim the Goose lie sleeping "under the stub pines with the stars high over." In the Rootabaga Country, it is well to understand shadows. Fire the Goat tells about that:

> For some people shadows are comic and only to laugh at. For some other people shadows are like a mouth and its breath. The breath comes out and it is nothing. It is like air and nobody can make it into a package and carry it away. It will not melt like gold, nor can you shovel it like cinders. So to these people it means nothing. . . . There are other people who understand shadows The fire-born understand. The fire-born know where shadows come from and why they are.

If you know any children who are "fire-born," send them into the Rootabaga Country for a holiday from all the "paths of learning" which beset the growing child.

> And all that my song is meant to say
> Is just what she did one long, long day,
> With her own little self to play with only,
> Yet never once felt the least bit lonely.

While all the children of sagacious years are seeking fairy-pools in the deep forests, the little ones, whose adventures still take place in the Bay of Dreams, are kept at home. But dull they shall never be, as long as Walter de la Mare makes for them an adventure out of waking up in the morning, and bathing and dressing and eating and playing and tumbling to bed at night. I have not checked up, button by button, just what a child's day should be, altho Madame Montessori and others have provided

THE CHILDREN CAME YAWNING AND SLEEPY
From "A Child's Day," by Walter de la Mare. (Henry Holt & Co.)

innumerable charts for that purpose; but Walter de la Mare's day seems to me the pleasantest one a child could have.(5)

Elizabeth Ann, sloshing around in a tub, instead of washing

(2) A Doorway in Fairyland. By Laurence Housman. Engraved by Clemence Housman. London: Jonathan Cape. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

(3) Moonshine and Clover. By Laurence Housman. Engraved by Clemence Housman. London: Jonathan Cape. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

(4) Rootabaga Stories. By Carl Sandburg. Illustrations and decorations by Maud and Miska Petersham. New York. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

(5) A Child's Day. By Walter de la Mare. Illustrated by Winifred Bromhall. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

NOBODY KNOWS THE GOOD FROM THE WICKED JUST BY THEIR CLOTHES

From "A Child's Day," by Walter de la Mare. (Henry Holt & Co.)

in the dust as the sparrows are seen doing, or sharing an icy green wash-tub with a seal or a walrus, which is what the polar bear is obliged to put up with, is on the high seas of adventure. More and more interesting grows the performance of getting ready for the day. After drying with a towel, sent half-way round the world by a Mussulman, comes much polishing and clipping and brushing before a child is ready to engage in the fascinating sport of dressing. Uanjinee, Queen of Arabia, who had thirty-three slaves to dress her, was not half so quick as Elizabeth Ann.

All the fair morning is for playing in the green fields, dabbling little feet down among the rushes, catching sticklebacks, and making daisy chains, until Susan calls that dinner is on the table. And then it is that Elizabeth Ann hears about Dick and Jack, notorious gluttons, who went to the pantry in the dead of the night after tipsy-cake, and came to an awful end.

Going to bed is quite as thrilling as getting up, for, as Elizabeth Ann is not obliged to hang up a crown in a cupboard as the King does, nor unfasten the forty-four buttons which always delay a Page-boy's sleep, she can "slip from her dressedupness into her bare" in no time at all. "A Child's Day" is over and "sleep's boat" glides up for the children who are by now "yawning and sleepy." The book is profusely illustrated with black-and-white drawings by Winifred Bromhall.

Another book of poems which adventurers of all ages and complexions and stations will enjoy is "Fifty New Poems for Children" ([6]), a small anthology containing poems by Robert Graves, Eleanor Farjeon, M. Nightingale, Edith King, Katharine Tynan, and others, and at the end, a few poems written by children. Eleanor Farjeon is very likely known to children already, for it is she who collected into a book, called "Singing Games for Children," enough delight and amusement for all the summer days that are likely to come.

Of the fifty new poems offered to children there is one by E. Rendall that suggests the international complications which language may lead one into:

Little American Maisie
Is funny as funny can be,
She calls a tomato "tomayto,"
And says that a Z is a "Zee!"

But little American Maisie
Thinks it's me that is funny instead,
'Cause I call tomayto "tomato"
And pretend that a Zee is a Zed!

([6]) FIFTY NEW POEMS FOR CHILDREN. An anthology selected from books recently published by Basil Blackwell. Oxford. New York: Brentano's.

A Lyric Voice from Another Race

By Zona Gale

IT IS in the spirit in which Miss Millay might write of herself, if she was to awake in the shell of one of another race, that Georgia Douglas Johnson writes "Cosmopolite"—surely the strangest, gayest and most pitiful word which has ever come from the colored race in America. Indeed, it could not have come until now, for its voice is the voice of the modern—hardly troubling to challenge; merely stating:

COSMOPOLITE

Not wholly this or that,
But wrought
Of alien bloods am I,
A product of the interplay
Of traveled hearts.
Estranged, yet not estranged, I stand
All comprehending;
From my estate
I view earth's frail dilemma;
Scion of fused strength am I,
All understanding.
Nor this nor that
Contains me.

The same spirit is in her "Fusion." Who of her race has had the detachment, the modernity, almost the humor of tragedy to write like that of destiny?

The American Indians never had one of their number to speak out of their wo and injustice in English verse. Withdrawn, incurious of an audience, and without hope, they lamented or prayed or sang, wrapt in absorption, intent on their own paths and their own gods. But the colored peoples have voices, crying with power over barriers, and among such utterances the lyric voice of Georgia Douglas Johnson, both passionate and plaintive, again wins its hearing in her little volume called "Bronze."[1] She speaks for the colored people of America, "the mantled millions," "children of sorrow, dethroned by a hue," those, in fine, "who walk unfree, tho cradled in the hold of liberty." Her tragedy is almost trenchant, so unfailing is its restraint. But it is a tragedy which she goes far to body in a new way, so that it carries a content as arresting as if we were to find it, three thousand years old, in a tomb; the tomb of one, "pent in a sable face," who had not only exquisite sensibility but a denied passion for union with humanity.

All my being broods to break
This death-grip from my soul.

No one of sensibility can ever have seen a colored American mother with her baby and failed to grasp the pathos of the child, unconsciously facing its inevitable fate of "the subtle leer of scorn . . . that rims the world from morn to morn." Mrs. Johnson shows the mother pierced by that knowledge And as she "soothes her mantled child, with incantations sad and wild,"

(*Continued on page 79*)

([1]) BRONZE. By Georgia Douglas Johnson. Boston: B. J. Brimmer.

Putting the Desert's Terrors Into a Novel

By May Sinclair

IN THREE of his four earlier novels, "Where Bonds Are Loosed," "The Mainland," "The Other Magic," Mr. Grant Watson set himself a high standard. He led us to expect from him drama, a direct, concentrated method, a sense of savage, magic, inexplicable things; not much delicacy, but a strong handling of primitive passion in its tropical nakedness and violence. "Deliverance," in which he tried for a civilized and subtle psychology and missed it, was a comparative failure; it suggested that Mr. Grant Watson was moving about in worlds imperfectly realized. The world he does realize, vividly, intensely, is the world of lonely, untamed, primitive places and people, where nature is more than man.

To this world he has returned in "The Desert Horizon."(1) Here there is drama, but the desert plays the chief part in it; the struggle is not of man against man, but of man against nature. This novel is less concentrated and direct than its predecessors; it has the vastness and monotony of the desert. It seems longer than it is. Not that there is a dull page in it, or a sentence that could have been shortened. But whatever is happening, whatever is being said or thought or felt, we are conscious all the time of that unchanging background of the Australian bush.

E. L. GRANT WATSON

> Mulga and wattle bushes grow stunted in the hard soil. Eastward, toward the desert, clumps of spinifex grass form irregular lines over the dusty, red surface, and here and there near the clay-pans where water has gathered after the spring rains, there will stand a solitary gum-tree or a group of parched-looking saplings, which have the appearance of having grown old without ever having reached maturity. And further east the trees become sparser until they cease; the dusty spaces between the bushes become broader and the only plants which are able to flourish under the blaze of that arid heat are the spiked tufts of spinifex, which, in broken procession, lead toward the heart of the desert. Toward the coast . . . are plains where low-growing salt-bushes spread their thick, succulent foliage, mile beyond mile, into the shimmering mauve distance.

The picture is renewed for us again and again. It is withdrawn for a moment only to be given back with haunting, relentless reiteration. We have before us the perpetual illusion of red earth, and blue-gray scrub and mauve horizons, a land of strange forms, strange colors and strange lights, called up in phrases that strike the senses with the shock of reality. We are there. We have never, while the magic lasts, been anywhere else.

And in this return to primitive life Mr. Grant Watson has achieved the psychological delicacy he was trying for in "Deliverance." Nothing could be subtler than his drawing of Martin O'Brian, the young bushman. Martin, half-civilized, uneducated, inarticulate, has the soul of an undeveloped Shelley. I do not know whether Mr. Grant Watson meant him to have it, but that is what he has. His feeling for the desert is the feeling of the "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty" and "Alastor." I do not know how much of this is Mr. Grant Watson and how much is really Martin.

At times Mr. Grant Watson's psychological method raises an interesting question: How far should the novelist efface himself when his aim is to present the mind of his character in its naked reality? When Henry James, in "The Golden Bowl," compares Maggie's happiness with a Chinese pagoda, you know that this is Henry James and not Maggie. The image of the pagoda never was and never could be part of Maggie's mind; it is used outside her as the symbol of her happiness. When Mr. James Joyce in "Ulysses" says:

> Where was the chap I saw in the picture somewhere? Ah, in the Dead Sea, floating on his back, reading a book with a parasol open. Couldn't sink if you tried: so thick with salt. Because the weight of the water, no, the weight of the body in the water is equal to the. . . . Or is it the volume is equal to the weight? It's a law something like that,

he is close to actuality at every point. 'You know he is giving you something in Bloom's mind in the very form of its appearance there. Mr. Joyce is not there at all; he has disappeared into Bloom's consciousness. Bloom's mind is a thing of limited but precise reflection. His thoughts have the objective reality of pikestaffs. All that Mr. Joyce has to do is to stand aside and watch them going on and on. And so we have the pure consciousness of Bloom with no mixture of a foreign personality.

These are two extremes. At times Mr. Grant Watson's psychological method lies between them. When he writes, on page 188, "Martin, Martin . . . martin, martin, martin, . . . tin, tin, tin, . . . martin .. . ." he is as close to reality as Mr. Joyce. He is showing something that actually was in Martin's mind. But when he writes like this, of the bush:

> There was a quality which, could he touch it with his whole body, his mind, and with every atom that there was to him, would solace all pains and troubles. It was akin to the effulgence of the sunrise. It was that quality which all the unconscious longing of his youth went out to seek. Somewhere, perhaps, in the awakening glory of morning, in the cruel heat of mid-day, in the mild clemency of evening, in the mystery of night, it might be found, and when found, held, never to be relinquished. If he were faithful to that vague emotion—and how could he be otherwise than faithful—it would perhaps, at last, enfold and lift him to the height of his desire,

(*Continued on page 77*)

(1) THE DESERT HORIZON. By E. L. Grant Watson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1923.

Taking the Measure of America's Intelligence

By Joseph Collins

FEW books are more uninviting on casual examination; vastly fewer are worthier of attentive perusal, close study and deliberate pondering, than Professor Brigham's "A Study of American Intelligence." (1) The author has given this nation, its well-wishers, guardians and administrators, something to think about. He has set it forth in curve, diagram, table and statement, all comprehensible and convincing. His conclusions, stated as facts, must be accepted until some one shows that they are not true.

If it is admitted that the protection and improvement of the moral, mental and physical quality of our people, and the reshaping of our industrial system so that it shall promote justice and encourage creative workmanship, are two of the most important problems that confront us, then contributions such as Professor Brigham's should be welcome, for it aids us to solve them, first by showing us what we must do, and second, more important, what we must not attempt to do. The person whose thought does not sometimes dwell on the future of this country, and on the composite product which will then legitimately be called "an American," is either incapable of thought or is unworthy of the endowment which permits thought. The future of this country has frequently been forecast by prophets in the throes of fear, by philistines turgid with exaltation, and by politicians and purse-string holders whose conviction and sentiment are conditioned by self-interest. These forecasts have become more frequent during the past ten years, since we shed our costume of national infantilism and put on the garments becoming to international adultism. But the future has rarely been prophesied by competent, deliberate, scientific clairvoyants. When it has, such books as Ripley's "Races of Europe," Grant's "The Passing of the Great Race," Gould's "America, a Family Matter," Conklin's "Direction of Human Evolution" have been brought forth. But they are soon thrown aside, save by a few serious, altruistic souls, while the general public gets its emotional appeasement from Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn and its intellectual satisfaction from Dr. Frank Crane.

IMMIGRANTS LANDING AT ELLIS ISLAND

For a long time it has been widely believed that there are degrees of blindness, and that the blindest man in the world is the man who won't see. The man who denies that the "American" is in process of transformation is the blindest man in the world, tho the man who cannot see what is doing it runs him a close second. Legislation is doing it. And here is a book, which we extol, which suggests more legislation. It does, indeed, but not legislation that makes it a crime to manufacture, import, buy the best selective agent working among the lower classes to eliminate the unfit; not legislation that favors the entrance into this country of the most unpromising races; not legislation that is based on sentiment and is contradicted by science; but legislation that is founded in the wisdom of the statesman, the knowledge of the scientist, and the soul of the poet.

Claude Bernard once wrote: "I am sure the day will come when the physiologist, the philospher, the poet, and the statesman will speak the same language, and speaking it will understand each other." Would that it were that day now in the U. S. A.!

In the army mental tests Professor Brigham found the material for estimation of our mental capacity, and the mental capacity of those we have invited to live with us. The intelligence-test records of the native-born, the foreign-born, and the negro enabled him to analyze the elements entering into American intelligence. He has reexamined and re-presented, with masterly discussion, the data relative to intelligence and nativity first published in the official report of psychological examining in the United States Army. He has confirmed the major findings in the field of his special inquiry and has adduced new evidence of the trustworthiness and scientific value of the statistical methods used by military psychologists.

These tests included three types of examination that need not here be detailed. They are known as the group examinations: alpha and beta; and the individual examinations: those involving the use of English, the Stanford revision of the Binet-Simon scale, and the point scale, and those involving no English, the instructions being given by gestures, sometimes called the "performance" scale. The first part of the book is devoted to a detailed description of these tests, verbal and graphic, and to an estimate of their reliability and value. In spite of all critics, it must be recognized that these individuals, numbering several hundred thousand, were all subjected to the same tests, and one examining these tests sees that it requires intelligence, judgment and common sense, not information, to stand them. "After weighing all the evidence we are justified in ignoring most of the arm-chair criticisms of the tests and in accepting the experimental evidence tending to show that the test was a fairly good one."

The best proof of the validity of the test series comes from a study of the relation between the intelligence ratings and education. These correlations show a positive relationship between intelligence as measured by the various methods and years of schooling.

The author's study of the army test of foreign-born individuals points to the conclusion that the average intelligence of our immi-

(1) A Study of American Intelligence. By Carl C. Brigham. Princeton University Press.

grants is declining. This deterioration in the intellectual level of immigrants has been found to be due to two causes. The migrations of the Alpine and Mediterranean races have increased to such an extent in the last twenty or thirty years that this blood now constitutes about three-fourths of the total immigration. The representatives of these races in our immigration are intellectually inferior to the representatives of the Nordic race which formerly made up more than one-half of our immigrants. In addition he finds that we are getting progressively lower and lower types from each nativity group or race.

In less than a single generation about ten million Alpine and Mediterranean immigrants have come to this country. Allowing for the return of from one-third to three-fourths of these, and using our Army estimates of intellectual ability, this would give us over two million immigrants shown by the tests to be below the average negro.

A FEW WHO WERE DENIED ADMISSION

The chief cause of rejection is failure to pass the literacy test, altho poverty, criminal records and disease play a part

The population of this country is made up of four racial elements: the Nordic, Alpine and Mediterranean races of Europe, and the negro. If these four types blend in the future into one general American type, it is bound to be less intelligent than the present native-born American, for it is universally admitted by biologists that the general effect of the hybridization of races can not fail to lead to a lowering of the qualities of the higher race and a raising of the qualities of the lower one. All present signs point to a commingling of all existing human types within the next five or ten thousand years. Unless we can reestablish geographical isolation of races we can not prevent their interbreeding.

The Army tests indicate clearly the intellectual superiority of the Nordic race. This corroborates history. The Alpine races are considerably below the Nordic type, intellectually. The data also show that the Alpine Slav, whom we have imported, and to whom we give preference in our present immigration law, is intellectually inferior to the Nordic type. In this country the Mediterranean race has crossed with the American and the imported negro very extensively, much more so than the Nordic or Alpine, and with most unfortunate results to the nation.

The undesirable results which would ensue from crossing the Nordic in this country with the Alpine Slav, with the degenerated hybrid Mediterranean or with the negro, or from the promiscuous intermingling of all four types, is generally admitted. The evidence that such crossing is occurring and increasing is indisputable. The 1920 census showed that we have 7,000,000 native-born whites of mixed parentage. The evidence in regard to the white and negro cross is also indisputable. These are the plain, ugly facts that Professor Brigham's study shows.

The deterioration of American intelligence is not inevitable, however, if public action can be aroused to prevent it. It is possible to take legal steps, dictated by science and not by political expediency, which would insure a continuously progressive upward evolution. Immigration should be not only restrictive, but highly selective. Steps must be taken to prevent the continued propagation of defective strains in the present population.

If any one is satisfied with our present immigration quota law he is distressingly inarticulate, and he would not be willing to be called a financier or an industrialist. Those who register under these names are opposed to it, because it has produced a deficit in labor. They do not understand the language of those who are opposed to it on the grounds that its operation continues to jeopardize our legitimate aspiration to improve as a nation, and who are opposed to new legislation that does not take into consideration the facts that are set forth in this book.

In a recent number of *American Industries*, the magazine of the National Association of Manufacturers, the president of a railway industry wrote that the principal concern of America should be to prepare for the assimilation of our immigrants in a thorough, scientific and humane fashion. This is equivalent to saying that our principal concern as a parent wishing to see his son grow into virile, godlike, procreative man is to see that his food is scientifically and properly cooked. Its selection is something that can be neglected. However, it is readily proved that its selection is vastly more important than its preparation. And so it is with immigration.

The administrators of the Carnegie Foundation, judging from their last report, have given much thought to how the funds should be most advantageously extended. Probably they have sought counsel. And it is quite likely that they have had unsolicited advice. If they are not satiated, the reviewer suggests that funds to purchase a copy of this book for each of our national legislators shall be an item in their next budget.

IMMIGRANTS DINING IN RELAY AT ELLIS ISLAND

So rapidly were these people pouring in through the nation's main gateway that the machinery for controlling such a flood was strained to the breaking-point

The statistics show an interesting fact—that the best foreign elements come from nations with a high recent alcoholic history, while the poorest foreign groups do not have a profound recent alcoholic

(*Continued on page 80*)

The Baffled Greatness of Jack London

By Jim Tully

AN EASTERN book-reviewer once called Jack London a "titanic weakling." That in itself was a magnificent compliment. Napoleon was just such a weakling.

No writer in America ever created the furore that Jack London did. There were many reasons for this: He was an individualist supreme. He flashed across the literary sky, an ex-vagabond and sailor with a real gift for words, when American literature was about to expire under the heavy hand of conventional New England mediocrity. And then he was, as a leading modern novelist has said, a very great teller of tales.

It has been more than six years since he passed on, and yet his personality is much alive to-day. For he was one of the most dynamic and rebellious atoms that ever lived. What a whale of a young man he was during his first terrific days of wonder and success! Generous, and as wildly free as the ocean waves he had buffeted, he had taken on the strong outlines of the elemental things that had made him. Then trouble came to him, and for years he had a dread-sick mind. He reverted to the old conventional forms then—the eagle worried about the platitudes of canaries. He regretted that his friends should be soiled in his unfortunate affairs. It should have dawned on him that bigness consisted in riding the waves of life with set jaws and muscles lashed with foam.

One of the two great writers California has produced, Jack London will take a lower rank than Frank Norris, for the reason that he was caught up in the swirl of money and lacked the patience to mold the great things that throbbed in his mind into artistic wholes. Agitator always, and ever barking at the heels of life instead of accepting it as an artist, he did not realize with Anatole France that it is better to understand little than to misunderstand much. Wealth and fame came to him before he was thirty, and year by year the granite that was Jack London crumbled into the bourgeois citizen and owner of land. He wrote his thousand words a day while editors waited, and with the money earned he bought thousands of acres that rolled toward the horizon. Not contented to be a great story-teller, that rarest of human beings, like Dreiser, Norris and other writers of the period, he became saturated with the philosophy of Spencer and Nietzsche, and like them he was never able fully to digest it.

Had he had the great gifts of irony and humor, one could have said that he had lived a full life. But existence was a tragedy to him, and his every reaction to it was but an evidence of how it hurt him. In one of the rare moods during which he let down the bars of his soul, he wrote to his wife:

> It's sometimes a dreary thing to sit and watch the game played in a small and petty way. One who not only takes a hand in the game, but calmly sits outside as well and watches, usually sees the small and petty way, and is content to face immediate losses, knowing that the ultimate gain is his. It is so small, so pitifully small, that at worst it can produce only a passing glow of anger, and after that, pity only remains, and tolerance without confidence.

Had Jack London only lived up to this high creed, he would rank above Frank Norris to-day. But he was not content to face immediate losses. Neither was he contented to sit outside and watch. Propaganda permeated his books, and unbalanced him both as an artist and as a man. Having banged his way out of the iron cellars of life—the feeling that "pity only remains, and tolerance without confidence," crept up on him more and more as the years passed.

In person, London was of medium height, with broad, heavy shoulders that stooped slightly. His hair was brown, and waved back from a perfect forehead. All the winds of life had not succeeded in writing a wrinkle upon his face. It was as smooth as a girl's, and ever ready to break into a half-weary smile. H. L. Mencken thought he saw traces of the Jew in him. I have never been able to agree with his opinion. His parents lived in America, and his parents' parents. However, I often thought I detected traces of the Scandinavian in him. In unguarded moments, he walked with the slight swagger of the sailor, unused to the firm ground. He looked for all the world, at such times, like a Norwegian sailor on shore leave. And his love of the sea was the dominant thing in his life. The roar of it soothed his soul. Perhaps he heard, above the roar, the voice of a Viking ancestor calling across the centuries.

JACK LONDON

Fame early shrouded Jack London in a mist that the coming years will never completely sweep away. From ages back, possibly to Homer and beyond, vagabonds have now and then been brilliant writers. Jack London was the first really great vagabond writer to be produced in America. Immediately the exaggerated myth of his hard youth started. Hard it was, in many ways, but intellectually it was far above the average. As a matter of fact, he graduated from the Oakland High School. Dickens, Conrad, Gorky, Masefield and many others were not so fortunate. London also had the advantage of an intellectual

environment in his youth. Some of his early associates were writers only less gifted than himself. Later on, after a restless, roving experience as vagabond and sailor, he entered the university. He was said to have made a record in passing the entrance examinations. It must be remembered that Jack London was not only a gifted writer, but had an intellectual capacity second to no man in his generation. He was always sure of his capabilities. His speech in private and public was proof of that. In conversation he had an abrupt and definite charm. I recall his listening intently, once, while several of us talked about Oscar Wilde. He rubbed the bottom of his empty glass on the polished table as he did so. After all had been said, his comment was, "Well, you've forgotten one thing. Wilde was a hell of a great artist."

Jack London glowed with humanity. Prisoners released from San Quentin, and having nowhere to go, could always find a friend in him. His hand was ever extended to the men of the broken battalions. Did they need money or services of any kind, he went to their rescue as impulsively as a tender-hearted woman. Pity only may have remained, and tolerance without confidence, but that, too, was forgotten when men were in trouble. Two old prisoners, pardoned from a life term, nearly all of which they had served, were made welcome on his great ranch in the Valley of the Moon. Jack built a bungalow for them, from the windows of which they watched the sunset of their lives sink in blurred shadows away.

I once walked with him through the tenderloin section of Los Angeles, where the fragments of men were huddled. As we stood on the corner an aged vagrant walked up to us as softly as a wind blowing over a grave.

"Please, Mister," he said to Jack, "kin I have the price of a flop?"

London stood, his white shirt open at the throat, his black Windsor tie knotted low on his breast, a faint weary smile playing over his handsome face. "Sure," he said, "here's two bits."

The vagrant's scrawny hand clutched at the coin, which shone yellow under the light. "That isn't a quarter, Mister, it's five bucks."

"No it isn't," answered Jack, confused; "take it and beat it, or I'll call a cop."

The derelict tottered quickly down the street in abject fear of the greatest man his own underworld had produced, and whose name he was never to know. The hobo's disappearance brought a temporary stillness. All about us were decrepit figures, the shriveled ghosts that each of us might have been. Jack broke the silence with the title of one of Gorky's books.

"Creatures that once were men," he said; and then, as if in a pathetic afterthought, he murmured, "Poor devils, they'll never have to go to hell."

Jack was never happier than when his work was praised by a member of the tattered army. The months during which he had tramped about the nation had made a greater impression upon him than any other phase of life through which he had passed. People speak frankly when the social barriers are down, and London knew it.

Jack had served a sentence for vagrancy in the Erie County Penitentiary at Buffalo. He seldom talked about it unless in a more than ordinarily reminiscent mood. It had seared his soul as with a hot iron, and he shrank from the memory of it. He was not a Gorky in expressing the intensity of remembered sorrow. The lack of this quality, in my opinion, kept him from becoming the greatest writer that vagabondia has produced. For he had the power and the vision.

Hobart Bosworth, the actor, was very close to him. Bosworth had quit the stage while a Broadway favorite, in the very prime of his life. He had gone alone into the desert to wage a nine years' war against a lung disease. He had conquered it, and had become, in London's opinion, the most virile actor on the American screen. It was during a lull in the filming of one of Jack's sea-stories that he, Bosworth, and a group of us chatted of the world's far places. The talk suddenly drifted to books, and even more suddenly to London's latest book, "The Road."

"Why didn't you put more stuff into it?" asked an ex-rover who had found the end of the trail on a motion-picture lot.

"Well," replied Jack, "they were merely little humorous details of tramp life."

The rover listened, unmoved. "Jack," he said, "you had a chance to give us something as good as Dostoievsky's 'House of the Dead,' but you knew you couldn't get it across in the magazines."

London looked at an Indian sprawled in front of a make-believe fire. "Well, maybe you are right," he replied; "maybe you are right. We don't develop Dostoievskys in America."

I have never forgotten the look on his face as he said it. And ever since that day I have asked myself, Why? Even now we have Lewis, Fitzgerald, and the New York school of yearners, clever, superficial men, twisting a phrase to get a laugh, as becomes comedians in vaudeville. The young ladies at a college vote Booth Tarkington the greatest American writer, while Dreiser is still alive. We are a nation of readers gone mad on the whipt cream of life. We either break writers or bend them to the will of the mob—and the will of the mob is slush.

London's career is an example of what I mean. He was greater than anything he ever wrote, as are many writers in America. Then why do they not live up to their greatness? During a stray hour now and then, in which he played with a mood, Jack London wrote some great short stories. Even a professor of English can see greatness in such tales as "To Build a Fire" and "War." His idea of "The Sea Wolf" was immense. He wrote it too hurriedly. The love scenes were said to have been injected to suit the whim of a magazine editor. By agreeing to this, Jack London shot his hero in the back.

Dreiser, Norris and London each attempted three great men-characters during the same period. Dreiser and Norris succeeded in delineating two men with words of imperishable bronze —Hurstwood and McTeague. London failed with Wolf Larsen for the reason that he lacked the determination to make a sustained effort. That was all.

Toward the end of his short forty-one years, he often talked about stretching his soul on his vast estate. Instead—and his last books prove it—he cramped it into the vest-pocket of a popular novelist. The loafer on the Oakland water-front became a member of the landed gentry. The swabber of other men's decks became the promenader of his own. He drank tea with the ladies, and they tied his brawny hands with invisible, silken cords. The boy-hobo, whose soul was great enough to make him rise, was contented at the end to crawl to the level of books by Robert Chambers. Dreaming of his condor-days, in which he flew against the winds of mountains, he grew heavy, morose, weary. Attacker of capitalism, he subscribed to its tenets. He did not need twice the salary of the President, and three thousand acres, even had he not paid such a fearful artistic price for them. There were people who dared to tell him this, and he would answer that his brain was a mine into which he dug for material in the form of words, and that by so doing he exploited and lived on the labor of no man. A great man was Jack London, and well he knew that the mine was producing slag. Perhaps the acres, and the love of his indomitable wife, were all that kept his heart from breaking sooner.

A San Francisco editor tells a story of the brilliant London of the early twenties. He had driven two stakes into the ground, about ten feet apart. Attached to the stakes was a wire upon which hung his many rejection slips. When his name went over, he sold all the stories which the rejection slips stood for. Editors wrote and asked for stories, and London sent those rejected by them before his name was known. And the tales that were turned down when they could have been had for a song, and an ordinary song at that, were purchased at prices that no American writer had received before.

But some things should be said in pity for him. He had "known

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Rescuing Leigh Hunt from His Enemies

Belated Justice for a Poet

"WE HAVE a kindness for Mr. Leigh Hunt," wrote Lord Macaulay, in reviewing Hunt's edition of the "Restoration Dramatists" for the *Edinburgh Review*. "We form our judgment of him, indeed, only from events of universal notoriety, from his own works, and from the works of other writers, who have generally abused him in the most rancorous manner. But, unless we are greatly mistaken, he is a very clever, a very honest, and a very good-natured man. We can clearly discern, together with many merits, many faults both in his writings and in his conduct. But we really think that there is hardly a man living whose merits have been so grudgingly allowed, and whose faults have been so cruelly expiated."

With the exception of some very notable judges, posterity has gone on perpetuating the grudging and insultingly patronizing attitude of Leigh Hunt's contemporaries, and no work of literary rehabilitation has more justly cried out to be done than that which Mr. Milford has so thoroughly and piously accomplished in his practically complete edition of Hunt's poems.(1)

Hunt, as Mr. Milford says, "has been too long held up to contempt as Byron's toady and backbiter, Keats's evil genius, the traducer of Dante, the original of Harold Skimpole." It is a serious blot on the 'scutcheon of Charles Dickens that in 1852, when Leigh Hunt was nearing the end of a hard-fought, industrious life, he should have allowed himself to perpetrate in the character of Harold Skimpole, in "Bleak House," so wounding and so distorted a travesty of that veteran and kindly spirited man-of-letters. It was all very well for Dickens to deny that "any shadows in the portrait were suggested by Hunt," who, he declared, was "the very soul of truth and honor." The travesty, as such things will, stuck, and haunts the memory of Hunt to this day. It was the more damaging and inexcusable, because it belonged to that type of caricature in which some of the externals of a well-known figure are blended with derogatory characteristics quite foreign to him, and which the reader can not be expected to disengage. Such injustices can be undone only by time, and time does not always undo them. Some of the mud is sure to stick, and "Harold Skimpole" has been a serious handicap in the appreciation of Leigh Hunt as he really was.

Leigh Hunt has his faults, as Lord Macaulay somewhat pontifically declared, exasperating faults of taste, and probably of manner, which crop up continually in his writing. But, doubtless, Hunt's worst fault was that, in spite of an industry which has been matched by few men-of-letters, he was always more or less in a state of mendicant impecuniosity. It is an irritating "foible," and trying to friendship, however devoted. Hunt had many devoted friends, and they appear to have been long-suffering, tho not very gracious. Whatever loans they made to poor Hunt, they, at all events, partially recouped by much ill-natured anecdote.

A visitor to the Carlyles, in their house in Cheyne Walk, one day observed some loose sovereigns on the mantelpiece, and, inquiring about them, received the Carlylean answer that they were "Leigh Hunt's sovereigns," awaiting his next familiar demand. Yet Carlyle was very fond of Hunt, and there is extant, in "The Book-Lover's Enchiridion" of Alexander Ireland—one of Hunt's earliest rehabilitators—a beautiful and intensely sympathetic letter written by Carlyle to Hunt, on the publication of his "Autobiography." A quotation from it will be pertinent here:

> Well [says Carlyle], I call this an excellently good Book; by far the best of the autobiographic kind I remember to have read in the English language. . . . A pious, ingenious, altogether *human* and worthy Book; imaging with graceful honesty and free felicity, many interesting objects and persons on your life-path,—and imaging throughout, what is best of all, a gifted, gentle, patient, and valiant human soul, as it buffets its way thro' the billows of the time, and will not drown, tho' often in danger; *can not* be drowned, but conquers, and leaves a track of radiance behind it. . . . In fact this Book has been like an exercise of *devotion* to me: I have not assisted at any sermon, liturgy or litany, this long while, that has had so religious an effect on me. Thanks in the name of all men! And believe along with me that this Book will be welcome to other generations as well as ours—and long may you live to write more Books for us; and may the evening sun be softer on you (and on me) than the noon sometimes was!

Leigh Hunt certainly needs no better testimony than this, and it goes without saying that the man to whom Carlyle could thus write must have been far indeed from being the fribble depicted by Dickens as "Harold Skimpole." To return a moment to "Leigh Hunt's sovereigns," Macaulay tells a good story which seems to show that Hunt sometimes failed in that tact which is a very necessary part of the technique of the artistic borrower. In the course of a begging letter, Hunt took occasion to regret that Macaulay's verses lacked "the true poetical aroma that breathes from Spenser's 'Faerie Queene.'" To ask a man for a loan and to depreciate his poetry in the same letter is a method that certainly has the merit of originality, and, in some rare

(1) THE POETICAL WORKS OF LEIGH HUNT. Edited by H. S. Milford, M. A. New York Oxford University Press, American Branch. $3.

cases, might possibly be the more effective as showing the would-be borrower's noble independence of mind, and refusal to practise the usual arts of flattery upon his victim. Perhaps we should regard it as an example of the "higher tact," and, at all events, in Macaulay's case it does not seem to have worked to Hunt's prejudice, or biased him against Hunt as a man of letters. "We do not always agree with his (Hunt's) literary judgments," writes Macaulay in the same review from which I have already quoted, "but we find in him what is very rare in our time, the power of justly appreciating and heartily enjoying good things of very different kinds."

Outside the ranks of Hunt's professional—because political—enemies, this high opinion of Hunt as a literary critic was shared by all his contemporaries, including Lamb, Keats, Shelley, Hazlitt, Talfourd, Bulwer and Thackeray, not to mention others. In the range of his literary sympathies he surpassed even Lamb and Hazlitt, and in his intense love and reverence for literature he was at least their equal. He was one of the greatest enjoyers of "the dainties that are bred in a book" that have ever lived, and in the gusto of his enjoyment, and his gift for communicating it to his readers, he has no superior, not even Hazlitt. Apart from his fine critical instinct, fed as it was by immense reading, and a delicate scholarship in several languages, he had that passion for books in themselves which marks the born book-lover. In the beautiful essay on "My Books" that passion is exprest with an intensity and a tenderness "passing the love of woman." As Hunt's essays are probably not so much read to-day as they should be, I will be pardoned for quoting the famous conclusion to this essay:

> How pleasant it is to reflect that the greatest lovers of books have themselves become books! What better metamorphosis could Pythagoras have desired! . . . This little body of thought that lies before me in the shape of a book has existed thousands of years; nor, since the invention of the press, can anything short of an universal convulsion of nature abolish it. To a shape like this, so small, yet so comprehensive, so slight, yet so lasting, so insignificant, yet so venerable, turns the mighty activity of Homer, and so turning, is enabled to live and warm us forever. . . . May I hope to become the meanest of these existences? This is a question which every author, who is a lover of books, asks himself some time in his life; and which must be pardoned, because it can not be helped. I know not. I can not exclaim with the poet,
>
> "Oh that my name were numbered among theirs,
> Then gladly would I end my mortal days."
>
> For my mortal days, few and feeble as the rest of them may be, are of consequence to others. But I should like to remain visible in this shape. The little of myself that pleases myself, I could wish to be accounted worth pleasing others. I should like to survive so, were it only for the sake of those who love me in private, knowing as I do what a treasure is the possession of a friend's mind, when he is no more. At all events, nothing, while I live and think, can deprive me of my value for such treasures. I can help the appreciation of them while I live, and love them till I die; and, perhaps, if fortune turns her face once more in kindness upon me before I go, I may chance, some quiet day, to lay my over-beating temples on a book, and so have the death I most envy.

On this Bulwer Lytton made the just and sympathetic comment: "We think few can read this very lovely passage and not sympathize cordially in the wish so nobly conceived and so tenderly exprest. Something not to be replaced would be struck out of the gentler literature of our century, could the mind of Leigh Hunt cease to speak to us in a book."

Apart from literary criticism, Leigh Hunt is one of the most human and engaging of general essayists, his style is at once distinguished and familiar, and he must always hold a high place in that hierarchy of the essay which includes Addison and Steele, Lamb and Hazlitt, and, in our day, Robert Louis Stevenson and Max Beerbohm. He is one of the most lovable of writers, Lamb's own cousin for that, and few essayists make one feel so much at home with the living human being behind the pen.

At the early age of twenty-four, as editor of his brother John's Radical newspaper, *The Examiner*, he was a fighting journalist when the phrase meant something. In his case, when he was barely twenty-nine, it meant two years' imprisonment for a *mot*, but to have dubbed the Regent "a fat Adonis of fifty" for all time was probably worth it, and such an imprisonment as—by that "vinous quality" of his nature—he and his friends together were able to make it, had probably more fun in it than punishment. As with Lovelace, more than stone walls were needed to make a prison for Leigh Hunt.

In 1817 Hunt and his poetical friends, including Keats, were attacked by *Blackwood's Magazine* in the famous article on "The Cockney School of Poetry," whereon Keats begins to be ashamed of his sponsor, and, after the manner of young poets toward their "discoverers," begins to grow "cool" toward him; a coolness, however, which did not prevent the Hunts' nursing him during a summer's visit to their home at Hempstead, immediately preceding Keats's voyage to Italy and his last resting-place beneath the pyramid of Caius Cestius. All this great indebtedness of Keats to Hunt is ungratefully forgotten by those who remember only Hunt's "Cockney" influence on the poetic style of "Endymion." This matter has been put in a juster light, and finally disposed of, by Professor Oliver Elton, Dr. Garnett, and Professor George Saintsbury.

HAROLD SKIMPOLE FACES A CREDITOR
(A drawing by "Phiz" in "Bleak House,"
By courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons)

When a writer can do many other things well in addition to poetry, it is assumed that he is rather a brilliant jack-of-all-trades than (to use the solemn phrase of the hour) an "authentic poet." It is the ungracious reward a writer sometimes receives for a manly determination to earn his own living on the lower slopes of Parnassus rather than to sit haughtily aloof nearer those summits where they toil not neither do they spin, scorning the lowlier tasks of the pen, supported by the largesse of patrons and friends. That such writers contrive, too, sometimes, in spite of "the day's work," which, at its best, often proves their broader accomplishment, to climb as high as their "betters," is apt for a while to be lost sight of. But the eclipse can only be temporary, and, as nothing of real excellence can remain hidden, the poet in them finally outsoars the shadow

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The Literary Digest

INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company

Adam W. Wagnalls, Pres.; Wilfred J. Funk, Vice-Pres.; Robert J. Cuddihy, Treas.; William Neisel, Sec'y

354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

JUNE, 1923

A Chiel's Amang Us—

THERE may not be sufficient cause, apropos of Conrad's visit to this country, to echo the famous old Scotch warning anent the presence of a certain quiet, unobtrusive stranger in that wide stretch of territory "frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's." Usually, in fact ever since Dickens started the fashion, the literary celebrity coming to America puts through such a strenuous campaign of lectures, talks, readings, etc., one scarcely suspects him of "takin' notes" with a view to "prentin'" them. But here comes one, a magician, indeed, in the world of the imagination, recognized by many of us as a worthy successor of the great romancers who have traveled hither before him, and he neither lectures nor gives public readings; in fact, he is inclined, apparently, to deprecate the idea that he is a "literary" personage at all. Hence the delightful suspicion, since he is not delivering the customary "message" to the American people, that this reticent traveler—navigator until now of all the seas save the one lying between his adopted country and the United States—has something else up his sleeve, the revelation of which, all in good time, may more than counterbalance the public lectures that he refrains from giving. We are so accustomed to looking for ulterior motives of some kind, in the case of visiting foreigners, it is hard to think otherwise of this kindly sea-captain, whose wizardry in words has already won him an audience as wide as his travels, yet who seems, for the moment, as thoroughly content as heart could wish with the spacious gardens and the idyllic retirement of the stately old Long Island mansion where he is at present a guest.

PERHAPS the wish with us is father to the thought. Certainly the notion that Conrad, trained to the quiet penetration of men and things through his long apprenticeship to the deep silences of the sea, is "taking notes among us" puts one on tiptoe with pleased anticipation. For the notes, once they find their way into "prent," would mean a Conrad romance, a romance of America by the author of "Nostromo," "Almayer's Folly," "Victory," "Youth"; and such a romance engages the imagination, somehow, more than any prospective work of fiction that one can think of. How well worth the reading it would be! Certainly, America offers a friendly visage for this visitor's inspection. It is in this country, indeed, that Conrad's books have come to be most widely read, and this fact, together with the marked interest evinced in his recent arrival here, is significant in more ways than one. It means not only that the genius of Conrad finds deserved appreciation in America; it implies, besides, that what Conrad stands for in literature happens to be something that is consonant with literary America's ideals and aspirations to-day.

TEN years ago—perhaps less than that—this could scarcely have been maintained. A number of Conrad's books had reached us then, and we were aware of something of the fame he was achieving in England even at that period of his career; but we remained unresponsive to the Conrad magic. Then, suddenly—one would hesitate to measure the change of sentiment even in years—the American reading public found itself reveling among the sea romances of this master-mariner in sail and pen-craft, hailing his art as something new and significant in our literary development, and placing his work, almost before it is dry from the press, with the foremost of its kind in this or any other generation. Some literary verdicts, altho tardy in forming, come swiftly at the end. This has been the case with Conrad, at least in this country, and one suspects that the reason lies, not in any new phase of his genius, but rather in the growth in us of a taste, a craving for something that we lacked before, and that he can give us.

IN a period when one hears so much of the "younger generation," of a fiction and a poetry that find such exotic flowering as "The Waste Land" and "Ulysses," it might well be that a certain streak of newness, of literary radicalism in Conrad would alone give the clue to his rapidly growing and assured fame. But this explanation does not stand for a moment the test applied to it through the actual study of his art as found in his books—a study that leaves one marveling at the simplicity, the sanity, the sheer love of tale-telling for its own sake and not in illustration of some new-fangled theory of art, that one finds in these sparkling romances of the sea and of the far-off regions of the earth. Only a sailor, with the gift of golden speech, and a love for and mastery of great and enduring literature, could spin these yarns—and perhaps it is the perennial craving for just this kind of sincerity in art that gives to these tales of Conrad their vogue with us.

IN one of his fugitive pieces, speaking of Captain Marryat and James Fenimore Cooper as writers of sea-tales, Conrad tells us that "through the distances of space and time those two men of another race have shaped also the life of the writer of this appreciation." Again, in his "Personal Record," writing of Dickens's "Bleak House," he describes that famous novel as "a work of the master for which I have such an admiration, or rather such an intense and unreasoning affection, dating from the days of my childhood, that its very weaknesses are more precious to me than the strength of other men's work. I have read it innumerable times, both in Polish and in English." That is hardly the critical attitude of the "Younger Generation"! Or, if it is, then has the Younger Generation indeed grown older, found that there is something immortal, something that we can not do without, in the literary gods of the past. But it would be a fatal mistake to suppose that Conrad's art depends solely on that past for its standards. As a matter of fact, it is the remarkable blending in his romances of the old and the new artistic ideals that gives them their peculiar charm, setting them apart from all our contemporary fiction in a class by themselves. He has the dramatic sense and feeling for a story that we find in the old masters of the craft, and he tells it with all the savor and verve in the mere telling that belongs to the born raconteur. Then, besides this and in a manner all his own, he spins his yarn so fine, in such deft, seamanlike fashion, that the reader, as it were, looks within and even beyond the characters whose fortunes he is following, while the whole romance finally acquires a psychological interest that places it quite in the van of our "newest" fiction. "New" or "old" in his literary methods and ideals, Conrad is always Conrad, creator of a world of beauty into which every lover of romance delights to enter. And if he does "take notes" of America—a country that he now sees for the first and, let us hope, not the last time—he may be assured that the printing of them, in some new, unheralded romance, will be eagerly awaited by the thousands of his friends who welcome him here in their midst.

CLIFFORD SMYTH.

What Makes a Best-Seller in Fiction

By Archibald Marshall

THE recent phenomenal success of "If Winter Comes," both in America, where it started, and in England, has set me thinking about the best-sellers of the past, of which I am old enough to remember a considerable number.

On searching my memory I have made the rather surprizing discovery that Mark Twain's "Tramp Abroad" must have been the first "grown-up" book that I read upon its publication. I had devoured Dickens wholesale, and some of Thackeray, Scott, and other established novelists, of whom Trollope was the only one still alive. I reveled in "The Tramp Abroad," but curiously enough I seem to have missed altogether the publication of "Huckleberry Finn" five years later, for I had not read that greatest of all Mark Twain's works until many years had gone by.

But Mark Twain was already a shining light. The first best-seller by a new author that came my way, a year later, was Anstey's "Vice Versa." I believe this book has not enjoyed the popularity in America which it has always had in England. Perhaps its penetrating humor and close observation, brought to bear upon particular phases of English life, could not make the same effect where those conditions were unfamiliar; but its high qualities are undeniable. It was the first work of a very young man, and in all respects finished and complete. It sold enormously on its first publication, and may fairly be said to be a classic of English literature.

The next best-seller that I remember, and it was a very big seller indeed, was "Called Back," by Hugh Conway. It was quite a short novel issued in paper covers at, I think, a shilling. It was a story of mystification, of which the interest was kept up until the very end. At least that was how it struck my eager and unsophisticated intelligence at the time, and it must have struck an enormous number of others in the same way. But I read it again a few years ago and could hardly get through it, tho I had entirely forgotten its solution. Poor Conway died the next year, in the full flower of his great success. Whether it would have continued or not it is impossible to say. He had a great sense of plot and construction. His quality was not remarkable, but it was adequate, and might have improved. It is quality that keeps a book alive after the death of its author, and I suppose for this generation "Called Back" and another similar story whose title I can not remember are dead, in spite of their once enormous vogue.

After that came "King Solomon's Mines," immediately followed by "She." Here was something entirely new in the way of fiction, and its popularity was very great; I think, deservedly so, altho novelty soon wears off, and novelty was perhaps the chief attraction of these stories.

I was well out in the world when "Robert Elsmere" was published. It was a very long book, but I devoured it in one evening, in the library of a club in Sydney, Australia. I was fascinated by it, all the more so because I had become a great reader of Matthew Arnold, Mrs. Humphry Ward's uncle, upon whose religious ideas she may be said to have founded her fiction. But I can read Matthew Arnold's books on religion now, and have done so quite recently. I doubt if I could reread "Robert Elsmere" with equal satisfaction, tho I have enjoyed others of Mrs. Ward's novels.

I am coming to the end of the books of which a first reading was colored by the rosy illusions of youth. In those happy days one could give oneself up whole-heartedly to the delight of a new book, and the impression it made upon one's mind was lasting because of that delight, even tho the quality of the book itself might not be lasting. And because a book was being very widely read and talked about it was accepted as certain to give one pleasure. That, I suppose, is the secret of best-sellers. People may be said to like them before they have read them, and buy them for that reason.

ARCHIBALD MARSHALL

Once or twice in later years I have read a new book which has given me much the same sort of pleasure as the first readings of youth, and there is no reason why one should not keep the capacity for such enjoyment. But it would not always come from best-sellers, and would certainly not be aroused by all those of a generation ago, if one could read them for the first time now. There is always some illusion in it, and one may be thankful for the power of retaining the sense of illusion as one gets older. It needed no effort in the days of youth, for life was full of illusions, and romance.

I remember with particular pleasure my first introduction to Kipling, which came just within the rosy years. I had always wanted to go to Oxford or Cambridge, but my wish was not fulfilled until after I had spent some years doing other things. But at last I found myself one October evening in temporary occupation of a delightful set of rooms in the Great Court of Trinity for the few days of the entrance examination. Among the owner's books were one or two of the little gray-covered volumes of stories by the new portent, then just coming into his own. I read them through, sitting in front of the fire when I ought to have been spending the hours preparing for the ordeal of the next day, and never enjoyed reading more. The fountain plashed in its stone basin near by, and the clock on the tower tolled the hours and the quarters. I was in the one spot where I had wanted to be for years, and could hardly believe in my good fortune. It would not have meant nearly so much to me if I had "gone up" from school in the ordinary way; and the enchantment of Kipling is inextricably mixed up in my mind with the deep contentment I felt when I first read him.

Oddly enough, I have no particular recollections of the first time I read "Treasure Island" or "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," both of which made their appearance during the years covered so far. The introduction to them merges itself in the many times I have read them since. So it might have been with Kipling but for the chance of that introduction at Cambridge; but these authors represent something rather different from the resounding

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Certain New and Old Forms in Current Poetry

By Herbert S. Gorman

NO one can glance, even in a cursory manner, at the contemporary output of poetry without vague misgivings for the future. It is not so much the established figures, such as Mr. Robinson and Mr. Frost, that awaken this dread as the suspicion of the heritage which the very young men (and women) will hand down to the generations which are to follow them. Our older poets were bred and came to maturity during a traditional period. Even such younger men as Louis Untermeyer had reached years of wisdom before the rebellious iconoclasts assaulted the Ivory Towers and took them by frontal attack. Tradition is a good thing—to start from.

If one starts from a Republic of Letters that has shifted to literary anarchism the road assuredly leads into strange and outlandish places. One bogy that besets that path is experimentation for the sake of experimentation, the desire to be different, which clouds and destroys the will to express beauty. There is no grave fault to be found in the habit of being different if that difference is compact with poetry. But much passes under the name of poetry to-day that is not poetry. Every young man who comes along is not a poet because he manages to distort the English language into new and unexpected patterns. At the same time it is merely a sign of mental astigmatism to assert that poetry may not be created in new forms, in unrimed lines, in *vers libre*. It can. Poetry may be conveyed in any form whatsoever, but whether or not it is the best poetry is another matter. The modern poet must be himself first of all and if he instinctively thinks in free verse he is entitled to write in it. So, too, is the creator in conservative meters privileged to pursue beauty in his own way.

ALICE MEYNELL
From a drawing by John S. Sargent, R. A.

Personally the writer of this article believes that rime and set forms are an aid to emotion, and he has yet to discover a modern poet employing free forms who may be set above those contemporary figures using rimed meters who now stand in the forefront of American and English poetic composition. The free-verse writer who complains that stanza-forms and meters imprison his thought doesn't know what he is talking about. He merely proves himself of no significance as a poetic creator. The great poet can express anything in regular meters, and it will not seem cramped, either. It is merely a question of mastery, of technical cleverness, of the ability to pick the form to suit the mood.

For instance, there is the sonnet form. It offers all sorts of opportunities for all shades of thoughts, and poets from Shakespeare to George Santayana have used it to express the most varying emotions. Let four sonnets from four modern writers show the range of this single form. In "Poems"(1) by the late Wilfrid Scawen Blunt may be found his famous series, "The Love Sonnets of Proteus." The beauty and emotion of this series has never received the praise that has been rightly its due. Blunt was unequal as a poet (this book shows it in spite of Mr. Floyd Dell's judicious selection), but he did touch a far height at times. Here is one of his sonnets which shows how colloquial this form may be made by running over lines and employing a laxness of construction which yet observes the sonnet form.

TO ONE ON HER WASTE OF TIME

Why practise, love, this small economy
Of your heart's favors? Can you keep a kiss
To be enjoyed in age? And would the free
Expense of pleasure leave you penniless?
Nay, nay. Be wise. Believe me, pleasure is
A gambler's token, only gold to-day.
The day of love is short, and every bliss
Untasted now is a bliss thrown away.
'Twere pitiful, in truth, such treasures should
Lie by like miser's crusts till moldy grown.
Think you the hand of age will be less rude
In touching your sweet bosom than my own?
Alas, what matter, when our heads are gray,
Whether you loved or did not love to-day?

Then, turning for another example to the "Poems"(2) of Alice Meynell (now available in a collected edition which gives a full-length view of the cool, pellucid art of this talented woman), we find such a lyrical utterance as "Renouncement," a sonnet that has quite properly made a niche for itself in the pantheon of modern masterpieces.

I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—
The thought of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height,
And in the sweetest passage of a song.

O just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet bright;
But it must never, never come in sight;
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

(1) POEMS. By Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

(2) POEMS. By Alice Meynell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

JEANNE ROBERT FOSTER

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,

Must doff my will as raiment laid away,—
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

The unexpected breathlessness of the last line of this sonnet is an excellent example of the inspired tricks (if they may be called such) which may be worked in this form. Then, if one desires a grave, restrained utterance, enough of them are to be found in the "Poems"(3) of George Santayana, for by far the best part of this volume is the series of sonnets with which the book opens. A fit example of the sonnet form obeying all its difficult laws is "On the Death of a Metaphysician":

Unhappy dreamer, who outwinged in flight
The pleasant region of the things I love,
And soared beyond the sunshine, and above
The golden cornfields and the dear and bright
Warmth of the hearth,—blasphemer of delight,
Was your proud bosom not at peace with Jove,
That you sought, thankless for his guarded grove,
The empty horror of abysmal night?
Ah, the thin air is cold above the moon!
I stood and saw you fall, befooled in death,
As, in your numbed spirit's fatal swoon,
You cried you were a god, or were to be;
I heard with feeble moan your boastful breath
Bubble from depths of the Icarian sea.

One more sonnet to show the variety of effects which may be attained by this form and we have done with them. The last example is from "Roast Leviathan,"(4) by Louis Untermeyer, which, by the way, is quite the best book of serious poetry that he has done, and one that is easily among the more distinguished efforts of the season. "The Young Men" is a good example of vigor and trenchant utterance:

We bruise the world you battered out of shape,
Without accepting any God or man.
We open all the doors and so escape
Whatever narrow paths you tried to plan.

We fuse our angers in machines that span
The earth and flimsy heavens with our hate.
We never hope to end what you began,
We who were born too soon and live too late.

We leap to every nervous clash; uncouth
Perversities are in our twitching veins.
We tear the draperies from your swaddled truth
And give you laughing malice for your pains.
We burn and break ourselves with brutal youth,
Who have no thing to lose—not even chains!

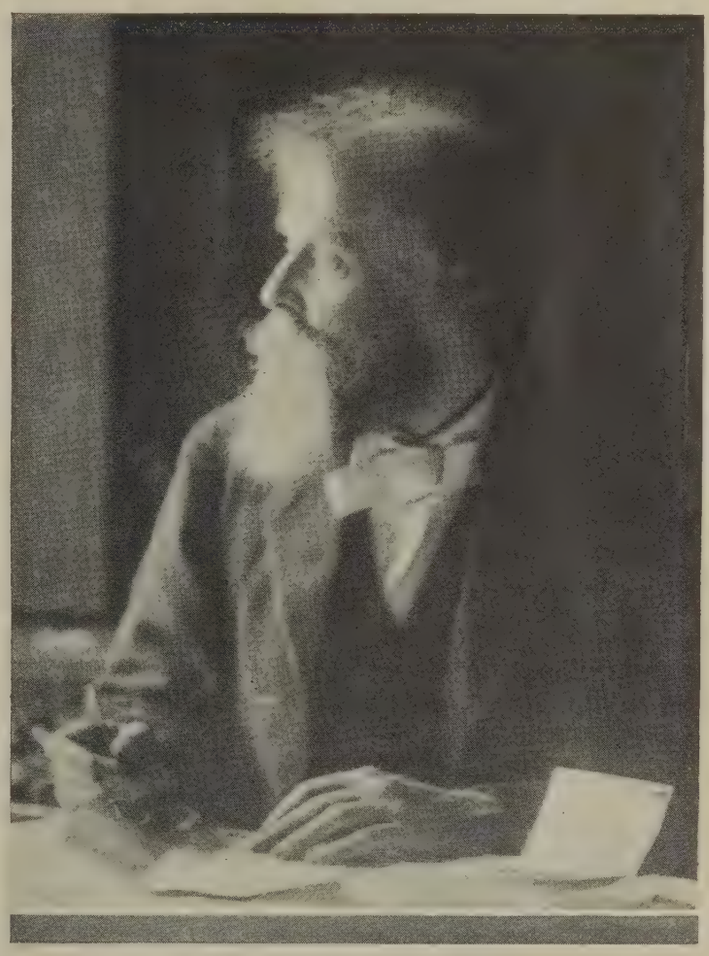
Many varying effects are here gained with a single metrical form. Yet the confirmed *vers librists* affirm that meter is strangling, that it kills spontaneity. What could be more spontaneous than this selection from W. H. Davies' charming little volume, "The Hour of Magic"(5):

TO A FOOL

If, when thy body's end has come,
Thy mind must find another home,
Make no mistake with man again;
Come into flesh the thing thou art
In all except thy body's part—
Come as a silly ass, and plain.

Such were my thoughts, their honest parts,
But oh, what liars are kind hearts!
What smooth false words such hearts demand:
"Thy dreams," said I, "give more surprise
Then when I chased bright butterflies,
And missed them with my snapping hand."

Some of the moderns work in both the conservative and radical forms, but impress their personalities on the genres until they become of equal importance as outlets to the



WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

poets' moods. Sacheverell Sitwell is such a writer, and his "The One Hundred and One Harlequins"(6) is an excellent example

(3)POEMS. By George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

(4)ROAST LEVIATHAN. By Louis Untermeyer. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

(5)THE HOUR OF MAGIC. By W. H. Davies. New York: Harper & Brothers.

(6)THE HUNDRED AND ONE HARLEQUINS. By Sacheverell Sitwell. New York: Boni & Liveright.

of modernistic tendency. Here tight stanza forms and closely clipt couplets are mingled with free verse. The music is not particularly apparent, but there is something fascinating about Sitwell and his unicorns, Phœnixes, and strange pictures. "Dr. Donne and Gargantua" is one of the high peaks of the book, a poem that might have been great in other hands (for Sitwell's genius has its obvious limitations), but which is in this case merely unusual. Sitwell, like a large group of the moderns, is essentially cerebral, and it is because he is too literary in his connotations that he often fails quite to bring his poems off.

It is one's spiritual contacts that count—such, for instance, as may be found in Lew Sarett's "The Box of God,"[7] a book of verse that gathers its inspiration from Indian life. It is an excellently conceived volume, full of color and movement, an essentially American undertaking. It is quite different, for instance, from James Oppenheim's "Golden Bird."[8] Mr. Oppenheim writes in nothing but a loosely flowing measure reminiscent of Walt Whitman. He, too, possesses color and spiritual ardor, but for some reason the book does not succeed. One reads it and is vaguely pleased at the pictures, the musical phrases, the ardor, but it is impossible to remember a bit of it after the volume is laid away. And this is a fault with many of the moderns. Somehow they do not stick in the reader's mind.

The power to stick in the mind would appear to be a good test of the quality of a poem, and it is encouraging to note that there is an important group of moderns who can compass that achievement. Edna St. Vincent Millay, for instance, is such a poet. The revised edition of her "A Few Figs from Thistles"[9] is a small book, but it creates a lasting impression in the reader. Who can forget such a lyric as this?

TO THE NOT IMPOSSIBLE HIM

How shall I know, unless I go
To Cairo and Cathay,
Whether or not this blessed spot
Is blest in every way?

Now it may be, the flower for me
Is this beneath my nose;
How shall I tell, unless I smell
The Carthaginian rose?

The fabric of my faithful love
No power shall dim or ravel
Whilst I stay here,—but oh, my dear,
If I should ever travel!

Can such a perfect lyric as this be imagined in free verse? And yet is the spirit not modern in every way? Miss Millay occupies an important position in American poetry because she has taken her art seriously and not been tempted into the perilous byways of extravagant experimentation. And she is not alone among the women-poets in America who have followed the great tradition of conservative forms and yet been essentially modern. Elinor Wylie is another such. And this season has produced several new figures. An important addition to this group is Bernice Lesbia Kenyon, whose "Songs of Unrest"[10] has just been published. There is clarity and a moving feeling in her work, a modernistic conception of love, and yet an adherence to regular form. She, too, works in the difficult sonnet form (a style of writing that seems to captivate such individual writers as Maxwell Bodenheim, Alfred Kreymborg and Miss Millay), and if space permitted we might give many examples of how well she captures the form.

There is a pleasing and unstrained magic about Miss Kenyon's work. It is simple in content, concerned with personal moods for the most part—but surrounded by the overtones of authentic poetry. She is the type that grows with experience and deepens in expression. If all the moderns were as concerned with the actual aspects of beauty as she is there would be no need to fear for the future. She is not as conservative of thought as some writers who are publishing to-day (Lilla Cabot Perry and Ruth Comfort Mitchell, for instance), and this indubitably aids her in her development. One does not look for further development from Mrs. Perry or Miss Mitchell, but they already have a sound quantity of work that is excellent in its genre. Mrs. Perry's "The Jar of Dreams"[11] is a scholarly, technically perfect volume of verse with no small degree of actual achievement in it. And the musical movements of meter and emphatic diction of Miss Mitchell's "Narratives in Verse"[12] give a genuine pleasure to her work.

Various methods are used by some of the more modern writers to draw attention to their work. There is Mr. John V. A. Weaver, whose "Finders"[13] proves to be a second volume of poems in American. This volume conclusively shows how narrow Mr. Weaver's vein is, and how old-fashioned and sentimental he is, once the trappings of slang are removed from the verses. Distorted language does not make poetry any more than distorted meters do. One needs but to glance into Babette Deutsch's and Avrahm Yarmolinsky's "Contemporary German Poetry"[14] to note the let-down between reasonable meters and established technique. The younger German poets, pessimistic, morbid and disturbed at the enormous effronteries of life, use a free-verse idiom, and the contrast between them and the older Germans who open the book is patent. The younger men have passion and despair to aid them, and in so far as this is present their work is important; but from a lyrical view-point, from the attitude of one who looks for the delicate capture of beauty, the older men loom as the more important.

As has been remarked before, the free-verse form is better adapted to some writers than to others. Certain poets think best in this medium, and not all of those who attempt *vers libre* are working in the vein most kindred for them. Miss Jeanne Robert Foster's "Rock-Flower"[15] would have been improved, for instance, if she had kept away from free verse. She can turn out excellent lyrics, but the freer forms were never meant for her. The content should shape the form, and there is not one of Miss Foster's poems that would not have been much improved by regular meter. The conservative forms she does include show how well she can handle them.

Just what the poets of the future will do is a hidden matter. If one is to judge by such hints as are to be found in "The Poets of the Future: A College Anthology"[16], edited by Henry T. Schnittkind, most of them will return to regular meters. Indeed, some of our established moderns are doing this—Alfred Kreymborg and Maxwell Bodenheim, for instance. But one can not judge by college verse; it is too universal a proceeding. Most undergraduates write verse of some sort, but this does not prove that they are potential poets. They generally become bankers or lawyers or doctors. It is in the more important work of such newcomers as Dean B. Lyman, Jr., that the future rests. His "The Last Lutanist"[17] is only fairly entertaining, but it shows that younger men of actual promise are still mightily concerned with regular forms.

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(7) The Box of God. By Lew Sarett. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

(8) Golden Bird. By James Oppenheim. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

(9) A Few Figs from Thistles. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. New York: Frank Shay.

(10) Songs of Unrest. By Bernice Lesbia Kenyon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

(11) The Jar of Dreams. By Lilla Cabot Perry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

(12) Narratives in Verse. By Ruth Comfort Mitchell. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

(13) Finders. By John V. A. Weaver. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

(14) Contemporary German Poetry. Compiled by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

(15) Rock-Flower. By Jeanne Robert Foster. New York: Boni & Liveright.

(16) The Poets of the Future: A College Anthology for 1921–1922. Edited by Henry T. Schnittkind. Boston: The Stratford Company.

(17) The Last Lutanist. By Dean B. Lyman, Jr. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press.

Humor and the Eighteenth Amendment

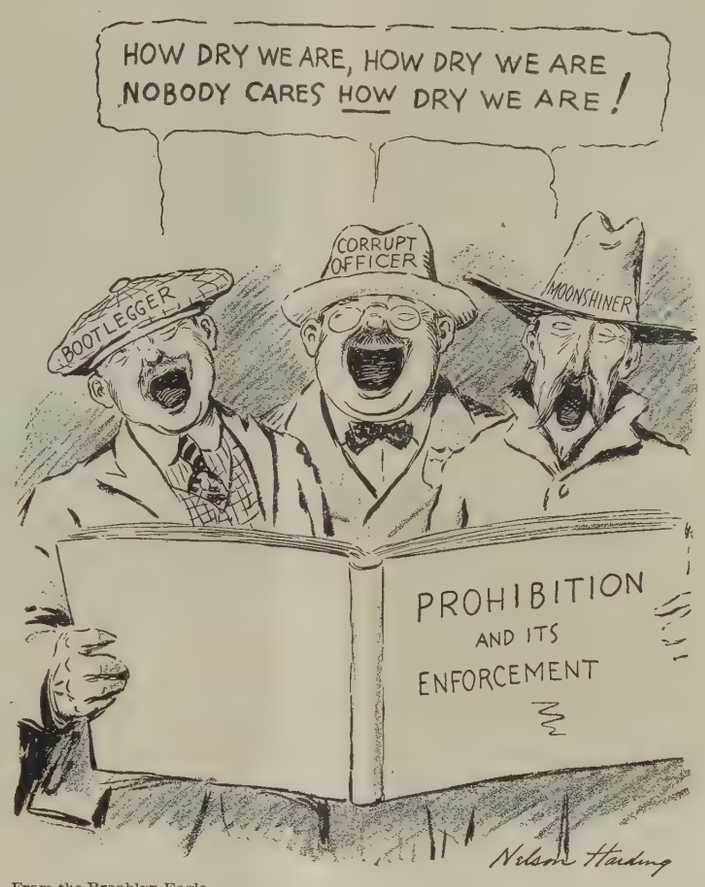
By Richard Le Gallienne

IF CERTAIN inquisitorial bodies engaged in the gentle art of throttling public opinion could have their way with books, as they already have with so many of our pleasures, the two volumes reviewed in this article (1) (2) would still be in manuscript, or, having escaped into print, would be placed on the Anti-Saloon League's "Index Librorum Prohibitorum," for, along with their serious argument, they dare to joke about prohibition. To do this is already *verboten* to vaudeville performers, and, as Mr. Towne and Mr. E. S. Martin, whom he quotes, point out, a certain powerful woman's temperance society recently sent out a mandate to all editors in the United States bidding them cease satirizing prohibition, and demanding that "the matter be treated with the seriousness that the subject merits."

The dangers of excessive drinking are a serious matter enough, and no one would dream of treating them otherwise than seriously; but the whole subject is in danger of becoming a theme which farce only can adequately handle, for if prohibition is not a tragic farce, what is it? Its original moral aspect is all but lost sight of, and the fanaticism of its attempted enforcement has raised other issues even more important than itself. That we should be forbidden even to laugh at it indicates how serious those issues are by so preposterous a *reductio ad absurdum*. Mr. Martin may well ask: "Are amendments of the Constitution and the Volstead Law to rank with the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount as not being safely subject to derisive comment?"

While prohibition in itself may be tragically absurd, American liberty, the rights of individuals and the power of minorities, or even majorities, to over-ride those genuinely "sacred" institutions and safeguards against tyranny, are no laughing matters. It is the serious jeopardy in which these palladia at present stand that emphasizes the sinister significance of prohibition. And America—not she alone, but the world at large—is in dire need of all the humanity, wisdom, and honesty of its citizens to combat this menace of a new Inquisition more widely dangerous than the old. If our humorists can help us in this pass, more power to them.

Mr. Towne, with a confidence we should like to think better justified, says: "We can make this whole business of prohibition so ludicrous that we can laugh it out of the statutes"; and Mr. Martin believes too that "if a law is bad, one of the ways to beat it is to laugh it out of court." Great humorists and satirists of the past have indeed sometimes scored notable victories. The absurdities of decayed "chivalry" were laughed out of existence by "Don Quixote"; Swift and Voltaire were powerful mockers, Dickens made a notable bag of dragons, and if Mark Twain had not so obsequiously laughed with the American people, instead of sometimes laughing at them, he could have done them a world of good. But, alas! no few things that have been laughed at from time immemorial still prosper, in oblivion or scorn of their own absurdity. A funeral is often a quite laughable affair, but the funeral always goes on. Thus far, apparently, the Prohibitionists have by far the best of the laugh. However, if human nature still continues to be human, it hardly seems probable that the best laugh, the last, will be theirs.



From the Brooklyn Eagle

CONVERTED!

And yet again, here a disquieting thought presents itself: Is human nature changing? Are machinery, industrialism, efficiency, and applied abstract "isms" of every kind beginning to change the color of its blood from red to gray? Is man, also, becoming denatured? The subject is too long to pursue here, but a strong case might be made out to show that the richer, deeper and kindlier characteristics of humanity are suffering from at least a temporary anemia; and it may be that before long we shall be driven to seek them in the museums of literature. Pre-prohibition literature, that is. The probable chilling and emasculating effect of prohibition on literature is a matter which exercises both Mr. Monahan and Mr. Towne, particularly Mr. Monahan, that ripe humanist, Horatian and Rabelaisian, whose book on "Dry America" is worth reading for its style alone, for Mr. Monahan, whatever his subject, never fails to invest it with his own rare literary quality, which combines ease and distinction with a pervading sense of his own genial presence, an uncommonly beguiling combination.

Our threatening book-censorship makes one anxious as to the continuing status of even the great literature of the past in a dry world.

> The farther we go back among the great ancient poets [says Mr. Monahan], the better and the wetter we find them. How, and with what precautions, shall they be read and enjoyed in the "dry light" which the Prohibitionist has now made to shine in our midst? How shall they be "edited" or expurgated for the ingenuous youth of a future drinkless America? And, above all, what will the dry pundits and precisions do with Horace, that favorite of Bacchus and the Muses, whom once to know in the slightest is to hate all dullness and intolerance forever afterward. . . . What hope is there for that "heir of all the ages," the child of Prohibition, who is never to see a saloon or smell a wine-cork, when he reads in the beautiful tongue of Rome that "God has made all things hard for the mere water-drinker" ("Siccis omnia nam dura deus proposuit"), and that not otherwise than by the gift of the sacred vine are our heavy sorrows dispersed ("Neque mordaces aliter diffugiunt solicitudines").

(1) DRY AMERICA. By Michael Monahan. New York: Nicholas L. Brown.

(2) THE RISE AND FALL OF PROHIBITION. By Charles Hanson Towne. New York: The Macmillan Co.

And Mr. Monahan thus, as he says, "rudely" paraphrases Horace to this effect:

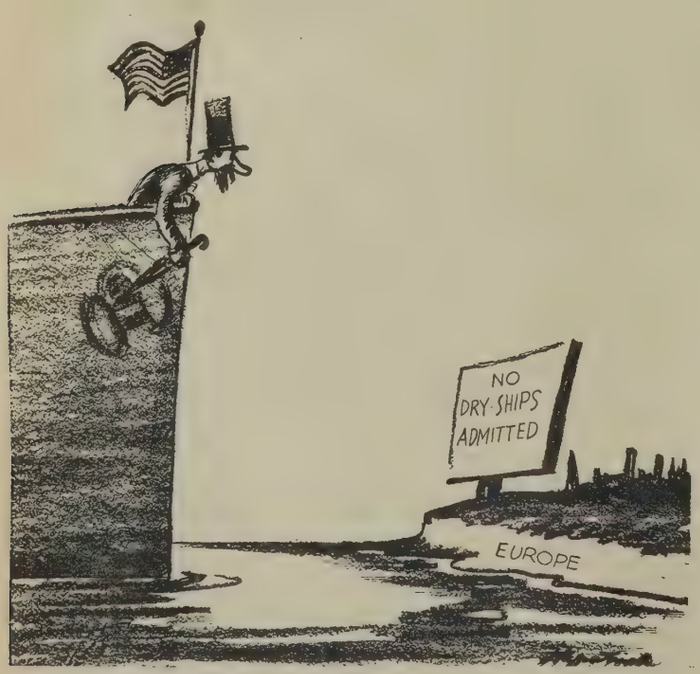
> Take it from me, Maecenas dear,
> There's no good song sans wine or beer;
> And all that comes from the poet dry,
> It scarce shall please, and soon must die.

Despite his modest disclaimer, Mr. Monahan's paraphrases of Horace are among the best that have ever been made.

"It is well known," says Mr. Towne, "that those races which refuse absolutely to drink do not produce anything of importance in the way of art; and surely they contribute nothing to the cause of science. Take the Mohammedans. Name one great artist among them, if you can, known to you and me." Mr. Towne might have added that the two most famous of Mohammedan poets "prove the rule," for it was disobedience to the law of Volstead-Mohammed, in joyous flagrancy, that entirely made Hafiz and Omar Khayyam, the last line of whose most famous quatrain Mr. Towne wittily parodies with "Ah! Paradise were Wilderness enow."

As for English literature, the only teetotal poet on record was the thinnest of all lyrists, namely, Edmund Waller; while if, among contemporary writers, Prohibitionists and vegetarians can point to Mr. Bernard Shaw, the answer is easy that Mr. Shaw's wit and humor are of that "lean and hungry" kind which proclaims the doctrinaire, insufficiently nourished with humanity.

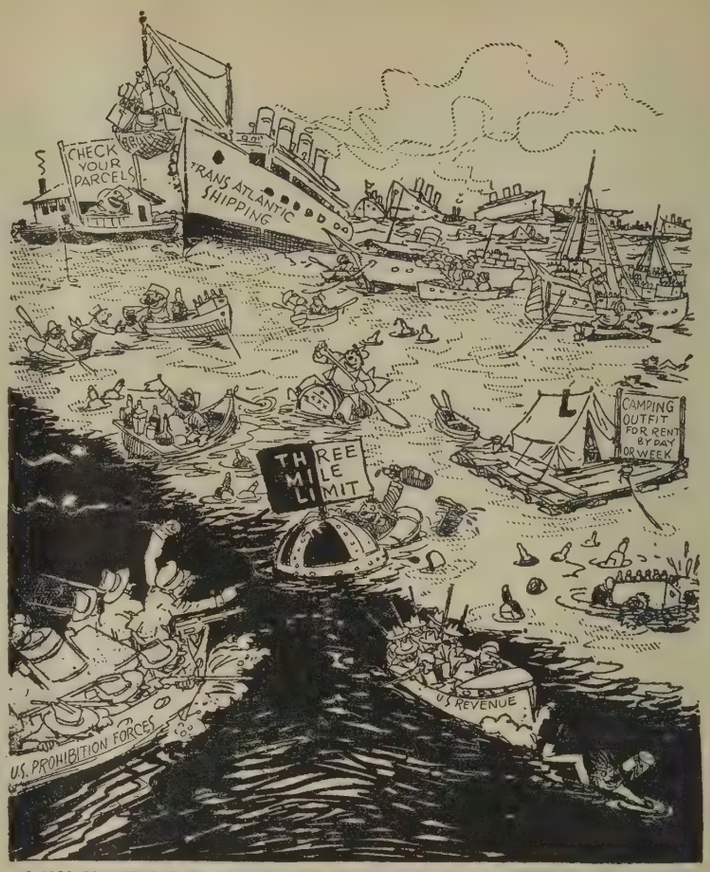
"It is credibly reported," says the English essayist, Mr. Robert Lynd—whose essay on "The Moral Case Against Prohibition" is one of the most carefully considered pieces of writing on the subject—"that an Armenian takes no more pleasure in having his throat cut by a teetotal Turk than an Irishman takes in being led off to jail by a guard of beer-drinking English soldiers"; and he adds that prohibition "certainly has not made the Turk a perfect man." Mr. Lynd has also these other things to say: "It is a disputable thing whether the abolition of drink would on the whole increase the happiness of human society. I have heard a Canadian teetotaler assert regretfully that the teetotal towns in Canada were 'dead as mutton' as a result of prohibition." Mr. Lynd is for control, not prohibition, and for the reconstruction rather than the abolition of the "public-house"; for, he says with self-evident truth, "it is a grave step for the State to interfere with the normal life of man, to abolish a custom which has the



From St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"WHY NOT?"

sanction of many of the great and the wise and the good, unless every other means of achieving social happiness has been found wanting." Mr. Towne says, "We who drink and smoke and laugh in moderation are the normal people of the world. The others are



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OUT WHERE THE WET BEGINS

those who are in need of treatment"; and we particularly thank him for taking a fling at a form of guzzling intemperance which no one seems to think of condemning, the gluttony of the soda-counter debauchee. "Gluttony, pure and simple," he exclaims, as he watches great hulking men absorbing "sundaes" at nine in the morning. "What must the lining of their stomachs be like?" he asks.

> No habitual drunkard could show a worse record, I imagine [he continues]. And of the two evil-doers, I would prefer the latter. At least he is human. The soda-fiend is a sensualist, knowing nothing of the healthy ecstasy of comradeship. He is a solitary drinker of the worst sort; and tho he may not stagger out of the place, he is certainly unfit to begin his day's work—just as unfit as the fool who makes it a practise to take a nip of Scotch before breakfast.

Mr. Towne is for legislation on the matter, a sundae "amendment," with "one-half of one per cent. of raspberry all that is permitted." Why not? Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. The principle is the same, the principle of autocratically interfering with the other fellow's tastes and habits, because they are not our own. And tho it be true, as I think it was Mr. A. A. Milne who answered to this line of argument, that sundae-guzzling, or an intemperate consumption of ham-sandwiches, does not prompt a man to commit murder or beat his wife, neither do such actions result from a normal use of alcohol. The abnormal use of it could be kept in check, and its evils reduced to as near a minimum as any human danger can be reduced, by such legislation as Mr. Towne instances in Canada and Sweden; and it is pertinent here to recall that even the stern disciplinarians of Russia have abandoned their own drastic prohibition as a failure, and substituted good liquor above-board for poisonous liquor underground. The assumption that alcohol is an unmitigated evil is quite fake. The best scientific opinion is on the side of its wise use, as witness a manifesto by the most eminent English doctors in the London *Lancet*, quoted by Mr. Monahan:

> In disease alcohol is a rapid and trustworthy restorative. In many cases it may be truly described as life-preserving, owing to its power to sustain cardiac and nervous energy, while protecting the wasting nitrogenous tissues. As an article of diet we hold the universal belief of civilized mankind that the moderate use of alcoholic beverages is, for adults, usually beneficial and amply justified.

For its human virtues Mr. Monahan quotes Professor Saints-

bury, than whom no authority could be more to the point, for Professor Saintsbury, who has been a wine-drinker all his life, has now reached the ripe age of seventy-eight, and is still adding industriously to that immense previous output of critical writing which has made him the Sainte-Beuve of the English language. Dr. Saintsbury, who attributes the prohibition delusion to the undoubted fact that in England (and the same applies here) "the general common sense of the country has been weakened by an overflow of so-called education," declares that

> for every evil deed that fact or fancy or the unscrupulous exaggeration of partisans can charge upon alcohol, it has prompted a hundred good and kind ones; that for every life it has destroyed or spoiled it has made thousands happy; that much of the best imaginative work of the world has been due to its influence, and that it has, as has been amply shown of late [Professor Saintsbury is referring to the late war] given "more power to the elbow" of stout workers and fighters in the best of causes.

But the facts about alcohol for good or ill are well known, and in the opinion of the majority of normal, intelligent people the facts against it do not justify such a tyrannous and fantastic sumptuary law as the Eighteenth Amendment, not to speak of the Volstead Act, and various other subsidiary acts for its enforcement. Allowing even that these laws were passed in a regular representative fashion, which is, of course, far from being generally allowed, they are not the kind of laws which it is proper for a State to pass, in that they violate those other articles of the Constitution which guarantee the citizen personal liberties with which they unwarrantably interfere. They are not within the province either of a Federal or a State government; and the acknowledge difficulty found in enforcing them, and the serious new evils which have notoriously grown from the attempt, plainly enough show that, tho technically they may be "law," they have "not yet," as Mr. Martin points out, "got moral sanction enough" from the people at large to make them effective. In fact, however large a section of the people may desire them, there remains a very large section also which does not, and this section, on such a matter of personal rather than public weal, has an equal right with the other, whether it be a majority or not, to be considered. There is the real question behind and beneath prohibition, and it is a question which applies to other branches of legislation—the right, for instance, of up-State farmers to legislate for a great cosmopolitan city such as New York. In certain matters the city should legislate for the city, and an agricultural district should not be allowed to interfere in city legislation any more than the city to interfere in agricultural legislation. But this consideration would take us too far afield, and the question involves a reform of the whole system of voting, which as it stands at present is much more misrepresentative than representative. To claim obedience for the prohibition laws merely because they have been "passed," and as tho they were on a par, say, with the law against murder, is nothing but Pecksniffian humbug. If they were overwhelmingly representative of the American people, by a just system of representation, they would be obeyed automatically, but they are not! The referendum of workers recently carried through by the *Literary Digest* alone proves it in a very significant fashion. Its details and results may be studied at length in Mr. Towne's book, which is an admirable compendium of the whole subject, for it is not merely full of entertainment but is full, too, of exact information to be found gathered together, so far as we are aware, nowhere else, and for any publicist dealing with the question it will prove an invaluable handbook. Mr. Towne's pictures of the humors and absurdities, as well as the infamies of prohibition, are made by an acute and industrious social observer, and deserve to be seriously studied. Before taking leave of him, let us quote this anecdote:

> It grieved me, as a good American, to hear an Englishman say the other evening before a lot of my fellow-countrymen that his idea of a complete life would be to spend nine months of the year in England as a British *citizen* and three months in the United States, as an American *subject*. There was much mirth; but somehow I could not laugh. And I hope these Constitutional Amendments, coming so thick and fast, are not causing me to lose my sense of humor.

Neither Mr. Towne nor Mr. Monahan is in any danger, but what is to be said of America itself? Once it was something like a nation of humorists. Now it seems to be becoming a nation of—what?

Causes of European Labor's Growing Discontent

IN HIS investigations of labor conditions in Western Europe, Whiting Williams was not satisfied with merely interviewing labor leaders, employers, editors and politicians. He wanted to know what the rank and file of the laboring people thought. In order to learn this, he lived among them and worked with them as an unskilled laborer. And while he was in their midst he used his eyes and his ears to good advantage.

The title of his book, "Horny Hands and Hampered Elbows,"(1) expresses in brief the conditions that he found—plenty of hard work to be done and no elbow-room to do it in. The people are industrious by long habit and are satisfied with very small returns for their labor, but as these returns grow less and less, measured in terms of what wages will buy, they realize more and more the hopelessness of their position. Their opportunities for bettering themselves are practically nil. Hence the growing discontent. And even if the employers are willing to make concessions, they are unable to do so because of the depreciation of the currency and the lack of raw materials and of markets. Conditions are such that no one country is able to remedy them. What is needed is united effort, and there is very little of that in Europe to-day. Even a united Europe, the author thinks, would be unable to solve its problems alone. Our help is needed.

America's comparative freedom from Communism and Bolshevism is due, according to Mr. Whiting, to the fact that the gap between the laborer and his employer is narrower here than it is in Europe. The American workingman who makes a reasonable demand can get a hearing, and therefore his demands are more likely to be reasonable. In Europe the workingman feels that the only way he can get his rights is to take them by force, and once he starts to do that, he is very apt to take everything in sight. If America is to be kept free from Bolshevism, it is of the utmost importance that it be made increasingly easy for employers and employed to get together and to understand each other. For labor troubles, like wars, are chiefly caused by ignorance, by failure of the two disputing parties to understand each other. The League of Nations, Mr. Williams thinks, can and will do a great deal toward bringing about a better understanding between the peoples of the earth. It is not likely to put an end to war altogether, but it may smooth over a great many misunderstandings that might lead to war if left to the parties most concerned. And as international jealousies grow less, the people in general and the workingman in particular will find it easier to achieve prosperity.

Mr. Williams is a careful and impartial investigator and a clear and cogent writer. He is no propagandist. His whole endeavor is to describe conditions as he finds them and to search out the causes which brought about those conditions. He has no pet remedy, but he believes that it is the duty of all of us to get together and find one. His book is a reminder that isolation, either of individuals or of classes or of nations, is no longer possible or desirable. All must work together for the common good.

(1) HORNY HANDS AND HAMPERED ELBOWS. By Whiting Williams. With Illustrations. 285 pages. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.80.

The Strange Chronicle of a Modern Painter

By Charles de Kay

THIS is the age of psychic phenomena and of a most picturesque variety of efforts to understand them—whether it be the raw return of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to the field held of late by ouija and planchette and earlier by witch and wizard, farther back still to the reign of devils among the *shamans* feared by our remote ancestors, or be it the efforts of sincere scientists to explore undiscovered tracts in the mind, or be it investigation of the now popular subconscious, started more than half a century ago by Hartmann with his *Philosophie des Unbewussten*; and here is added to the mighty mass of books on similar subjects a study of the life of a painter who all his days was a paranoic and ended his brief career by death at his own hands.

It is not the study of Vincent van Gogh as an artist which engages the clever pen of Mr. Julius Meier-Graefe,(1) altho a splendid array of illustrations enables one to follow more or less closely the works van Gogh produced, but the instructive development of the painter's madness, the culminating horror of van Gogh's mental illness, the dismal minor affairs which led up to the major tragedy. Many books on the insane have unattractive exteriors and presumably are read only by a narrow circle composed chiefly of specialists, professional or amateur, on diseases of the brain. But this one has a gorgeous setting *in folio* with fine paper, beautiful print, wide margins, illustrations galore. The author has caught acutely the advantage of having his subject a painter like Cézanne, over whose work the art critics and quidnuncs have merrily battled the watch. But, unlike some portly tomes that dealt with lame ducks of art, this unlimited product of the press is interesting to a high degree, what with the intrinsic value of the drama presented, the ebullient vigor of Mr. Meier-Graefe and the ability of his translator, Mr. J. Holroyd Reece, to cope in English with the flaming original.

A BRABANTIAN PEASANT

The frontispiece is one of the few heads by Vincent van Gogh which are of much avail, and that because it is his own, the face of a man typical of the criminal insane when they can not control expression. Writers of lurid tales of the buccaneers would value it as a portrait of Blackbeard lately sheared by the ship's barber. A later self-portrait is more civilized, yet the lowering murderous glance is there, the look of one who hates his fellow-man. The other heads, male or female, are merely uncomfortable or dull to the point of tears. Here is an artist, one would say, who cares nothing for the soul or character of his sitter, but merely uses the latter as a mirror in which to reflect his own sullen, dull or distorted mood. There is a grim comedy of a sort in the fact that during his earlier days as an artist van Gogh admired Millet intensely, indeed tried his hand several times at a "Sower" and only succeeded in effecting a poor *pastiche*. Of course he, like others in art and literature, entirely misunderstood Millet, who was not sentimentally affected by or greatly perturbed over the hard lot of the French peasant, being one of them by birth, but did enormously admire and enjoy their artistic value and duly communicated his discovery to the world—a splendid achievement by a master really great. Poor van Gogh can only pound away at the seamy side like so many who do not really know the toilers on the soil and do not like them, being haunted by a mere literary and false sentiment. In company with a dozen living painters today, he saw the female nude squalid and disgusting, with the natural result — a disgusting squalid woman. Such unlucky artists probably are not destined to see the interior of insane asylums, but they imagine they are forceful, daring souls when they select hideous models and reproduce them even uglier than they are.

Mr. Meier-Graefe lets us gather rather than tells how Vincent, the son of a respected clergyman, was from childhood lazy, self-centered and indifferent to his father and mother. Perhaps because his father was of the church, at first Vincent thought of following in his footsteps. "Vincent looked like a peasant who by an unkindly trick of fate had become a townsman and for this reason perhaps he never appeared to advantage. He was starved. His drama is a drama of starvation. Vincent longed for almost everything a man can long for and it so happened that the objects of his desires did not appear to him to be altogether unattainable."

That is a kindlier way of putting it. The facts are that he did not want to labor, would not work, took to art as an excuse for not working, and after leaving his parents in the lurch, lived on his brother, who was connected with the old firm of Goupil & Company of Paris; him he used to worry constantly because his benefactor could not sell his pictures for him. Megalomania set in. He proposed to reform the world and took up with unfortunates, one of whom he tried to marry, but she probably realized his mental fogginess. It must be said that Mr. Meier-Graefe is very merciful to his hero. Thanks to his brother, Vincent begins to live pretty comfortably near Arles. He takes a great liking to Gauguin, even as birds of a feather flock together, and invites him to Arles to stay with him. But his admiration takes on alarming forms: it is as if van Gogh is only waiting for the opportunity

(1) VINCENT VAN GOGH: A BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY. By Julius Meier-Graefe. Translated by John Holroyd Reece. With 102 illustrations after the works of the artist. In 2 volumes, XIV 138 and XII 108 pages. London and Boston, Mass.: The Medici Society, Limited. $17.50.

to show his adoration by putting a knife in his friend's back. Gauguin—how Rabelais or Balzac would have relished the sound and suggestion of that name!—beats a prudent retreat just in time. Fortune decrees the tiger shall not munch him. Van Gogh

MOTHER AND CHILD

then reverts to very primitive epochs and cuts off one of his own ears, wraps it nicely and sends it, addressed, to a young girl of no virtue in a house he frequents in Arles. Tableau, screams and fainting fits. So the mind goes, and a sanitarium is necessary. How he fares there, how his devoted brother takes him out and puts him under the care of a physician not far from Paris, all these incidents Mr. Meier-Graefe conveys in lively telling fashion. It is like reading a sensational novel with the knowledge that the main facts are true.

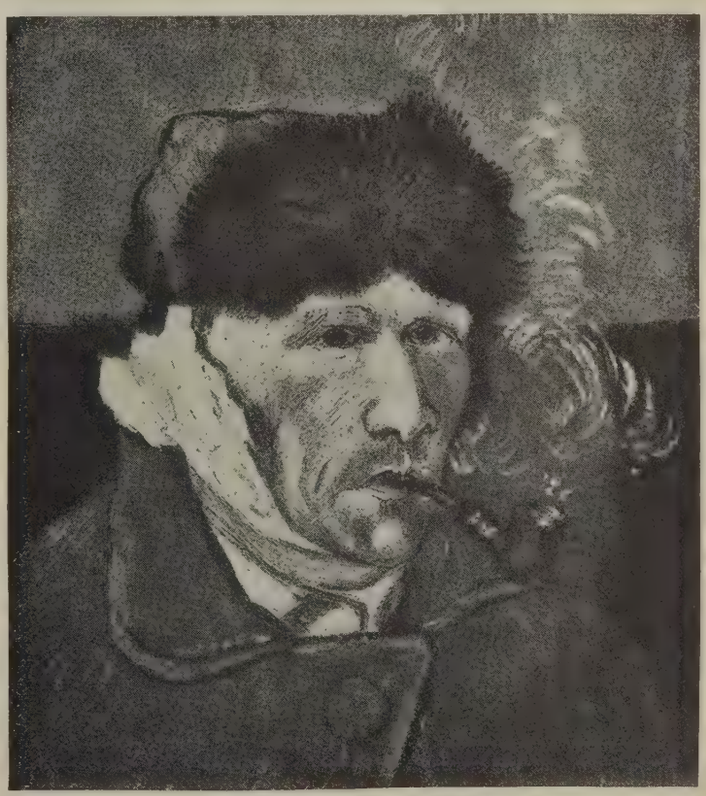
Certainly, his biographer has done what he could to idealize his hero, a difficult task for which enough can not be said. He has a quaint way of starting an untenable proposition with an if and then answering it with a credit mark to his hero. Thus: "But if the word artist denotes supreme self-sacrifice and the ability to give oneself unreservedly for the world and for the service of humanity; if it is a synonym for a man of such moral tenor that he only sets a further goal to his aspiration as his consciousness gains in the deepening perception of Nature and her laws, then Vincent was an artist and the greatest of our time."

The trouble the reader will find is to discover in this biography where Mr. Julius Meier-Graefe shows that van Gogh gave himself reservedly or unreservedly for the world and for the service of humanity. Surely the befriending of outcasts shows impulses toward goodness, but it was occasional and sporadic and under the conditions dubious as regards the "moral tenor" of the man. Altho on the mother's side he came of peasant stock, he worked as errand boy in his uncle's shop at The Hague, went to London as an assistant shopman, where he had an unhappy love affair, was jilted in fact. He then turned sour and was shifted to Paris, where the Goupil firm soon had enough of him; then back to London as a teacher of languages. "He wrote home letters that glowed with kindliness; yet face to face with his own flesh and blood Vincent was quarrelsome, hypersensitive and rude." It was his mother, not his own instinct, that turned him to art-work. She wrote that he "ought to live either with Nature or for Art." The sad fact was that he had inherited a taint, was brooding, introspective, egotistic and already at twenty touched with megalomania and the idea that the world was against him. With megalomania came hand in hand self-commiseration, delusions of grandeur and "pursuit by fate." Then religion came in a perverted form. "There must be something unclean in Vincent, otherwise his fellows would love him too. He was seized with a desire for self-immolation. He must seek out his God. Men who knew Him and did not attempt to draw nearer to Him were surely the worst of criminals."

At an earlier epoch Vincent might have joined a monastery, but it is doubtful if that course would have arrested the disease of his mind, unless perchance it had been a convent where hard fare and hard manual work stayed the progress of degeneration. Parents and the devoted brother sent him to Brussels to study art, but his work remained childish and awkward. When he was thirty he fell in love with a cousin, a widow, and pursued her to Amsterdam. There her father had to tell him that his daughter would have nothing to do with him. "Vincent stretched out his hand and held it in the flame of a burning light. 'Let me see her only for as long as I hold my hand in this flame,' he begged. The uncle blew out the light and showed Vincent the door."

Because a man is crazy it does not follow that he is inspired; those who think so are on the old plane of savages and uneducated peasants who fancy that what is startling, unusual, is admirable. The very slender talent of Blakelock was cleverly boosted into a place it could not fill by appeals to the pathetic because he had to go to an asylum. Anything will do as a substitute for literature, art or science if some outside matter can be lugged in. It is an age for *Ersatz*, for near-beer. All that the insanity of poor Vincent van Gogh did for him was to hamper his hand and befuddle his brain, so that very rarely could he make good pictures. The best are those that unconsciously reflect the tumult in his mind.

Yet it is the art-work of this hapless man we are asked to admire. Of course we are not bidden to value him for such eccentricities as



PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER WITH A PIPE

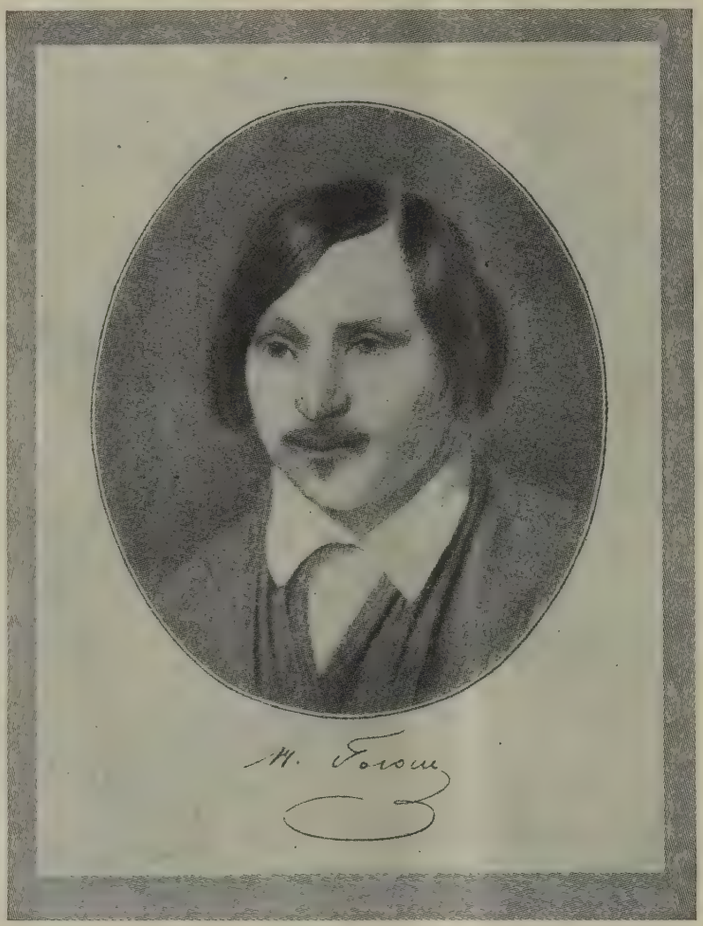
the holding of his hand in a flame, or the cutting off of his own ear, neither for his foible of trying to murder those who were untiring in their devotion to him, but for his output as a painter. These magnificent tomes reproduce in black and white more than a

(*Continued on page 77*)

The Father of Russian Humor and Realism

By Alexander I. Nazaroff

WITH the publication of Gogol's collected works,[1] American readers will have access to the great river-head of Russian realism. The place which this writer occupies in the history of Russian prose is one of honor and glory. Gogol's older contemporary, Pushkin, the unsurpassed Russian poet, gave Russia her modern language and verse. To his younger friend, Gogol, Russia owes her modern realistic prose. Not without cause is the period which followed his death in 1852—and which continued until the beginning of Russian decadence at the dawn of the twentieth century—called the Gogolean period of Russian literature. But he is great not only because of his historical rôle. Rather is his greatness as an individual genius responsible for the rôle he played in the history of literature. Good writers are many in every country; undying geniuses who, like wine, grow in esteem with years, are few. In Russian literature Gogol is one of these. Tolstoy and Dostoievsky are two others. Great writers like Turgenef and Chekhov, however honorable their place, belong to a lesser constellation. To this must be added that Gogol's genius has been repeated by no one of his successors: the sadness of Russian literature is proverbial, and it sounds almost paradoxical that the father of Russian realism, Gogol, happened to be an unsurpassed master of humor and laughter.



NIKOLAY GOGOL

Nickolay Vassilievitch Gogol was the descendant of a Little-Russian (Ukrainian) noble family, well known in the history of the country. He was born in 1809 at Sorochintzy, near Poltava, and from childhood up he imbibed the romantic spirit of this Russian border region, peopled with descendants of the Dnieper Cossacks, in whose memory wars against Poland and the Turkish Sultan were still fresh enough to stimulate imagination. Gogol's father was a highly enlightened lover of literature, and author of a few light comedies. From his mother the great writer inherited a deep religiousness and a mystical twist of mind. Ukraine is renowned for its mild humor, and this also became a part of Gogol's nature. In his childhood and early youth, however, he did not display any talents; his teachers at the Niejin Gimnazium, indeed, were fully justified in disliking the long-nosed, caricature-like, lazy, conceited and obstinate "Khokhol" (Ukrainian). At the age of nineteen he went to St. Petersburg and obtained a place of no importance in a governmental office. Soon he got into contact with the best representatives of the Russian literary world (Pushkin, Fukovsky, Polevoy, etc.), and in 1830 he published his first series of short stories, "Evenings on a Farm in the Ukraine." The genius and the deep originality of the young writer won general praise and opened the road to his literary career. In the five years that followed (1831–1836) he wrote almost all the works (with the exception of "Dead Souls") that etched the glorious realistic epoch of Russian literature.

In a letter to a friend Gogol described the early phase of his creative work in the following words:

> To amuse myself I devised whatever laughable thing my mind could produce. I created comical persons and characters, and placed them in most comical situations, without troubling myself as to what was the purpose or the use of it. Youth prompted me to do so.

Thus it was with laughter on his lips that the young writer broke the old tradition and inaugurated a new era. It must be remembered that at the beginning of the nineteenth century Russian prose still lacked originality and was not national. Most of the writers were strongly influenced by Western (mostly German) Romanticism, and gave Russian names to heroes and situations in which there was little that was typical of Russia.

Even in his earliest works—"Evenings on a Farm," "Tarass Bulba" (a historical novel), "Viy" (a fantastic story), etc.—Gogol displayed a keen, unmistakable realism in treatment of detail, in reproducing the talk of the common people, in psychological characterization. It was a real Little Russia that he depicted, a section of life throbbing with a typical, romantic, humorous local color. But his choice of subjects was still closely akin to that of Romanticism. Witches and wizards, legends with a great deal of the supernatural and unreal, idealized heroes—these still attracted his attention. It must be said, however, that these unrealities were purely and typically Little-Russian and national. Besides that, they were intermingled with real life and real people, and contained so much good-natured, truly Gogolean laughter, that no one could have accused the young writer of imitation.

In the works that followed, Gogol definitely abandoned Romanticism for the new ways of purely realistic art. At the same time the nature of his laughter began to change: unsophisticated cheerfulness gave way to the famous Gogolean "laughter through tears." Satire free from all bitterness or anger, with a loving compassion for men—such is the spirit permeating his masterpieces, "Old-Fashioned Landlords," "How Ivan Ivanovitch Quarrelled with Ivan Nikiforovitch," "The Mantle," and his famous stage-comedy, "The Inspector."

(*Continued on page 74*)

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(1) THE COLLECTED WORKS OF NIKOLAY GOGOL. Translated by Constance Garnett. Volumes I and II: "Dead Souls." New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1923.

Certain Books in Black or Red

By Brander Matthews

"I'M A COCKALORUM," HE SOFTLY MURMURED

From "Davy and the Goblin"
By permission Houghton Mifflin Co.

THIS is a book for book-lovers.(1) It is not for mere book-collectors, avid of volumes with no other merit than rarity. It is for true book-lovers who know their own minds and are not led astray by the veering whims of the book-market, which is at one moment seeking out "Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs," and at another absurdly boosting the price of artfully limited first editions of contemporary British bardlings. It is a book for those who do not run as they read, but yield themselves leisurely and luxuriously to the charm of their chosen tomes, regardless of the contempt in which these cherished volumes may be held by the misguided creatures which are ever seeking out "the good edition—the one with the misprint." It is a book for the fireside, to take its place in time on the shelves by the side of John Hill Burton's "Book-Hunter" and of Andrew Lang's "Books and Bookmen." It is a book for those of limited means who garner slowly and inexpensively the neglected volumes they cherish for reasons of their own, unknown to the opulent acquisitor of Tall Copies and Roger Payne Bindings. It is a book for which the true book-lover has reason to be thankful, for it consorts with his homely likings and with his humble purse.

If Mr. Pearson can not say with Lord Beaconsfield that he was "born in a library," he might say, with Southey:

> My days among the Dead are past;
> Around me I behold,
> Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
> The mighty minds of old;
> My never failing friends are they,
> With whom I converse day by day.

But it is not in the mighty minds that he is most interested. He could echo Lowell's proud boast, "I am a book man", and he could also make his own Dr. Holmes's assertion, "I like books; I was born and bred among them and have the same easy feeling when I get into their presence that a stable boy has among horses."

Mr. Pearson is by profession a librarian; and it is his present duty to edit the monthly Bulletin and the other publications of the New York Public Library. Even if his "days among the Dead are past," he is himself tinglingly lively. He is learned in the lore of the library, but he is not awed by it nor is he enslaved by it. He is forever turning his back on "the mighty minds of old" to chat pleasantly and vivaciously about minds more modern and less mighty. He likes to stroll along the leafy by-ways of bookland, discovering in his roaming not a few unsuspected vistas. He is human and friendly; he is capable of chaffing his fellow-librarians; and I suspect him of a willingness, under due provocation, to "speak disrespectfully of the equator." He has both common sense and the sense of humor—if so be that these are different qualities. In fact, I should be inclined to term him the most unpedantic of librarians, if I had not had the privilege of a fleeting acquaintance with Frederick B. Perkins (some time attached to the Boston Public Library and deserving to be remembered for all time as the author of "Devil-Puzzlers," one of the most ingeniously humorous of American short-stories).

There are a round dozen of papers garnered in this sheaf, and all of them are about books—except one, the seventh, which is about a bird, a paper which has no right whatever to be included in this lordly tome, and which none the less no reader of this lordly tome will wish away, because it makes us acquainted with the sayings and doings of a feathered biped whose opinions deserve to be chronicled at least as abundantly as those of more than one of the bipeds without feathers who have recently inflicted upon us their stodgy autobiographies. The hero of this strange eventful history is a parrot, Peter by name, whose acquaintance we are delighted to make. Like all his tribe he is rather a profound thinker than a brilliant conversationalist; and no passage in the pages Mr. Pearson has here devoted to him is more delectable than the imagined soliloquy of this monolog-artist. I do not wish to overpraise Mr. Pearson's character-study, the result of loving observation and of intimate companionship, but I can not help feeling (after two readings) that this portrait is worthy of being compared—or at least contrasted—with those profound psychological portrayals, Charles Dudley Warner's

The most Noble
Lord Timothy Dexter.
what a piece of work is Man
how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form & moving, how expres & admirable
Entered according to act of Congress June 1st 1802 by James Akin Newburyport Mass.

TIMOTHY DEXTER AND HIS DOG

(1) BOOKS IN BLACK OR RED. By Edmund Lester Pearson. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1923. 213 pp. $3.50.

By permission David McKay Co.

THE DEXTER HOUSE ABOUT 1805

(From an illustration by James Preston in Paul M. Hollister's "Famous Colonial Houses")

tribute to Calvin, a cat of stern virtues, and Miss Agnes Repplier's eulogy of Agrippina, a cat of high degree. I am aware that this is a lofty laudation of Mr. Pearson's sketch from life; but I think that it is deserved. I have never been owned by a parrot, so I can not speak with authority; but I have been thrall to two cats, one named for his color, Thomas Gray, and the other from her character, Cleopatra. It may make the latter less remote to the reader if I record here that a Hibernian ancillary of our household always called her "Cleopatrick"—an unfit appellation for the female of the species.

The other eleven of Mr. Pearson's papers are properly devoted to books in black or red—or yellow. And I confess that no one of his playful papers gave me more pleasure than that devoted to the saffron-backed Dime Novels of the late Mr. Beadle, ill-famed among the ignorant who are unaware of their ultra-Puritan purity. They began to appear in the early years of the Civil War; and when I was a boy in a dismal boarding-school at Sing Sing, in the winters of 1861–1863, I reveled in their thrilling and innocuous record of innocent and imminent danger. I remember my envy of an elder schoolmate who boasted that he had read fifty of them, whereas I had never been privileged to peruse more than a scant half as many. It may be that it is due to the beneficent Mr. Beadle that in my youth I acquired a bias toward literature and therefore that now in my old age I am engaged in inditing this book-review. I recall distinctly that I found Beadle's booklets easier reading than "Ivanhoe," which I borrowed from the school-library and which I had to begin three several times before I could get past the discourse of the Saxon peasant. I confess that I had a higher opinion of Mr. Henry Huntington's catholicity of taste when I read not long ago that he had bought a Beadle collection to be honorably preserved alongside his collection of Elizabethan literature; and I make no doubt that if the Dime Novels of my school-days had been in circulation in Shakespeare's boyhood the Bard would have joyed in them, as no doubt he did in the Chapbooks which were their Tudor equivalent.

I can not refrain from quoting here, perhaps at undue length, the opening paragraphs of Mr. Pearson's disquisition on these juvenile classics, all "unknown to Lowndes":

> A few years ago I wrote a little parable to try to make clear the quarrel of the dime novel versus the respectable novel. In it, a small boy was supposed to have been detected by one of the guardians of his literary morals reading one of those ancient bugbears—a dime novel. He is sent to his home in deep disgrace, accompanied by the shameful pamphlet, and also by a highly recommended and entirely proper story—to wit, "Treasure Island," which all well-informed grown-ups not only allow to children, but fairly cram down their throats. The boy's aunt and another lady, who have him in their care, open the package containing the two books and inspect them quite without either prejudice or knowledge. They are fearfully concerned because Horace has been "reading a dime novel," since they have not the least fragment of doubt that such an action is the first step which leads to the gallows in this world and damnation in the next. Sampling the two books, in order to separate the dove from the serpent, they dip first into "Treasure Island" and naturally come upon a gory fight. Bloodshed and violence! Can there be any doubt that this is the well of poison? They instantly seize Stevenson's novel with the fire-tongs and carry it off to be consumed in the kitchen stove. Thus, having ridded the house of contamination, they come back to "Luck and Pluck, or Working for the Government," the very book for which Horace was at that moment whimpering in bed, supperless. They read the opening pages of it, and find a tale so extremely chaste, ethical, and overflowing with rectitude, that they salute it as on a par with those in their own favorite magazine, the Congregational Observer.
>
> But I wasted my pains. Nobody believed in "Luck and Pluck," altho I solemnly declare that the extract which I quoted was copied verbatim from a dime or "half-dime" novel of that title bought by me "in the open market." Then, as now (for some horror of the dime novel still lingers, here and there, just as Beelzebub still inspires fear), the dime novel is roundly denounced by persons who never read a page from one of them in their lives, as the cigaret is assailed by reformers like Miss Lucy Page Gaston, who very likely never smoked a whole box of cigarets at one time in all her career.

Mr. Pearson chats affably and without affectation—he is, indeed, the least affected of writers—about "Literary Hoaxes," paying proper attention to his own skit, the "Old Librarian's Almanack," to the catalog of the unique Fortsas collection, to the Author's Club appreciation of the non-existent Feodor

HAN YÜ, WHO WROTE A FIRM NOTE TO A CROCODILE, AND WON A DIPLOMATIC VICTORY

Vladimir Larrovitch, and to the twenty-seven thousand forged letters which Vrain Lucas peddled, retail and wholesale, to Michel Chasles, including epistles from Cæsar to Cleopatra and from Lazarus to St. Peter—all of them in French! Thereafter Mr. Pearson gossips discursively about "Book-Shops" and about the "Search for Curious Books"—by which title he does not mean the malodorous "Curiosa" or "Facetiæ," as they are often called in second-hand catalogs; he means the far more amusing volumes which are odd and unusual and which not infrequently fall into "the class of unintentional humor"—the Portuguese manual for conversation for one, the "Life and Opinions of John Buncle, Esq." for another, and for a third Professor Giles's "Chinese Biographical Dictionary," from which last Mr. Pearson makes a few enticing and very amusing excerpts.

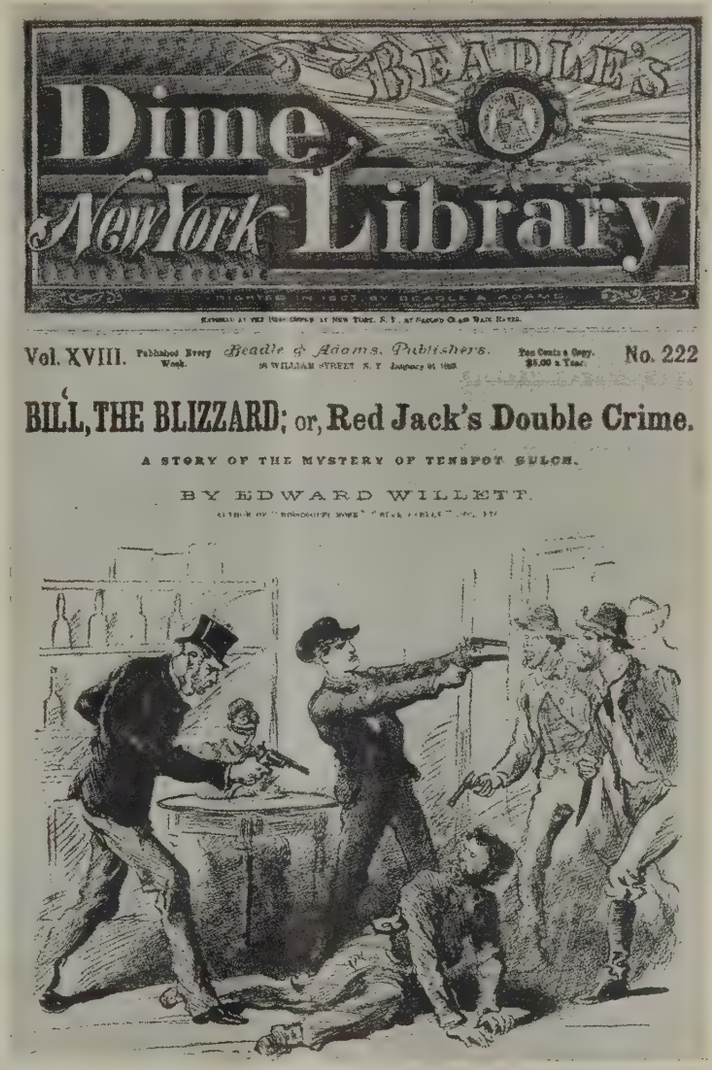
In his paper on "An American Eccentric," in which he has resuscitated the faded figure of Lord Timothy Dexter of Newburyport, Massachusetts, Mr. Pearson profits by his bibliographic training and sets before us the results of his inquiry into the two deeds of Dexter's which have kept his memory green, his alleged shipping of a cargo of warming-pans to the West Indies and his alleged printing of a page of punctuation marks at the end of one of his books. Dexter's orthography was as eccentric as his punctuation, as this extract from one of his books amply demonstrates:

> . . . one more fpect Drole A Nouf I Dreamed of worming pans three Nits that they would doue in the weft inges I got not more than fortey two thoufand put them in Nine veffels for different ports that tuck good hold—I cleared sevinty nine per sent—the pans thay mad yous of them for Coucking . . .

But I have no space, here and now, to comment on each and every one of Mr. Pearson's piquant papers or to make any further quotation from them, so I skip straightway to the last of all, which is aptly entitled "With Acknowledgments to Thomas De Quincey" and which is a sort of sequel to or commentary on "Murder as a Fine Art." Mr. Pearson is a collector of Murders, and the most discriminating and fastidious of collectors. To be included in his collection a murder must be bold, ingenious, and free from artistic vulgarity—which rules out at once all the brutal assassinations provoked by amorous jealousy. As a murder-fancier Mr. Pearson pleads that "murder is not a topic foreign to any of us." He quotes an opinion of James Payn (that cheerful essayist and skilful story-teller—his "Confidential Agent" is the most successful of disappearance stories)—an opinion that "one person in every five hundred is an undiscovered murderer." The late H. B. Irving said that he was once one of three men discussing this subject in a London Club, and they were able to name six persons of their various acquaintance who were, or had been, "suspected of being successful murderers."

This quotation gave me pause. Unless my acquaintance has been less various than that of these three Londoners, I ought to be able to contribute my pair of assassins. Thus put to the question, I took up a collection of my memories; and to my acute delight I discovered that I also had held converse with two men, each of whom may (or may not—I assert nothing) have made away with his wife. One of them was an actor-author who was believed to have taken his elderly and no-longer-attractive spouse up a Swiss mountain and to have come down without her. And the other—well, he, when I last heard of him, was living with his fourth wife, his second and his third having died suddenly and inexplicably. I am myself no murder-fancier, yet I was elevated in my own esteem when I found myself qualified to fellowship with those three men in that London club. (Was it the Savile, I wonder?)

Mr. Pearson strays now and again from the murders of fact to the murders of fiction. He fails to mention two of the latter which have always appealed to me, the taking off of King Agamemnon in his bath and of King Duncan in his sleep, behind closed doors in both cases, and therefore with all the gruesome details out of sight. Then there is that masterpiece of story-telling, the "Chef d'œuvre du Crime" of M. Jean Richepin of the French Academy, a tale which would have filled the soul of Poe with joy. I doubt if Poe (or De Quincey either, for that matter) would have cared greatly for the "Long Arm," Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman's utilization of the Borden murder. And then there is John Hay's story of the "Blood Seedling." But only a few of us know where to find that.



Mr. Pearson quotes with approval the verdict of Professor George Lyman Kittredge on the subject of murder in literature, as summed up in one of his books:

> Now, nothing is more interesting than murder. Murder is the material of great literature—the *raw* material, if you will, but is not raw material essential to production, as well in art as in manufacture? What distinguishes De Quincey's famous Postscript on certain memorable murders from the grewsome scareheaded "stories" of the purveyor for the daily press? Surely not the matter! The bare plot of the sublimest of Greek tragedies, The "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, finds its closest parallel in a horrible butchery in low life that occurred in New York a few years ago.
>
> Conventional phrases are always tiresome enough, but none is more so than that of "morbid curiosity" as applied to the desire to know the circumstances of a great crime. The phrase is like a proverb: it is only half true, tho it masquerades as one of the eternal verities. Curiosity is natural; without it a man is a mere block, incapable of intellectual advancement. And curiosity about crime and criminals is no less natural, no further morbid—that is, diseased or abnormal—than that which attaches to any other startling event or remarkable personage. Like all other forms of curiosity, it may *become* morbid, and perhaps it is well to restrain it—but that is not the question.

As a connoisseur of murders fit for literary use, however, Mr. Pearson rules out certain large classes besides that due to amorous jealousy, and the reasons he gives are not the least interesting part of his book.

Travels and Opinions of a United States Senator

By Maurice Francis Egan

SENATOR PHELAN'S volume, "Travel and Comment,"(1) opens with a note of horror. It gives us the Laocoön, reproduced, and we are made to understand that this terrible struggle of the entangled father and sons with the ruthless boa-constrictors—they are evidently Japanese snakes, by the way—is a symbol of the present condition of the world. It seems impossible that the Senator, known for his optimism in real life, should so affright us; and we are right, for one of the last pictures in his book is that of a lovely lady, evidently photographed from life, sheltered by the American flag. Nothing could be more gallant or hopeful, after all!

The volume is made up of very personal comments on human beings, events and places. There is only one man who could have written it, a man with the courage of his convictions, accustomed to great freedom of speech, with prejudices that are almost principles, and a citizen of a State which, if it were not for its unfortunate geographical position, might have been a nation by itself; for Senator Phelan, while he is proud to be an American, makes it plain that he is at least as proud to be a Californian. He does not love Washington less, but San Francisco more. He gives a new note to the literature of travel. The book is nothing if not original, and the frankness and wit of the author may almost disarm the serried ranks of those critics who believe him to be a social and political heretic.

"The vice of the United States," Senator Phelan says, considering the Hawaiian situation,

> is living only from day to day. Since it is our habit to move slowly, because there is no leadership under the Congressional system, let us inquire in what order we should proceed. If we had a parliamentary system, the Premier would propose a measure and press it with the weight of the Government to a speedy conclusion. It would win, or he would lose and be compelled at once to appeal to the country on that issue. We dawdle; we palaver with diplomatists who take easy advantage of the national habit of putting things off, which invariably increases difficulties and multiplies problems.
>
> Look at unhappy California. The Federal Government refused to recognize the Japanese menace until to-day. Now there are one hundred thousand reasons urged by Japan why we should do nothing. The rights of resident Japanese—one hundred thousand in one State and three hundred and fifty thousand in the United States—unassimilable, indigestible, creating economic disturbances and labor distress, are pressing for consideration. They steal in between the meshes of the law and breed with alarming rapidity.

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JAMES D. PHELAN

Senator Phelan does not confound the attitude of Japan with that of China. The Chinese might be permitted to come into the State of California, with certain reservations; but he will have none of the Japanese. He believes that Japan is carrying on as subtle a propaganda in the United States as Germany carried on, preceding and during the war. The object of the Japanese cabal is so to bewilder and "poppy-seed" the people of the United States that Japan may gain her ends without striking a blow. If Senator Phelan is right in his assertion that distinguished journalists, publicists and authors are on the pay-roll of the Japanese Government, it seems remarkable that they do not work more enthusiastically; and in the City of Washington there seem to be many gentlemen sympathetic with Japan who show no evidences of the wealth which the government of the Mikado is said to be pouring out.

Senator Phelan is shocked and outraged by some of the statements printed in American magazines ridiculing Californians for objecting to an invasion of aliens which will suffocate and crush the American citizen after the manner of the serpents in the appalling Laocoön. The Senator is justly indignant at the claim that the position of the Californians might disturb diplomatic relations with Japan, and very severe on "a former American Ambassador" to that country who had come "under the spell of the cherry blossom and chrysanthemum," altho he was an honorable "but misguided man."

The Senator supports California's attitude in denying "aliens ineligible to citizenship and residents of California" the right freely to purchase agricultural land, as other aliens do; and he adds that this is the whole California case. It is forgotten, he thinks, that Japan does not give the land-purchasing privilege to foreigners; it is evident, he says, that if the right of unlimited possession of land were admitted, the subjects of the Mikado would drive the Americans in California entirely from the soil. The land law of that State not only prohibits purchase, but prohibits sale. The author declares that California has discovered what Australia, New Zealand, Canada and certain islands of the sea have discovered—that the owning of land by the Japanese in fee simple is incompatible with our civilization and freedom. Once the Japanese acquires landed property, it is his under the law, and the whole force of the Federal and State Governments will stand behind him in order to protect him; but to give the Japanese equal rights is to destroy the white man; and the first duty of the State of California is to preserve the civilization of the whites and enable them to live.

(1) TRAVEL AND COMMENT. By James D. Phelan, former United States Senator from California. With illustrations from photographs. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $4.00.

It must not be assumed that Senator Phelan permits his objection to the overflow of Japanese into his State to blind him as to the virtue or destiny of the Japanese people. He believes that Japan's present territorial possessions are ample for her population, and that she has a perfect right to expand, provided she does not seek preferential or special rights from us. He hints, too, that the great body of the Japanese do not want to move from their own country, but that the cry for foreign expansion is merely a dodge of the military leaders to cloak aggression.

In a word, the Japanese people are very well satisfied with their place in the sun, but some of their political rulers, instead of legitimately improving the business advantages of Japan and helping to make it an industrial nation, which would settle the problem of overpopulation, prefer to have the population thinned down by wars, which would mean victory, prestige, glory—in the old sense—and an enormous acquired territory. There are groups in Japan, too, who feel that as the Japanese in the United States will always look to their own country as their home—at least, as their final home—Japan ought to enjoy the influx of their earnings, just as other countries have been enriched by the earnings of emigrants. Japan is canny enough to want her share of the overdrip of gold that causes the United States to be regarded in Europe and the East as the conquistadores regarded the land of the Incas.

Senator Phelan discovered Lord Northcliffe to be very sympathetic. One reason for this was that Northcliffe was most anxious for cooperation between Great Britain and the United States against "the yellow peril." He found Northcliffe genial and impulsive; he saw no reason why England should not give America the use of Singapore as a naval base, in case she became involved with an Asiatic power, and he believed that the natural alinement of the world should be on racial lines; that the white man should preserve his supremacy in the Pacific, always with an eye on the intentions of Japan.

The Senator has respect for the "plucky" King Alfonso of Spain, who for a time was indignant that the United States should have declared war against his country because the blowing up of the *Maine* had been falsely reported to be from without instead of from within. Senator Phelan was most desirous that the King should not remain under a misapprehension that a board of engineers appointed by the United States had found that the explosion was from within, but that this fact had been concealed. By this time His Majesty has been informed, probably, that the explosion was *not* from within.

This book is very modern, and the author possesses the journalistic art of giving objective impressions which are news in themselves. And he knows how to get the best out of an interview, which is, of late, almost a lost art in the newspaper world. Knowing Senator Phelan's constant devotion to the cause of Irish liberty, one turns with interest to his opinions on that subject. After a conversation with Sir Horace Plunkett he wrote:

> A practical man, cultured and philanthropic, living in the world of men and trying to accomplish some immediate good for the benefit of his fellows. He presided over the Irish Convention, which failed to avert war, but whose purpose was the highest. He is the proponent of the extensive and successful cooperation movement in Ireland, by which farmers have been brought together to market their produce. In public life he has labored for practical results and is no doctrinaire. He analyzed the situation by saying that the young men have no employment, and have been barred, by the succession of recent events, from emigration, and are drawn into the field, on one side or on the other, to wage war, because they have nothing else to do.
>
> Sir Horace says: "To find occupation for nine-tenths of the young men, who will be without military, constabulary or other employment at the conclusion of the present disturbance, is the practical problem of Irish peace. . . . There is absolutely only one way to Irish peace. That way, the direct opposite to the coalition government's way, is through the unity and not the partition of Ireland." This partition, he says, is dictated in the interests of one-fifth of the Irish people and can not endure in its present form. He adds: "It is widely believed that this constitutional outrage (as it is considered in twenty-eight out of thirty-two counties of Ireland) was perpetrated in order to dilute the industrial vote of Ulster, and thus prevent Ulster from considering the propriety of joining the Free State." He refers to the failure of the British Government to enforce its own treaty in establishing boundaries between the two states. He calls it "the final blunder of British statesmanship." He is liberal-minded and deeply concerned about the condition of his country and the destruction of its youth, by incompetent governments and fanatical—that is, unbusinesslike—compatriots. Sir Horace is a rock of sense and will emerge from the confusion of the times as a wise and accepted counselor.

The chapter on the Irish Free State written on the spot by the Senator must excite serious attention, as it is the work of a man who finds himself forced to judge conscientiously in a matter which has always concerned him deeply. He can not be called a cold, heartless or one-sided observer, and one fine quality in this volume is its entire freedom from what may be called an "ulterior motive." It certainly corroborates the opinion of the late Mr. Franklin Lane of Senator Phelan's courage, high ideals and loyalty.

The Senator holds no brief against the cementing of good relations between the United States and Great Britain; but he emphasizes the assertion that had not Germany blundered so grievously by the invasion of Belgium, by ruthless torpedo warfare, by bad faith, and by the assumption that Germans might destroy American lives and property without reprisal from a nation of "ice-cream eaters," the United States would never have gone to war on behalf of the Allies. The action of the English Government in violating international law, its aggressions on neutral commerce, its blacklisting of American merchants, would have provoked a declaration of war from the United States, such had become the temper of a majority of the American people; and he hopes that this truth, obscured in the general hatred of German tyranny, will be remembered in the future by the rulers of a country with which, in the nature of things, it would be a world-misfortune if our nation were not friendly. Senator Phelan writes on page 250:

> In Paris I met my friend, Colonel E. M. House, at a dinner party, where several diplomatists were present, and, when grouped together after dinner, the ever-recurring discussion of the war, its causes, conduct and consequences, took place. There was nothing confidential about it. Colonel House, having held a position which made him peculiarly qualified to speak, said that at one time it was much more likely that America would have been at war with England than with Germany.

Senator Phelan fell in love, Platonically, of course, with Lady Astor. This was to be expected. Lady Astor is opposed to a soldiers' bonus. "It is a gift of money to a section of the people and will corrupt the nation. Heaven knows, we are now corrupt enough!" Senator Phelan replied: "We want to recompense our fighting men because, Lady Astor, you must bear in mind that they saved England. Furthermore," the amazing Senator continued, "in England you can give your fighting men honors; we can only give them money." With which, Senator Phelan insinuates, if they were English they might purchase honors. Lady Astor simply "smiled resignedly," and Senator Phelan declares with enthusiasm that she possesses "a charm and piquancy which is almost girlish."

He repeats with pleasure President Wilson's *mot* on the acceptance of the statuette of Robert Emmet, when he said that he knew he had some Irish blood in his veins because he "frequently enjoyed many moments of delightful irresponsibility." Nearly all of us will find enjoyment in Senator Phelan's description of Monte Carlo. He makes one feel its charm so adequately that one is almost tempted to cable over to some friend there to put a hundred or two on the red. He is a veritable temptation. He gives us an edifying story of little Johnny, who, on being commanded by his clergyman to be a good boy, answered: "I will try, sir, but I know I'll lose a heap of fun." Senator Phelan, we regret to say, seems to be of the same opinion, altho after celebrating their joys of the dominion of the Prince of Monaco he draws himself up and adds: "The passive encouragement given Monte Carlo by the French and Italian Governments is most reprehensible." This is an edifying *cliché*, but it is not convincing. Californians, however, will no doubt take it for what it is worth, and it will add another reason for their gay and chuckling acceptance of a book which represents a typical Californian at his best.

Around the World by the All-Book Route

By Isaac Anderson

AS THE vacation season approaches, the wanderlust makes itself felt, and, as Chaucer expresses it, "Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages." The vast majority of these pilgrimages must necessarily be restricted to a mere two-weeks' trip to the seashore, the mountains, or some sylvan resort not too many miles from home. For the favored few, however, who are able to visit foreign lands there are guide-books a-plenty. It may be mentioned in passing that the well-known Baedeker guides, which were for a short time out of print, are now again available. But such books tell us only of places that are more or less frequented by tourists. He who would learn something of remoter places must turn to the books of the more adventurous spirits.

There is no guide-book to the country described in F. W. Up de Graff's "Head Hunters of the Amazon" (1) nor is it likely that any mere sightseer would care to visit that region: he would rather encounter its dangers and hardships in a book than in person. Mr. Up de Graff went to Ecuador to seek his fortune. He found employment as manager of a salt works at Salinas, but, by adopting the utterly unprecedented policy of paying his workmen the wages which they had been promised, he made himself unpopular with his employer and found it expedient to resign. Instead of returning to the United States by the way he had come, he decided to cross the Andes to the headwaters of the Amazon and travel by canoe to a point where he could find a steamer to take him to the Atlantic coast. Such a journey is in itself an adventure that few men would care to undertake, but it was not enough for Mr. Up de Graff. He made numerous side-trips up different tributaries of the Amazon in search of rubber, gold, and, most of all, adventure. He found some of each, and more than enough of the latter, particularly on his visit to the country of the head hunters. On this occasion he was accompanied by several white companions whom he had picked up in the course of his wanderings, and whom he had organized into an expedition to search for the gold-mines of the Incas. The first tribe of head hunters encountered was won over by gifts, and was, outwardly at least, friendly to Mr. Up de Graff and his party. Later on the white men accompanied these head hunters on a raid against another tribe and witnessed not only the battle which ensued but also the shrinking and curing of the heads which the victors brought back to camp. Mr. Up de Graff describes the process in all its gory details. Curiously enough, these heads, after all the care that has been expended on their preparation, are prized as trophies only until the Feast of Rejoicing over the victory has been held. After that they seem to lose their value, and are thrown about carelessly or given to the children as playthings. Mr. Up de Graff's experience among the head hunters is only one of the many thrilling adventures that give his book a place by itself among records of travel.

MOUNTAIN GOATS, SNOWFLAKES AGAINST THE BLUE SKY

From "Romantic Canada," by Victoria Hayward. (Macmillan)

NATIVE BOAT ON LAKE TANGANYIKA

From "On the Gorilla Trail," by Mary H. Bradley. (Appleton)

Ecuador is a country so seldom visited by tourists that Mrs. Blair Niles, who has set down her impressions of the people in "Casual Wanderings in Ecuador" (2) found it difficult to make the natives believe that she and her husband were traveling merely for pleasure. The only one who really understood was a guide who called himself *excursionista*, because he loved to wander from place to place. To him, the attitude of his employers was perfectly rational. They were *excursionistas* like himself.

From "In the Wake of the Buccaneers," by A. Hyatt Verrill. (Century)

(1) HEAD HUNTERS OF THE AMAZON. By F. W. Up de Graff. With a Foreword by Kermit Roosevelt. Illustrated. 337 pages. New York: Duffield & Co. $5.00.

(2) CASUAL WANDERINGS IN ECUADOR. By Blair Niles. Photographs by Robert L. Niles, Jr. 249 pages. New York: The Century Co. $2.50.

A TYPICAL GRAIN-WAGON IN ARGENTINA

From "The Tail of the Hemisphere," by Frank G. Carpenter. (Doubleday)

Mrs. Niles has no thrilling adventures to relate, but her lively and sympathetic descriptions of places and people make very pleasant reading indeed.

In "The New Argentina,"[3] W. H. Koebel tells of a country which is rapidly becoming one of the greatest food-producing regions of the world. The volume is more than a mere book of travel. It contains a brief résumé of the history of Argentina, a description of its natural resources, and a discussion of their probable future development. There is much information which should be of great value to those who have or contemplate having commercial relations with our South American neighbor.

The same territory, as well as that of the neighboring country, Chile, is covered in "The Tail of the Hemisphere,"[4] by Frank G. Carpenter, whose travel books are always interesting and informative. The present volume is the result of two journeys to Chile and Argentina, on one of which he crossed the Andes by rail, while on the other he sailed through the Strait of Magellan, visiting Tierra del Fuego and the Falkland Islands en route. He tells of the Indians inhabiting the shores of the Strait, whose winter raiment consists of a coating of seal or fish oil, and nothing more. Yet they seemed to be perfectly comfortable, altho at the time Mr. Carpenter saw them it was so cold that he was shivering in a heavy overcoat.

"Alaska, Our Northern Wonderland,"[5] by the same author, is a graphic description of the other extremity of the Western Hemisphere. To those of us who still retain the early impression of Alaska—so prevalent at the time of the Territory's purchase that it was jocularly referred to as "Seward's ice-box"—it is rather surprizing to see it described as a land of flowers. Yet Mr. Carpenter tells of seeing dahlias as large as dinner plates, and growing so high that he could scarcely reach the tops of the stalks. Nor is this the only surprize. On almost every page one finds something to upset one's preconceived opinions concerning our northernmost possession. Its natural resources are by no means confined to its mineral wealth, its fisheries and its fur-bearing animals. The territory has agricultural possibilities which are just beginning to be developed. The United States Government has established agricultural experiment stations which have searched the world over to find plants adapted to the soil and climate of different parts of Alaska. The reindeer herds, which are increasing rapidly, will, it is believed, soon furnish large quantities of choice meat for export. An unusually interesting chapter of Mr. Carpenter's book is that which deals with the "Town of the Good Indians" on Annette Island, established by Father William Duncan, who, in a few years, transformed a tribe of cannibals into a law-abiding and self-respecting community.

A voyage quite out of the ordinary was that undertaken by A. Hyatt Verrill and described in his "In the Wake of the Buccaneers."[6] Mr. Verrill chartered an island packet which had once been a pirate ship, gathered together a nondescript crew, and cruised among the islands which were once the haunts of those bold rovers of the sea. Interspersed among descriptions of the islands and the remaining relics of Buccaneer days are stories of Blackbeard, Morgan, Lolonais and others of that bloodthirsty crew. Regarding Captain Kidd, Mr. Verrill points out that it is extremely doubtful whether that famous individual ever was a pirate, altho he was tried and executed as one. He was never accused of more than a single act of piracy, and that, he declared, was the work of his mutinous crew, which had overpowered him and confined him to his cabin. Whether or not this was true, it is quite certain that Captain Kidd was never entitled to the piratical preeminence which fame has accorded him.

The new and revised edition of "Bermuda, Past and Present,"[7] by Walter B. Hayward, contains, in addition to the historical and descriptive matter of the early edition, a chapter on Bermuda's part in the World War and information about the colony's rise as a golfing and sporting center. Bermuda is now said to have two of the best eighteen-hole golf courses in the Western Hemisphere.

"The Call of the Mountains,"[8] by Le Roy Jeffers, is a book for mountain climbers and lovers of mountain scenery. It records the author's experiences in climbing various peaks in the United States and Canada and describes such scenic wonders as the Yosemite, the Grand Cañon, the Yellowstone and others not so well known to the general public. The volume contains many beautiful photographic illustrations.

GROTTO OF A TUSCAN VILLA, A FAVORITE RESIDENCE OF THE DE MEDICI FAMILY

From "Villas of Florence and Tuscany," by Harold D. Eberlein. (Lippincott)

(*Continued on page 42*)

(3) THE NEW ARGENTINA. By W. H. Koebel. Illustrated. 276 pages. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.00.

(4) THE TAIL OF THE HEMISPHERE: CHILE AND ARGENTINA. By Frank G. Carpenter. Illustrated. 298 pages. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $4.00.

(5) ALASKA, OUR NORTHERN WONDERLAND. By Frank G. Carpenter. Illustrated. 319 pages. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co.

(6) IN THE WAKE OF THE BUCCANEERS. By A. Hyatt Verrill. Illustrated. 374 pages. New York: The Century Co. $4.00.

(7) BERMUDA, PAST AND PRESENT. By Walter B. Hayward. Revised edition. Illustrated. 242 pages. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.00.

(8) THE CALL OF THE MOUNTAINS. By Le Roy Jeffers. Illustrated. 282 pages. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $5.00.

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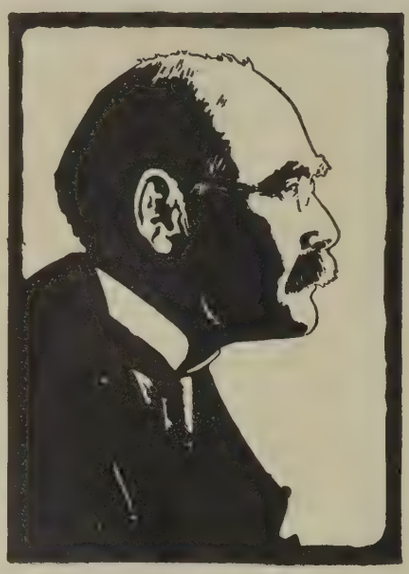

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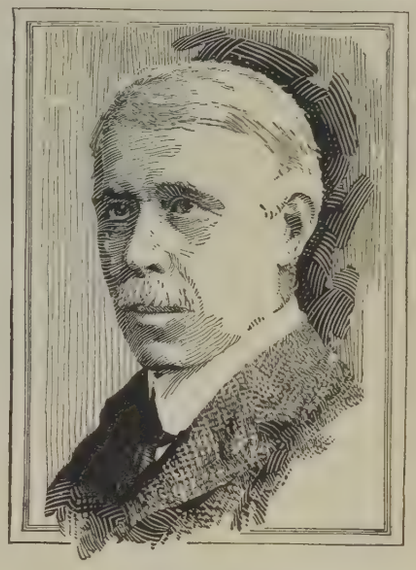

C. E. MONTAGUE

Charles Edward Montague was born in 1867. He received his education at Balliol College, Oxford, and joined the staff of the Manchester Guardian. To-day he is one of the brilliant group of editors who have made that great paper world-famous.

In 1914 Montague enlisted as a private in the 24th Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers and rose from the ranks to be a captain in 1917. He saw service in the front line trenches in France and Belgium during the earlier years of the war and was later attached as Captain to the Intelligence Department of the British G. H. Q.

Montague's first publication was A Hind Let Loose (1910), which, with The Morning's War (1913), gained the author a considerable reputation as a stylist and polished wit. With Disenchantment (1920), a novel written in reflection of the war and done with bitter irony, realism, and sheer poetic imagery, Montague was accorded much attention—but it was not until this year, with the publication of Fiery Particles, a group of brilliant short stories of war and peace, that Montague was placed by the critics in his rightful class as one of the great modern masters of English prose. Of Fiery Particles, J. D. Symon wrote in the Illustrated London News, "For art, craftmanship and interest, no other recent examples of the short story can approach these. Read, then, and be charmed."

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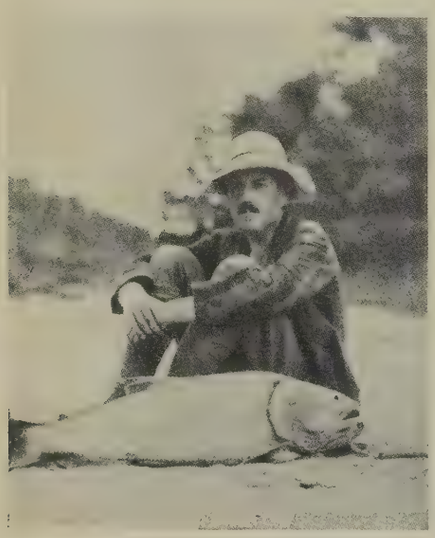
What can be done with a camera in the hands of one who understands its possibilities and its limitations and who has a feeling for artistic values is exemplified in the photographs by Edith S. Watson, which adorn the pages of "Romantic Canada"[9], by Victoria Hayward. There are pictures in this book which might have come from the brush of a Millet, and there are others which suggest etchings by Whistler. The author and the photographer have painstakingly sought out the most romantic spots and recorded what they saw with rare sympathy and fidelity. An idea of the scope of the work may be obtained from a random selection of chapter headings: "Nova Scotia," "Newfoundland," "Labrador," "Saint Pierre et Miquelon," "Quebec," "Sainte Anne l'Eglise," "The Abenaki Basket-Makers," "The Doukhobors," "The Indians of Alert Bay." There are thirty-two chapters in all, and seventy-six illustrations.

HUFUF, MOSQUE OF IBRAHIM PASHA: KHALIL EFFENDI ON LEFT WITH SULAIMAN HARIQI NEXT TO HIM, AND TWO ATTENDANTS ON RIGHT

From "The Heart of Arabia," by H. St. J. B. Philby. (Putnam)

Another book which depends for its value quite as much upon the illustrations as upon the text is Mr. Eberlein's "Villas of Florence and Tuscany."[10] The author has selected a number of representative villas and described them in detail by means of photographs and text. Much interesting historical matter concerning the noble families who occupied these villas is included in the text. While the book will be of greatest value to the architect, its sheer beauty will appeal to many others as well.



FORTY-THREE POUND DORADO

From "The New Argentina," by W. H. Koebel. (Dodd, Mead)

"Stained Glass Tours in France"[11], by Charles Hitchcock Sherrill, appears in a new edition which contains some photographs and descriptive matter not found in the earlier editions. The author does not pretend to be an expert in glass, but he does appreciate its beauty, and his book should be a valuable guide for those who wish to see the best examples of stained-glass work in French churches and cathedrals.

"The Old Country" [12], edited by Ernest Rhys, is not, properly speaking, a travel book, but a compilation of prose and poetry forming, as the subtitle expresses it, "A Book of Love and Praise of England." The greatest names in English literature, past and present, are found in the table of contents, and several American names as well, among them Hawthorne, Irving, Emerson and Woodrow Wilson.

When Harry L. Foster landed at Hong Kong, he met on the wharf a Cockney beachcomber who, upon being informed that Foster had no definite destination but was "just knocking about," replied with a broad grin: "Good! That's 'ow I got *my* start." There were many times, before the wanderer reached home again, when it seemed as if the Cockney's implied prophecy was about to be fulfilled. At Saigon Foster was slugged and robbed and was obliged to make his way as best he could overland to Singapore, sometimes walking and sometimes stealing rides on freight trains. At Singapore he found employment as piano player in a sailors' saloon, his only recompense being the collections which the sailors took up when they became sufficiently intoxicated; fortunately for him, this was quite often. His further adventures were on a par with these. He saw the East, so to speak, from the under side, and he writes entertainingly of his experiences, in his book, "A Beachcomber in the Orient."[13]

THE RUINS OF THE CATHEDRAL, AND BIT OF WALL, OLD PANAMA

From "In the Wake of the Buccaneers," by A. Hyatt Verrill. (Century)

"Men of the Inner Jungle"[14], by W. F. Alder, is the story of a journey through the interior of Borneo among the Dyaks, or head-hunters. While the author did not have the opportunity to observe the methods used by these savages in making war, he has many interesting things to tell about their peace-time pursuits, their home lives, their dances, and the manufacture and use of such articles as canoes and blow-guns. These Bornean blow-guns, by the way, are even more wonderfully constructed than those used by the head-hunters of the Amazon, as described by Mr. Up de Graff. As for the native dances, their character is best indicated by the fact that one favorite dancer earned for

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[9] ROMANTIC CANADA. By Victoria Hayward. Illustrated with Photographs by Edith S. Watson. 254 pages. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada.

[10] VILLAS OF FLORENCE AND TUSCANY. By Harold Donald Eberlein. Illustrated. 411 pages. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. New York: The Architectural Record Co.

[11] STAINED GLASS TOURS IN FRANCE. By Charles Hitchcock Sherrill. Illustrated. 298 pages. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.

[12] THE OLD COUNTRY. Edited by Ernest Rhys. Illustrated. 320 pages. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00.

[13] A BEACHCOMBER IN THE ORIENT. By Harry L. Foster. Illustrated. 395 pages. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

[14] MEN OF THE INNER JUNGLE. By W. F. Alder. Illustrated. 296 pages. New York: The Century Co. $2.50.

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A POWERFULLY BUILT WARRIOR OF THE HUMABIZA TRIBE

From "Head Hunters of the Amazon," by F. W. Up de Graff. (Duffield)

herself the sobriquet, "Little Earthquake."

Mrs. Alec-Tweedie's "Mainly East"[15] is the record of a rambling journey, or rather several of them, through Greece, Turkey, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, the Sudan and India. Besides giving delightfully vivid descriptions of people and places, the author makes shrewd comments on the vexed political conditions in the countries she visited. Mrs. Alec-Tweedie is an experienced traveler who has some twenty other books of this kind to her credit. The present volume is illustrated with sketches by the author.

The first part of Grace Thompson Seton's "A Woman Tenderfoot in Egypt"[16] is devoted to a discussion of the present political situation with special reference to the "New Woman" movement. The rest of the book describes travels in the desert and among the pyramids and temples of Ancient Egypt. In connection with her visit to the pyramids, the author relates two curious dreams or visions, one having to do with the initiation of King Cephron into the priesthood of Ammon-Ra, and the other telling how a young and beautiful neophyte was made "Bride of the Sun."

Few women would care to hunt gorillas in Africa, yet that is what Mary Hastings Bradley did. What is more, she took her five-year-old daughter with her. Mrs. Bradley was accompanied by her husband and by the veteran explorer, Carl E. Akeley. She hunted not only gorillas, but lions, elephants and buffaloes as well, and she saw the pigmies, and tribes which had been—and probably still were—cannibals. Her little daughter, Alice, enjoyed every minute of the trip. "On the Gorilla Trail"[17] tells what the party did and saw.

"Back to the Long Grass"[18] is the story of the black man's Africa. Dan Crawford has lived among the natives for so many years, and has become so familiar with their dialects and modes of thought, that he has come to regard them as fellow human beings who have, it is true, much to learn from the white man, but who can, in turn, teach him many things. Mr. Crawford is a missionary of the rare type that realizes the necessity of understanding a people before one attempts to lead them. His hero is David Livingstone, and his book, which bears the subtitle, "My Link with Livingstone," tells how he followed the trail of the great explorer's last journey, reaching at last the spot where Livingstone's heart is buried and whence his body was carried out to be interred in Westminster Abbey.

Tho Dr. Zahm began his journey at Berlin, by far the greater part of his book, "From Berlin to Bagdad and Babylon"[19], is devoted to Asia Minor, the graveyard of dead civilizations. He visited the sites of Troy, Nineveh, Babylon and many other cities of the remotest antiquity, and describes them, not only as they now are, but, so far as archeologists have been able to reconstruct them, as they were in the days of their glory. He discusses the political, social and economic situations of the present as well, and throws new light on the Ottoman Empire and its peoples. His estimate of the Mohammedan religion and those who profess it differs to a marked degree from the generally accepted one.

The journey which Mr. Philby describes in "The Heart of Arabia"[20] was undertaken as a member, and for a large part of the time as the sole member, of a British mission whose object was to study the political and military possibilities of the Arabian situation with a view to securing the cooperation of the Arabs in a campaign against the Turks. Mr. Philby crossed Arabia from the Persian Gulf to the Red Sea, and for more than half of the way he traveled through territory hitherto unexplored by Europeans. He has many interesting things to tell of the Wahhabi, an austere Mohammedan sect which considers the Turks as little better than infidels. The Wahhabi religion prohibits the use of tobacco as well as alcohol, but the austerity of its adherents does not carry them so far as to reject polygamy. One dignitary whom Mr. Philby encountered made it a practise to keep only three wives, instead of the four which the Koran allows, in order that, on his travels, he might marry any woman who struck his fancy. The easy Mohammedan divorce disposed of her when it was time to move on.

Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History

TROPHIES OF WAR

From "Head Hunters of the Amazon," by F. W. Up de Graff. (Duffield)

Erich Teichman is a British Consular officer who was stationed

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[15] MAINLY EAST. By Mrs. Alec-Tweedie. Illustrated. 320 pages. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

[16] A WOMAN TENDERFOOT IN EGYPT. By Grace Thompson Seton. Illustrated. 266 pages. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.00.

[17] ON THE GORILLA TRAIL. By Mary Hastings Bradley. Illustrated. 270 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $5.00.

[18] BACK TO THE LONG GRASS. By Dan Crawford. Illustrated. 373 pages. New York: George H. Doran Co. $4.00.

[19] FROM BERLIN TO BAGDAD AND BABYLON. By the Rev. J. A. Zahm. (H. J. Mozans). 528 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $5.00.

[20] THE HEART OF ARABIA. By H. St. J. B. Philby. 2 Vols. Illustrated. 386 & 354 pages. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $16.00.

in Western China when hostilities broke out between Chinese and Tibetans on the border in 1918. He offered his services as a mediator between the frontier leaders on both sides with a view to the restoration of peace until the boundary question could be settled by negotiation. The journey through Eastern Tibet which these negotiations made necessary is described in his "Travels of a Consular Officer in Eastern Tibet."[21] A historical introduction tells briefly of the relations between China, Tibet and India up to 1918.

Present-day conditions in Japan, with special reference to the influence exerted by the spread of Christianity, form the theme of "Japan in Transition"[22], by Loretta L. Shaw. Particularly interesting is the story of Madame Hiro-oke, a Japanese woman who rebelled against the restrictions imposed upon her sex, became the head of a great business, founded the first university for women in Japan, was converted to Christianity and baptized at the age of sixty-three, and was a Christian worker and evangelist until her death eight years later.

"The Hot Springs of Japan"[23] is one of a series of guide-books issued by the Japanese Government Railways, and it covers rather more ground than its title indicates, for it describes not only the hot springs, but many of the cold springs as well, in Korea, Formosa and South Manchuria, besides those of Japan.

Australia is the land of paradox, where mammals lay eggs and birds suckle their young. Its curious fauna and flora, as seen by the observant eye of W. Lavallin Puxley, are pictured in her "Wanderings in the Queensland Bush."[24]

More industrious than any of the travelers mentioned above is Mr. James T. Nichols, who, in his "Birdseye Views of Far Lands"[25], covers four continents and twenty-four countries in less than two hundred pages and has space to spare for a discussion of the Paris Peace Conference and the Seven Wonders of the World.

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[21] Travels of a Consular Officer in Eastern Tibet. By Erich Teichman. Illustrated. 248 pages. Cambridge, England: The University Press.

[22] Japan in Transition. By Loretta L. Shaw. Illustrated. 126 pages. New York: George H. Doran & Co. $1.25.

[23] The Hot Springs of Japan. Illustrated. 486 pages. Tokyo: Japanese Government Railways.

[24] Wanderings in the Queensland Bush. By W. Lavallin Puxley. Illustrated. 213 pages. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50.

[25] Birdseye Views of Far Lands. By James T. Nichols. 199 pages. Des Moines, Iowa: James T. Nichols.

The Seven Conundrums

WHEN the three strolling players in a little board theater outside of London offer their souls for a whisky-and-soda and cigarets, the flap of the tent-door opens, and in a burst of rain and of thunder and lightning, Mr. "Mephistopheles" Thompson appears, "a man with a noticeable curve at the corners of his lips, which might have meant humor or malevolence," and the first of seven "conundrums" is popped.

The still indefatigible E. Phillips Oppenheim has added another fast-moving, smoothly motivated plot-novel to his galaxy with "The Seven Conundrums." One by one, these unsolved questions deepen the mystery and intensify the adventure of the story. For a year Rose, Leonard and Maurice dance to their piper's tune and dash obediently into affairs that include every one from a duke to a labor agitator of international reputation, and pry into every sort of place, from a mining village in northern England to the half-ruined château of an ex-German baron. And a pretty love story brings their devastating career to a close. It is all very exciting, with no superabundance of detail, and mild enough not to startle the timid; a good evening's entertainment.

The Seven Conundrums. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Illustrated by Wallace Morgan. 277 pages. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.

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A Fire Chief's Adventures Before the Mast

John Kenlon's Record as a Sailor

THERE can be no doubt that the training he received at sea, first as a sailor before the mast and then as an officer, helped to develop in John Kenlon the courage, the resourcefulness and the ability to handle men, which are so essential to his equipment as Chief of the New York Fire Department. The story of that training and of the adventures that befel him while he was getting it is told in his "Fourteen Years a Sailor."(1) It is a simple, straightforward narrative, told without any attempt at literary embellishment, and its very simplicity makes it all the more effective.

The story begins with Kenlon's boyhood in the little seacoast village of Annagassam, about thirty miles north of Dublin. His father was supporting a family of five on his wages of about two dollars a week. At the age of ten the boy went to work on the same estate where his father was employed. His wages amounted to about ten cents a day. In his thirteenth year he came to the decision that if a sober, industrious man and a skilful workman like his father could not earn more than two dollars a week in Annagassam, there was no use in staying there, so he shipped as cabin boy on a small coasting vessel. Within forty-eight hours from the time he stept on board, he was shipwrecked on the coast of Scotland. It was not a serious wreck, however, for a huge roller picked the tiny vessel up bodily and tossed it high and dry on the beach with no further damage than the opening of a few seams. These the captain calked with tallow candles, and when the storm was over he was ready to proceed on his way.

JOHN KENLON

The coasting trade did not offer enough opportunities for seeing the world to suit young Kenlon, and he was constantly on the lookout for a chance to become a deep-water sailor. His first venture in this line was disappointing. He signed up on a ship bound from Liverpool to Australia, but, unfortunately, the captain and his officers came aboard too drunk to know what they were about, and one of them seems to have conceived the brilliant idea of sailing straight across Ireland instead of around it. When the ship piled up on the shore, the only person aboard who knew where they were was young Kenlon. He had good reason to know, for they were practically in his own back yard at Annagassam. And that was the end of his voyage to Australia.

All of his coasting trips and most of the longer voyages which were to follow were undertaken in sailing ships, for steam had not yet come into general use. The training he received was such as to try the mettle of a man, and there is every reason to believe that he acquitted himself well. Otherwise it is scarcely likely that the officers under whom he served would have taken enough interest in him to teach him navigation, as some of them did, thus enabling him to pass his examination and receive an officer's certificate. His voyages after that took him to all parts of the world, and his experiences were many and varied. New York, which he saw for the first time as a member of the crew of a ship bringing immigrants from Ireland, made such an impression that from time to time he looked forward to the day when he might make it his home. Among the passengers on this ship was a young girl who was afterward to become Mrs. John Kenlon.

It was while he was First Officer of the clipper ship *Santa Anna* that Kenlon met with his great adventure. During a storm in the Indian Ocean, the ship was struck by lightning and set on fire. As the crew was unable to extinguish the flames, the only thing to do was to make for the nearest land, which happened to be the desolate Crozet Islands. The ship was run ashore in a crevice between two huge masses of rock, and all hands escaped with their lives, but with very little else. It was possible to salvage only a few spars and sails, some tools and a meager store of provisions. All the boats were either smashed or burned. A mast was erected on the highest point of the island and a flag hoisted as a signal to passing vessels, but during the six months which they passed on the island, only two ships were sighted, neither of which paid any attention to the signal. The captain died, leaving Kenlon in command, and the men looked to him to devise some means of getting away from the island. After considering the situation from all angles, it occurred to him that it might be possible to build a boat of concrete, a thing, at that time, utterly unheard of. To be sure, they had no cement, but there was plenty of rock on the island, and there was at least a chance that some of it might be suitable for the making of cement. And so it proved. With the few tools they had or were able to improvise, it seemed a hopeless task, but theirs was a desperate case. They had to succeed, and they did. They built what was probably the first concrete boat ever launched, and set sail for Australia. After ten days at sea, and while still six hundred miles from their destination, they were picked up by a passing ship and taken to Melbourne. It was not long after this voyage that Kenlon came to New York and joined the Fire Department of which he is now Chief.

Mr. Kenlon has many interesting and amusing stories to tell about the ways of seafaring men and of those who prey upon them. Shanghai-ing was a common practise when he went to sea, and the captain who wanted a crew in a hurry depended upon

(1) FOURTEEN YEARS A SAILOR. By John Kenlon, Chief of Fire Department of the City of New York. Illustrated. 320 pages. New York: George H. Doran Co.

the crimps to supply it. One captain, who resorted to this method, fround that, altho all the members of his crew were signed on as able seamen, not one of them had ever set foot on a ship's deck before. Some of these may have been graduates of the famous school conducted by a Liverpool crimp, where candidates were marched around a cow's horn, so that they might be able to say truthfully that they had been "Round the Horn." Naturally, when such men went to sea, they were apt to receive rather rough treatment at the hands of the officers. But the real sailors, Mr. Kenlon finds, had little reason for complaint, and he believes that the training, particularly as it is conducted now, is valuable for any boy who is willing to work hard.

Scissors

THERE is much country-house life in "Scissors," as calm, as correct, as innocent of complexes as that of Mr. Archibald Marshall. There is literary, journalistic and upper-middle-class London, done, apparently, as it has often been done before. There is the England of the great public schools, seen through eyes so youthful that their own glow is reflected on a scene which might well be stale. For Mr. Arthur Machen and others have given glimpses of the public schools productive, at the least, of skepticism concerning these nurseries of the Empire, robbing them certainly of the magic which names like Winchester and Harrow formerly possest. But, wonder of wonders, in the year 1923, a young Englishman, who should by all that is logical be completely disillusioned in the manner of every proper post-war young Englishman, is still sufficiently unsophisticated to thrill to public-school life, its friendships and, strangest of all, its masters. We are spared only the description of the until-lately-indispensable cricket match, and that by the merest hair's-breadth. But the book is curiously misleading, and here is the catch: platitudinous as much as it appears at first glance, it is alive.

The author, whose name is so utterly appropriate to his matter and manner that it can not hope to escape suspicion of being a nom-de-plume, calls his story "a novel of Youth." It is all of that, but not the youth of Aldous Kuxley, of Katherine Mansfield, of Rebecca West. It is a queerly, rather heart-rendingly, trustful youth. The journalistic rise of Scissors, who gives his name to the story, is almost incredible; but perhaps things are done differently in England. A number of figures, political and literary, show every sign of being lifted bodily from London streets and restaurants and set down in Mr. Roberts's pages. The present reviewer can not raise all of their veils, but Rupert Brooke and Sir Philip Gibbs would be recognized at dusk by the most unobservant. Scissors himself is tiresomely admirable, beyond a doubt, and could do very much better with a few faults which might easily have been furnished him. There is a reticence, a dignified propriety, about the whole book which is decidedly quaint, and almost as startling as the absence of reticence used to be.

Perhaps the best writing that Mr. Roberts has done is in the early chapters, which are laid near Constantinople before the war, and it is here that the only semblance of a connected story is found. The greater part is loose and, at times, unpardonably irrelevant, and the clue caught in the beginning is almost lost in the labyrinth that intervenes between that and the end, when it is found again in the roll of the Turkish drums, with their inevitable significance, retained from the days of Timur the Terrible. Then realization comes that Fate, the Kismet of the East, had never forgotten its plans, altho every one else had almost forgotten in a maze of trivial incident. In spite of much that is superfluous and sometimes dull, Mr. Roberts has accomplished a first novel that leaves one not indifferent to his next.

SCISSORS: A NOVEL OF YOUTH. By Cecil Roberts. 368 pages. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $2.

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The British and American Short-Story Marathon

By Lloyd Morris

IS DISTINCTION departing from the American short story, and is the work of British short-story writers now excelling that of American? These are the most interesting questions raised by Mr. Edward J. O'Brien's collections of "the best" short stories of 1922 by writers in the United States (1) and Great Britain.(2)

© Paul Thompson

RING LARDNER

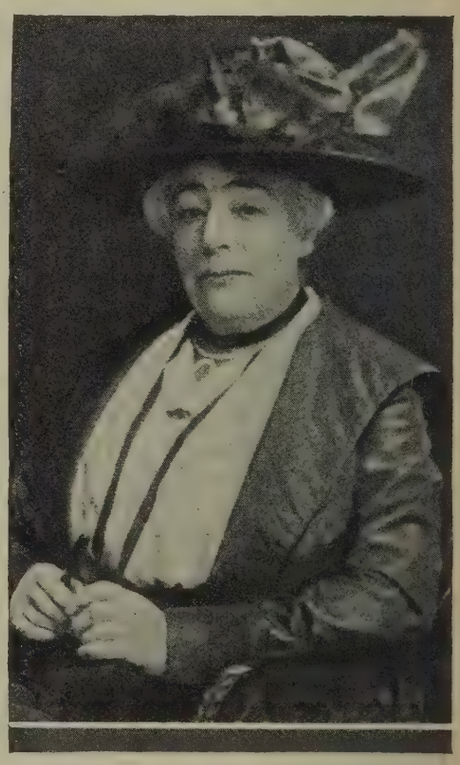
For a long time the excellence of our short stories has been one of the cherished American literary traditions. Critics whose patriotic zeal flagged when confronted by American novels or American verse could always be depended upon to rise to the topic of the short story. From Hawthorne to O. Henry a series of illustrious names testifies to the high accomplishment of American authors, and opinion is not wanting that in the short story American literature has recorded its finest achievement.

Conditions have been unusually favorable to the American writer. Every one in the United States reads short stories; nearly every one writes them, or tries to. It is all but impossible to secure a college degree in this country without succumbing to the process of having the whole art of story-writing made clear in thirty lectures by an energetic professor. And the phenomenal sale of handbooks of technique shows that the ability to write a story is now considered as essential a part of one's intellectual equipment as was the ability to write a passable sonnet in the days of Elizabeth. Any magazine editor, if asked, will confess that the country is filled with eager girls who wistfully study the latest photograph of Edna Ferber, and ambitious youths who cultivate the vocabulary of Ring W. Lardner. Meanwhile Mr. O'Brien's statistics show that within twelve months twenty-one magazines read by him published no less than one thousand three hundred and eleven short stories. We all read them, and with few exceptions have tried our hand at writing them. The short story, like the Ford car, might almost be termed the American equivalent of folk-art.

What is the result of this intensive, nation-wide concern with the short story in the United States? And how does that result compare with what is accomplished in Great Britain, where the public is smaller, the rewards less spectacular and the interest, it may be suspected, less insistent? Mr. O'Brien's two volumes unmistakably point the moral and very creditably adorn the tale. The American anthology contains examples of the work of many of our foremost short-story writers. It is beautifully catholic in its inclusiveness, ranging from the highly popular to the pallidly eclectic, and from the productions of practised writers to those of fresh recruits and neophytes.

And yet, with three or four deliberate exceptions, all these stories, whether by old hands or new ones, have certain characteristics in common. The most striking of these is a uniform expertness in the telling. It is impossible to read any of these stories without immediately conceding the admirable skill with which they are told, without being imprest by the ingenuity and inventiveness of the authors. It is equally impossible to read many of them without being convinced that this dexterity constitutes their principal merit. The excitement is almost wholly in situation or plot, and interest hinges upon what the solution will be to a strikingly dramatic incident. They recall that possibly apocryphal anecdote of a once famous and now deceased Harvard professor of literature who illustrated the manner in which a good story would begin with the following opening sentence: "'Hell!' said the Duchess, as she put her feet on the table and lit another cigaret." The bulk of the stories included in Mr. O'Brien's American anthology begin as abruptly in the middle of things as did the Harvard authority, and they rise with breathless haste to precipitous climaxes. The result is that, while they sustain the reader's interest in situation and plot, in external action and incident, they seldom touch the reader's emotions. To put it quite simply, one never becomes sufficiently concerned with the characters to be greatly moved by their fortunes or fates. Despite the obvious virtues of skill and cleverness upon which the writers of these stories rely, they are deficient both in emotional intensity and in imaginative insight.

There are, as has been said, certain deliberate exceptions to this general tendency. Such stories as Sherwood Anderson's "I'm a Fool," Conrad Aiken's "The Dark City," Ring W. Lardner's "The Golden Honeymoon," and William Jitro's "The Resurrection and the Life" possess an excitement of a very different order. They are utterly devoid, in the ordinarily accepted sense of the terms, of both plot and climax. But they are strongly entrenched in human nature and experience; they deal with character in three dimensions and they reveal life as we know it to be. Mr. Aiken, for example, shows you a weary office-worker returning at evening to his wife and children and garden in the suburbs. Nothing happens; he romps with the children, weeds his garden, eats dinner, plays chess with his wife. But somehow that picture, slight as it is, conveys a beauty and pathos of human relationships as pro-



MARY ST. LEGER HARRISON
(LUCAS MALET)

(1) THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1922. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. 389 pp. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.

(2) THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES OF 1922. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien and John Cournos. 339 pp. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.

foundly moving as it is profoundly true. In the same way Mr. Anderson's minute study of the dawn of young love has a quality of poignancy and a substratum of humor arising wholly from the life of the character. One knows Mr. Anderson's boy just as thoroughly as one knows Mr. Lardner's magnificently drawn elderly couple on an inexpensive month's holiday in Florida, or Mr. Jitro's mild little colored clergyman.

In artistic distinction these four stories surpass any of the others in Mr. O'Brien's American anthology. In certain ways they are quite unique. They are founded upon life rather than upon literary convention, and they possess the qualities of imagination, emotional conviction and spiritual insight that, judging from Mr. O'Brien's selection, are apparently but rarely present in the current American short story. A reflective reader of the volume might wonder whether the very skilfulness and facility of our short-story writers is not partly responsible for the artificiality of much of their work. They master a formula of construction which is productive of an effective story, but so much of their energy is diverted to telling the story well that they have little left for the discovery in the life around them of something worth telling about. They seem preoccupied with technique rather than with life, and as a result the short story becomes a highly sophisticated but not very vital performance.

The most obvious characteristics of the current British short story, as revealed by Mr. O'Brien's collection, are freshness and vitality. These qualities are especially evident in any comparison with the stories of American writers. The two most perfect stories in the British volume, Stacy Aumonier's "Where Was Wych Street?" and Lucas Malet's "The Birth of a Masterpiece," are only a shade less perfect than those of Mr. Anderson and Mr. Aiken in the American anthology. Excluding these, the average of the British volume is far higher than that of the American. Curiously enough, the British writers do not excel, as one might expect, in technique. Their stories are frequently more crudely told and the materials less ingeniously disposed than is the case in those of American writers. None the less each of the British stories carries the unmistakable conviction of wise and mature observation of life, and each distils that observation in beauty and significance. Incident or external action plays less part in these stories than in ours, and human character far more. The writers represented in Mr. O'Brien's collection, many of them familiar contributors to our magazines, create in terms of people rather than in terms of situation; and incident, in their stories, develops naturally from character. It is probably this habitual interest in human beings that is responsible for the sense of abiding reality so impressive in their stories. What the authors have done is to transfer to the short story the preoccupation with common experience which distinguishes the British novel. This means that they first arouse your interest in the people with whom they are dealing, so that the personal fortunes of these folk become a matter in which you are emotionally concerned; you read the story not to see how an exciting plot will be solved, but to ascertain what is going to happen to an individual or a group of characters humanly appealing and therefore significant.

A great deal of the freshness and vitality implicit in the current British short story may be attributed to variety of theme. Richness and distinction of theme are its resource, rather than, as with us, originality of plot. Human nature in all its aspects, human experience in all its phases, are the preoccupation of the British writer, and his technique is dictated solely by his subject. If his stories are not strikingly unusual, if his narrative fails to move swiftly, he at least preserves an elementary faithfulness to human life as we know it, and he interprets it in terms of its irony, its truth, beauty, tragedy or comedy in such a way as to stir the emotions of the reader. Here, in the last analysis, is what demonstrates the superiority of the average British short story to the average American. The American stories, with but few exceptions, lack any capacity for moving the reader's feelings. The British stories, almost without exception, possess it.

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With the Makers of Books in America

II. *The House of Scribner*

SEVERAL years ago a dinner was given in New York by a number of prominent publishers and literary men. There was nothing astonishing in this: publishers often dine together; but it happened that this dinner, in honor of Mr. Charles and Mr. Arthur H. Scribner, was attended exclusively by men who were at one time or another connected with the Scribner house.

To any one who has followed the growth and achievements of American publishing and letters, it is significant that such men as F. N. Doubleday, head of Doubleday, Page & Co.; W. D. Moffat and Robert Yard of Moffat, Yard & Co.; Edward Bok, Pitts Duffield, Ernest Dressel North, the rare-book dealer; Owen Brewer, Robert G. Welsh, the dramatic critic, and other men of distinction, all are fellow-graduates of the Scribner school.

These men, who in their later years have achieved an independent success, contributed much in their youth toward making the Scribner concern a pioneer in so many publishing enterprises. In writing of the youthfulness of the Scribner personnel at this period, Edward Bok, in his "Americanization of Edward Bok," tells amusingly of a staid Boston publisher who, on paying a visit to the Scribner firm, was considerably upset to find the executives upon whom he called scarcely past adolescence. This gentleman, after talking with Bok, who was then twenty-four years old and advertising manager of *Scribner's Magazine*, asked to see the head of another department. The second young man also happened to be twenty-four. "With his yearnings for some one more advanced in years full upon him," Bok writes, "the visitor now inquired for the business manager of the new magazine, only to find a man of twenty-six. His next introduction was to the head of the out-of-town business department, who was twenty-seven.

"At this point the Boston man asked to see Mr. Scribner. This disclosed to him Mr. Arthur H. Scribner, the junior partner, who owned to twenty-eight summers. Mustering courage to ask faintly for Mr. Charles Scribner himself, he finally brought up in that gentleman's office, only to meet a man just turning thirty-three!"

Contrary to popular belief, there is very little of the element of chance in the publishing of books. The astute publisher, which is to say the successful one, conducts his business with one eye on the balance sheets and the other on the trend of public taste. Yet it is rather curious that in a house so substantial and so typical of the best tradition of American book publishing as Scribner's, chance was a large factor in its foundation.

PRESENT HOME OF CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, FIFTH AVENUE AND FORTY-EIGHTH STREET, NEW YORK

(The inset in the lower corner shows the Old Brick Church at Nassau Street and Park Row, in the chapel of which were the firm's first offices)

It happened that Charles Scribner the elder, father of the present head, had already entered on a career in the law when ill health forced him to give it up. His love of literature furnished him a more sympathetic outlet for his activities, and so he turned his back forever on the law and embarked intrepidly on the precarious business of book-making. That was in 1846, seventy-seven years ago. His first quarters as publisher occupied a part of the chapel of the Old Brick Church, which at that time stood at the corner of Nassau Street and Park Row, a spot later occupied for many years by the New York *Times*.

From these modest offices were issued a number of books whose charm and delight have sustained even to these raucous days of best sellers; notably the "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life" of Donald G. Mitchell, ("Ik Marvel"), and those other sketches and essays of his which now, re-collected, form one of the Scribner subscription sets. The success of these first enterprises necessitated the removal of the firm to larger offices at 377–379 Broadway, later to 124 Grand Street, and then to 654 Broadway.

With the business successfully launched and its course fairly discerned, Mr. Scribner now began to embark on various other activities. He had already established a retail book-store, and the next experiment was in the field of importing foreign books. Charles Welford, who became the London representative of the house, was instrumental in securing the American rights to many of the most valuable productions of the foreign market.

Then, shortly after the Civil War, Mr. Scribner engaged in a venture which, tho justice can not be done it within the limits of this article, was of too great importance to be overlooked in any chronicle of the Scribner house. He founded a magazine which

was called *Hours at Home* and quite appropriately described as "A Family Magazine." The policy of the new publication was to foster an interest in the best of contemporary literature and the arts, and to treat informatively of the various forces that direct the progress of the nation. This was an ambitious program, particularly for those days, when native literature was at such low ebb; but slowly the tide turned, and before many years the new publication, under the changed name of *Scribner's Magazine*, and under the leadership of the late E. L. Burlingame and its present editor, Mr. Robert Bridges, was to set a distinguished precedent in the field of American magazine production.

When Mr. Scribner died in 1871 he was succeeded by the eldest of his three sons, John Blair Scribner, who died eight years later—years in which the business had rapidly progressed—and since then the business has been conducted by the two younger sons, Charles and Arthur H. Scribner.

During the mid-seventies the Scribners undertook a form of publication which has since been followed by many of the larger houses, to the inestimable advantage of both publisher and reading public. They began to bring out the collected works of standard authors and sell them by the subscription method direct to the reader. By selecting the works of classical, and at the same time popular, writers, the publisher is able to sell them at less cost, for he can judge the demand with fair certainty beforehand, and thus the risk of failure is greatly reduced. Moreover, by eliminating the middlemen—the wholesale and retail bookstores—he is able to sell practically at wholesale prices. In this way it has been made possible for many people of moderate means to acquire the works of Thackeray, Dickens, Stevenson, Kipling, Carlyle, Roosevelt, George Meredith, and many others, in a form which, if published in the ordinary way, would be prohibitive in price. And, largely in this way, the influence of Tolstoy, Turgenef and Ibsen has been kept alive in this country.

To attempt to give an adequate idea of the publications which the Scribner house has sponsored—of their number, their diversity—would be an appalling task. The catalog contains 5,000 titles, which means that the house has published an average of more than a book a week for seventy-six years. But rather than an enumeration of them, the interesting thing is the breadth and scope of the various classifications. Every important subject which the human mind has pondered or touched on in the past century of our development has its fair representation in the Scribner publications, with the possible exception of highly specialized and technical subjects. There is biography, the fine arts, travel, science, education, religion, history, sports, music, sociology, law, politics—everything down to and including "The Rock and Water Garden." Perhaps the section of most interest to the general reader is that of fiction. Among the familiar novelists one finds J. M. Barrie, John Galsworthy, Edith Wharton, John Fox, Jr., Thomas Nelson Page, the late Henry James, Frederick Palmer, Jesse Lynch Williams, Maurice Hewlett, Gouverneur Morris, Richard Harding Davis; among critics of literature and art, W. C. Brownell, Brander Matthews, James Huneker, Kenyon Cox; among dramatists, Anton Chekhov, August Strindberg, and John Galsworthy again. It is difficult to resist going on with the list, for out of every page of the catalog there rises some name, some title, some topic of particular note or interest.

The Scribner Building stands to-day at Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street. The entire ground floor is occupied by the book-store, which, in arrangement and design, provides an atmosphere of quiet, luxurious charm proper to good books. A feature of the store is the Exhibition Gallery in the rear, which extends across its entire width. The handsome rare editions and rich bindings give this particular spot an air of almost ecclesiastic seclusion, which, one fancies, is an inheritance from those modest offices of years ago in the chapel of the Old Brick Church on Nassau Street and Park Row.

A BOOK A WEEK

Every week a new McBride book appears in the bookstores. In this collection of publications you can find a volume to suit every mood and almost every need. Here are a few books from our spring and early summer list.

Harold Brighouse, novelist and playwright, who, the *Manchester Guardian* says, "has done for Lancashire what Mr. Bennett did for the Five Towns."

¶ The Wrong Shadow

By Harold Brighouse

Author of "Hepplestall's," "Hobson's Choice," etc.

Mr. Brighouse's new book is that rare combination—a light novel which is a work of genuine literary merit. It is the "comedy of a conscience" and a novel of quiet humor in which character, dialogue and situations are handled brilliantly. *The Outlook* (London): "A really entertaining book, full of neat inventions." $2 net. Postage extra

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By Charles Francis Saunders

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¶ An Outlaw's Diary

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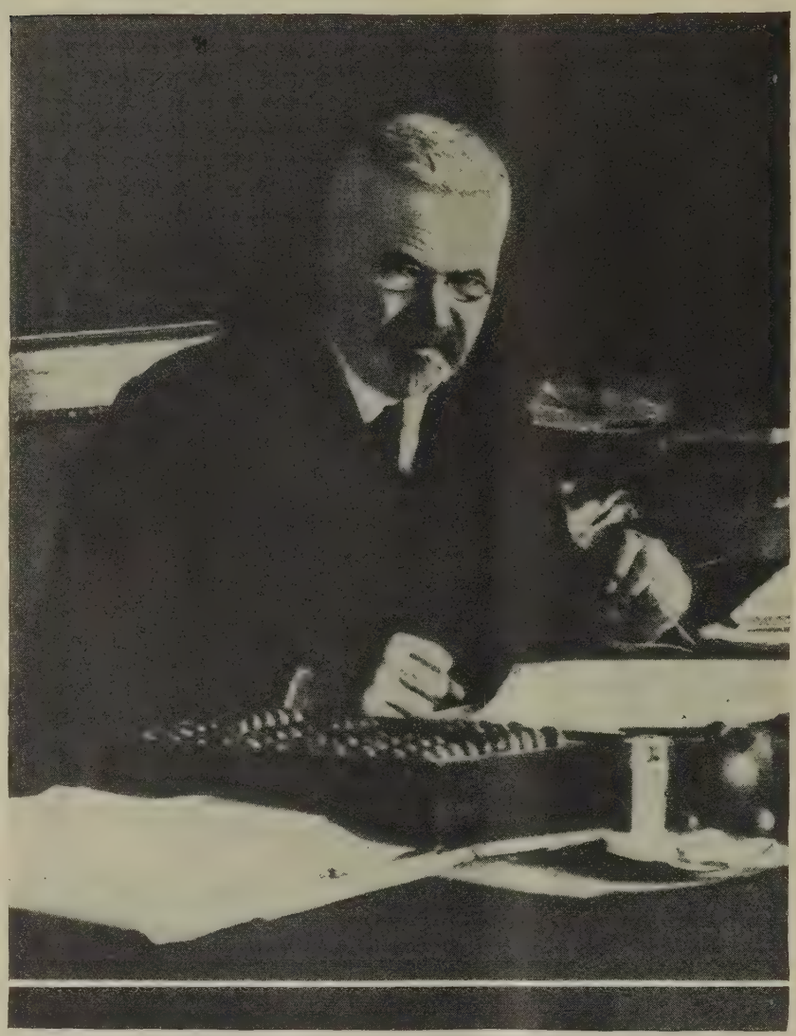
The Literary Eclipse of Russia

By Edwin W. Hullinger

SOVIET Russia — once the Russia of Tolstoy, of Dostoievsky, and of Chekhov—to-day stands before the world in the unique position of a great country with no current literature; until a few months ago, it was a land without a publishing house.

More than five years ago the then very communistic Bolsheviks eliminated private publishing houses from Russia as dangerous nests of capitalism and counter-revolution. The publishing people (all who could) fled into exile, and in exile they have remained—prodigals who will not come home! During the last five years the Bolsheviks, aided by the tragic circumstances of life which have prevailed in that country, have forced Russia's brilliant corps of writers into exile or into the coma of exhaustion. And a period of literary silence has descended upon Russia.

Ironically enough, the existing center of literary productivity in the Russian language is to-day hundreds of miles outside the Russian frontier, in the large Russian *emigré* colony in Berlin. Here, not in Moscow, is the present "capital" of the Slav book world. While Kolchak, Wrangel, and Kerensky were busy setting up extra-territorial political "capitals" of Russia, this other extra-territorial capital of a much more enduring character was quietly growing up in Germany, a new center of Slav influence. Around it many of the leading spirits among those who were left of Russia's writers soon collected.



IVAN DMITRIVITCH SYTM

One of Russia's leading publishers, who recently took back the Sales Department of his former business in Moscow, but has not resumed publishing. A branch of the old firm is also putting out books in the Russian publishing "capital" in Berlin.

Here Russia's old book-publishing world finally came, to form a little Russian oasis in a Teutonic desert. Here sixty Russian publishing houses, including nearly all the former important firms of Petrograd and Moscow, to-day are ministering to the literary needs of Berlin's immense Russian colony, about 200,000 strong, and to the world-wide colony of refugees, estimated at more than 2,000,000. And here there is every indication they will remain, until conditions in the homeland make a home "capital" possible.

A feeble beginning was made, toward the end of 1922, to revive the publishing business inside Russia, in line with the Bolsheviks' new economic policy of private enterprise, and a few small printing houses actually reopened in Petrograd and Moscow. They are interesting as a first step toward resumption of book manufacture, and their intrepidity is to be applauded. But their actual output has been negligible and does not, as yet, represent any real literary revival in Russia.

For more than five years Soviet Russia was a country without a single publishing house—unless the government's propaganda presses could be counted as such! With the inauguration of the new economic policy, private publishing houses became theoretically possible, but there were powerful practical considerations which for a long time prevented their reappearance. The paper shortage made it impossible to obtain adequate news print, and the strict political censorship over all printed matter greatly restricted the possible sphere of operations. Also, virtually nothing was being written to publish.

The trials of a censor-ridden publisher may be appreciated from a remark by the associate editor of the *Ekran* (The Screen), a weekly theatrical review which has the distinction of being the first magazine brought out in Russia after the Revolution. "Before I obtained a permit to publish," he said, "I had to promise to avoid all political subjects. The original caption of my magazine read, 'Theatricals, Movies, Literature, and Sports.' The censor crossed out the heading Literature, on the ground that it might trespass on the forbidden precincts of politics!"

Nevertheless, a few former bookmen, who had not been able to get out of Russia during the general exodus, finally had the temerity to try their luck, and early this year several of the old publishing houses reopened for business in Petrograd. More than a dozen others, including a number of cooperative labor publishing societies, experimentally resumed general publishing in Moscow. It is significant that the first vintage ran principally to scientific and historical works; next came revivals of old Russian classics—Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, etc., and children's books. On one list of a Moscow publisher (just received) I find a novel by an obscure writer.

How soon publishing can be revived on a serious scale in Russia is problematical. The present mechanical difficulties are not permanent, of course; print paper will soon become plentiful as contact between Russia and the rest of the world broadens. The serious and fundamental phase of the problem is the resuscitation of literary life and intellectual activity, without which the publisher has little *raison d'être*; for, despite all efforts of the pen colony in Berlin, it is inside Russia that Russia's literary life must be revived. Nowhere, not even in her ruined industries, is there sadder evidence of the price Russia paid for the Revolution than

in the destruction of her intellectual life. Up to a point, suffering sharpens the intellect; beyond, it kills. Creative spirit, in both writing and art, has been crushed by the agonies of the last five years and the intense economic struggle for existence which has followed the abandonment of communism.

Literary life is benumbed for the time being. It will revive, of course. The Russian mind, brilliant, imaginative, is too eager to remain indefinitely in its present coma, the result of pure physical and nervous exhaustion. But it will take time. And in the meanwhile the men who should be writing books and plays are working as clerks in some office, interpreters in the employ of some foreign relief society, or "speculating" on the side. One former playwright is laboring on a farm near Moscow. No literature has been produced in Russia during the last five years. None of value is being produced.

Of the arts, the stage alone has survived the ordeal intact. In Moscow playhouses I saw bills that would compare more than favorably with many of Broadway's best. But they were plays written before the war. No new ones have been written. "We have no time or energy left for *belles lettres*," a former literary man remarked one evening, sadly. "One can not make bread from them!"

"We used to think about metaphysics, philosophy, politics and literature. Now we think about bread. Food is our principal objective when we arise in the morning. It is our last thought when we go to sleep at night. Intellectual life in the creative sense has ceased for the time being."

Thus a university professor of mathematics summed up the intellectual interests of Russia's intelligentsia of to-day. We were seven at dinner in his home: a former railway superintendent, a former lawyer, a former civil engineer, and their wives. The old grandmother listened drowsily at the end of the table. As I looked around the circle the thought came to me, it would have been difficult to tell which was the oldest, except for the color of the hair. The faces of all had the finger-marks of centuries. Yet they laughed and chided each other. It was in the sober instants between laughs that their faces told the story of the Revolution. The young lawyer died a few weeks later. It was only a minor operation, but the hospital heating plant was not working. He caught quick pneumonia.

This intellectual night has not been entirely starless. I remember how eagerly the professor was awaiting arrival of a package of books, sent by a friend in London, dealing with the Einstein theory. Then there was the case of those two obscure laboratory workers in the Moscow micrological institute, who, despite unheated laboratory rooms, broken crucibles, and dilapidated apparatus, persevered until they attained one of the scientific triumphs of the century—the discovery of the typhus germ—which opens the way for manufacture of anti-typhus vaccine and may be the means of breaking one of humanity's worst plagues.

This discovery, strangely, was the direct consequence of famine conditions. Lack of meat with which to perform their usual experiments in bacilli culture compelled Dr. Kraitch—a woman of perhaps fifty years—to have recourse to the cadavers of the typhus victims dying in charity hospitals in Moscow. And human flesh, not animal flesh, seems to have been the one soil required for successful propagation of the microbe in question. Scientists in many lands had been experimenting for decades with the flesh of lower animals; and in Russia, one of the world's worst typhus areas, investigators had been laboring along similar lines with equally discouraging results. Had Dr. Kraitch and her assistant been able, as before, to obtain meat that winter, they doubtless would still be pursuing the same futile search under laboratory conditions which probably never could have given success!

There was the instance of two equally obscure professors in the Moscow Conservatory of Music who recently perfected a new multi-tone musical scale, which, if adopted generally, may have a revolutionizing effect upon musical development in many countries. Providing a series of minute intervals smaller than any existing on our present pianoforte octave, the new scale will

(*Continued on page 63*)

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In This Month's Fiction Library

The Last of the Vikings

IT IS an unforgetable picture that Johan Bojer paints of the Lofoten fishermen in "The Last of the Vikings," and it is a picture of a phase of life which no longer exists, for, as Mr. Bojer points out in his concluding chapter, "the modern motor fisherman is an industrial workman on the sea, who smokes cigarets and is a member of a trades-union." It was not so in the days when Kristàver Myran sailed away to the Lofoten Islands for the winter's fishing, taking with him his sixteen-year-old son, Lars. The craft in which they sailed was a Lofoten boat, built on the lines of the Viking ships of old in which Ganger Rolf sailed to Normandy and Leif Ericson to America. The Lofoten men were worthy descendants of the Vikings. Each winter they pitted their strength and skill against the icy winds and the hungry waves, and toiled like supermen to wrest a meager living from the sea. No industrial workmen these; each man had a share in the enterprise, a small one if he brought nothing but his two hands, a larger one if he furnished his own nets and gear; and largest of all if he was the owner and head-man of the boat. There was no talk of union hours. Each man worked until there was no more work to do, and when the fish were plentiful, that might be eighteen or twenty hours a day. On Sundays and on days when it was too stormy for even these fearless men to go out, they slept the clock round. Peril and hardship were their daily portion, and each year the sea took its toll of lives.

It is this life that Bojer pictures for us in his latest novel. He tells the story of a little seacoast village whose inhabitants are farm laborers in the summer and Lofoten fishermen in the winter. When the fishing season begins, all the able-bodied men sail away to the North, leaving behind only the women, the very old men and the young boys. Kristàver Myran's wife, Màrya, is a farmer's daughter from an inland parish. She hates and fears the sea and dreads the day when her sons shall be among those who sail away, perhaps never to return. But Lars, the oldest boy, is eager to go. For him, it is a proud day when he can feel that he is no longer a boy, but a real Lofoten man. Kristàver is now, for the first time in his life, head-man in his own boat, and Lars is the youngest of the crew, but he does a man's share of the work and bears a man's share of the dangers and hardships. It is a hard school for a boy, but a good one for those who survive. They are rough men, these toilers of the sea, but they are not essentially vicious, altho when their work is done, they drink as hard as they have worked. There are long-standing feuds, too, between the men of the South and the men of the North, between the net fishermen and the line fishermen, and worst of all, between the men of the sailing boats and those of the steamers which are just coming into use. When the drink is in, or when the rights of one party or the other have been infringed, these feuds often result in pitched battles. There is a lively description of one such battle, in which the men of the sailboats put the steamer-men to rout after the latter have tried to block the entrance to a fiord which is teeming with fish. And there is a thrilling picture of a storm at sea, culminating in the daring rescue of the crew of a capsized boat.

Johan Bojer writes of a life of which he has been a part, for he was, in his early youth, a Lofoten man, and his vivid descriptions are the result of his own experiences with the fishing fleet. He is quoted as saying: "I have written the novel as a monument to my comrades of the Lofoten fishing life." It is a worthy monument, and there can be little doubt that it will prove an enduring one. Bojer has done for the Lofoten fishermen what Bjornson, in his early peasant tales, did for the simple peasants of his native land, and what Jonas Lie did for its sailors. The author of "The Last of the Vikings" does not suffer by comparison with these two masters of Norwegian fiction. ISAAC ANDERSON.

THE LAST OF THE VIKINGS. By Johan Bojer. Translated from the Norwegian by Jessie Muir. Illustrated by Sigurd Skou. 302 pages. New York: The Century Co. $2.

Men Like Gods

MORE than a little of the H. G. Wells of old, the H. G. Wells who wrote "The Time Machine," "The War of the Worlds," and the rest of a long line of entertaining romances, is to be found in his new fantasy, "Men Like Gods." But the socialistic author of "New Worlds for Old" appears in it even more prominently. For this new book embodies Mr. Wells's latest dream of Utopia, of the kind of world which may be evolved out of this present disorganized one some three thousand years or so hence, when society shall have passed out of its present "age of confusion."

But the Utopia to which Mr. Barnstaple, subeditor of a pessimistic weekly paper, the *Liberal*, an "organ of the more depressing aspects of advanced thought," paid an all-too-brief visit, was not on this earth at all, but upon another—tho in some ways very similar—planet. Through an extremely complicated experiment, which had to do with space and gravity, performed by two scientifically daring Utopians, three motor cars, more or less peacefully traversing the Maidenhead Road near Slough, were suddenly removed into this other planet, with their occupants. And certain of these occupants were very well-known persons, of much more importance in the world from which they had come than was Mr. Barnstaple. There were Mr. Cecil Burleigh, the great conservative leader; Mr. Rupert Catskill, Secretary of State for War; Father Amerton, the noted preacher, who was "so dreadfully outspoken about the sins of society," and the famous beauty, Lady Stella. These and one or two others had been in one of the transported cars; the third contained a motion-picture millionaire, Miss Greeta Gray of the music halls, a Frenchman and an American, both important in the motion-picture world.

The various effects upon these different people of their sudden arrival in the beautiful, orderly and serene Utopia, have been cleverly and often very entertainingly described. For, except for Mr. Barnstaple himself, an open-minded gentleman of a naturally hopeful disposition, and none too well satisfied with affairs as they are conducted on earth, no one of the "earthlings" really liked Utopia and the Utopians. Father Amerton, who had "the habit of mind of a public censor," deeply disapproved of the virtual nudity of the Utopians' lovely bodies, and told them so with the utmost violence, whereupon they replied that his imagination was evidently "inflamed and diseased." Mr. Rupert Catskill thought their views on the elimination of "conflicts and distresses" and so forth entirely mistaken. For one reason or another, most of the party decided that the proper thing to do with Utopia was to turn it into earth, or at least make it like earth, as rapidly as possible.

All this part of the narrative, with its action, is most entertaining; but Mr. Wells deserts it rather quickly to return to descriptions—descriptions repeated somewhat too often—of the serene beauty of life in Utopia. There is much—the account of the elimination of disease, for instance—which is entirely plausible, but it can not be said that the novel as a whole is convincing, considered as a scheme of social reconstruction. Too many quite obvious difficulties are either glossed over, or ignored altogether.

But the removing of the scene of action to another planet, where the climate permits of a complete absence of clothing, and makes unnecessary many things which are necessities in most parts of the earth, also enables the author to indulge his fancy at will. Altho he has permitted himself rather much, too, of repetition, it is a lovely world of dreams come true that Mr. Wells has pictured for us, as well as a world of physical loveliness. "Here, at last, established and secure, were peace, power, health, happy activity, length of days and beauty. All that we seek was found here, and every dream was realized."

There are some clever bits of characterization, amusing touches of satire in the account of the conspiracy of the earthlings, and many well-done descriptions of the cultivated beauties of a land where trees were never allowed to suffer from blight, or from the ravages of parasites. "Men Like Gods" is an entertaining story, and adds a new and often alluring Utopia to the many visions of that delectable country transcribed for us by men of many minds.

LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD.

MEN LIKE GODS. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

Rubè

FILIPPO RUBE is that finest thing a novelist can aspire to—a real creation. There is no uncertainty about Rubè; he is alive as few characters in fiction are alive. The novel is its author's first, for Signor Borgese made his reputation in Italy as a critic. It was published two years ago in Italian, and is now translated into English.

Altho the writer has shown himself a great creative artist in this work, he is also in it a critic of life. He has told the story not only of the unhappy Rubè, but of a strange and unhappy period, the years during the war and after, which so many writers have tried to depict. In most cases the result has been only "another war book," but no one would dismiss "Rubè" with that phrase. It is a searching and understanding study of a young Italian who never understands himself. He is introspective to a morbid degree, continually making himself miserable over his inner searchings, which bring him no answers. He has come from a southern province to Rome to study law. He has "a logical mind capable of splitting a hair into four," but when turned in upon himself it is only too capable of splitting the hair endlessly, and arriving nowhere. The war comes, and he enters it, tho he is terribly afraid of it. He is a coward, yet we do not wholly despise him. He fights his cowardice at times, and at other times only backs away from it miserably.

Rubè is stationed with Colonel Berti, where he is often thrown with the Colonel's daughter, Eugenia, to whom, one feverish night, he confesses his terror. This makes for a strange bond between them, and they give themselves to each other. Eugenia is the strong and sure influence which could help Rubè, if anything outside himself could help him. Their liaison goes on for a long time, with no promise of marriage until after the war. The author makes Eugenia very real, but not vivid. He has drawn her wonderfully like what she must have been to the more or less blind Rubè, and yet has let the reader see more than that. It is the other woman, Celestine Lambert, whom he meets while in Paris, who is vivid, unpleasantly so—portrayed with great subtlety. The other characters of the story—Taramanna, the lawyer; Rubè's friends, Frederico and Mary; members of Rubè's family—all are real people, but it is the two women who chiefly show the author's power and delicacy.

After the war is over, Eugenia and Rubè, married, live in Milan, where Rubè, more and more afraid of life and of himself, sinks deeper into failure, for he can neither bring himself into any adjustment with life, nor can he decisively revolt against it. As a means of existing he works for a large manufacturing firm, but there seems to be no real place in the world into which he can fit, and he inevitably goes on toward tragedy. One night, after winning a sum of money gambling, he leaves Eugenia, soon to

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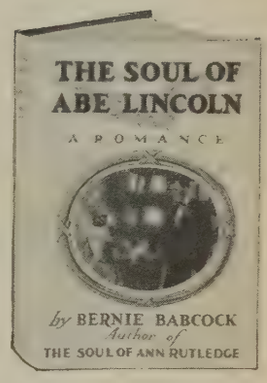

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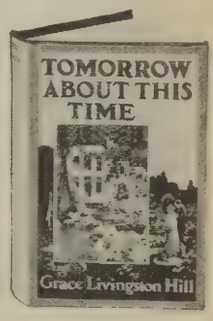

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bear him a child, and sets out for Paris. But at Stresa, on Lago Maggiore, he again meets Celestine, and they spend intimate weeks together, until something terrible happens, which plunges Rubè into a period of mental suffering and weary wandering. This portion of the book is an amazing psychological study. But the peace for which he longs is coming.

At the end, Frederico, comforting Eugenia, sums it all up when he says: "Do you really imagine that he was merely a victim of chance? Filippo was a self-destroyed man. He beheld all possibilities and had lost all standards. A lost man." That is what this novel is—the story of a self-destroyed man and of a self-destroying time. ELIZABETH STEAD TABER.

RUBÈ. By G. A. Borgese. Translated by Isaac Goldberg. 394 pages. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

The Barb

THAT our American universities set up false standards of living, giving undue emphasis to money and social position, and ignoring such criteria of judgment as good breeding and intellect, is the contention of William McNally in "The Barb." His arraignment is directed principally at Greek-letter societies, for these, he endeavors to show, set up and maintain the superficial standards to which all must bow or be left outside in the domain of the "barb."

Bob Whitney, the Barb, enters college, after three years of European travel, much more mature than the average freshman. He enters at the same time as his sister Connie, to whom he is devoted. Both Bob and Connie are "rushed," and Connie joins what is considered one of the "best" sororities, while Bob, disgusted with the trivial commonplaces which constitute the conversation at the fraternity which is rushing him, declines. This is the beginning of the breach which gradually widens between Bob and his sister.

By a fluke of fortune, Bob obtains a room in the beautiful home of Professor and Mrs. Mondell. The professor is a rich and eccentric individual, rather careless of his pretty young wife, with whom Bob falls in love. Monica Trent, the most conspicuous figure on the campus, because of her family connections and a fortune in her own name, is sought by the sororities as the greatest "catch" of the year; but she astounds the entire campus by remaining "barb." The story is concerned with the reactions upon one another of the three characters, Bob, Monica Trent and Madeleine Mondell; and, unfortunately, the theme of the book is lost halfway through in the maze of Bob's love affairs with these two widely different feminine types.

Mr. McNally's book brings up the pertinent question of whether the millions of dollars poured annually into the coffers of our State universities for purposes of higher education are really being used to improve the minds of the students, and thereby the status of American civilization, or whether they are merely the means of supporting the student in an artificial environment so detrimental to his character that it takes him two or three years to recover from the effects. "The Barb" would tend to indicate that the latter is true. And certainly Mr. McNally has some basis for his serious charge. Chance conversations among students, overheard any day in any university town, confirm the suspicion that to many of them higher education is merely a synonym for jazz, petting parties and vaudeville entertainment, interspersed with just enough bluffing in classes to ward off the "blue slip."

The point that Mr. McNally ignores, in his burst of pessimism over the evil effects of "Greek-letteritis," is that there will always be the banding together, in some manner, of the individuals whose not very important thoughts and actions are governed by the laws of the social register. And, opposed to them, there will always be the thoughtful students, who, even if they happen to be in a minority, can wield the greater influence and are not vitally affected by the particular social régime in vogue. Thus we may always hope to salvage as keen intellects from the waters of inanity as any that emerge from a European university, Mr. McNally notwithstanding. JESSICA LOUISE BECKER.

THE BARB. By William McNally. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

La Parcelle 32

IT IS a curious and unlooked-for fact that rural life should have such a deleterious effect upon human beings. Some of Thomas Hardy's peasants, to be sure, are frequently marvels of sagacity, and Alice Brown has shown the pleasanter side of the New England character, but the majority of writers on rustic life show up the peasant as a most unpleasant person. M. Ernest Perochon, in "La Parcelle 32," has added the French farmer to the list in a study that at once impresses the reader as true to life; and yet, when we think of the achievements of this same class during the Great War, we would willingly close our eyes to the fact that its very virtues may become faults; that its thrift only too often degenerates into avarice, its fondness for the soil becomes covetousness, its natural strength of character is intensified into cruelty.

The time of the story is the latter months of the war, when the peasants found themselves unexpectedly well off owing to the rise in the price of food. This unlooked-for increase of capital means but one thing to old Amand Mazureau, farmer, of Fougeray—the increase of his holdings. In vain the notary suggests the investment of some money in State bonds; he even suggests that the old man sell the farm, investing the proceeds, and living upon the interest. The price to be obtained is high, the interest on the bonds excellent, but to Mazureau the idea of parting with his family acres is not to be considered for a moment. On the contrary, he wishes to add to them by the purchase of an adjoining field, Parcelle 32.

But the old fellow has not quite enough money on hand to complete the purchase, and must borrow some. To the artless American mind nothing seems more simple. If any one be so benighted as to want more farming land than he has, no matter how little that may be, let him go to the nearest bank and negotiate a loan. Not so are matters conducted in France. In Mazureau's part of the world one borrows only of one's relatives, and this is the principal reason why he favors the marriage of his pretty daughter, Eveline, with one Honoré, an elderly, well-to-do farmer of the neighborhood. But Eveline has other views, connected with a handsome young soldier at the front, and much backing and filling, much advancing and retreating on both sides takes place before the end of the story.

When an Englishman writes a story of rural life he depicts his surroundings, showing his racial love of country life and his appreciation of the beauties of nature. There is but little description of Fougeray in M. Perochon's book, and that little is not alluring, so perhaps he is one of those to whom Paris spells all of France.

The translation, by Frances C. Fay, is fairly good, tho it is a little difficult to see why any one should have taken the trouble to do it. The one merit of the story lies in the picture it gives of the French peasant, his intense love for the land, and his earnest desire to possess as much of it as possible.

MARY K. FORD.

LA PARCELLE 32. By Ernest Perochon. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Pilgrim's Rest

REACHING its climax with a vivid description of the great strike on the Rand in 1913, Mr. Francis Brett Young's new novel is a story of South Africa, and especially of Johannesburg. Told in leisurely fashion, it all centers about the character of its very likable hero, Hayman, a man who "had found romance in the form of solitary adventure." Like so many "illiterate

romantics" of his type, "he had lived romance without much imagination, where others are content to imagine it without living." Miner, prospector, soldier during the Boer War, he was essentially an individualist, and when, after twenty years, he returned for special reasons of his own to his old job, and found work in one of the mines of the Reef near Johannesburg, he was not at all interested in the unions, whose power was spreading rapidly. But the unions and the union leaders were very much interested in him, and what they did to him, and what they tried to do, give the book some thrilling and dramatic pages.

Hayman himself is exceptionally well drawn, both in his faults and in his virtues. His obstinacy, his good sportsmanship, his shyness, his courage, his occasional loss of self-control, his reverent love for the woman who seems to him so wonderful, are shaped into a well-rounded and consistent whole. The action and all the other characters are seen through Hayman's eyes, and these other characters, too, are real people. Especially well done is Mrs. Wroth, whose tragedy is the all-but-universal one of parenthood; the plucky, dependable Beatrice is a fine heroine, and the Paganos, those entirely respectable proprietors of an entirely disreputable establishment, have been seen clearly and with understanding.

Altho the greater part of the action takes place in and around Johannesburg and the Diadem Mine, there are also glimpses of the low country, "green and warm and friendly," and of the uplands, where temptation came to Hayman, and where he first felt the influence of the dead man who was to play so important a part in his life. At last, far away from the railroads, he reaches the mountains and the little settlement which to him was in very truth "Pilgrim's Rest." The novel is interesting, well written and very real, a thoroughly worth-while picture of a man and his environment.

PILGRIM'S REST. By Francis Brett Young. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00.

The Survivors

LUCAS MALET'S new novel attempts to trace some of the effects of the Great War as shown by "The Survivors," those men and women, young and middle-aged, who lived and suffered through the war years, and have now emerged from them into a peace which is no peace. It is an ambitious book, and much of it has been very well done, but it is overcrowded and overwritten. There are too many characters; just as we are becoming really interested in one or more of them, we are forcibly led away to another group. There is no individual, nor is there any close-knit group upon which the interest is focused; the book suffers from this, as well as from the author's constant repetition of certain favorite phrases.

Lydia Aylwin, a girl still in her twenties, represents the younger generation: clear-eyed, upstanding, disposed to frankness and to trying to find out the truth for herself; but somehow she leaves the reader cold. Her portrait has a certain flatness, a lack of the charm it is manifestly intended to possess. Her creator never seems to feel quite at home with her, never seems quite comfortable in her society. Yet she is interesting, and her attitude toward marriage, her objection to the "fighting male," is striking enough to make one wonder whether it is that of many English girls. In sharp contrast to her stands her mother, Lady Aylwin, lovely to look at, intensely—much too intensely—feminine, outwardly admirable and inwardly a neurotic of a particularly evil kind. She has been presented with the greatest care and with a wealth of detail, one of those women who heartily enjoyed the war and "the smirched business of sex" then so much in evidence.

A different wartime effect appears in the meeting of Rupert Secker with the lady of his one great romance; a lady who, "art and career playing her false through accident, . . . had chosen to reconstruct her life away in Russia." He remembered her as she had been, beautiful, young, imperial, a great prima donna, ruling

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by right of her "golden voice." Now, voice and beauty gone, she had escaped from the tyranny of the Bolsheviki, an old woman, but with her taste for dominance unspoiled.

The novel is practically plotless; it is slow in movement, the style is sometimes strained, and the book as a whole would have been the better for vigorous pruning. But the author's comments on life and character are usually worth while, her point of view is interesting, and her work has more than a touch of distinction.

The Survivors. By Lucas Malet. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.00.

The Fascinating Stranger

ONE finds Booth Tarkington's lighter moods reflected in his new volume, "The Fascinating Stranger, and Other Stories," but not always the most amusing of his lighter moods. For the tales are uneven; the best of them are very good, the worst indifferent. There are several stories about children, written in his familiar vein, which are entertaining, and one tale which deals with an almost extinct species—the hack-driver of other days.

Some of the philosophically inclined among us may occasionally have wondered what has become of these men whose very appearance cried "horse," and cried it very loud. Here we have the tale of one of them, not a particularly estimable citizen, perhaps, but certainly a man and a brother, whose final, dramatic appearance was the realization of the sort of day-dream most of us have indulged in at one time or another. "The Fascinating Stranger" is an exceptionally good short story, a bit of real life vividly and whimsically presented. Very different, but no less entertaining, is "Jeannette," an extravaganza of the Jazz Age as seen through the eyes of a man who had involuntarily retired from the world at a time when well-bred girls of nineteen or so did not carry pocket-flasks or disport themselves in dances of the kind that "tourists used to see in Paris at the *Bal Bullier*." All things considered, it is scarcely possible to be surprised at the effect the sight—and sounds!—of a modern dancing party had upon Uncle Charles.

Of the thirteen stories in the book five are about children, and two of these, "The Party" and "Willamilla," are among the best in the volume. There are few grown people who have not suffered from a sudden, apparently inexplicable outburst of rioting at a children's party, and all who have will read with sympathy this account of the doings of Laurence Coy and Daisy Mears. Daisy had always seemed such a nice, quiet little girl, but nice, quiet little girls seldom attract much attention, and Daisy was used to standing in the background. This afternoon, however, she took sudden and violent possession of the center of the stage—and found it a highly agreeable position. No wonder that "she went out of the house with a character that had changed permanently during the brief course of a children's party."

Laurence, Daisy, and pretty Elsie Threamer appear again in "Willamilla," assisted this time by a colored baby with "a voice like the tinnier tones of a light saxophone" and a dog of determined nature and indeterminate breed, named Hossifer. Poor Laurence found himself quite unable to cope with Willamilla and Hossifer, tho he tried hard, with results extremely unpleasant to him, tho highly amusing to the reader. "The Tiger" and "Ladies' Ways" are other stories of Laurence and the two little girls, but they are not so entertaining as the others, while "The Only Child" is too obviously a story with a purpose. The volume as a whole does not rank with Mr. Tarkington's best, but many of the tales are amusing, and the author's style is always a delight.

The Fascinating Stranger, and Other Stories. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.00.

The Great-Grandmother

TO ALL those who care for humor of other than the slap-stick variety, the name of George A. Birmingham on a title-page has long been a promise of joys to come. And while nothing he has written since the outbreak of the Great War has been quite so completely blithe in spirit as were the earlier books, which told of the adventures of J. J. Meldon, some time Curate of Ballymoy, his work is all entertaining. This new story, which demonstrates the advantages of having a beauty for one's great-grandmother, and the disadvantages of being besieged by a large and voracious flock of creditors, is a tale to chuckle over.

It relates the experiences of a thoroughly likable, cool-headed young Englishman, Basil Price, private secretary to Lord Edmund Troyte, a statesman who knew all about Albanian boundaries, was a keen fisherman, and an excellent judge of pictures. Basil shared his chief's fondness for fishing, if not his love of pictures, and it was the former which took him to the little town of Carnew, in the county of Connaught. There he encountered Sir Amos Coppinger, who, by the simple process of habitually spending more than he had, had acquired the creditors already mentioned; Sir Amos Coppinger's daughter, the beautiful Gainsborough portrait of Sir Amos Coppinger's great-grandmother—and Mr. Charlie Royce. But to attempt to describe Mr. Charlie Royce, the one and only lawyer in Carnew, is to attempt the impossible. He is an individual of a type that George A. Birmingham alone can draw to perfection. If he does not amuse you, you are either a confirmed grouch, or should consult a physician. His views on the advantages of matrimony, his method of disposing of inconvenient telegrams, his dextrous handling of the excellent Sergeant Cussen and of the very persistent Lord Edmund, are all entirely characteristic. You feel that he is thoroughly enjoying himself and his own cleverness, and generously permitting you to share his pleasure.

This same Charlie Royce is the first person Basil Price meets on arriving at Carnew, and tho they have never seen each other before, they go together through the dangers and difficulties which make their lives, for a time at least, anything but monotonous. There are endless complications to be encountered, and what with the police, and Jimmy Rafferty the obnoxious, and the resourceful Mick, and the determined Kaitcer and a few others, events move swiftly. There are only a few of the would-be humorists whose productions are genuinely funny, and among these few the gentleman who uses the pen-name of George A. Birmingham holds a secure place.

THE GREAT-GRANDMOTHER. By George A. Birmingham. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $2.

Gates of Life

MR. BJÖRKMAN has achieved another of his admirable and sustained character studies. His language is simple, vital, well chosen; he is one of the very few contemporary writers whose prose is neither tedious nor strainingly impressionistic. "Gates of Life" is a novel appealing both in subject and in treatment; sane and honest. Superlatives would do it injustice, for they have become lifeless—and this is a novel too vivid to warrant such detracting criticism.

Those who know the author's earlier work, "The Soul of a Child," will recognize many characters; "Gates of Life" is the second of an autobiographical trilogy, but is complete in itself. It will, to be sure, awaken interest in the former volume—for Keith Wellander, so well worth knowing in that book, is worth knowing better. It will, with equal sureness, stimulate interest in the volume to come.

Mr. Björkman's concept of life is twofold: life to him consists equally in love and work. Everything else is incidental, significant only as it affects these two elementals. Man's progress is from one field of knowledge to another, and each thing learned is a newly opened gate. Keith Wellander lives as a child for the

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great day of escape from school—then lives to learn that escape from school is not an escape from self. He is employed as a clerk, and when he has mastered his tasks, escapes from that field only to find himself in another, equally limiting. His interest in women awakens, and he experiments; but his experiments, tho complete, are but other non-essentials. He falls in love, youthfully idealistic, and discovers bitterness in that. He wishes freedom from parental control, and, having achieved it, is no more satisfied than before. The stage lures him; he becomes an actor, accomplishes what he set out to accomplish, and finds that hollow. His final dream is of America; he must leave the false atmosphere of his native Sweden. And this is the dream yet to be realized.

During these ten years of development, futile tho his attempts seem, each contributes to his sum-total of knowledge. He is too sensitive to be entirely normal, but is too natural a figure in our present civilization either to be damned or dismissed. There is a certain healthiness in his progress, even tho that progress, in itself, seems at times to defeat him.

"Gates of Life" is a study of groping youth, earnest, sincere. It could do much to clear muddied atmospheres of parental stupidity and social indifference; perhaps it will. But beyond this worthiness, it is an excellent transcript of life and a smoothly turned story; it has the universal note of real literature. Mr. Björkman is a considerable contemporary—and a potential master.

Gates of Life. By Edwin Björkman. 384 pages. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Corduroy

THERE is something particularly pleasing about "Corduroy." It is a novel of the West; not the wild and woolly West, but a sane, clean, reasonable West. Whether it is the author's pleasant manner of writing, the excellent characterization, or the very human, very likable plot that makes for the pleasurable something is hard to determine, but one's sympathetic interest is sustained throughout.

Virginia Valdés McVeagh, she of the Spanish mouth and the Scotch chin, indicative of her mixed characteristics, is fond of riding and of outdoor sports, of horses and of cattle. She falls in love with Dean Wolcott, a devotee of Boston and of all that Boston spells. He loves her as much as she loves him, but their tastes and habits clash, and misunderstanding and bitterness follow. Her surreptitious gropings for culture, and his for the out-of-doors, at length bring them together again, giving to each enjoyment and comprehension of the other's point of view. It is all very real and very human.

Aunt Fan is a particularly good bit of character drawing; almost every one of us knows an Aunt Fan; and Elmer Bunty, who wanted above all else to be a good scout, is a pathetically true and poignant picture. Here and there are bits of real humor. "Corduroy" is one of the few books that make no pretense of depth, and yet one finishes feeling glad one has read it.

Corduroy. By Ruth Comfort Mitchell. 294 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.

The Snare

A HISTORICAL romance which makes the period alive and present; a stirring, swiftly-moving plot; characters in whose fates we feel concern, a love-story—all these are Sabatini's "The Snare."

The time is that of the Napoleonic wars, the country Portugal, the people English, including the powerful Wellington in the background. The tale begins with the mistake of a dashing young officer, who, under the influence of too much Portuguese wine, essays to gain more by forcing entrance to a monastery, but instead breaks into a nunnery. From this act of his the plot draws into the snare his dearest friends, and his family, with far-reaching results. Intrigue, jealousy, spying, all are involved; and the situation becomes extremely difficult for those concerned but interesting to the reader.

The gallant Ned Tremayne; O'Moy, the quick-tempered and blunt; his shallow, pretty wife; the lovelier Sylvia, all move and breathe in this swift drama, which the author has made convincing. There is just enough historical background to fit the story into its period, but it is not ponderous. The events do not seem very far away, for Sabatini makes them vivid by simple and direct writing, and the flavor of the tale is given more by action than by the clank of sabers. The sabers are there, however; a fatal duel, dependent on an early escapade in the book—tho much more is involved—brings out chivalry and the power of a woman's love. The force of the story depends largely on the fact that the author makes use so skilfully of human qualities powerful in every age—vanity, sacrifice, jealousy, and love. Finally, the forceful Wellington comes upon the stage to settle the matter as he alone can. He is portrayed as an interesting combination of the soldier and the man. Altogether, a book to be recommended to the lover of Sabatini's romances.

The Snare. By Rafael Sabatini. 302 pages. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

West of the Water Tower

"WEST of the Water Tower" is as like "Main Street" as Junction City is like Gopher Prairie, but with a difference that makes the two books very unlike. For, while we see Gopher Prairie through the eyes of an "outsider" who feels herself superior to her environment, Junction City is spread out before us by its own. With the help of anonymous publication, the author has merged both himself and his technique with the characters of Guy, of Guy's father, of Chew, and of Bee. He has eliminated the possibility of unfairness by eliminating the "foreign" point of view. The people of the thousands of Junction Cities in the country can no more repudiate this picture of themselves than they could repudiate a photograph of their own band-stand taken by their own photographer.

The book has no style, apart from the manner of thought of the characters. It has no attempt at cleverness or satire, and no brilliance of phrase. It does not connive at situations. It wrings no crass melodrama from its story, which has been the basis of many melodramas. Its orange-colored binding does not belong to it. The jacket should have been gray—the gray shadow of the water tower that loomed over the town.

West of the Water Tower. Anonymous. 367 pages. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.

Island Gold

YOU will have to go a long way to find a livelier or more entertaining yarn than "Island Gold." In it Mr. Valentine Williams relates certain of the later adventures of Major Desmond Okewood of the Secret Service, and of that very unpleasant individual, "The Man with the Club-Foot." The story opens in a little South American Republic, where Okewood is enjoying a well-earned vacation. One night he receives a mysterious summons, and from the hands of a dying Englishman the gift of a packet about as dangerous as dynamite, tho much more valuable. For the packet contains a cipher which tells how to find a buried treasure, and a particularly nefarious lot of scoundrels know of its existence, and are deeply anxious to get hold of it. But this is only the beginning of an exciting tale in which an uninhabited island, an irascible millionaire, a lovely girl, plucky as she is charming, a yacht, a cave and a strange image all take part. The cipher is ingenious, the hero likable, the villain determined, and the events cleverly manipulated. The author's style is good, and those who like mystery and adventure will be well advised if they turn their attention to "Island Gold."

Island Gold. By Valentine Williams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.

Rescuing Leigh Hunt from His Enemies

(*Continued from page 21*)

f their journalistic night, and they receive, tho tardily, their ue share of "the loved Apollan leaves."

This consummation Mr. Milford's pious, and almost incredibly ainstaking, labors on behalf of his poetry must certainly bring bout in the case of Leigh Hunt. And the work has been done at time when it is more likely to bear fruit than it would thirty or rty years ago, for there is much in Leigh Hunt's poetic methods, articularly in his narrative poems, which should appeal to the ounger generation of poets, with their impatience of formalism, nd their experimental exercises toward that swaying freedom of ıythm of which Hunt was the earliest English exponent.

Hunt's few perfect things are perhaps on a small scale, and the ing on which he makes his more ambitious flights too often roops, and sometimes even seems broken, yet such sonnets as ıose to "The Nile," "To the Grasshopper and the Cricket," n "A Lock of Milton's Hair"—in writing which he had Keats s a friendly competitor, Keats coming out second-best—can ardly be regarded as minor, and his charming, deftly turned astern apologues, such as "Abou ben Adhem" and "Jaffàr," re unique in their way. "Jenny Kissed Me" may be a trifle, ut who would not be proud to own it? Superior persons may isdain these small triumphs, tho not so Professor Saintsbury, nd what Saintsbury admires should be good enough for any one. hese things are in every anthology, and by these Hunt is chiefly nown, but in anthologies, of course, the qualities of his longer, ıore ambitious poems can not be displayed. These, in spite of ıeir "Cockney" lapses, abound in fine passages, are often starred y "thoughts that into glory peep," and no generous judgment ill find them too irremediably blemished for enjoyment. As Ir. Milford says, Hunt is too often found "in the act of spoiling horn and not making a spoon," and at his worst there is no enying that he can be terrible. Yet it is dangerous to skip him, or his worst is often immediately followed by his best, and we ever know when we are likely to come upon fine things it were pity to miss.

How tireless was Leigh Hunt's industry we get an idea hen we realize that, with all his newspaper work and essay-riting, he found time for the immense poetic and dramatic out-ut contained in this volume, which runs to 661 pages, without ounting another hundred pages of notes, prefaces and variorum eadings. And there remain at least three plays of his still in ıanuscript. One very delightful play, "A Legend of Florence," s contained in this volume, with fragments of others, and, while is romantic poetry is most characteristic, it is far from being the ulk of his poetic writing. There was no form of poetry at which e did not try his hand, including political and poetical satires, uch as "Captain Sword and Captain Pen" (a vigorous allegory gainst war), "The Feast of the Poets," "Blue-Stocking Revels," oetical "Epistles" to his friends, and what not. In this connec-ion the student of literary satire will be glad to find reprinted ere for the first time that satire on William Gifford, "Ultra-Crepidarius," to which Mr. Edmund Gosse drew attention some ime ago in his "Gossip in a Library." And not the least valuable f Hunt's literary baggage is the immense mass of translations f Greek, Latin, Italian, and French poetry, in which his light nd yet accurate skill has rarely been equaled. His translations rom Theocritus have only been equaled by Andrew Lang's prose ersion, and his translation of Redi's "Bacchus in Tuscany" is an cknowledged masterpiece. But it is impossible to give more than n indication of the immense amount of fine work Mr. Milford's olume contains in the section devoted to translation alone; and t is to be hoped that its publication may result in a just revalua-ion of one who has long waited the high honors due him both as poet and a creative critic. Few writers have loved literature so vell, with so intense and so wise a passion, or done it such noble ervice, and the general debt of all lovers of literature to Leigh Hunt is beyond exaggeration. It is full time that we began to ay it.

R. L. G.

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The Literary Digest
INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW
354 Fourth Ave. New York City

A Close-up of Books and Authors

COINCIDENTALLY with Joseph Conrad's visit to the United States comes the announcement that he is to write the preface for "The Life of Stephen Crane," by Thomas Beer, which Alfred A. Knopf is to issue in the coming autumn. Mr. Beer is less familiar to American readers as a biographer than as a writer of distinctive short stories and the author of a novel of stage-life published last year.

Padraic Colum, Irish poet, playwright and teller of folk-tales, is about to make his début as a novelist. Mr. Colum's first novel, "Castle Conquer," will shortly be issued by Macmillan. Those who have seen the manuscript describe the novel as a romantic story of Irish life, dealing with a period when the political aspirations of the people had the color of romance, and peasant life had qualities of poetry and humor. Mr. Colum has just returned from a three-months' sojourn in Hawaii, where he has been collecting native folk-lore for the two volumes of Hawaiian folk-stories which the government Commission on Myth and Legend invited him to prepare, and which the Yale University Press is to publish. Mr. Colum will spend the summer writing at the MacDowell Colony, Peterborough, New Hampshire.

G. K. Chesterton is soon to publish, through Dodd, Mead & Co., another volume of essays under the title "Fancies Versus Fads," in which he touches playfully a wide range of subjects, from lawyers to cavemen, and from psychoanalysis to free verse. G. K. C. says: "It is only from the normal standpoint that all the nonsense of the world takes on something of the wild interest of wonderland. It is we ordinary humdrum people who can enjoy eccentricity as a sort of elf-land, while the eccentrics are too serious even to know that they are elves." A possible discussion of the elfin characteristics of Freud by Chesterton would indeed be worth reading!

Before Kate Douglas Wiggin sailed for Europe a month ago, she put into the hands of her publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company, the complete manuscript of her autobiography, which is scheduled for fall publication. As the creator of the immortal Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Kate Douglas Wiggin has endeared herself to countless readers all over the world, and her autobiography should prove of unusual interest.

CONRAD ON HIS LAST CRUISE

A hitherto unpublished picture of Joseph Conrad as chief officer of the *Torrens*, the last ship on which he sailed, with his second and third officers and the last group of boys that passed through his hands. The boy seated at the left was drowned saving life at sea, the boy next him became a captain in the Indian Marines, and the one on the right, when Conrad last heard of him, was a captain of a gunboat in the Chinese Custom Service.

Hugh Lofting has been awarded the Newbery Medal for his "Voyages of Doctor Doolittle," judged by vote of the Children's Librarians of the United States to be "the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children in 1922." The first award of the medal was made in 1921 to Hendrik Willem Van Loon's "Story of Mankind." Mr. Lofting was born in England, but is now an American citizen, residing in Westport, Connecticut, where he devotes his time to writing and drawing.

The Prix Renaissance has just been awarded to Paul Morand for his new volume of stories, "Fermé la Nuit." M. Morand is the best known and perhaps most artistic of the post-war French writers, and his earlier volumes, "Tendres Stocks" and "Ouvert la Nuit," reviewed in the January issue of this magazine, earned high critical praise and wide popularity upon their publication; his books are now being translated into English. M. Morand hopes to visit the United States in the near future.

Anna Viroubova, the intimate friend of the late Empress of Russia, has written her memoirs of the Russian court and the revolution, and her story is to be published by the Macmillan Company next fall. The author's name has been prominent in most of the published accounts of the Russian revolution, and in telling her own story of her relations with the royal family and the Siberian peasant-preacher Rasputin, and of what she saw during the revolution, she throws, new light on the most famous characters and events of Russia's recent history.

William Lyon Phelps is the author of the next volume of the Dartmouth Alumni Lectureships, announced for immediate publication by the Marshall Jones Company. Under the title of "Some Makers of American Literature" he discusses such writers and political figures as Hawthorne, Cooper, Lincoln Emerson, Webster, and Mark Twain.

On May 17 the Authors' Club of New York held a dinner in celebration of the twentieth anniversary of M. Jusserand's occupancy of the post of Ambassador from France to the United States, and in honor of his distinguished work as a man of letters and critic.

Sheila Kaye-Smith's new novel, her first since the remarkable "Joanna Godden," is entitled "The End of the House of Alard," and is promised for early publication by E. P. Dutton & Co. The book is said to be an intimate and realistic study of life in the south of England, dealing specifically with the contemporary difficulty of many old families, that of maintaining hereditary landed estates on diminishing incomes.

The host of admirers of Robert Louis Stevenson will welcome the series of letters, hitherto unpublished, soon to appear in three numbers of *Scribner's Magazine*. These letters were written by Stevenson between the ages of twenty-three and twenty-six to Mrs. Sitwell, now Lady Colvin, who has given permission that the letters be published for the light they throw upon many difficulties which beset the young writer in these formative years. They are probably the only letters to Lady Colvin that will be published during her lifetime, and they show clearly how Sir Sidney and Lady Colvin helped Stevenson to find himself and his place in literature.

The late Marcel Proust, who died in Paris in November at the age of fifty-one, was among the most romantic and significant figures in French letters. Before the age of forty he was unknown as a writer, but in 1913 published his novel, "Swann's Way" recently translated into English and issued here by Henry Holt & Co. Since 1913 Proust wrote five other books continuing his autobiographical series, and at the time of his death was working on a new novel to be entitled "Temps Retrouvés."

Proust had the reputation of having been the last and certainly one of the most distinguished of dandies who gave the aristocratic society of Paris its rare flavor in pre-war days. He was most fastidious in his tastes, fond of beautiful, elegant women, great cosmopolitan gatherings, a patron of the arts. During the last ten years of his life he pleaded a mysterious malady as the cause of his retirement from the social scene, immured himself in a sound-proof room in his magnificent home, rarely consented to receive visits, and then only after eleven at night, still more rarely paid visits, and then only at two in the morning. During ten years he was never seen by any one except clad in full evening dress. Many stories, some of them perhaps apocryphal, are told of his wit, his excessively sensitive nerves, his valetudinarianism. One of the best concerns a visitor to his home who complained of the heaviness of the atmosphere, perhaps quite naturally, since no windows were ever opened there. M. Proust's valet quite courteously responded that the atmosphere was "good for the ideas of Monsieur Proust."

Extraordinary praise is being bestowed by English reviewers upon a book of poems, "Images and Meditations," by Mary Duclaux (London: Fisher Unwin). Here is one example of the indubitable poetry in the volume:

Pure souls that love me feel mine inner dearth,
And I in trusting eyes
Have read a disenchanted, grave surprise,
A sense of dust and earth;
So one who spies a fountain's dewy brink
Draws near and fain would drink,
But finds the fountain dry—
That fountain, Lord, to them I love am I.

Another poem of the same grave, high seriousness, but of more impassioned simplicity, is Madame Duclaux's "The Awakening":

Here, in the blue of the dawn, with the first pale glint in the curtains,
Sudden, I started awake, sitting bemused on my bed,
Thought I was back (how strange!) a maid in my maiden-chamber,
Back in the London house, a slip of a girl, unwed.

Forty years of endeavour, love, and lonely bereavement
Slipped from my shoulders, then; fresh in the morning gleam
I was a girl of twenty, alert, with a life before her.
All my days and my doings nothing more than a dream.
Well, do you think I was glad?
Bitter, acute disappointment
Struck at the strings of my heart, jangled me out of my sleep;
Glad to be old, half-blind, a foreigner here and a widow,
Since I have known (thank God) all I remember and keep.

The Literary Eclipse of Russia

(*Continued from page 53*)

open to the West all the Orient's rich musical literature, hitherto out of the reach of western musicians, owing to the inadequacy of our scale. Its inventors believe it is one of the most important developments since the creation of the musical clavichord in the middle ages, which reduced the occidental scale to its present fixt confines. In the workshop of the Moscow conservatory a master piano, with several banks of keys, one above the other, as in a pipe organ, has already been constructed.

Both these ventures were conducted under the protection of government patronage, such as it was. The micrological institute is a branch of the Commissariat of Health. The conservatory is a subdepartment in the Commissariat of Fine Arts, at the head of which is Lunacharsky, one of Soviet Russia's most ardent art devotees, who was responsible for the preservation of many of Russia's finest objects of art at the time when the spirit of destruction ran high.

The Bolshevik Government also made a genuine, if unsuccessful, attempt to stimulate interest in things of the mind among the uneducated. Throughout Russia 1,000 libraries and reading-rooms were opened, with the hope of arousing interest in books and literature among the working classes. The attempt failed, because conditions of life did not permit the leisure necessary for reading, and because it was not possible in so short a time to change tastes which had been a lifetime in forming. "Our readers still come almost exclusively from the former upper classes," the chief librarian of the Moscow Central Workers' Library told me. "And there aren't too many of them. When a man has to work hard all day and walk home at night to an ill-heated room, he does not feel in the mood for books!"

The new libraries are free—a decided variation from the usual continental system—and the rooms I visited were neat and attractive. The book lists were not too long, but good so far as they went. All were pre-war volumes. Most of the books were confiscated from private libraries of the rich.

In a little smoke-choked café on the Tverskaya a young group of futurist poets, ranging in age between eighteen and twenty-five, meet nightly to declaim their "productions" in undecipherable accents, to the plaudits and amusement of the crowd of curiosity-seekers who frequent the place. A few of them doubtless have serious literary ambitions. The leader of the group, Yessenin (known to America as Isadora Duncan's husband), has written several rather interesting pieces. But thus far the chief result of their efforts has been to attract patrons to their café.

As yet, there is no paying market for current literature in Russia. Periodical publications in Moscow are confined to the official communistic dailies, a few non-political trade and professional journals (daily, semi-weekly, or weekly), and theatrical reviews. Some of these occasionally publish bits of verse. The *Ekran* once in a while runs a skit or a satirical short story of mediocre character. Another journal published in Petrograd might be compared to a poor college comic. Meanwhile, the exile book colony in Berlin continues to flourish.

How soon will conditions in Russia make it possible for a writer to earn his living again by means of his pen? How soon will a new generation of writers grow up, prepared to supply Russian publishers with creditable material for their presses? How soon will the censorship lighten sufficiently to permit the exiled authors to return? When these questions are answered, Russia's book capital will shift back across the Russian frontier. Until then, it is likely to remain in exile.

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An authoritative volume throwing new light on the causes of the World War—by the man who was First Lord of the British Admiralty from 1911 to 1915.

THE DECADENCE OF EUROPE. By Francesco Nitti. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.

The former Premier of Italy holds that the only salvation for bankrupt Europe lies in a revision of the Treaty of Versailles. He contends that the main obstacle to reconstructing Europe is France.

AS WE SEE IT. By René Viviani. English translation by Thomas R. Ybarra. New York: Harper & Brothers. $3.50.

This book by the War Premier of France presents from official sources the French view of the war and of the peace negotiations.

THESE UNITED STATES. Edited by Ernest Gruening. First series. New York: Boni & Liveright. $3.

Twenty-seven articles on as many different States of the Union, each by a different writer of note. A further volume is to complete the survey of the United States.

PEOPLE AND POLITICS OBSERVED BY A MASSACHUSETTS EDITOR. By Solomon Bulkley Griffin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $5.

Reminiscences of the man who for forty years conducted the destinies of the *Springfield Republican* as its managing editor.

ASPECTS OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE. By Rachel Annand Taylor. With a preface by Gilbert Murray. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.

All sides of the subject are judicially treated—the art, history, literature, and social life of Renaissance Italy.

THREE STUDIES IN ENGLISH LITERATURE: KIPLING, GALSWORTHY, SHAKESPEARE. By André Chevrillon. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.50.

A French academician's study of two present-day English authors, made with a view to establishing the continuity of England's literary tradition back to the time of Shakespeare.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE: A MEMOIR. By Max Pemberton. New York: George H. Doran Co. $3.50.

The romantic story of Lord Northcliffe's life, told by a gifted writer who was his lifelong personal friend.

A PROFESSOR OF LIFE. By Carroll Perry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25.

A biographical sketch of the late Professor Arthur Latham Perry of Williams College, an outstanding figure in the history of education.

THE DRAMA OF SINN FEIN. By Shaw Desmond. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.

An attempt to give the story of Ireland without mental reservations, and, through the drama of Sinn Fein itself, to throw a white light upon the Irish people.

THE GIANTS OF THE MARNE. A story of McAlexander and his regiment. By Jesse W. Wooldridge. Salt Lake City, Utah: The Seagull Press. $1.50.

A narrative of what happened in July, 1918, when the Thirty-eighth United States Infantry accomplished a historic feat at the Second Battle of the Marne.

RAINBOW BRIGHT: THE STORY OF THE FORTY-SECOND DIVISION. By Lawrence O. Stewart. Philadelphia: Dorrance. $2.

A war history that includes the fighting at Château-Thierry, at San Mihiel, and in the Argonne Forest. Illustrated by the author.

DANTE: THE MAN AND THE POET. By Mary Bradford Whiting. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3.50.

This life of Dante is intended for the general reader, and gives a connected account of his career, with a compact description of his writings.

TENNYSON: A MODERN PORTRAIT. By Hugh I'Anson Fausset. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3.

A biography and character analysis of the great Victorian poet as seen by a critic of the post-Victorian epoch.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH AND ANNETTE VALLON. By Emile Legouis. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

In this book a professor of the University of Paris tells the little-known story of Wordsworth's French daughter, to whom the English poet gave his name, tho he never married the mother.

WORDSWORTH IN A NEW LIGHT. By Emile Legouis. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $1.

A lecture in which the author summarizes the facts of Wordsworth's youthful love affair with Annette Vallon.

A MAN FROM MAINE. By Edward W. Bok. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

A biography of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, whom the author regards as a type of American courage, enterprise, simplicity and directness.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND POLITICS: THE INNER STORY OF THE SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT. By Carrie Chapman Catt and Nettie Rogers Shuler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

In this book the President of the National American Woman Suffrage Association tells the story of her thirty years' fight for the ballot.

HEROES OF THE FARTHEST NORTH AND FARTHEST SOUTH. By J. Kennedy Maclean. Illustrated. Revised and enlarged by J. Walker McSpadden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $1.75.

Mr. Maclean's book on polar heroes has been entirely recast, so as to give a complete picture of the conquest of the Antarctic as well as of the Arctic. The material has been increased more than one-third.

MEMORIES OF A SHIPWRECKED WORLD. By Countess Kleinmichel. Translated by Vivian Le Grand. New York: Brentano's.

Autobiography of a Russian gentlewoman, depicting imperial and revolutionary Russia, with many vivid stories of escapes from the Red Terror.

UNFINISHED TALES FROM A RUSSIAN PRISON. By Marguerite E. Harrison. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.

The author was a political prisoner held by the Bolsheviki for ten months. The harrowing stories in this volume were whispered to her by fellow-prisoners.

THE RED MAN IN THE UNITED STATES. By G. E. E. Lindquist. Illustrated. With a foreword by Hon. Charles H. Burke. New York: George H. Doran Co. $3.50.

An intimate study of the social, economic and religious life of the American Indian.

HENRY FORD: AN INTERPRETATION. By Samuel S. Marquis. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.50.

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THE STORY OF OUR LITERATURE: AN INTERPRETATION OF THE AMERICAN SPIRIT. By John Louis Haney. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

Aims to be a trustworthy guide to the things that are worth while in the whole range of our literature, including the books of many living writers.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF TUT-ANKHAMEN. By Bishara Nahas. New York: American Library Service. $1.50.

The author, who was born in Egypt, undertakes in this book to give a popular account of the habits and creeds of Egyptians, tracing them down through the centuries to the present time.

JAY'S TREATY: A STUDY IN COMMERCE AND DIPLOMACY. By Samuel Flagg Bemis. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25.

In this book, which was awarded the $3,000 prize of the Knights of Columbus Historical Commission, Professor Bemis treats very fully the important negotiations between the United States and Great Britain after the Revolutionary War.

VINCENT VAN GOGH: A BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY. By Julius Meier-Graefe. Translated by John Holroyd Reece. One hundred and two illustrations after the works of the artist. Boston: The Medici Society.

A book that has attracted much attention in Europe, both as an unusual biography and as a contribution to the history of art.

ARABIA. By D. G. Hogarth. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.50.

A condensed history of Arabia from earliest times to the entry of the Arabs into the World War.

THE PERSONAL GENESIS OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE. By William A. MacCorkle. New York: G. P. Putman's Sons. $1.50.

Governor MacCorkle, a Virginian, takes sharp issue with those who seek to rob President Monroe of the credit for his famous doctrine.

A LADY'S MAID IN DOWNING STREET. By Auguste Schlüter. Edited by Mabel Duncan. Illustrated. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.50.

Diary of a young woman who served as a maid of the young ladies in Hawarden Castle from 1877 to 1890. Gives glimpses of Tennyson, Parnell, Ruskin, Lord Rosebery, and other notables of the period. Foreword by Sir Basil Thomson.

MARTÍN FIERRO: AN EPIC OF THE ARGENTINE. By Henry A. Holmes New York: Instituto de las Españas.

In this book the instructor in Romance languages at New York University seeks to depict the cowboys of South America, and their spokesman, Martin, to the North American reading public.

ROBERT BROWNING: THE POET AND THE MAN, 1833-1846. By Frances M. Sim. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3.

An intensive study of the period in Browning's life during which he produced "Pauline," "Paracelsus," and "Sordello."

DAMAGED SOULS. By Gamaliel Bradford. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.

An attempt to see the kindly human aspects of John Brown, Thomas Paine, Aaron Burr, P. T. Barnum, Benedict Arnold, Benjamin F. Butler and John Randolph.

WILLIAM PLUMER'S MEMORANDUM OF PROCEEDINGS IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE, 1803-1807. Edited by Everett Somerville Brown. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The journal here reproduced is an almost daily record of sessions in the Senate during four critical years in the early life of the nation.

CASANOVA, ADVENTURER AND LOVER. By Joseph Le Gras. Translated by A. Francis Steuart. With eight illustrations. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $5.

An extended study of the life, times and amours of a French adventurer who lived in the days of Mme. Pompadour.

THE IDEALS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT. By Edward H. Cotton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50.

This book views Roosevelt from the aspect which its author thinks above all else made him great—"his ability to create ideals and then to realize them." Foreword by Corinne Roosevelt Robinson.

OLD MEMORIES. Autobiography by Sir Henry Jones. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.35.

The inspiring life-story of the late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow

FALSIFICATIONS OF THE RUSSIAN ORANGE BOOK. Edited by Baron G. von Romberg. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc. $1.

Full text of the telegrams exchanged between Paris and St. Petersburg at the outbreak of the war. Printed in two kinds of type: regular type to indicate the telegrams which Russia published to prove her innocence, and black type to show the dispatches and portions of dispatches which she omitted.

A SHORT HISTORY OF QUAKERISM (EARLIER PERIODS). By Elizabeth Braithwaite Emmott. New York: George H. Doran Co.

The author's purpose has been to bring within a smaller compass the illuminating facts and spiritual fervor of seven notable volumes by Braithwaite and others.

THE CHICKASAW NATION: A SHORT SKETCH OF A NOBLE PEOPLE. By James H. Malone. Louisville, Ky.: John P. Morton & Co.

A narrative history of the Chickasaw Indians, the cession of all their lands to the Government, and their pathetic fate.

Travel

AMBLING THROUGH ACADIA. By Charles Hanson Towne. New York: The Century Co. $2.50.

An account of a leisurely journey through the land of Evangeline, its quaint villages and interesting inhabitants. With drawings by W. Emerton Heitland.

THE PEAKS OF SHALA. By Rose Wilder Lane. Profusely illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A spirited record of an American author's wanderings among the hill-tribes of Northern Albania.

FOURTEEN YEARS A SAILOR. By John Kenlon. Illustrated. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.

The seafaring adventures and experiences of the youth who in manhood has become Chief of the Fire Department of New York City.

LONDON AND ITS ENVIRONS. Handbook for travelers. By Karl Baedeker. With 45 maps and plans. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

Eighteenth revised edition of the familiar red handbook which has been in use by tourists since 1878.

DOWN THE MACKENZIE THROUGH THE GREAT LONE LAND. By Fullerton Waldo. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.

Trappers, hunters, buffalo rangers, gold seekers, fishermen, woodcutters, Indians, missionaries and nuns all figure in this book of Arctic travel.

CANADIAN CITIES OF ROMANCE. By Katherine Hale. Illustrated. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Young as some of the Canadian cities are, they are rich in literary tradition and associations; these have been gathered into the readable pages of this book.

UNDERSTANDING ITALY. By Clayton Sedgwick Cooper. Illustrated. New York: The Century Co. $3.

The spirit of youth, which seems to be revitalizing the Italian nation, permeates the chapters of Mr. Cooper's book.

JERSEY: AN ISLE OF ROMANCE. By Blanche B. Elliott. Illustrated with etchings by H. V. Edge. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50.

An account of the adventurous past and the picturesque present of the English island on which Victor Hugo spent some of his last years.

CLIMBS ON ALPINE PEAKS. By Abate Achille Ratti (Pope Pius XI). Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.

A book in which his Holiness narrates his adventures in the Alps in his younger days. Translated by J. E. C. Eaton. Introduction by Rt. Rev. L. C. Casartelli, Bishop of Salford.

THE NEW OLD-WORLD. By Thomas H. Dickinson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50

A survey of conditions in the new Baltic States, the Succession States, and Austria, intended to bring home to Americans a definite realization of what the peoples of this area of Europe are contending against.

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION IN MEXICO. By Edward Alsworth Ross. New York: The Century Co. $1.75.

Professor Ross found Mexico a very sick country, but came back convinced that social revolution in this case had been a success.

TWO YEARS IN SOUTHERN SEAS. By Charlotte Cameron. Illustrated. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $4.50.

Narrative of two years' wanderings in the South Seas, from Hawaii to Samoa, Fiji, Tahiti, and the Solomon Islands.

AMONG THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF FORMOSA. By Janet B. Montgomery McGovern. Illustrated. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $4.

The author has many interesting things to tell about the primitive aborigines of Formosa.

CASTE AND OUTCASTE. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.

An intimate account of daily life in India, written by an Oriental who has come to know American life almost as well as that which he describes.

FROM GOLDEN GATE TO GOLDEN SUN. By Hermann Norden. Illustrated. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $4.

A record of travel, sport and observation in Siam and Malaya.

SWINGING LANTERNS. By Elizabeth Crump Enders. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50.

A keen-eyed American woman's impressions of China, its cities, highways and byways, and some of its most romantic and out-of-the-way corners.

Essays

DE SENECTUTE: MORE LAST WORDS: By Frederic Harrison. New York. D. Appleton & Co. $3.

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mourneth for her first born," "go to blazes," "spilled the beans," "kiss me quick," "go off at half cock," "curl the lip," "custard pie comedies," "fat is in the fire," "bowels of mercy," "tote fair," "make a touch," "sweet on her," "tweedledum and tweedledee," "to suck an orange," "come home to roost," "tailors of Tooley street." The above are haphazard pickings from the 11,000 idioms and idiotisms quoted *and described* in that remarkable book, just from the press—"*A Desk Book of*

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Important Books of the Month

(*Continued from page 71*)

buildings of New York embodies the labors of a commission that was assisted by the Milbank Memorial Fund.

A Selected Bibliography of Books on Public Health. Compiled by James A. Tobey. New York: National Health Council, 370 Seventh Avenue.

A tentative list consisting of thirteen typewritten sheets (not a book) of titles of outstanding works on public health. Intended for the use of sanitarians, librarians, and the general public.

The Health of the Runabout Child. By William Palmer Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

Practical advice for parents concerning the child's journey from his mother's lap to the school-gate.

Business

Stimulating the Organization. By Orline D. Foster. New York: Harper & Brothers. $4.

Takes up the problem, especially difficult since the war, of stimulating the organization of an office or plant into a "hard hitting" group of workers.

The Economic Pinch. By Hon. C. A. Lindbergh. Philadelphia: Dorrance. $1.50.

The author, a former Congressman, analyzes the economic problems of the hour and prescribes for their treatment.

The Larger Stewardship. By Charles A. Cook. Philadelphia: The Judson Press. $1.

The author holds that stewardship of property is only one item in a far larger whole, which includes stewardship of personality, talent, influence and opportunity.

Sunwise Turn: A Human Comedy of Bookselling. By Madge Jenison. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

A breezy and stimulating account of the experiences of a woman who made a success of a bookshop.

The New Capitalism. By S. A. Baldus. Chicago: The O'Donnell Press.

The object of the author is to show the eighty million non-investors in the United States how to organize for their own protection.

The Control of Wages. By Walton Hamilton and Stacy May. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

A serious discussion of a fundamental economic problem, in which the author succeeds in being both provocative and amusing.

Highways and Highway Transportation. By George R. Chatburn. Illustrated. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.

What types of road construction are best for permanent use? How may they be improved and safeguarded? These and other phases of the subject are exhaustively treated.

The Secret of Wealth. By Franklyn Hobbs. Chicago: Franklyn Hobbs & Co. $3.

The experience of the ages in the accumulation of money and property expounded through incidents drawn from actual life.

Education and Industry. By Henry C. Link. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.

Discusses methods of preparing individuals not only for specific vocations, but for taking an intelligent part in our increasingly complicated economic system.

Making Letters Pay. By Edward H. Schulze. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $5.

Presents in handy book form the Schulze Making Letters Pay System, which has hitherto been obtainable only as an exclusive service for business firms.

Woollen and Worsted Spinning. By Aldred F. Barker. Illustrated. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

A broad survey of the woolen industry, being the second of two volumes specially designed to take the place of W. S. Bright McLaren's treatise written in 1884.

Organized Cooperation. By John J. Dillon. Distributed by *The Rural New-Yorker*, 333 West 30th Street, N. Y.

A brief but comprehensive account of the development of organization, the principles of cooperation, and the application of it to farm distribution.

Miscellaneous

The American Elementary School: A Study in Fundamental Principles. By John Louis Horn. (Century Education Series.) New York: The Century Co. $2.

Shows how the graded school system will have to be reshaped because of the altered conditions and new problems which it now faces.

A Parents' Manual: Child Problems, Mental and Moral. By Maximilian P. E. Groszmann. Vol. I. New York: The Century Co. $2.50.

A practical study for the use of parents, being a companion volume to this author's "Child Problems in Health and Illness."

The Business of Living. By L. D. Anderson. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.60.

An interpretation of life and its problems in terms of our every-day world of affairs.

The American Language. By H. L. Mencken. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $6.

An inquiry into the development of English in the United States, first published in 1919 and now revised and extended, with indices, bibliographies and word-list.

The Advance of the American Short Story. By Edward J. O'Brien. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.

An informal study of short-story technique, with special reference to the work of Hawthorne, Poe, Bret Harte, Henry James, O. Henry and others.

The Story of the Maize Plant. By Paul Weatherwax. Illustrated. (University of Chicago Science Series.) Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $1.75.

A scientific study of the morphology of Indian corn, the problems of its life as a plant, and the part it plays in the drama of organic existence.

Women of 1923: International. Edited by Ida Clyde Clarke and Laura Miller. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co.

A year-book devoted to the achievements of women of all races —a mine of information on what women have done and are doing.

Modern Methods and the Elementary Curriculum. By Claude A. Phillips. (Century Education Series.) New York: The Century Co. $2.

Aims to show how the elementary school may best be utilized to adjust our democracy to the kaleidoscopic changes of the present time.

Your Telephone: The Voice of Your Business. By Pauline Dunstan Belden. St. Paul, Minn.: Blodgett Press. 50 cents.

A compact little handbook on how to use the telephone, especially in business, as an aid in creating a good house personality.

The Art of Phrasing in English Composition. By Paul T. Carew. Boston: The Stratford Co. $1.90.

A text-book that offers a systematic grouping of various phrases and turns of expression met with in current literature, and aims to help the student of phrase-structure with a few simple rules.

Leeden's League; or, The Voyager's Quest. By James Albert Knowlton. Tipton, Indiana: J. Otto Lee.

An account of the endeavors of resolute men who, through a hundred trials, are led onward by an unseen hand to a desired goal.

League or War? By Irving Fisher. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.

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Cervantes. Biografía y seleccion por M. Romera-Navarro. Vocabulario por Julio Mercado. New York: Instituto de las Españas.

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Colette's Best Recipes: A Book of French Cookery. By Marie Jacques. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.

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The Honesty Book: A Handbook for Teachers, Parents and Other Friends of Children. New York: National Honesty Bureau.

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The Simple Lathe and Its Accessories. With 171 illustrations. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.

In addition to describing the small lathes and their accessories, the book contains helpful chapters on driving the lathe, on testing the lathe, and on lathe feeds and speeds. A companion volume to "Metal Turning Made Easy."

The Book of the Stars for Young People. By William Tyler Olcott. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.

A handbook for beginners, dealing in conversational style with constellations that can be observed with the naked eye.

Brief Drawing. By Ralph Curtis Ringwalt. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

A book of practical aid to lawyers and literary workers who may be called on to present large masses of facts or arguments carefully organized.

What to Eat in Health and Disease. By Benjamin Harrow. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

A non-technical guide for those who wish to know what to eat, and why.

The Men's Class in Action. By F. Harvey Morse. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

A complete manual for adult class leaders, intended as a text-book for training classes, community training-schools, and institutes.

Tobacco and Mental Efficiency. By M. V. O'Shea. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

Aims to answer in a purely scientific spirit the question whether tobacco increases or impairs the mental faculties of the smoker.

Teaching Adolescents in the Church School. By Erwin L. Shaver. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25.

A plan-book for training leaders of youth. Seeks to solve the problem of developing pupil activity.

Lowell—An Industrial Dream Come True. By H. C. Meserve. Illustrated. Boston: The National Association of Cotton Manufacturers.

A brief history of New England's great cotton-mill center and of the rise and present status of its industry.

Quantum Reactions and Association. By P. F. Swindle. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $5.

A theory of physical and physiological units, or quanta, which the author thinks will revolutionize Einstein's theory.

The Bungalow Book. By Charles E. White, Jr. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.25.

A practical manual on building, equipping and furnishing a bungalow, with details on every phase of the process.

The Laws of Life: Principles of Evolution, Heredity and Eugenics. By William M. Goldsmith. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

A thoroughgoing study of natural laws bearing upon the subject of race betterment. With numerous illustrations and diagrams.

Discovering the Lost Capital of the Incas

THE reported discovery of the ruins of a city in Peru believed to be the relic of a civilization antedating that of the Incas adds a fresh interest to the archeological discoveries described in "Inca-Land"(1) by Professor Hiram Bingham of Yale University. Professor Bingham was the leading member of the exploring expeditions which visited Peru in 1911, 1912 and 1915, and which achieved results of the greatest importance. An extraordinarily vivid account of these explorations will be found in his book. One of the expeditions organized by Professor Bingham succeeded in the dangerous task of ascending Corpunce, one of the highest mountains in South America, and its members also visited Lake Parinacochas, the celebrated "Flaming Lake" of the Incas, and made extensive explorations in other little-known portions of Peru. But by far the most interesting part of "Inca-Land" is that which tells of the author's discovery of the ruins of the Inca city of Machu Picchu and of the last capital of the Incas, the fortress of Uticos, in the most inaccessible part of the Andes. The story of Professor Bingham's discovery of Uticos reads like a romance. The very name had long vanished from all the maps of Peru, and the city's existence had become a legend known only to the few who had studied the history of the ancient Incas.

Uticos was a gigantic citadel in the Viliapampa range of the Andes, to which the Inca Manco fled with his followers in the sixteenth century, in order to escape from the tyranny of the Spanish Viceroy, the famous and cruel Pizarro. From his refuge in Uticos, Manco conducted a guerrilla warfare against the Spanish conquerors, whose repeated efforts to capture him all failed, owing to the inaccessible position of the fortress. Uticos thus became the last stronghold of the authority of the Incas, who before the coming of the Spaniards had ruled all Peru. When Manco died, his three sons ruled in succession at Uticos, but the youngest, Tupac Amaru, the last Inca, was destined to fall into the hands of the Spaniards, who sent an expedition which finally succeeded in gaining possession of Uticos. They put Tupac Amaru and all his family to death, and the last vestige of the power of the Incas was destroyed.

When Professor Bingham undertook his search for Uticos he was faced by almost insuperable obstacles. The location had long been completely lost, and he had nothing more definite to guide him than obscure and contradictory traditions. Nevertheless, after immense difficulty and many disappointments, he at last achieved the triumph of finding the ruins of the forgotten fortress in the heart of the Andes.

While searching for Uticos, Professor Bingham came upon another ruined city in the remote Andes, Machu Picchu, which offered features of extraordinary interest, and which he believes to have been the famous Sacred City of the Incas. His account of his quite accidental discovery of this mysterious capital, lost in the most inaccessible portion of the Andes, which was the birthplace of the first Incas and the cradle of their civilization, and of that other fortress of Uticos, in which the last Inca and his followers were finally overcome and destroyed, is exceedingly interesting and impressive.

(1) INCA-LAND: EXPLORATIONS IN THE HIGHLANDS OF PERU. By Hiram Bingham. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $5.

The Father of Russian Humor and Realism

(*Continued from page 32*)

"The Mantle" is typical of his art. It is the story of a poor government clerk in Petersburg, whose life-dream is to have a warm overcoat. After years of privation he saves up the money to buy it; but on the very first night he wears it, the overcoat is taken from him by robbers. For him this tragedy is so great that he can not survive it; in his poor, dirty room he dies, unnoticed and lonely. The first part of this story is irresistibly comical and grotesque. Its ending attains the greatest depth of pathos and tragedy. The obscure clerk unexpectedly assumes the enormous proportions of a man whose ideal has been shattered. That this ideal was only an overcoat does not alter the tragic significance of the story.

In 1836, at the age of twenty-seven years, Gogol began to work on "Dead Souls," the masterpiece that has lent the greatest luster to his name. The whole novel is built on an extremely funny and original plot: the hero, Tchitchikov, devises a wonderful scheme for making money by dishonest means. He is traveling from province to province and buying "dead souls," that is, serfs who have died, but for whom, until the law is revised, the landlords still have to pay taxes. It is natural that, in those circumstances, they are glad to be rid of their "dead souls." Tchitchikov hopes to mortgage these fictitious beings, which he represents as real ones, at a bank in Petersburg, and to purchase with the money thus obtained some real property. The novel thus develops into a sort of Odyssey, and this gives Gogol an opportunity to draw a unique, unforgetable picture of the whole of Russia as it was in the first half of the nineteenth century. An endless portrait-gallery of small and big landlords, of peasants, of good-natured officials "stealing above their rank," passes before one's eyes. Each is an immortal type drawn by a genius. In Russia their names are proverbial, like those of Molière's heroes. The humor and mild satirical spirit of the book are an inexhaustible pleasure. Every sentence of this wonderful book has become a proverb, a symbol or a meaningful saying, and is daily revived in the speech of cultured Russians. Such is the first part of this novel, which was published in 1842. The writing of the second part coincided with a deep spiritual tragedy, which darkened the last ten years of the author's life.

Gogol was deeply religious. With regard to "Dead Souls" his later ambition was to work out the moral regeneration of Tchitchikov, and he began to do this in the second part of the novel. In 1847 he published "Passages from Correspondence with Friends." The book was misinterpreted as a defense of officialdom and of the Government, and it raised a storm of abuse. . . . The philosophic value of the "Correspondence" was not high; but as a symptom it was almost a prophecy. Is it not characteristic that the greatest Russian realists—Gogol, Tolstoy and Dostoievsky—all outgrew the limited frame of realistic art, and wandered away, with dissimilar results and achievements, in search of a final, universal truth? The fiasco of the "Correspondence" as well as his own spiritual inclinations led Gogol to the idea that he should make the greatest sacrifice a writer can make—give up writing. For him it was almost equivalent to death. But he thought that the ideal of Christian humility demanded it of him. "There is no loftier destiny in life than to be a monk"—this feeling was daily growing stronger in his soul. Not long before his death he threw the manuscript of the second part of "Dead Souls" into the fire and only an incomplete, fragmentary text of it escaped destruction. Worn out by spiritual bewilderment, he died in 1852, at Moscow. Such was the first Russian realist, who passed from cheerful and intoxicating laughter to the tortures of desperate sorrows.

It is with "Dead Souls" that Mrs. Garnett has begun the translation of Gogol's works. To praise her translations would be superfluous: it is generally recognized that no one has ever surpassed her in the difficult art of presenting the Russian authors accurately in perfect English.

Books Talked About in Literary Europe

PRINCESS PALEY, who lived near the Russian throne and barely escaped execution at the time of the Bolshevist upheaval, was the morganatic wife of Grand Duke Paul Alexandrovitch. In 1918 the Grand Duke suffered the fate of many another of the Tsar's relatives and officers—he was led out and shot by the Red executioners at the same time that they killed his cousin, Grand Duke Nicholas Mikhailovitch. Meanwhile Princess Paley, in her palace at Petrograd, was witnessing the catastrophe of the Romanoffs close at hand. By a miracle she later escaped to France, where she has now told her tragic story in a book, "Souvenirs de Russie" (Paris: Plon), which is attracting wide-spread attention because of its poignant word-pictures. Paul Bourget, who writes the introduction to it, declares that in these intimate scenes, nearly all of which took place inside the Grand Duke's palace, tragedy lives with a surprizing intensity, and that the ablest writer could not conjure up a more dramatic sequence of events—a terrible war, the plots of Rasputin, the perversion of the Tsarina's mother-love, the thunderclap of revolution, and at last the emperor and his whole family brutally shot to death in a cellar. A French reviewer, after testifying to the exceptional power and value of this book, recalls that during the World War the unhappy sovereign of all the Russias said to the French Ambassador, M. Paléologue: "This terrible war will require an expiatory victim, and I shall be that victim."

If Ernest Bramah's "Wallet of Kai-Lung" has stimulated interest in Chinese literature by causing one's first thoughts on that subject to be associated with laughter, or, in his own phrase, "the removal of gravity," it surely has done some damage, too, when it causes a London reviewer to confess to a little disappointment at the comparative lack of humor in Dr. Herbert A. Giles's "Gems of Chinese Literature," which has just been republished in China in enlarged form (Shanghai: Kelly & Walsh). Or perhaps Dr. Giles himself is responsible, through having put more sardonic humor into his "Chinese Biographical Dictionary" than the literature of the country could comfortably match. In any case, his book of "Gems" is by no means devoid of quiet humor, as instanced by this bit about Liu Ling, who lived in the third century A. D.:

> Liu Ling was one of seven hard-drinking poets of the day who formed themselves into a club, known as the Bamboo Grove. He was always accompanied by a servant carrying a wine-flask; and he gave orders that if he fell dead in his cups he should be buried where he lay. In this respect, he was perhaps out-Heroded by another famous tippler, who left instructions that he should be buried in a potter's field, so that, "when time into clay might resolve him again," he would have a chance of reappearing among men under the form of a wine-jug.

There is also a salty tang in the Chinese proverbs which Dr. Giles quotes at the end of his book—such as these:

> If you bow at all, bow low.
> The host is happy when the guest is gone.
> If you owe a man money, there is nothing like seeing him often.
> Medicine cures the man who is fated not to die.
> He who has his back to the draught has his face to the grave.
> Losing money is begotten of winning.
> A pretty woman entering a family has the ugly ones for her foes.
> One more good man on earth is better than an extra angel in heaven.
> Gold is tested by fire; man, by gold.

Even the critic who complained of a lack of humor in Dr. Giles's book admits that as a survey of a nation's literary activities it is almost unique.

Many books were produced in Germany toward the end of last year to mark the hundredth anniversary of the death of Hoffmann, the writer whose works inspired Offenbach's haunting opera, "Tales of Hoffmann." One of the best of these biographical studies is "E. T. A. Hoffmann: Seine Werke aus seinem Leben," by Richard von Schaukal (Vienna: Amalthea Verlag), a book written with enthusiasm and genuine literary talent. Herr von Schaukal recalls the fact that Hoffmann was not only a composer himself, but that his connection with music was very close all his life. He changed his third name from Wilhelm to Amadeus in honor of Mozart, and he was a musical director until he discovered his talent for writing weird tales. His biographer tells of his early legal studies, his beginnings as a composer, his official life in Berlin, the composition of his most important stories, notably "Der goldene Topf" (The Golden Pot), which Carlyle translated; the four volumes of the "Serapionsbruder" stories, and the long novel, "Kapellmeister Kreisler," which inspired Schumann's "Kreisleriana." Herr von Schaukal's volume contains numerous extracts from Hoffmann's letters, facsimiles of manuscripts, and a bibliography.

The literary critic of *L'Illustration* waxes enthusiastic over a curious French romance by A. t'Serstevens entitled "Le Vagabond sentimental" (Paris: Albin Michel), which has the atmosphere of fourteenth-century Italy already touched by the Renaissance. The literary manner is that of Boccaccio, but the characters are such as Cervantes would have loved. The hero, Baccio Cardi, an impecunious savant, is wandering through Italy ostensibly in quest of material for a learned work, but really in pursuit of dreams of beauty that lure him on. When his adventures throw him in with another vagabond, Paloumbo, who, with a passion for the practical, becomes his guardian and companion, we have Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in a modern setting. The picture of the two on the road, the dreamer and the cynic, each leaning on the other, moves the French critic to remark: "It is reality traveling side by side with the dream in that mutual aid, that union, which is the truth of life itself."

The *Saturday Review* of London recently devoted a page to three current American fiction books, distributing praise and censure with its usual freedom. It decided that the plot of Gertrude Atherton's "Black Oxen" is "almost silly," and that she has failed to convince the reader of the *emotional* reactions described in the course of the love affair between the young man and the old-young woman who has had her youth restored by science. "The situation is very cleverly handled," says the critic, "but it leaves one cold. Love, perhaps, can not yet be treated in the gland manner." Of F. Scott Fitzgerald's "Tales of the Jazz Age" he remarks that "nothing in the book is very good, but almost everything is interesting," and over one story, "O Russet Witch," he grows almost enthusiastic. The only book, however, that receives his entire approval is "The Bright Shawl," by Joseph Hergesheimer. "The large, fine structure of the story," he finds, "stands out, memorable; there is never a distracting word. . . . The vivid brilliance of the Cuban scene, the heat and the cruelties and passions, the stubbornness of endurance, the culmination of disaster, are woven into a blazing pattern." This *Saturday Review* critic, Mr. Gerald Gould, is convinced that Mr. Hergesheimer is "one of the best living American authors," and gives reason to suspect that for tuppence he might even be persuaded to drop the limiting word "American."

MARVELOUS ANCIENT DOCUMENTS UNEARTHED IN EGYPT

Archeologists in Egypt recently dug up hundreds of mummied crocodiles. All of them were stuffed with papyri records that were written when Jesus Christ walked the earth. Some of the records were interesting private letters; others were messages from kings, petitions from the people—one was from a tax dodger; reports of strikes, kidnappers, etc.

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What Makes a Best-Seller in Fiction

(Continued from page 23)

reverberation of a single novel, whose author may or may not be able to hold his readers by a second or a third. I doubt if either Stevenson or Kipling began with the enormous sales gained for some of the books mentioned above, tho in the long run they must have outstript them. The same may be said of writers of such varying quality as Edna Lyall, Marie Corelli, Hall Caine, Stanley Weyman, H. Seton Merriman, W. W. Jacobs, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, to name some of those who have come to the fore within my memory and held their place by writing many books that the public wants rather than one by which they have taken it by storm. All but two of these are still alive. Of the two who are dead, I suppose Edna Lyall, who was said to be the favorite novelist of Queen Victoria, is hardly read nowadays, but Seton Merriman, who died nearly twenty years ago, seems to be almost as popular as ever. His was a singular talent. I doubt if the books of any novelist who depended so much upon artifice have survived for so long after his death, except some of Wilkie Collins's. But of course he had more than artifice, and so had Wilkie Collins, or it is safe to say that neither of them would have survived for this length of time.

Conan Doyle owed his rise to best-selling fame to his marvelous aptitude for plot, for "The White Company" preceded "Sherlock Holmes" and aroused no particular enthusiasm, tho it has since become famous. Here, again, in spite of the fertility of invention displayed in the Sherlock Holmes series, and in other stories of plot, something more than plot has kept them alive. I think it was Mr. Chesterton who asked what character in modern fiction would generally be recognized by name in the way that innumerable characters of Dickens and the older novelists would be recognized, and said that he could think of only one—Sherlock Holmes.

Of American best-sellers I remember the publication of the delightful "Kentucky Cardinal," of which I possess an edition illustrated by Hugh Thomson—a most satisfactory combination of an American author and an English artist, both of very high quality.

When "David Harum" was first published in America, but before it had attained its enormous vogue, an American friend living in England gave it to me to read and asked whether I thought it would be a success if it were published in England. The question was not quite so easy to answer as it may seem, because it is always doubtful whether novels dealing with local conditions and local characters will make their way in another country. There must be some universal human appeal at the root of them. I am glad to say that I recognized this in "David Harum," tho I confess that I did not prophesy for it the very great success that it did have, in England as well as in America.

But one can never be certain about the selling powers of any book. I could mention dozens for which one might have prophesied success that never came, or only in a modified degree far short of the best-selling mark. And on the other hand there are best-sellers for which one could never have prophesied any success in the matter of large sales. One is always trying to get at the quality that brings success, and almost every new best-seller that comes along seems to contradict something that has established itself, and new reasons have to be found for it.

I have omitted "John Inglesant" from the books that made a great stir when I was a boy. I believe no publisher would accept it until the author, who was a Birmingham business man, and had taken the leisure of many years to write it, issued it himself privately in two handsome volumes. Then it was published and soon all the English-speaking world was reading it and talking about it. Its learning and charm are undeniable, but learning is not a quality that makes for large sales of fiction, and the charm was not of a kind that would be recognized by the average novel-reader.

At the other end of the scale I must put "The Rosary," which I believe held the record for the largest sale of a new novel until

"If Winter Comes" upset all previous achievements in that line. Its extravagant career was much discust among novelists at the time, nearly all of whom found it unreadable. It came to be generally agreed that its overplus of sentiment, which had seemed to them one of its gravest faults, was the special quality which made its appeal; but I remember one great novel-reader who said that it also contained a good story, tho he cared for its treatment as little as the rest.

We are no nearer to answering the question what makes a best-seller than we were at the beginning. In the instances I have produced during a period of over forty years, there are books, good, bad and indifferent, and of such varying character as to represent almost the whole range of fiction. The question of what gives permanent life to a novel is a different matter, and would, I think, be easier to answer. And the answer might console some who are doing good work but never have attained and are never likely to attain to the eminence of best-sellers.

Putting the Desert's Terrors Into a Novel

(*Continued from page 15*)

He is one degree removed from reality. We have not got Martin's actual reverie, but a brilliant paraphrase of it. Martin's actual reverie would have been a dumb, obscure, half-conscious thing. "He would become empty of thought and volition, an empty vessel through which the quality of the desert flowed on and on." That is true of him. The trouble is that all which is dumb and obscure and half-conscious in Martin's mind has to come to us through Mr. Grant Watson's mind, which is highly articulate, illuminated and conscious. We do not doubt for a moment that Martin feels the enchantment of the desert, but what is given us is not Martin's feeling, but a description of Martin's feeling in which all that is instinctive and primitive is lost. It is transparent, like the water of the desert mirage, but the effect is one of temporary hallucination. Mr. Grant Watson is translating the primitive into the literary.

But there is not very much of this, and when he has left off translating and shows Martin feeling and speaking and acting for himself, he is close to reality all the time; nothing could be closer. The characterization is perfect. Not only Martin. Almost every figure in the book is solid and alive: Martin's father, the Evanses, Alec Shaw and Nance, Mackay and his wife Clara, and Maggie Linton. When things happen, Mr. Grant Watson creates an illusion of reality so great that all sense of illusion is gone; we are there where his people are, their tragedy lies on us with the weight of personal experience. Take the scene where the children, Martin and Mary, find their mother lying dead in the clay-pan, where they pack the two little brothers into the pram and drag it twenty miles through the bush where their father is working; they go, Martin pushing on the handle, Mary pulling on the rope, through the deep sandy trail, under a blazing sun, tortured by the flies, frightened by the brown crows wheeling and swooping round them. It is a nightmare. Or take the finding of Alec Shaw's body trampled down by the cattle; or the scene where Nance comes to Martin in the night at Seven Trees; the revolt and suicide of Mrs. Mackay; Martin and Maggie at South Perth.

And there is always the background of the bush, the desert horizon.

It is clear that the story is not ended when Martin takes Maggie home to Quinn's Springs. We know that things are going to happen; the desert has yet to play its sinister part in their two lives. It will do something to them. We have been prepared for conflict from the beginning; we have been shown the terror as well as the beauty of the desert; we know that, hostile and cruel, it waits for Martin and for Maggie. It has taken Martin's mother, and his friend; his father's fate is uncertain; it has taken Mackay's wife, and Martin and Maggie live in the house where she killed herself. We do not know whether the desert will destroy them in their turn, or whether they will stand up against it and refuse to be beaten. We feel that all that has happened yet is only the prelude to what is to come. This end which is not the end leaves us intent on the issue; enthralled and impatient for the sequel. And in "The Desert Horizon" Mr. Grant Watson is again his own formidable rival. He has set his standard higher than before.

The Strange Chronicle of a Modern Painter

(*Continued from page 31*)

hundred pictures by van Gogh—paintings or drawings. Here in New York, moreover, thanks to Mr. Montross, we have twice had the privilege of seeing exhibitions of his paintings, so that one can make a fair estimate of his status as a colorist. The output corroborates what the biographer tells us, but does not explain why any one should go to the expense of issuing an *édition de luxe* on an artist of work so worthless. Grim faces; heavy, badly constructed figures; harsh coloring tell the story of a disordered mind unable to control the hand. Better work is often done by children, and similar by dwellers in madhouses. His own introspective furious face is here in a drawing which explains himself. When he portrays other people he makes them, if not furious, yet astonishingly brutish or baldly dull. Just as van Gogh repaid his brother and his parents by refusal to work for them and then by neglect, in the same character of an egotist and ingrate he served the poor peasants of Brabant. It was a foul reward for their kindness in tolerating his presence to depict them like some Neanderthal race as imagined by the scientist, with contracted skulls, prognathous jaws and swinish manners. If he did not poison or shoot them, he did what an art, feeble yet malicious, could do to make them inhuman and contemptible. These are his famous "Potato-Eaters," pictures which his biographer apparently expects us to admire.

One does well to expend pity on the unfortunate who, for some mysterious reason, was born of good parents yet was condemned to a heritage of criminal insanity. But it is only a false sentiment that will not face facts; it is worse than stupid to boost such performances as van Gogh's to the level of art. Sometimes he attained a forceful composition in the drawing of a scene of rocks and trees; sometimes a fine color-scheme in a rural landscape. But the claims made for his still-life and flower pieces are absurd, all due allowance made for differences in taste.

The favor shown to pictures by van Gogh comes from a general movement in art which has been setting toward the fantastic, the *outré*, the ugly. That movement is based on a longing for change, variety, novelty at any cost. Quick to recognize the drift of fashion, sharp-witted fellows spring forward to cater to this crowd of mental drinkers of absinthe. And so we get serious disquisitions on Matisse, Gauguin, Cézanne, van Gogh—on Matisse with his weary attempts to emulate again the frank unskilfulness of childhood; on Gauguin, the old worn-out reveler in Sodom, with his maudlin South Sea islanders, wilfully making ugly and brutish what Nature has fashioned beautiful and sincere; on Cézanne, a clumsy, self-absorbed peasant with a very slender intuition for color, occasional glimpses of good composition and a method of drawing the human figure which is ignoble. Yet the rush toward ugliness and futility has been so great in modern European art that these pifflers are gravely envisaged as path-breakers and "masters." Unfortunate beginners in art are told of deep mysteries of technique that lurk under these repulsive creations and are encouraged to take short cuts in their profession and to worship what is ugliest and most unworthy, instead of being exhorted to work hard, and then, having learned how, find out whether they have anything to say which will interest their fellow-men.

Vincent van Gogh never learned to draw and paint; how could he, poor bewildered brain? and he never had anything to say that was of the least importance. The best that can be said for him is this: In his life-tragedy he furnished a theme from which Mr. Julius Meier-Graefe has woven in wild words a very absorbing story.

The Literary Question Box

THE purpose of this Department is to develop self-service. Readers will aid each other in tracing and locating elusive literary quips, poetic phrases or lines, popular rimes, aphorisms, ballads, maxims, proverbs, etc. All communications should be written only on one side of the paper, and should be addrest to The Literary Question Box, International Book Review. Replies are printed in the order of their receipt and credit is given to other correspondents in rotation. The space limits imposed on the Department allow the consideration of questions only of wide interest. Such as can be answered direct will be so treated by the Editor on receipt of a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous correspondents.

QUESTIONS

More Democracy

E. E. B., New York.—Can any reader locate for me the quotation, "The cure for the evils of democracy is more democracy"? Who said this, when, and where?

How Many

C. D. U., So. Lancaster, Mass.—I recall having read once a quotation something as follows: "We do not ask how many the enemy are, but where."

If you can give me direct the name of the one who made the statement, or something in regard to the circumstances, I shall appreciate the favor.

School-teacher's Creed

M. C. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Can any reader give me the rest of "The School-teacher's Creed," that begins with: "I believe in Boys and Girls"? I read it years ago and have never seen it since.

I Gave a Beggar

Miss E. M. D., Flint, Mich.—Can you inform me who the author is and whether the following poem is complete? Also where I may find it, if this is not the complete poem?

I gave a beggar from my little store
Of well-earned gold. He spent the shining ore
And came again and yet again, still cold
And hungry as before.

I gave a thought and through that thought of mine,
He found himself, a man, supreme, divine,
Bold, clothed and crowned with blessings manifold,
And now he begs no more.

Sail on the Sea

D. M., Milwaukee, Wis.—Who wrote the poem in which occur the lines—

I'll sail on the sea in a sieve, I will,
I'll sail on the sea in a sieve.

And where can the poem be found?

What Has Seared My Eyes

C. A. J., Lebanon, Ky.—Can any reader inform me where the following quotations may be found?

I know not what has seared my eyes,
The tears refuse to start;
But every drop their lids deny
Falls dreary on my heart.

* * *

. . . as feelings sunk remain.
. . . again
As cavern waters wear the stone
. . . and dropping, harden there.
The stars like eyes of hungry wolves
Glared at him.

Wise in Heart

J. R. J. H., Cheyenne Wells, Colo.—Can some one supply the entire poem which contains these lines?

This thing not far is he from wise in art
Who teacheth; nor who doth, from wise in heart.

And the poem which contains these lines?

The hunched camels of the night
Trouble the bright
And silver waters of the moon.

Both quotations are, I believe, from the same poet and I shall be grateful for the complete lines.

The Greatest Singer

H. C. H., Babb, Mont.—Can you tell me who wrote the following, and supply the missing lines?

He is not the greatest singer, who tries the loftiest themes,
He is the true joy-bringer, who tells his simplest dreams.
He is the greatest poet, who will renounce all art,
And take his heart and show it to any other heart;
Who spins no learned riddle—
But takes his heartstrings for a fiddle
And plays his easiest tune.

Human Suffering

N. M. S., Clarksburg, W. Va.—May I ask for the author of the following lines and the poem from which they are taken?

How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happy world!

Friend Wha Can Tell Us

W. G. M., Mayville, N. Y.—Many years ago, I read the following lines, written by a Scotsman in an autograph album:

The friend wha can tell us oor fau'ts to oor face,
But aye frae oor foes in oor absence defen's us,
Leeze me on sic hearts; o' life's pack he's the ace,
Wha scorns to disown us when naebody kens us.

I have always thought the lines might be a quotation; but have never seen them in print. Can any of your readers name the author?

ANSWERS

The Common Mind

A. D. JAMES, Watertown, N. Y. The lines asked about by "O. I. S.," Summit, N. J., are found in Pope's "Moral Essays," Epistle 1, lines 149 and 150.

Thanks are due for answers received also from J. D. Campbell, Beaumont, Tex.; Dr. D. S. Lamb, Washington, D. C.; H. E. A., Princeton, N. J.; C. E. Kizziah, Spencer, N. C.; Florence P. Neumann, Central Valley, N. Y.; Louise B. Mills, Baltimore, Md.; Isabelle B. Maclean, West Orange, N. J.; Vernon W. Kraft, Kenosha, Wis.; Anna Whitehead, Chatham, Va.

"Whom None Would Forget"

ROSE R. RYAN, St. Paul, Minn.—In the March number of THE INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW, "C. S.," Gaffney, S. C., inquires where he can find an article entitled, "The Man They Can Not Forget." This article was published in *Collier's Weekly*, February 18, 1922.

Thanks are due for answer received also from Raymond B. Kemper, Newport, Ky.

Prophet and Priestess

Mrs. NORVAL J. SKEE, Portland, Ore.—The author of the first quotation about which "J. F. C.," Riverton, Wyo., inquires in the April issue is Rudyard Kipling. It is the last line of "The First Chantey," written in 1896, and the entire poem may be found on page 183, "Rudyard Kipling's Verse, Inclusive Edition, 1885–1918," published in 1920 by Doubleday, Page & Company.

Thanks are due for answers received also from Honora Jacob, Norwood, O.; Mrs. L. B. Jenckes, Cambridge, Mass.

The Sweet Singer of Michigan

The Hon. CHAUNCEY C. JENCKS, Kalkaska, Mich.—I beg to assure "T. R.," of San Francisco, Calif., that "The Sweet Singer of Michigan" is no myth, nor a mere creature of Mark Twain's imagination. Also, that the quotations from her "Sentimental Song Book" found in *Following the Equator* are correctly rendered, and that the name of the author—Julia A. Moore—was her real or, as she herself has phrased it, her "original" name. And to this information given by the great humorist may be added the facts that she "flourished" in the mid-70's, and resided at Edgerton, a few miles north of Grand Rapids, Mich.

The quotations in *Following the Equator* are fair samples of Mrs. Moore's literary style; and she assures us in the Preface to her book of "Songs" that "they were all composed by the author."

Thanks are due for answers received also from E. W. Woodman, Saginaw, W. S., Mich.; Ethel Bailey Emery, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Arthur Head, New Haven, Conn.

"I Shall Arrive"

Mrs. WM. D. PARKINSON, Fitchburg, Mass.—The answer to the question of Mrs. A. D., Glendale, Md., in the May issue is to be found in Part I of Browning's "Paracelsus"—

I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive—what time, what circuit first,
I ask not; but unless God send His hail
Or blinding fire-balls, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, His good time, I shall arrive:
He guides me and the bird. In His good time.

Thanks are due for answers received also from Roger H. Motten, Chicago, Ill.; J. Vaughan Belanger, Escanaba, Mich.; Dr. E. V. Rittenhouse, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Dr. Harry W. Ettelson, Philadelphia, Pa.; Sue W. Hetherington, Dubuque, Ia.; Elizabeth B. Oakes, Columbia, Mo.; Mrs. A. E. Dickinson, New York City; Elizabeth F. Hequembourg, Titusville, Pa.; Mrs. Herbert C. Stone, Los Angeles, Calif.; A. Mc., Tacoma, Wash.

Nations Yet to Be

CHESTER A. S. FAZAKAS, Dorchester, Mass.—The lines which "V. W.," Edmonton, Alberta, asks about will be found in John Greenleaf Whittier's poem entitled "The Seer."

Thanks are due for answers received also from Mrs. A. H. T. Fisher, Methuen, Mass., and Elizabeth F. Hequembourg, who say that the quotation may be found in Whittier's poem "On Receiving an Eagle's Quill from Lake Superior."

Beauty in the Eye

G. C. MACLIN, Brooklyn, N. Y.—In the May issue of the Book Review, "R. S. P.," Baltimore, Md., asks the author and context of "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder."

I suspect the correspondent refers to Emerson's "Nature and books belong to the eyes that see them. It depends on the mood of the man, whether he shall see the sunset or the fine poem. There are always sunsets, and there is always genius; but only a few hours so serene that we can relish nature or criticism."

This is quoted from Emerson's essay on "Experience," and is to be found in that paragraph which begins "Dream delivers us to dream," etc.

Thanks are due for answer received also from R. L. Kelton, Van Buren, Ark.

In Old Granada

CHARLES SCHACHTEL, New York City.—I am sending you herewith the complete poem your correspondent, "F. F. G.," Manlius, N. Y., asks for. It is entitled "The Keys" and the author is Bessie Chandler. It is too long to publish. [The copy made and sent to the Question Box by our correspondent has been forwarded to "F. F. G.," Manlius, N. Y.—EDITOR.]

A Lyric Voice from Another Race

(*Continued from page 14*)

her thoughts "are leaping down the years," where are tears and branding bars, and "Her heart is sandaling his feet." Her prescience is in her lullaby:

> Ah, did I dare
> Recall the pulsing life I gave,
> And fold him in the kindly grave!

And even in "Black Woman":

> Be still, be still, my precious child,
> I must not give you birth.

And in "My Boy" she bids her "boy of tarnished mien": "Sing, sing your song . . . before it melts to tears."

But tho shadow and shame of prejudice still "her soaring will to wing, to dance, to speed away," and tho these fling "the soul insurgent back to its shell of clay," and give a "crucifixion in my dreams," her measures carry neither bitterness not resignation, and instead reveal that vast gravity in her race, a gravity too long masked by patient smiles. She prays "the powers that toss the worlds" to let her not hate, tho "the bruising world . . . would snuff the candles of my soul." For "I fain must love," and

> . . . offer praise
> To the infinite God of my days,
> Who marshals the pivoting spheres . . .
> Who loosens the luminous flood
> That lightens the purlieus of men.
> I shall not in sorrow repine
> To break the eternal Amen,"

and this even tho "never to my listening ear is borne the waited word."

Much of the little book, however, has nothing to do with the personal tragedy of the race in America, but, in "Credo" and in "Why," for example, becomes unraced and ensouled in the common plight to which, at least, no exclusions can extend:

> O whither are we rushing?
> And wherefrom were we torn?
> We breathe from out the silences,
> And, breathless, back are borne.

The poems, of course, are not all distinguished, but the book as a whole has distinction quite divorced from any knowledge of the author. And lovely fragments are constant, like "voices strange to ecstasy"; and, in a poem to Lincoln, her figure of all the hearts of American colored folk as swinging censors for him. Some of these fragments Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois has isolated and pointed in his adequate introduction.

Never have they who are "the fretted fabric of a dual dynasty," made by the mingling of dark and light, found a voice at once more delicate and clear. We, who are as strangely insensible to this tragedy among us as were the Romans to the crucifixion of lions and of Christians, must keep this little book for those who will be better able to appraise its place. We must keep it, a varied and piercing record, to "gem the archives of a better day."

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The Literary Traveler in Egypt

(*Continued from page 9*)

might. All moves to a statelier measure. Stern issues of life and death are in the air, and in the grandeur of the tombs and temples there is a solemnity of genuine awe that makes the blood run slow a little. Those Theban hills, where the kings and queens lay buried, are forbidding to the point of discomfort almost. The listening silence in the grim Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, the intolerable glare of sunshine on the stones, the naked absence of any sign of animal or vegetable life, the slow approach to the secret hiding-place where the mummy of a once powerful monarch lies ghastly now beneath the glitter of an electric light, the implacable desert, deadly with heat and distance on every side—this picture, once seen, rather colors one's memory of the rest of Egypt with its somber and funereal character. And with the great deific monoliths the effect is similar. Proportions and sheer size strike blow after blow upon the mind. Stupendous figures, shrouded to the eyes, shoulder their way slowly through the shifting sands, deathless themselves and half-appalling. Their attitudes and gestures express the hieroglyphic drawings come to life. Their towering heads, coiffed with zodiacal signs, or grotesque with animal or bird, bend down to watch you everywhere. There is no hurry in them; they move with the leisure of the moon, with the stateliness of the sun, with the slow silence of the constellations. But they move. There *is*, between you and them, this effect of a screen, erected by the ages, yet that any moment may turn thin and let them through upon you. A hand of shadow, but with granite grip, may steal forth and draw you away into some region where they dwell among changeless symbols like themselves, a region vast, ancient and undifferentiated as the desert that has produced them. Their effect in the end is weird, difficult to describe, but real. Talk with a mind that has been steeped for years in their atmosphere and presence, and you will appreciate this odd reality. The spell of Egypt is an other-worldly spell. Its vagueness, its elusiveness, its undeniable reality are ingredients, at any rate, in a total result whose detailed analysis lies hidden in mystery and silence—inscrutable.

Measure of America's Intelligence

(*Continued from page 17*)

history. The lack of food and the occurrence of certain diseases are probably more common among the lower groups of this author's table than among the upper. These, however, are not effective factors in eliminating weak and degenerate individuals, and alcohol is. It is important, at least to those who are able to contemplate without emotion and without prejudice the present experiment of national legislation in behalf of man's welfare, and to control the exercise of his own will and judgment, to note that this is in accord with the conclusion of Dr. Charles R. Stockard, of Cornell University, as set forth in his communication to the British Medical Association last year, entitled "Alcohol as a Selective Agent in the Improvement of Racial Stock."

Professor Brigham's figures tend to disprove the popular belief that the Jew is highly intelligent, and show that the Russian Jew has a higher standard deviation than that of any other immigrant group sampled. He says:

> If we assume that the Jewish immigrants have a low average intelligence, but a higher variability than other nativity groups, this would reconcile our figures with popular belief, and, at the same time with the fact that investigators searching for talent in New York City and California schools find a frequent occurrence of talent among Jewish children. The able Jew is popularly recognized, not only because of his ability, but because he is able and is a Jew.

His results also show a marked intellectual inferiority for the negro, which is in agreement with practically all of the investigators who have used psychological tests on white and negro groups. This inferiority holds even when a low intellectual sampling of whites is made by selecting only those who live in the same environment as the negroes, and who have the same educational opportunities. Professor Brigham states that:

> If intelligence counts for anything in the competition among human beings, it is natural to expect that individuals of superior intelligence will adjust themselves more easily to their physical and social environment, and that they will endow their children not only with material goods, but with the ability to adjust themselves to the same or a more complex environment. To select individuals who have fallen behind in the struggle to adjust themselves to the civilization their race has built as typical of that race is an error, for their position itself shows that they are, for the most part, individuals with an inferior hereditary endowment.
>
> There is only one other possible escape from the conclusion that our test results indicate a genuine intellectual superiority of the Nordic group over the Alpine and Mediterranean groups, and that is the assumption that the situation of the examination involved a situation that was "typically Nordic." This assumption of course lands us in a perfect circle of reasoning. It would leave us with the conclusion that there was something mysteriously Nordic about alpha and beta that favored this race. We should have to assume that the Nordic, no matter where he may be, in the Canadian Northwest, in the Highlands of Scotland, or on the shores of the Baltic, is always ready for an intelligence test. *Perhaps it would be easier to say that the Nordic is intelligent.*

The Baffled Greatness of Jack London

(*Continued from page 19*)

the worst too young." Tho he did not express the great things in his life, he felt them, nevertheless. He died, baffled and beaten. The apple was ashes at the core.

Charmian London, in her life of Jack, said that "the many sparkling facets of his mind dazzled and befuddled merely average thought-processes." Were I to write the great books of ten nations, I would ask the rulers of all of them: "Please, as you honor me, allow no woman who loves me to write my life." But then, in justice be it said, his personality was so vital that many who knew him will never get out from under the spell of it. Inscribing a lighter book to Charmian London, he wrote:

> The years pass. You and I pass. But yet our love abides—more firmly, more deeply, more surely, for we have built our love for each other, not upon the sand, but upon the rock. Your LOVER-HUSBAND.

Poor Jack! Disillusioned, tormented, clutching weakly for a vague something until his tired blue eyes closed forever—he did not realize that a man who could write those words to one woman, three months before he died, had all there is of earth, and in the whirling heavens beyond. Had he gone back, even as a disciple of Haeckel, to the broken Agitator of Jerusalem, who also had the gift of words, he would have found a solace that his rolling acres did not give. And then again to the beloved Mate-Woman:

> Sometimes I just want to get on top of Sonoma Mountain and shout to the world about you and me. Arms ever around and around.
> MATE-MAN.

These words were written in October of 1916. He heard the last bugle call in November of the same year, and straggled, a tired rover, into the Eternal Camp.

An Australian Novelist

Editor International Book Review:

In Jane Mander's paper about Australian writers in the current number of THE INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW, I was amazed to discover no mention of the single indubitable literary genius that Australia has yet produced. I refer, of course, to Henry Handel Richardson, author of "Maurice Guest," one of the greatest of modern novels. This lady (for Henry Handel Richardson is a pseudonym) does not, to be sure, live in Australia, but she was born there, and two of her novels deal with the country. "The Getting of Wisdom" (Heinemann, 1910) is an account of boarding-school-girl life on that continent, and "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony" (Heinemann, 1917), the only volume that has yet appeared of a trilogy under the general title, "Australia Felix," gives a marvellous picture of the Australian pioneer days during the gold-hunting craze. "Maurice Guest" is a novel of music-student life in Leipzic, but any country should be proud of the honor of claiming its author.

CARL VAN VECHTEN.

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VOLUME I. The Literary Digest No. 8, WHOLE No. 8.

INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

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TERMS: $1.50 a year, in advance; a single copy 15 cents; postage to foreign countries 50 cents a year, excepting Canada and countries where the United States domestic rate applies. BACK NUMBERS, not over three months old, 25 cents each. RECEIPT OF PAYMENT is shown on address-label, usually the month after a remittance is received; date of expiration includes the month named on the label. CAUTION: If date is not properly extended after each payment, notify publishers promptly. Instructions for RENEWAL, DISCONTINUANCE, or CHANGE OF ADDRESS should be sent *two weeks* before the date they are to go into effect. *Both old and new addresses* must always be given. PRESENTATION COPIES: Many persons subscribe for friends. Those who desire to renew such subscriptions must do so before expiration.

THE LITERARY DIGEST INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW is published monthly by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. London Office, 134 Salisbury Square. Printed in the United States of America.

Entered as second-class matter November 29, 1922, at the Post-Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The recent election of Professor Stuart P. Sherman to the American Academy of Arts and Letters does not, as the Atlantic Monthly points out, place him among the elder prophets. "Still in his own early forties, he maintains his understanding of youth through constant contact with it; and, in spite of his reputation as a defender of Puritanism, a candid reading of his essays reveals him as anything but the Puritan of accepted tradition. His own definition of the Puritan of all the centuries as one who 'is profoundly in sympathy with the modern spirit, is indeed a formative force in the modern spirit,' indicates more exactly where he stands. . . . The truth is that Mr. Sherman's voice is that of one who knows both the old and the new in letters and in thought, is less concerned with passing than with permanent standards, and makes a judicious and truly benevolent application of the brakes when he is convinced that things are going too fast."

Stuart P. Sherman is Professor of English at the University of Illinois. "The Genius of America" and "Americans" are his outstanding books.

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NEW YORK

The Literary Digest
INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

Volume I, No. 8 NEW YORK, JULY, 1923 Whole Number 8

Plagiarism as a Profession

By Vicente Blasco Ibáñez

"AN UPSTART CROW, BEAUTIFIED BY OTHERS' FEATHERS"

MY friend, George Maurevert, who was born in the north of France, but who has lived for some years in Nice because he loves the mild climate of the Azure Coast, is a writer of great talent. In early youth he cut a large figure in literary Paris—when the "symbolist school" was at the height of its vogue. He has written volumes of very original stories, and pleasing studies of the lives of noted French authors; but, besides being a creative writer, he has attracted attention by his vast culture.

This story-writer is a tireless reader. He lives alone, and his books are his real family, while the range of his interest extends far beyond the intellectual frontiers of his own country, embracing what may be called universal literature. He knows old Spanish literature perfectly. He has studied it disinterestedly, for pure love of it, without making it an object either of vanity or of profit, as some devotees of things Spanish have done. Likewise he has delved to the bottom of every European literature of any importance. For years he has devoted himself to a task that involves the fatigues of a difficult search, and more than once he must have smiled with the pride of a hunter who finds on the ground the tracks which, long before, he had divined by induction.

The product of this persevering labor is his new volume, "The Book of Plagiarisms." In the last eight years Maurevert has searched out all the plagiarisms committed, consciously or unconsciously, by many great men in French literature and by some famous foreigners. It was a very fruitful hunt. Not a single writer among those selected by him has failed to contribute to his bag either a few specimens or veritable heaps. And yet Maurevert declares modestly that his book is only a sketch, that he has barely touched the material, and that those who follow him will reap a more abundant harvest.

From his book it appears that plagiarism is as old as literature itself, and that wherever there have been writers there has been plagiarism or the accusation of that intellectual transgression.

Aristophanes accused Euripides of having stolen from Æschylus. On the other hand, Aristophanes was accused of having broken into the works of Cratinus and Eupolis with intent to pillage. Plato also accused poor Euripides of having copied the philosophy of Anaxagoras, but Plato himself was regarded as a plagiarist by many authors of his time. Few in Greece escaped the charge of literary larceny. Sophocles was almost as badly treated as Euripides. Every poet, philosopher and historian had to defend himself against the charge of having plundered his ancestors.

The poets of Rome became plagiarists of the Greeks. Plautus and Terence made a clean sweep of the Athenian dramatists, and with their warmed-over scraps and Italian sauce produced something new. Vergil, the divine Vergil, is the most shameless

plagiarist of Homer. Macrobius, a writer of that period, enumerates all the authors plundered by the "Swan of Mantua," and the list is formidable.

In the Middle Ages the troubadours and bards copied each other, and the *chansons de geste* as well as the mysteries use the same themes and often have the same verses. The monastic chroniclers borrowed at will from the writings of their predecessors. Then, during the so-called Renaissance, the new authors coolly exploited the treasures of antiquity. Machiavelli repeats the thoughts of Plutarch, without indicating their origin, as if they were his own. In the centuries that have followed, poets and philosophers have regarded classical literature as an unguarded field and have appropriated everything in it that has pleased them.

Descartes is known to the average mortal by one celebrated phrase. The great majority of those who speak his name have not read the books of the famous philosopher, but they know that he said, "I think, therefore I am." Well, some centuries before Descartes, a gentleman named Cicero, who lived in Rome, wrote in one of his books: *Vivere est cogitare*" (To live is to think), which, Maurevert remarks, seems to be exactly the same thing. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, despoiling ancient authors was considered a conquest and not a theft. For "plagiarism" there was substituted a more discreet and decent word, "imitation." Let me remark in passing that this word "plagiarism" was invented in the first century, A. D., by a Spanish poet, the epigrammatist, Martial, who, wearied of living like a Bohemian in Rome, mistress of the world, returned to die in his native Aragon as a rural proprietor.

After many centuries there is still no general agreement as to what can be considered plagiarism, and how far its limits extend. At any mention of literary honesty there are some who set up the strict standards of a rigid puritanism, pretending thus to make it plain that they never will indulge in the sin which they are combating—until one day they are accused of plagiarism like the rest, and then they show themselves less intolerant in their judgments. That was the case with Alfred de Musset, as will be seen later. Others are, from the first moment, tolerant and liberal in everything that relates to intellectual pilfering; they reduce considerably the limits of plagiarism, and when any one accuses them of this fault they smile benevolently, not giving any enormous importance to the accusation. This was the case with Anatole France, who wrote many years ago an "Apology for Plagiarism," and to whom Maurevert devotes a long chapter, representing him as one of the present-day writers who have plundered more than the others.

What is plagiarism? A writer of the seventeenth century, who was a preceptor of Louis XIV—the forgotten la Mothe le Vayer—said: "One may rob as the bees do it, without harming anybody, merely sucking honey from the flowers; but robbery in the manner of the ant, which carries away the whole grain, should never be imitated." This subtle distinction greatly pleased Anatole France, who added: "A situation does not belong to the first who hits upon it, but to him who knows how to stamp it powerfully upon the memories of men." And the great contemporary master also goes on to cite the opinion which Pierre Bayle expresses in his "Historical and Critical Dictionary," to wit: "To plagiarize is to carry off, along with the furniture of a house, the fertilizer from the soil; to take at the same time the grain and the straw, the product and the dust." So he who carries off from his neighbor's estate only the furniture and the grain, leaving the manure-pile and the dust-heap, is not a plagiarist in the strict sense of the word.

Let us put this more clearly. The taking of an idea or of a plot is nothing; the only thing deserving reproach is theft of the

"IT IS FOOLISH TO BE ANGRY WITH A MAN WHO, FEELING HIMSELF INCAPABLE OF HAVING SONS, ADOPTS OURS."

"ONE MAY ROB, AS THE BEES DO IT—BUT ROBBERY IN THE MANNER OF THE ANT SHOULD NEVER BE IMITATED"

expression. From this follows the paradox that the idea is worth less in literature than the form, and that the expression or phrase is the only essential worthy of respect. This opinion I do not hold to be any more infallible than other opinions which may be opposed to it.

The greater part of Maurevert's book is devoted to examining, one by one, the great authors that are the subject of his critical drive. Dante, Milton, Rabelais and Shakespeare head the list as four enormous plagiarists. Dante took from Irish legends, Italian chronicles and the works of Arabic poets many of the scenes of his "Purgatory" and "Inferno." It would be too long a process to enumerate here all the examples that Maurevert offers of the "old Ghibelline's borrowings." Rabelais, like many other authors of the Renaissance, exploited without scruple the ancient and modern books that he knew—Greek, Latin, Italian, French. "Gargantua" and "Pantagruel" were constructed out of things remembered, borrowed, or simply plagiarized.

What Maurevert says of Shakespeare is not new. It is well known that this mysterious and much-discust dramatist, whose very existence many deny, achieved more in the way of form than of original ideas. The great William seems not to have tried very hard to invent his plots. He took them ready-made from old chronicles, from Italian novelists such as Bandello, or cheerfully stole them from his contemporaries, who frequently accused him of plagiarism. Moreover, an English critic, Malone, discovered more than a century ago that of the verses in Shakespeare's works 1,171 were taken bodily from other writers, and 2,373 were "garbled" or more or less cynically disfigured. In the introduction to "Venus and Adonis" Shakespeare called that book the "first-born of my invention," and at that time he already had presented half a dozen plays on the stage. Milton, the "English Homer," seems to have appropriated in his "Paradise Lost" scenes and expressions from various mystery plays that had been staged in Italy.

Montaigne and Pascal emerge with no better record from the examination to which the author of "The Book of Plagiarisms" has subjected them. Montaigne's "Essays," according to Maurevert, are an anthology of more or less recognizable "borrowings." Montaigne himself, with somewhat excessive humility, says that his book is made from the spoils of Plutarch and Seneca. Pascal's "Thoughts," in turn, contain numerous reminiscences of Montaigne's works.

Who does not know the famous "Maxims" of La Rochefoucauld? This duke-philosopher was admired up to a quarter of a century ago, when criticism began to realize that his fame rested on nothing more than a collection of plagiarisms. Rare is the maxim that can not be found in some other man's book. Duke François de la Rochefoucauld altered some and copied others textually. Of the 504 maxims that he collected, 300 have already been found to be inspired by ancient writers or by contemporaries of the noble moralist. And discoveries in this regard are not yet ended, a fact which makes one suspect that the famous book represents one of the most surprizing literary mystifications on record. As Maurevert says, the work of La Rochefoucauld is a monument of human wisdom, but of the wisdom . . . of others. In those days Spain still enjoyed a universal influence, the Spanish language was known to all the writers of cultured Europe, and for this reason the aristocratic moralist, in appropriating his neighbors' thoughts, preferred to forage on Spanish soil. Some of his maxims were extracted from the works of Baltasar Gracian, but most of them he got from the "Novelas Ejemplares" of Cervantes. Some of the thoughts of the latter he copied verbatim. Others were drest up in his style, so that they lost the gravity with which Cervantes had endowed them.

But we have arrived at the moment when European authors were beginning to practise the art of plagiarism at the expense of Spain, the dominant power in those centuries, and this introduces a more modern phase of the subject.

Ferdinand Brunetière, the critic, speaking of Corneille, once said: "He was a great utilizer of other people's things, as are all the great inventors." Quite true! The most vigorous of the French dramatists pillaged freely on this side and on that, finding victims in both the ancient and the modern world, laying hands alike on foreigners and on compatriots; but the Spanish poets were the special objects of their genial rapacity. Everybody knows that the famous drama, "Le Cid," is an imitation—we will call it that—of "The Youthful Exploits of the Cid," from the pen of the Valencian, Guillen de Castro; an imitation in which we find entire verses like those of the Spanish author, as if the work were a simple translation. But it is less widely known that Corneille also exploited various dramas of Alarcon, Lope de Vega and Calderon, taking from them whatever suited him. His tragedies, "Eraclio" and "Poliuto," come from Calderon; his work, "Le menteur," was inspired

ANATOLE FRANCE BELIEVES THAT THE THIEF SHOULD BE A *GENTLEMAN*

by Alarcon's "La verdad sospechosa," and his "Horace" recalls Lope de Vega.

La Fontaine's famous story, "The Rustic from the Danube," popular in France, was extracted from "The Princes' Clock," a book written by the Spanish Bishop, Antonio de Guevara. His fables always are based on a plagiarism, more or less disguised. The sensitive Racine did not indulge in as much plagiarism as his rival, Corneille, but he nevertheless "belongs to the family," as Maurevert says, citing various proofs.

Molière has always been regarded as the "prince of plagiarists," and no writer, ancient or modern, can dispute this title with him. He himself has seen to it that nobody shall snatch the title away, declaring with cynical frankness: "I take what suits me where I find it." For the last two hundred years he has been the model and the excuse of all writers who, when caught pillaging their neighbors' works, have cried: "I am simply doing what the great Molière did." Maurevert says that he raised plagiarism "to the height of a dogma, to the solidity of an institution." There is not a single one of his works in which we do not find a foreign "echo" more or less precise, a plagiarism, small or great. He levied on many Italian authors. He copied the "Don Juan" of Tirso de Molina and various comedies of Lope de Vega. His contemporaries and compatriots suffered equally from his assaults. Cyrano de Bergerac said of him with indulgent irony: "If our friend appropriates our thoughts, it is because he appreciates us. He thinks them good, therefore he makes them his own. It is foolish to be angry with a man who, feeling himself incapable of having sons, adopts ours."

Voltaire provided a novelty: he was "the plagiarist-persecutor." No one so noisily accused others of plagiarism, and no author of his time appropriated as much as he did. As he knew English, and as the relations between France and England were then less close, he availed himself of these facts to rob his neighbors tranquilly. His accuser, Fréron, and other critics who spent their lives restoring the morsels he had bitten out, proved with documents how innumerable were the spoils that he had carried away from foreign literatures, and the "borrowings" from his compatriots. But Voltaire defended himself with one of his intellectual pirouettes.

> Almost everything in literature is imitation [he said in his "Philosophical Letters"]. The most original spirits copy from their predecessors. It is with books as it is with the fire on our hearthstones: We go to seek fire of a neighbor; with it we kindle the fagot in our home, then we pass it on to another, and it belongs to all.

Chateaubriand gave a real proof of greatness of soul—according to what Maurevert says—in advocating, as a political leader, full liberty of the press; for the periodicals of his time often said hard things about the "imitations" that were to be found in his books. He himself admitted that there was some truth in these denunciations, confessing that he had taken certain things from the Bible, from Homer, and from Vergil. But he went on to say, with solemn ingenuousness: "Criticism that considers all this as literal imitation has not taken into account the fact that these ideas were totally changed when I got through with them."

Lamartine was the "involuntary pirate." One finds in him no deliberate thought of profiting from other men's works, but his most noted books abound in reminiscences of other poets, even of some very inferior to himself, whose names are forgotten.

Balzac wrote much and rapidly, using everything that came within his reach, and "fitting" it to his needs. Some critics have discovered chronicles of Théophile Gautier which have been reproduced almost literally in Balzac's novels. But the genial novelist was more than a plagiarist; he was an adapter who took foreign materials and transformed them with deft rapidity. Like Stendhal in this, he had the faculty of mixing the true and the false, the "thine" and the "mine," in such a manner that it is now difficult to discern what belongs to Balzac and what to some one else.

Stendhal applied his will to producing with "the least possible effort." A few years back it would have provoked a scandal to accuse him of plagiarism. Now his greatest admirers devote themselves to discovering the sources of his works. Of all celebrated authors, Stendhal is the one who has appropriated others' materials to his own use most tranquilly. His "Life of Mozart" was copied bodily from Carpini, whose protests have been forgotten; the same is true of the "Life of Haydn." His "History of Painting in Italy" and his various books of travel were likewise plagiarisms and caused great scandal in his time. So unheard-of were these literary depredations that his most fervent admirers, in speaking now of the novels "Red and Black" and "The Chartreuse of Parma," declare that "thus far there is no reason to doubt their originality." But the celebrated author has caused doubt to be born, and his idolators worship him with prudence and a certain disquietude.

Victor Hugo is like the vast rivers that dig away the soil in America. We know they are rivers, because the geography tells us so, but they offer the infinite horizon of a sea. Streams come from springs, and ascending this Amazon, this Mississippi of modern literature, to its sources, we come betimes upon modest tributaries of forgotten titles, feeder-lakes that bear another name.

Every writer, however great, began by imitating the author who was the fashion when he was a youth. Hugo copied ideas and even whole verses from Chateaubriand, who had called him a "sublime boy." In his first novels he imitated the fantastic and mediocre literature of the Viscount of Arlincourt, of Ann Radcliffe, and of other writers now forgotten, but celebrated then. In "Notre Dame de Paris" some have seen an English influence. Archdeacon Claude Frollo is very much "The Monk" of Lewis, an English romancer whom few now remember. "Ruy Blas" undoubtedly got its inspiration from "Angelina Kauffmann," an English novel by Leon de Bailli, from which Bulwer-Lytton extracted a drama, "The Lady of Lyons." Many poems in "The Legend of the Ages" are *chansons* from the Middle Ages, newly versified, but keeping their primitive ideas, which the author gives as his own. The great poet could ofttimes have indicated the nourishing sources of his majestic current, but he preferred to be silent, disclosing them only in case of compulsion.

Alfred de Musset affords the most graceful spectacle in the history of plagiarism. No one more unbending and exacting than he for appreciating the originality of others. "To steal a thought, a single word, ought to be regarded as a crime in literature." Thus said Musset in his first years as a poet. Well known are the verses in the dedication of his "The Cup and the Lips." Here they are, translated literally, without attention to rime or meter, for the sake of greater clearness:

> I hate like death the crime of plagiarism.
> My glass is not very large, but I drink out of my own glass.
> It is a little thing, I know, to be an honest man,
> But it always will be true that I never exhumed anything.

In fact, Musset never did exhume anything—except Goethe, Byron, Schiller, Shakespeare, Voltaire, Rousseau, Michelet, Hugo, and the others that one meets bodily when reading the book in question, "The Cup and the Lips."

Later the critics discovered that Musset's comedy, "One Can't Think of Everything," was a scandalous theft from an eighteenth century comedy by Carmontelle, entitled "The Absent-Minded Man." There are scenes in the two works that are identical, word for word. Other comedies of Musset's do not show such barefaced plagiarism, but they do reveal a rather too extraordinary likeness to Mateo Bandello and to Boccaccio. Some of his finest phrases are taken from letters of his former sweetheart, George Sand. And Musset, he who had considered the copying of a single word an enormous crime, ended by adopting Voltaire's view that "almost everything in literature is imitation," affirming it in verses that may be rendered thus in prose:

> Nothing belongs to anybody, everything belongs to all.
> One has to be as ignorant as a school-master
> To believe that a single word can be spoken
> Which nobody here below has uttered before us.
> Even to plant cabbages is to imitate some one who has planted them before.

(*Continued on page 63*)

The Problem of Man's Ancestry

By Charles W. Gould

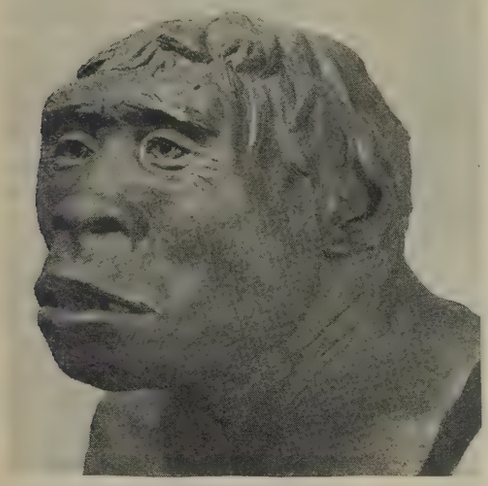
THE science of prehistoric man is new. Its real beginnings may possibly be placed at about the time that electricity was ceasing to be a mere laboratory toy, say fifty or sixty years ago. Of late, interest in it has grown rapidly, as is proved by the warm reception found by Professor Osborn's book, "Men of the Old Stone Age," and that of Madison Grant, "The Passing of the Great Race." Both these authors cite Dr. Klaatsch as an authority, and their readers will doubtless welcome an opportunity to get at first hand a simple, direct and understandable expression of his views, all the more clear and understandable because of the good work of the translator, Joseph McCabe.

A TYPICAL GORILLA

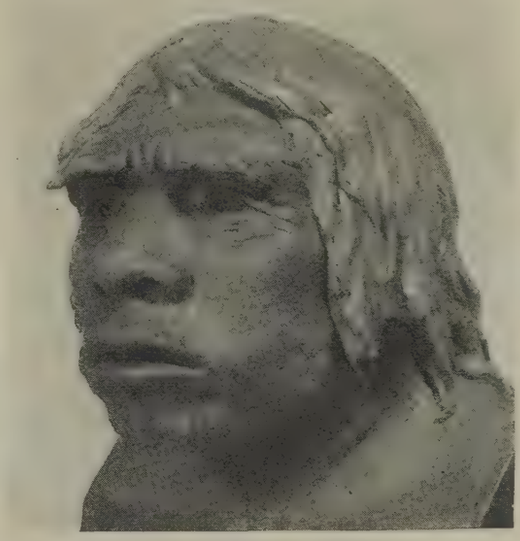
In the introduction to "The Evolution and Progress of Mankind,"(1) Professor Adolph Heilborn gives a brief sketch of the author, Hermann Klaatsch (b. 1863, d. 1916). He came of a family of distinguished Berlin physicians and early showed in his predilection for scientific matters the result of his birth and breeding.

Less than seventy years ago, at Dornap, in the Neanderthal, were found the skullcap and a number of other bones of a prehistoric man. This find provoked great discussion. Other disclosures of a similar nature followed. Klaatsch became deeply interested, visited all the museums in Europe which had any remains of this early race, and also many of the places where discoveries had been made.

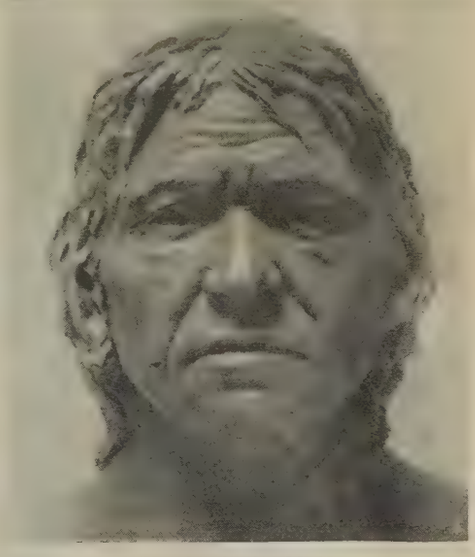
Huxley, in studying the remains, called attention to the problem of the Australians. Klaatsch recognized the same problem and started in 1904 for Australia, where he spent more than three years studying the natives at first hand. Thence he visited Java to study the locality, Trinil, where early remains (Pithecanthropus, 1891–1892), had been found, and here he contracted the malaria which was ultimately the cause of his premature death. Thence he returned to Australia and continued his labors among the primitive Australians, whom he found "in quite a savage condition," and before returning home visited Tasmania to study the material collected there relating to the extinct aboriginals.



TRINIL APE-MAN



NEANDERTHAL MAN



CRO-MAGNON MAN

HUMBOLDT

Representing the highest type of civilized man

Meantime a succession of important finds of prehistoric skeletons led to wide discussion, which gradually convinced scientists and others of the existence of prehistoric man. The smoke of the conflict still lingers. About 1908 a skeleton was found (Aurignac), which differed materially from those of the Neanderthal men. It indicated a higher type, and was found associated with Asiatic fauna Klaatsch argued that, as the fauna associated with the Neanderthal man could be referred to African origin, that race had come to Europe through Africa, whereas the Aurignacs had probably come directly from Asia; and he postulated a plural origin for the human race and a remote common basis for man and the anthropoid apes; an early parting of the ways, and an early and distinct separation and development of man.

It must be remembered that for many ages the orthodox view was that the earth

(1) THE EVOLUTION AND PROGRESS OF MANKIND. By Professor Hermann Klaatsch, M.D. Edited and enlarged by Professor Adolph Heilborn, M.D. Translated by Joseph McCabe. Illustrated. 316 pages. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $8.50.

was flat and the sun revolved about it. It took many, many years and a generous toll of human suffering and life before the Bryans of those days would permit the truth to be taught. This explains and gives point to the statement of Klaatsch: "The knowledge that man has a common natural origin with the rest of the living world can do no more harm to religion than can the rotation of the earth on its axis."

To turn directly to the book itself, the author takes man "as a given fact amidst the animal world," and, examining man as he would any other animal, finds revealed "the method of the evolution not merely of humanity but of the predecessors of humanity far back into the earliest history of our planet."

A broad survey of mankind scattered over the face of the earth shows that the lowest men closely approach the anthropoid apes, and that whereas among men the cultural differences are striking, the differences in the natural constitution are not, and where there are bodily differences the advance of civilization is often purchased by no slight sacrifice of physical capacities. The author abandons any attempt to draw a sharp distinction between instinct and intellect, and finds that instinct—the capacity for certain rational modes of action which has been secured for generations through habit—indicates a high stage of evolution.

Our civilization has deprived both body and mind of capacities which give the savage a certain superiority. For instance, he can live in the desert and we can not. He can support life on the communist "banquet of nature," while the communist who invented the banquet of nature would starve or preferably starve others—*vide* Russia.

Taking up structural peculiarities, the author states that in man alone is the foot found. "All our bodily features considered separately have their parallels in other animal forms; it is only the combination of them that is peculiar to man." In regard to the nose, the mouth, the ear, and even the hair, the parallels continue; and, strangely enough, children are occasionally born with tails. The author gives several instances and cites Ellwood, who tells that the head of the ruling family in the city of Purbunde had the title "the tailed Rana"; the tail having occurred so frequently amongst his ancestors. All the land vertebrates have in common with man two pairs of limbs.

"It is simply a logical consequence that from this point of view the human story proper begins with a special development of the foot. . . . We can say definitely that the relevant changes in the common ancestor of man and the other primates probably took place during the tertiary period." Far behind this, however, lie the primitive seas, to which all living things of to-day point as their common mother.

Here follows a very interesting discussion showing among other things the connection between the scales of fishes and the teeth of animals, and the conclusion that "man's teeth are remarkable as a survival of the original condition which was the starting-point of all the various types of mammal teeth." Animals with specialized teeth found their further progress blocked. All the mammals are fixt types as soon as their teeth have become adapted to their special work. "Man alone has by preserving original features retained the capacity for other development."

The author then takes up the evolution of the brain and the importance of the interplay between the opposing thumb and fingers of the human hand (a feature which the apes have lost) and the brain itself. In retaining this instrument man remains versatile and open to different possibilities, and may in this sense not be a triumph of natural selection. "On the contrary, he made progress because he was spared the sacrifices required by natural selection. He kept his hand." Naturally, in this discussion, reference is made to manlike apes and monkeys, winding up with this message of comfort to the timid: "Neither in body nor in mind is there a question of a direct descent of man from apes or monkeys." Colonel Bryan must look elsewhere for the tomb of his ancestors.

With this premise the author proceeds to the discussion of the relationship of man to the ape. "The three larger apes—the orang, chimpanzee, and gorilla—are distinguished amongst the primates for their remarkable resemblance to man." They are put in a special group, with the title "anthropoid" (manlike); and the gibbon is usually included in this group. There is no connection between these various anthropoid apes save their resemblance to man. They have more features in common by which they differ from man. Against these common features, however, we have considerable differences in their entire organization. The differences are not so great between the gibbon and orang on the one side, and the chimpanzee and gorilla on the other, thus conforming to their geographical position, as the former pair belong to the islands south of Asia and the latter pair are found in Africa.

The gibbon is small, the arms elongated, so that they would touch the ground if the animal stood erect. In this it is peculiar. The face is very manlike, the expression gentle, the temperament sunny and happy. Their vocal capacity is the best in the animal world. Their choruses as they move with the rapidity of birds through the tree-tops have often been extolled.

The orang in its first year reminds one of human children in their ways, while the old males are rather terrifying. The chest is enormously strong. The arms are much longer than the legs. In common with the gibbon, the orang lives in the virgin forest, and can not cross rivers. The orang builds a sort of nest in the trees. The natives of Borneo regard the orang as a man ("orang," man; "utan," wood; *i.e.*, "man of the wood"). They think that it could speak, but will not, for fear of being compelled to work. The young behave very well in houses, and many Dutch families have them playing with the children.

Of the two African apes, the chimpanzee has a much wider range than the gorilla. The latter is confined to the Gabon district on the west coast, and is found only near the equator. The resemblance of the chimpanzee to man is so extraordinary that the first chimpanzees to be imported into Europe about 1700 were described as dwarfs or pigmies. Some of them are known to make nests, as the orang does. A special form, the "chego," makes a sort of roof to keep the rain off, and often mends it.

The gorilla, the giant of the primates, occupies a special position amongst the anthropoid apes. About sixty years ago Du Chaillu discovered it and the pigmies. He reported his find, to be unmercifully ridiculed and abused. He returned to Africa and brought back some specimens of the gorilla. He was a very small man. One of these great and powerful beasts could have crusht him to death in an instant. The hand is closest to that of man, and has not lost the powers of grasping. The gorilla defends himself with branches of trees, tho his most terrible weapon is the strength of his own arm. One blow of his fist may be fatal. It is said that at night the male keeps watch at the foot of the tree which houses the female and the young.

Gorillas live in small troops, which might almost be called families. Three or four years after Professor Klaatsch died, it is reported, a lady bought a young gorilla in a London department store. She treated it like a child, and its response was that of a child. It was amazingly intelligent and affectionate. It soon died. The story would tend to support the author's view that gorillas are uncommonly human in their social life—for instance, in the behavior of the adult males toward the gentler sex and the respect that is sometimes shown to the old. When looking for food in the forest, the young go first, the females next, and the male is the rear-guard—constantly on the watch. If he sees no danger and is hungry, he goes up a tree, and the females bring him fruit and sit with him—serve the meal. Tho the full-grown male has enormous strength, he does not rush blindly upon his enemy, but has recourse when necessary to ruse and cunning.

The author then distinguishes between man and the anthropoid apes and calls attention to the fact that Darwin had spoken very cautiously and had by no means claimed an ape ancestor of man;

(*Continued on page 62*)

The Doctor Looks at Life and Letters

By Maurice Francis Egan

IN SPITE of the New Psychological point of view which a group of authors writing in English affect, it is evident that these authors' curiosities are less scientific than prurient. Madame Lot, in the Old Testament, might not have been turned into a pillar of salt if she had been more interested, let us say, in the scientific aspect of kleptomania than in those customs and habits which M. Marcel Proust considers in "Sodome et Gomorrhe" and which Mr. D. H. Lawrence treats—according to Dr. Collins—so sympathetically in "Women in Love."

Dr. Collins(1) can scarcely be aware of the great pleasure he gives to the majority of merely lay readers when he, as an expert, shows how hopelessly unscientific Mr. D. H. Lawrence is, and how prurient is the curiosity of the other novelists of his class who have adopted the frankness in sexual matters of certain French novelists of the last century with little of their talent or delicacy of touch.

DR. JOSEPH COLLINS

It is a remarkable thing, too, that as the French become more moral and more reticent in their fictional utterances, the Anglo-Saxon mind—which, by English courtesy, is supposed to include the American mind—begins to disport itself in an untrammeled manner that would have shocked Theophile Gautier because of its lack of art. Decadence, which has something Byzantine about it, must be very much bejeweled and touched with genius to have any claims whatever on persons of taste. Whatever may be said of the Anglo-Saxon mind, it has—to speak in the vernacular—the air of "a very stout lady trying to be cute" when it touches on the abnormal; and it has a tendency to dig up old and outworn things, to give them new names, and to add to the gaiety of those whom nothing can bore, by affectations of profound research.

Dr. Collins has a sharp scalpel, a sure hand, and he is no respecter of persons. In treating the "abnormality" of Mr. D. H. Lawrence, he is, perhaps, in one passage a little hard on the Greeks of the time of Socrates. The oracle at Delphi had not exactly a New England conscience, but always in her utterances the priestess condemned the unspeakable acts which Dr. Collins does not hesitate to call by their right names, and for the victims of which M. Proust, with a certain amount of sincerity, asks the pity of the world.

One can not confound the honesty of M. Proust with the sensuality of Mr. Lawrence, which is not Greek at all, but more than vulgarly shocking to both morals and taste. Any negro roustabout can enlighten a crowd of waiting loafers on a wharf much more fully on the crawling vices of the world than can Mr. Lawrence or any of his school; but this is not literature; it is not art; it is not paganism at its best. It is as if Sodom and Gomorrah, risen from death, were keeping a silver jubilee in honor of practises which were always looked on as shameful, always recognized as components of that physical phosphorescence of foul odor which gives warning of decay and destruction.

Dr. Collins says:

> In fact, it is a world without ideals for which Mr. Lawrence is clamoring, and which he maintains he is in process of creating. It must be allowed that he is working industriously to do it, but most people, I fancy, will continue to believe that his world will not be a fit place to live in should he be able to finish his task. Meanwhile, he is doing much to make the world less livable than it might otherwise be, particularly for those who are not competent to judge whether any of Mr. Lawrence's contentions are tenable or any of his statements in harmony with the evidence of science. "Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious" contains more misinformation in a small space than almost any recent book save the "Cruise of the Kawa."

Dr. Collins's pages of analysis of Ursula and of Winifred Inger have a touch of Lombroso and a reminiscence of that ruthless scalper of some of the pretentious novelists of his time, Louis Veuillot, whose "Femmes-auteurs" seems to have been unfortunately forgotten—tho the "Femmes-auteurs" of the day of Veuillot were respectable compared with the women Mr. D. H. Lawrence portrays. The meeting of Ursula and Uncle Tom must have been terrible. "He detected in her a kinship with his own dark corruption. Immediately he knew that they were akin." Uncle Tom is not described by Mr. Lawrence. He simply uses an old photograph of Oscar Wilde:

> His manner was polite, almost foreign, and rather cold. He still laughed in his curious, animal fashion, suddenly wrinkling up his wide nose, and showing his sharp teeth. The fine beauty of his skin and his complexion, some almost waxen quality, hid the strange, repellant grossness of him, the slight sense of putrescence, the commonness which revealed itself in his rather fat thighs and loins.

There is no question that there are brilliant passages in the novels of Mr. D. H. Lawrence, or that he has a great capacity for visualizing; but a man who can not see himself humorously or use the saving quality of moral perspective must, even in his most serious moments, have a touch of the ridiculous. When he is scientific, he is at his worst. Dr. Collins thinks that the worst can not yet be told of the author of "Women in Love"; as it is, the amiable Doctor can safely let his case rest.

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(1) THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT LITERATURE. Psychological Studies of Life and Letters. By Joseph Collins, author of "The Way with the Nerves," "My Italian Year," "Idling in Italy," etc. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Those who have been compelled to wade through the slush of empty words written about Mr. James Joyce's "Ulysses" will experience one of the great pleasures of life when they discover that Dr. Collins has said, with almost the intuition of genius, more than they could have said, and just what they would like to have said. In truth, most of us who have been bored to death with literary and academic essays will read with joyous exultation the new kind of essay which Dr. Collins has invented; and he gives one such an air of importance and self-satisfaction; he never patronizes the layman. While you are reading him, you feel you are actually scientific, and that he only says what you subconsciously knew before. Of course, the uninitiated in matters Freudian may wonder how any one can be sure of a subconsciousness of which he is entirely unconscious. But the judicious reader who wants to enjoy himself will soon discover that nothing is so agreeable as the taking of the assumptions of science on faith.

If James Joyce is the first fruit of Irish freedom, one might almost be inclined to hope that Ireland will be enslaved again. When one has saturated oneself with Dublin, as represented by Mr. Joyce, one can not help regretting that one ever twisted the British lion's tail. Dr. Collins says that Mr. Joyce has genius; he shows, too, that he seems to pass the line of sanity.

In the case of Dostoievsky, on whose epilepsy Dr. Collins lays emphasis, there was something of the play of genius. Epileptic or not, abnormally wretched or not, Dostoievsky said great things and said them coherently. His remedies for the despair of Russia were useless, but splendidly conceived; his heart was almost broken by the miseries of his people; he was never disloyal; he loved Russia; and Shakespeare himself never drew jealousy more poignantly, or painted the essence of horror more graphically than the author of "Crime and Its Punishment" and "The Brothers Karamazov." Of course, we laymen in the past may have thought this, but what satisfaction it gives us now to read Dr. Collins's summary of a situation which we did not know was scientific!

The author says:

> Here it may be remarked that tho Dostoievsky lived previous to our knowledge of the rôle that the ductless glands play in maintaining the appearance and conserving the nutritional equilibrium of the individual, he gives, in his delineation of Smerdyakov, an extraordinarily accurate description of the somatic and spiritual alteration that sometimes occurs when some of them cease functioning. It is his art also to do it in a few words, just as it is his art to forecast Smerdyakov's crime while discussing the nature and occurrence of epileptic-attack equivalents, which he called contemplations.

But to return to Mr. James Joyce, who has come to the conclusion that the Creator did him an irreparable wrong when He permitted him to be born in Ireland, and even a worse wrong when He forced him to receive his education from the Jesuits. Of Mr. Joyce, Dr. Collins says:

> Not ten men or women out of a hundred can read "Ulysses" through, and of the ten who succeed in doing it for five of them it will be a *tour de force*. I am probably the only person aside from the author that has ever read it twice from beginning to end. I read it as a test of Christian fortitude: to see if I could still love my fellowman after reading a book that depicts such repugnance of humanity, such abhorrence of the human body, and such loathsomeness of the possession that links man with God, the creative endowment. Also the author is a psychologist, and I find his empiric knowledge supplements mine acquired by prolonged and sustained effort.

The lay mind is imprest by the clairvoyance of Dr. Collins. It would be interesting to read his scientific notes on the mental attitude of a lovely pink-and-white graduate from a woman's college who stood with a copy of "Ulysses" under her arm near an ancient friend of mine at an afternoon tea, in the Bronx. Being a Southerner, my friend was about to compare her to a rosebud—when she suddenly asked him: "Do you really believe that paupers ought to be allowed to have children?"

Some of the most agreeable pages in this unusual book are those devoted to Katharine Mansfield, who unfortunately died too young. Of all the women who wrote in English in the last ten years, she showed the most promise and the greatest fulfilment. She had, as Dr. Collins says, a genius for catching the exact meaning of the little touches in life, the little ironies and comedies as well as the single little wild flower in a rank growth of weeds.

> She had a quality rare in women writers, especially, of not putting all her treasures in one basket, of not concentrating upon one character and that character more or less the expression of herself; and of being interested in the whole drama as it passed. She could enter into the soul of a charwoman or the cat and take a snap-shot of it which made the reader love the charwoman or the cat, as well as she could paint a picture that lives the very atmosphere of children at play or of dawn at the seashore or night in a quiet house—even better than she could make an X-ray study of the soul of a selfish woman or a stupid, self-righteous man.

Dr. Collins has a great respect for Dorothy Richardson, and for Miss Rebecca West, whose "The Judge" is a diagnosis of "the creative urge." "The wage of sin still is death," according to Miss West's portrayal, but it is not called sin. It is merely behaviorism interpreted in the light of the New Psychology! There is no question of Miss West's great talent, or of her power of characterization. As a human document "The Judge" teaches nothing, but Dr. Collins, who makes the mistake of calling Stevenson an egoist, does not show his usual critical keenness when he says that Miss West is not a novelist. Just why he adds that "The Judge" shows a change that should be acclaimed by every one desirous of the complete emancipation of women, he does not make plain.

In "The Psychology of the Diarist," Dr. Collins throws new light on the thought and temperament of Amiel. He politely escorts him from his tripod.

As it is evident that Dr. Collins knows "The Journal of Eugénie de Guérin," an analysis of that exquisite woman of genius would have been an interesting pendant for the studies of W. N. T. Barbellion (Bruce Frederick Cummings) and of the confessions of Duhemel. Mr. Duhemel is a pacifist, a physician and a poet. He offers a plan for the regeneration of the world which might take the place of Christianity. The pursuit of wealth is the cause of wars and all miseries, he thinks. But, in spite of all his rhetoric, he offers no precept so effective for the preservation and progress of the spiritual life of the world as that of St. Francis of Assisi. One admires the phrases of Duhemel, deplores his lack of balance, and despondingly repeats Hamlet's "Words, words, words."

Dr. Collins makes Leo Strachey, proprietor, editor, general leader-writer and reviewer of *The Spectator*, a theme for the chapter called "The Joy of Living." It has a kind of interest, but, after all, a doctor is less at home with joy than he is with the various miseries that haunt these pages. "The Joy of Living" is rather an anti-climax. In attempting to read it, from pure gratitude to the author, one feels like the boy who was compelled to hear a dull paraphrase of parts of the New Testament. "Oh, skip that," he said; "let's hear about Judas."

This is a refreshing book. At a time when nearly every novelist is praising nearly every other novelist, and the Immortals come not as spies, but in battalions, there is delight—perhaps Dr. Collins will explain the motive of this cruel "urge"—in discovering a man who snipes with deadly precision the most blatant in the ranks of the Sophisticates.

NEW ORLEANS AND VICINITY IN THE DAYS OF BENJAMIN F. BUTLER

A Strange Assortment of Damaged Souls

By Brander Matthews

THERE is in the correspondence of Sainte-Beuve a letter to a young poet in which he advises his friend to learn our language that he might become acquainted with a poetry richer than the French. "If you knew English, you would have a treasure-house upon which you could draw. They have a poetic literature much superior to ours." As we Americans have inherited that poetic literature, we are glad to believe that Sainte-Beuve's praise of it is deserved; and we might return the compliment by admitting that French criticism is superior to ours, whether British or American. Poetry is compact of imagination, which the English-speaking peoples seem to have more abundantly than the French. Criticism is the product of intelligence, in which the Anglo-Saxon is inferior to the Gaul. Perhaps we are too energetic, and thereby too emphatic, to have also the proportion, the harmony, the ease and the disinterestedness which criticism demands. The violent individualism of Carlyle and the freakish extravagance of Ruskin are unknown in French literature. The French have more of the social instinct than we, and this gives them not only more self-control, but more suavity and more graciousness.

It is significant that English critical theory, what there is of it, is derivative; it is borrowed from Italy, France, and even from Germany. Sidney and Ben Jonson accepted the critical code of the Renascence Italians. Pope is as much influenced by Boileau as by Horace. Coleridge echoes Schlegel. Matthew Arnold found his model in Sainte-Beuve. And in the later nineteenth century Taine insisted, perhaps a little too strenuously, upon the influence exerted on the literature of a race by its heredity and its environment; Brunetière traced the evolution of literary species and declared the law of the drama; and Sarcey laid a foundation for the study of the necessary conventions of the theater. The theories of Taine and Brunetière and Sarcey may or may not have all the importance ascribed to them by their promulgators; but they supplied a stimulus of a kind exerted by no one of the English-speaking contemporaries of these three French critics. Sainte-Beuve was less of a theorist than his three successors; what we can take over from him is a point of view and a method. It is his point of view that Matthew Arnold appropriated; and it is his method that Mr. Lionel Strachey and Mr. Gamaliel Bradford have assimilated—Mr. Bradford coming first into the field, the American writer's "Portraits of American Women" preceding by several years the English writer's "Eminent Victorians."

In the preface to his "American Portraits" Mr. Bradford informed us that he proposed to continue that volume and its predecessors, "Union Portraits" and "Confederate Portraits," by other volumes dealing in like manner with other outstanding figures in American life, past and present. What he had in mind was a National Portrait Gallery; and in his new volume, "Damaged Souls,"[1] he has opened another room in this biographic museum, a room which is not exactly a Chamber of

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[1] DAMAGED SOULS. By Gamaliel Bradford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 285 pp. $3.50.

Horrors in a Hall of Shame, but which is devoted not so much to American Worthies as to American Unworthies—if I may risk the word. In the volume which came just before this Mr. Bradford had reverently and yet remorselessly limned for us men of fine character, Grover Cleveland, Joseph Jefferson and Henry Adams; and in this he leads us into the limbo of darkness where abide Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr. He seeks to understand these shady spirits with the same intense desire to get at the truth about his subject that he had disclosed in his earlier books, wherein he dealt with undamaged souls. His present task is more difficult; but it has been accomplished with the same sincerity and with the same success.

In the essay on Sainte-Beuve, which Henry James never replevined from the magazine in which it originally appeared, he asserted that the French critic "valued life and literature equally for the light they threw upon each other; to his mind one implied the other; he was unable to conceive them apart." Later, Henry James asserted that Sainte-Beuve, "with his passion for detail, for exactitude and completeness, for facts and examples, thought nothing unimportant." And still later he declared that, in Sainte-Beuve's conception, the critic "was not the narrow lawgiver or the rigid censor that he is often assumed to be; he was the student, the inquirer, the interpreter, the taker of notes, the active, restless commentator, whose constant aim was to arrive at justness of characterization."

I have made these quotations because they describe the method of Sainte-Beuve and his standard as a portrait-painter and because it is this method of Sainte-Beuve's that Mr. Bradford has striven to make his own, as it is Sainte-Beuve's standard that he would wish to be judged by. The standard is high and the method is not easy to attain. I do not wish to imply that Mr. Bradford is the equal of the great French critic in the largeness of his vision, in the piercing quality of his insight or in his certainty of stroke. But the American critic has sat at the feet of a master; he has listened to the lessons of this teacher, and he has returned to his own land to use his acquired craftsmanship in painting the portraits of his own countrymen. And it is because Mr. Bradford has not a little of Sainte-Beuve's passion for detail, for exactitude and completeness, for facts and examples, that he has made a place for himself apart. What he is doing in his series of portraits is what no other American critic has attempted. It is well worth doing; and he is doing it remarkably well—perhaps even better in this latest book than in any of its elder brethren.

Mr. Bradford's damaged souls can say "We are seven." They are Benedict Arnold, Thomas Paine, Aaron Burr, John Randolph, John Brown, P. T. Barnum and Ben Butler—a motley crew, crying aloud not to be extenuated and not to be set down in malice. In his explanatory introduction Mr. Bradford suggests that every one of his seven sitters would protest against this enforced association with any one of the other six. No one of them ever suspected that his soul was damaged or even tarnished; and no one of them saw himself as Mr. Bradford makes us see him. Mr. Bradford gives us only enough biography to support his psychologic dissection, for he is not interested in the bodily adventures of these ghosts from out the past. Rather is he intent on spying out their spiritual misadventures, a quest in which he has now become marvelously dextrous. He tells us that Tom Paine's intelligence "was keen, alert, shrewd, attentive to the surfaces of things, and darting rather than delving into the hidden places (p. 79); and Mr. Bradford's own intelligence, as keen, alert and shrewd as Paine's, is forever exploring beneath the surface and is enabled to do so because it delves as deeply as it darts swiftly.

As I am moved to find fault with one of these portraits, and only with one, I may as well free my mind in regard to this before considering any of the others. I am afraid that the portrait of Ben Butler is too flattering. Mr. Bradford has not painted him "with all his warts"; and surely Butler's soul had as many blemishes as the soul of any of those who here hang on the line by his side. Was it not Butler whom Lowell had in mind when he penned his biting couplet on "The Boss"?

> Skilled to pull wires, he baffles nature's hope,
> Who sure intended him to stretch a rope.

Has no one in Boston ever whispered to Mr. Bradford the blackguardly threat which Butler made to prevent Henry L. Pierce from running against him? And Mr. Bradford does not mention Butler's absurd candidacy for the presidency, when he was supported by Charles A. Dana and when it was widely believed that his campaign was subsidized by the friends of Blaine. Mr. Bradford quotes (p. 237) an eulogy of Butler by Dana, remarking that Dana had fought Butler on numerous occasions, but omitting to remark that Dana had (for reasons of his own) fought for him in his futile electoral enterprise. And Dana is not a good witness for the defense, as his soul also was tarnished, to say the least. Moreover, Dana's eulogy seems to me plainly insincere; and as I read it I wondered when and where and why it was uttered. No, I can not accept Mr. Bradford's extenuation of a politician by trade who was a pettifogger by profession. As a Massachusetts man Mr. Bradford might have recalled and recorded the two lines which appeared in a Boston paper when Butler was running for governor:

> Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
> The saddest are these—we may have Ben.

I do not wish to seem to imply that Mr. Bradford gives Butler a clean bill of health and lets him leave the court without a stain on his character. Mr. Bradford is far from any gesture so absolving as this; and he makes it plain that Butler's was a soul far more damaged than that of Barnum, for one, or of Tom Paine, for another. Good as is the portrait of Barnum, that of Tom Paine is better; indeed, it seems to me quite the best in the book, rivaled only by those of John Randolph and John Brown. Many years ago I heard Ingersoll deliver an eloquent eulogy of Paine; and all that now floats in my memory is that I found the praise so high-flown that I mistrusted it. Now, after reading Mr. Bradford's disinterested study, I see more clearly than ever before what manner of man Paine really was, and I perceive, for the first time, how it was that Paine, with all his faults, deserved well of the republic he helped to bring into being. In like manner Mr. Bradford's study has made John Brown clearer to me, confused as I had been on the one side by Stedman's lyric appeal—

> John Brown,
> Ossawatomie Brown,
> Saw his sons fall dead beside him and between
> them laid him down—

and on the other by the vigorous diatribes of Professor Burgess.

In these seven essays in psychography Mr. Bradford has made a substantial contribution to American biography, to American history, and to American literature. The volume which contains them confirms Mr. Bradford's position as one of the foremost of our contemporary men of letters. The seven who have sat to him for their portraits are adroitly chosen to contrast with one another. They are all (except Barnum) more or less enigmatic, having contradictory qualities, and having in common only one thing—they are each and all of them unfailingly interesting as fellow creatures Mr. Bradford makes them unforgetably interesting to us, because of his own communicative interest in them. To him they are not mere specimens of erring humanity to be dissected in cold blood with scientific intent; they are human beings, even as you and I, immitigably alive, and therefore presenting many a pretty problem for the painter who has portrayed them.

The book is well planned and well executed and well written. Mr. Bradford constructs with an admirably architectural skill; and he writes with clarity and with charm. He has humor and he has wit; and he uses both these tools of the trade without calling our attention to the chips of his workshop. As I read with constant delight in the aptness of his phrasing, I marked many passages for quotation; and now I find that I have left myself room for far fewer than I could wish. Here is one

(*Continued on page 62*)

A Master of the Novel of Manners

By Percy A. Hutchison

GILBERT CANNAN, two of whose novels have recently been brought out in this country, is of the younger, but not of the youngest, set of English authors. Cannan is only in his fortieth year, but he began writing sufficiently far back to attract the favorable attention of Henry James, and he has a bibliography to his credit which is truly astonishing, for it totals thirty-nine volumes. Of these, a dozen are plays, ten are essays, three poetry, and the remainder fiction. Many American readers who have not had the good fortune to run across Cannan's original work will recall him as the translator of Romain Rolland's vast epic-novel, "Jean-Christophe." The two novels which have been published in America are "Round the Corner"(1) and "Annette and Bennett."(2)

GILBERT CANNAN

Unfinished portrait by John Mowbray-Clarke. Photo by Hagelstein

In a sense, the latter story is a sequel of the former. But only three of the principal characters, Bennett Lawrie and Annette, his wife, and James Lawrie, Bennett's father, carry over from the earlier story, and the binding force is spiritual rather than the continuation of events. Each story is sufficient of an entity to be read without the other; obviously, however, the reader who plans to undertake the two should start with "Round the Corner." Both novels are a part of what is called the Stucco House Series, in which the other titles are "Little Brother," "Three Sons and a Mother," and "Time and Eternity."

With "Annette and Bennett" Gilbert Cannan not only closed a series of novels, he also closed a period of his career as a writer of fiction. This novel is of the Victorian era, and the author has now turned his attention to the civilization which has succeeded upon the war, and is engaged upon a new series, the first book of which will be brought out in America next autumn.

Doubtless every writer of fiction, in varying degree, consciously or unconsciously, draws from his storehouse of autobiographical material. And one is inclined to believe that Cannan in the Stucco House Series makes fairly heavy requisitions. The scene of these novels is laid in "an industrial town in the north of England"—and it was in Manchester that Cannan was born and brought up. He also received his education in Manchester, finally to go up to the University at Cambridge, where he was a member of Kings College. Incidentally it may be added that Cannan was called to the Bar in 1908, but that he did not practise. Instead he became dramatic critic on the London *Star*, a post which he had occupied for two years, when he gave it up to travel and to devote his time to literature. For a year he lived in the heart of Africa, with but a single black boy as bodyguard and servant.

But not only in Cannan's residence in Manchester does one find significance. Gilbert was one of nine children, and it is with one more than this number that he endows the Reverend Francis Folyat and his wife Martha in "Round the Corner." Perhaps the number is not important, but what lends substance to the autobiographical theory—at least in part—is that Cannan has the point of view of one brought up in a large family. His novels are studies of the family group rather than studies of individuals. When individuals emerge in the story they emerge from the family group; the individual is the product of that group, or in reaction against it. And the group may or may not be modified in turn by his reaction to it. Joseph Conrad has stated that, as novelist, his interest was in "the collective psychology of the ship." And it can properly be said that Cannan's interest as a novelist is in the collective psychology of the family. And just as Conrad, had he not been of the ship's company, would have had no opportunity to observe and study the collective psychology of the ship, so Cannan, had he not been one of a large family, would not have had the opportunity to observe and study the psychology of the domestic unit. In the one case as in the other the biographical fact gives the reader confidence in the authenticity of the author's analysis and conclusions.

The prospective reader is likely to ask which of the two novels under consideration is the more interesting. It would be difficult to say; each story has virtues peculiar unto itself. Considered as a whole, "Round the Corner" leaves the deeper imprint on the mind. It is better knit than "Annette and Bennett"; it is more fully rounded. On the other hand, in "Annette and Bennett" is completed the portrait of old James Lawrie, Bennett's father; poet, philosopher and drunkard; a nineteenth-century Bobby Burns, who, in his death, passes on the Promethean fire that the generation of Annette and her husband had all but snuffed out, thereby rescuing Bennett's little son Stephen and starting him on the path leading to a real manhood. This portrait of Old Jamie, conceived and executed in the grand manner, is one more added to the list of immortal character-paintings with which English literature is so richly adorned. And the death of Old Jamie, one ventures to say, will take its place in English letters with the death of Falstaff and Colonel Newcome. James Lawrie, in life and death, dominates "Annette and Bennett," which may perhaps entitle that story to rank above "Round the Corner," altho in other respects the book is inferior, more scattered, less ably sustained. In the last analysis, therefore, the answer to the question is likely to be a personal one.

The story of "Round the Corner"—to take that novel up first—is not one that can be successfully comprest for the purposes of a review. The reason is that the plot is secondary to the study of the several diversified types which people the pages. Yet plot there is, of course.

The Reverend Francis Folyat is a man of the highest ideals,

(1) ROUND THE CORNER. By Gilbert Cannan. 344 pp. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

(2) ANNETTE AND BENNETT. By Gilbert Cannan. 315 pp. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

gentle and lovable. He is High Church in theology and practise; a priest of deep piety. But he never comes into understanding contact with the realities of life; he is always fumbling with life. He inhabits a world of illusion, a world of intellectual illusions. His wife, Martha, "wallowing in sentimentality," likewise inhabits a world of illusions, altho they are of a different and baser sort. Both the clergyman and his wife are eminently Victorian. Martha, on her marriage, brings an ample dowry; Francis has the best of family connections—is related to an earl. But their joint life is an utter failure; of all their children only one, Serge, who early escapes into the navy, can truly be said to amount to anything. Francis, of course, is not aware that he has failed to grasp the fundamentals of living. But he does not grasp them, or, except by flashes, come within sight of them. He lives under an illusion of substantiality which the author, through the medium of Serge and James Lawrie, sets off against the reality of fact. For instance, when Francis learns that his son Frederic has compromised a young woman of the town he is

> not so much shocked as amazed. He was only too accustomed (as parish priest) to irregularity, great and small; but he always regarded the victims of it as creatures of another clay. Automatically, by their offense, they passed from one compartment of his mind to another.

But neither Francis nor his wife nor Serge (Frederic commits suicide, but not until after having made a socially successful marriage) is the center of attention. The story revolves around Annette. Annette, a product of her parents' world of illusion, is in the process of emerging from it, having a dim, half-conscious perception that there is a real world "round the corner." In this process of emergence she is assisted by her brother Serge, sailor, artist, and pragmatist, who, after being bought out of the navy by his father—only one of the many expenses which eventually beggar him—blows into the family group with all the revitalizing freshness of an ocean wind. Not even Serge, however, can quite save his little sister; Annette, just as the shackles of unreality seem about to fall from her, is drawn back into the false world by her love for Bennett Lawrie.

Bennett, young and of unstabilized emotions, had been readily ensnared into an engagement with Annette's sister Gertrude, ten years his senior. But he is saved from such an ill-sorted marriage by the awakening in him of sex when, like Actæon, he comes upon beauty (in the person of Annette) bathing in a spring, a woodland scene, done with delicacy and romantic deftness, and the most exquisite passage in a book in which there are many exquisite passages. Yet Bennett, as is developed in the second novel, also lives in an unreal world, into the falsities of which, by his very love, he reabsorbs Annette. The only real person in the Lawrie household is Old James, the father, whose sanity is so far above everybody else's that he is considered to be mad!

The key to both novels is furnished by Serge in a talk with Frederic in "Round the Corner":

> My good brother, you gave a remarkable description just now of the house of the Lawries—an unhappy, middle-class house. You said it felt like prison. I've been a free man all my life, and I feel about our own house exactly what you felt about that. There's fear in it, and unfriendliness. I don't understand why, but I shall understand before I've done.

And he finds his answer quickly: the inmates of both prisons fear reality. Their unfriendliness is the result of this fear.

The novel, "Annette and Bennett," develops the married life of those two, and in it Old Jamie, whom Cannan kept in the background of the earlier book, comes into his own. Fear has no part in the make-up of Jamie, and when the love of the young couple threatens to go to smash on the rock of debts which Bennett has incurred and can not settle, it is the old man who sees the way out. But it is not for his generation, or even for Annette's: it is for Stephen, Annette's child and his grandson. The debt is £300, and Mary Lawrie, Jamie's maiden sister, who lives alone in the Lake Country, has invested funds. Jamie goes to her, and by the sheer force of his confidence in Stephen—his confidence in the redemption through Stephen of all the mistakes of two families—he prevails on her to give him the money. But the journey is too much for the aged man, and he returns shattered, and at the point of death.

Arrived at Thrigsby, Old Jamie suddenly realizes that he can not at once face the harshness of his home, and he goes to the house of the one friend he has in the world who understands him, except for Annette, the only honest woman he knows. She is a Miss Meekin—and a bawd. And she it is who puts him to bed and nurses him for several days, for he had collapsed on her threshold. Then he returns to the stucco house to announce his triumph: "Freedom and release for Annette, deliverance from usury and the creeping, slinking hypocrisy of the stucco house—from"—and then he finds that the money is gone! "Robbed!" cry the members of his harsh household; and, knowing where he has been since his return, they grind him under in his disgrace.

At the gate stands a carriage and pair. Mary Lawrie, alarmed for her brother's safety, had hurried after him, and had been driven to the house in the equipage of a rich relative.

> With his long white hair and beard streaming in the wind, he (Old Jamie) slippered down the path to the gate, saw the carriage and pair, jumped in, and directed the driver to Miss Meekin's, for all the world, as he thought with a chuckle, like a rich Thrigsby banker visiting his mistress.
>
> The butcher and the grocer turned out to stare at him, and Jamie lolled in the carriage, enjoying himself and the joke, and feeling that he was near the end. Near the end, because there was a burning in his chest, and a choking in his throat.

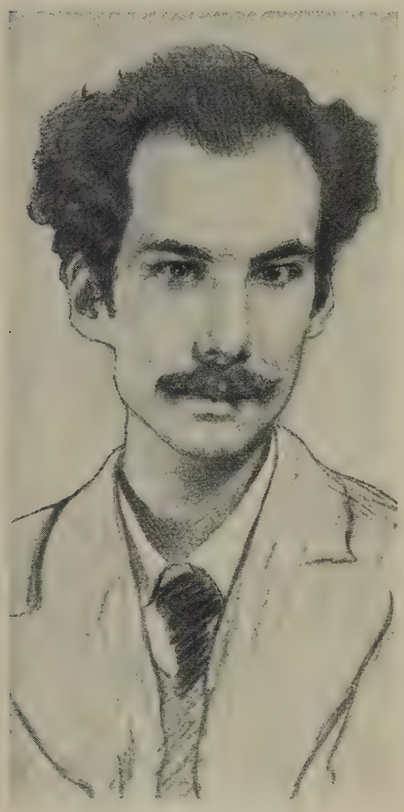
Miss Meekin was out, but the old man knew where she would

(*Continued on page 57*)

ETCHING OF KING S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, WHERE GILBERT CANNAN LEARNED SOME OF HIS LITERARY ART

A Russian Wizard of Stage Decoration

By Charles de Kay



THE POET, ANDREI BELY
Portrait by Bakst, done in crayon and pencil

SOME of the creations of costumes for the stage by Bakst have been shown from time to time in New York, but there has been no authoritative account of the artist, how he began his career, what was his schooling, where he found the environment fitted to his talents. He is by all odds the best known of the clever fellows who have injected into our modern operas and dramas a lot of quaintness and color, drawn from a great variety of countries and from no less a variety of times and periods. Some of the spectacles for which he has invented costumes and backgrounds have come to America; his art has contributed not a little to their success. It is therefore with pleasure one turns the leaves of a magisterial folio[1] printed in Berlin, adorned with sixty-eight full-page plates for the most part in colors, not to speak of black-and-whites and head and tail pieces in the text. The text itself is by his friend and admirer, Mr. André Levinson, from whom we glean here and there certain facts—whenever the emotion with which he presents his subject permits him to touch earth and give coherency to statements regarding Bakst—which enable us to make a guess as to his actual personality.

Paris, we are told, enthusiastically watched the development of his art, "but for us, Russians, has been reserved the most thrilling experience of all—that of chronicling the unfolding of his genius. We have here the spectacle of towering, unusual, self-revealing personality, and of a style that develops progressively and that blazes new ways after bitter struggles." As to his childhood and adolescence Mr. Levinson claims to be an eye-witness. "In so far as this period of his life is concerned I am reporting Bakst's own words; with moderation I have supplied a running comment."

Leon Bakst was brought up as a docile child in Petrograd amid bourgeois surroundings, yet he had a grandfather with Parisian antecedents who awakened in him "a reverence for Beauty, a holy fear of the Unknown." Whether it was a general mysteriousness peculiar to grandpapa, or the luxurious style of his house full of marble, gilt and yellow tapestry, or the large model of King Solomon's temple, or the large painting of Jews mourning before the demolished walls of Zion, or the musical boxes in the drawing-room that bred in him reverence for beauty and a holy fear of the unknown, or all of them put together, is immaterial, since his biographer is satisfied he got them both, and we infer that these two started him on his career. Now, grandpapa never knew that he was, himself, mysterious; moreover, as an Epicurean with Parisian antecedents, it is doubtful if he troubled himself about the Unknown, and since his interior was *Empire* of the epoch of Napoleon III, his ideas of beauty must have been hazy. Perhaps it was well that he died without knowing that little Leon had begun to sketch and had made a cardboard theater with paper puppets; he might have interfered and ruined Leon's career.

At twelve Leon gained a prize at school for the portrait of a poet after an engraving. At sixteen he persuaded his parents to let him study at the Academy of Fine Arts and failed to matriculate. Unrebuffed, he worked for a year at drawing and succeeded. But while he devoted his time to art his college work suffered and he lost his B.A. degree; a few years later he left the Art Academy also, indignant at the way in which the judges assailed his version of the subject for a prize—"The Madonna Weeping Over Christ," his version being considered by them too realistic, too irreverent. Encouraged by the water-colorist, Albert Benois, he worked away at landscape and then received a commission from government for a painting to commemorate the arrival in Paris of the Russian Admiral Avellan in 1893. On his return

THE RED SULTANA
From a painting by Leon Bakst

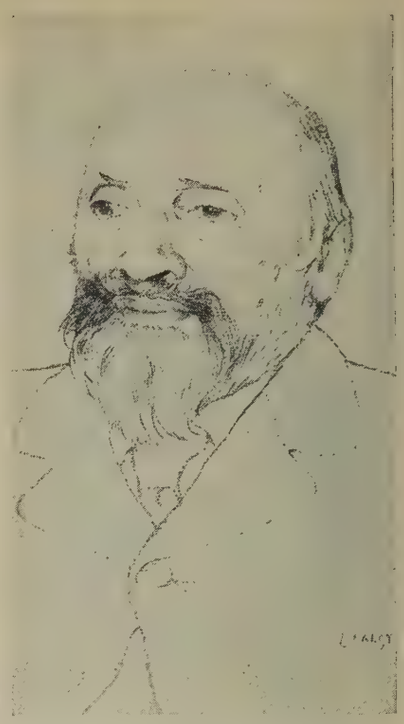
(1) BAKST: THE STORY OF LEON BAKST'S LIFE. Text by André Levinson. Berlin: The Alexander Kogan Publishing Company. Russian Art. New York: Brentano's. Grand folio, 68 plates, 240 pages, 1922.

from Paris he met Alexander Benois, the critic, at whose house he came in contact with a group of young writers, musicians and painters, among them the now famous Serge Diaghilev of the Russian theater.

Out of this group or club grew a society called the Mir Iskousstva, which attacked right and left. To this epoch-making society the biographer gives a chapter, since Bakst was one of its protagonists; it was the outspoken assailant of the Academy, and its exhibitions were meant to offer exactly what those of the Academy failed to give. The magazine it published had an art section, over which Bakst presided; he would furnish designs for cover, head and tail pieces; he would straighten out confused plates; he would supply illustrations in pen work and take a shy at lithographs.

> We see Bakst working away at his table, which is covered with waste-paper, with photographs and proofs. Around him people talk idly or loll about the couches or draw caricatures or debate. Then, through a cloud of smoke produced by ten cigarets, Diaghilev comes rushing in, chasing a new rainbow. He tells of his latest discovery or he scoffs at some idol that he adored the day before. His enthusiasm is as intermittent as it is uncompromising. He is the life of this party of outspoken, unreserved painters; he cares little for men of letters. Alexander Benois, on the other hand, forms the connecting link between the two clans; he arranges and coordinates everything by virtue of his broad and supple understanding. . . . With this community of painters, however, there was little agreement as to the road that should be followed. They agreed in their hatreds, but differed as to aims.

The glimpse of Russian artists and writers about 1900 suggests that Petrograd and Moscow had to go through the same conflicts between official and non-official, between conservatives and come-outers, that Paris, Munich, New York traversed, conflicts that passed into politics on the fall of the Tsar and flared up in the brutal persecutions by the Bolsheviki. What strikes one is the real timidity that lurks behind the brave words of the artist-reformers. There is a pathetic note in the tone of congratulation over some recognition of their art-work on the part of Europe. This noté has been struck by Germany, too, any time during the past half century, but much more faintly, much more carefully muffled. Is it a Slav characteristic, from which Prussia, owing to her ethnical make-up, has never been quite free?



THE COMPOSER, BALAKIREV

From a drawing by Bakst in the Tretiakov Museum, Moscow

But to return to Bakst: we see that in place of the abnormal life promised by his biographer there is nothing at all uncommon in his boyhood and youth, just successes and failures, hard work and some play, while it looks like chance rather than any inborn talent that took him to the stage. Diaghilev was the leader and Bakst his able assistant. On Diaghilev's dismissal Bakst made the scenery for "The Heart of the Marchioness," by the French comedian Fèvre, which was played for the Court circle at the Hermitage Theater. It was so successful that the Emperor had it repeated in Petrograd at the Marie Theater in 1900. Bakst had found his vocation.

> Who could to-day imagine [exclaims Mr. Levinson], what the fate of modern scenerie (*sic*) would be without the contribution of Bakst? And who could conceive of a Bakst remaining a stranger to the theater?

Attracted by the problems of the ancient Greek stage, Bakst visited Greece and studied the sculpture and terra cottas and decorated vases of Greece in various museums. Nor did he forget or disdain Hindu and Persian art; and at home he utilized the fantasies of the makers of china figurines, especially for entertainments for children like the popular "Dolls' Fairy" ballet on the imperial stage. Many of the plates are after brilliant sketches of dolls, in which he shows his skill in opposing strong colors. Striking are the designs for the red, the pink and the yellow Sultana, singularly vivid those for the "Scheherezade," for "The Blue God" and "The Bird of Fire" ballets. But perhaps the finest among these delightful illustrations is a panel in black and white of Judith of Bethulia clad in diaphanous drapery as she stands on an elevation with the great head of Holophernes at her foot, and, with solemn, sleepy face and right hand pointing to the sky, signals to her waiting countrymen the result of her atrocious deed. In lighter mood, but even more beautiful in line and composition, is the penciled project for a decorative panel, "Venus Chastizing Cupid." There is an impressive full-length of Miss Ida Rubinstein, who played the saint in D'Annunzio's "Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian," and several sketches of her for the rôle.

In addition to his talent for conceiving scenic ensembles in Oriental or old French ballets Bakst has an excellent, rather severe method in portraiture—note the likeness of the composer Balakirev—and yet shows an exuberant fancy in his monsters, fauns and crazy dancers. The head of the poet Andrei Bely in pencil and colored crayon, done in 1905, is particularly good. Bakst himself is shown in a full-face painting by Modigliani—what might be termed Holbeinish with a very modern French

RUSSIAN PEASANT WOMAN'S COSTUME

Designed in rich colors for Potemkin's "Village"

(*Continued on page 56*)

Leonid Andreyev as a Critic of His Own Plays

A Translation by Herman Bernstein

The following extracts are from a collection of hitherto unpublished letters by Leonid Andreyev, which have been translated from the original by Mr. Bernstein, and which are to be published in book form this year. "The Waltz of the Dogs," referred to in these letters, is a posthumous drama, translated by Mr. Bernstein, and published recently by the Macmillans. It has been accepted for production this year. "Samson in Chains," another posthumous tragedy, regarded by Andreyev as his most important dramatic work, will also be published shortly in English.

ON THE tenth of this month I will be in Moscow. I am bringing with me a four-act comedy, which I intend to read to you.

I have sold my literary works and now I am a capitalist, something like Rothschild or the Devil. I am thinking of opening a pawn-shop. I bought a new cap, a cigaret lighter that does not work in the wind, and I have motion pictures in my country house. And to think that there was a time when I, a capitalist like Rothschild, Morgan or Rockefeller, or like a railroad king (I always travel in the first class), was in need of a trifling advance of about three or four millions! Don't you know some solid enterprise in which I could invest my capital? I have been advised about a certain enterprise—they are making rabbits out of cats, but I am afraid—it is not a solid business. Is Zinaida M. married? I should like to marry her. How much do the cathedrels of Moscow cost? I want to buy a couple of old cathedrals and a few new ones.

By the way, you may have heard about the poor production of "Anathema" at Levant's. The rumors are untrue. The actors are bad, "Anathema" is convulsively repulsive, but the play is produced splendidly with fine understanding. Only Petersburg, that unfortunate city of "unnecessary people" who nevertheless regard themselves as the salt of the earth, could treat this serious work of art with such barbaric injustice. . . . (January 2, 1910.)

It seems to me that I have never given so much thought to any new work as to the "Black Masks"—I was thinking how to make this play clearer and nearer to the public. I can not forget the man in charge of the refreshment room at Komissarzhevsky's theater, who was asked during a performance of "The Black Masks" whether he was doing good business. He stretched out his hands and answered bitterly:

"They are so perplexed that they don't drink."

How is the perplexity to be cleared away? Heideburev delivered lectures before the performances, but that did not help, and some say the lectures made matters still worse. To make explanations, to bare the skeleton of the play, and put into Lorenzo's mouth something about the duality of his personality, about the struggle of two principles within his soul, of light and darkness, of God and Satan, about the fact that the world is a fantom, that people and things are deceptive—and that we deceive ourselves, not knowing the truth? To draw a clear line of demarcation (as the critics and the public desired)—between the real and the unreal, between Lorenzo when he is well and when he is ill? To put up signs (as this is done in German streets and in allegorical productions)—to give a clear chronology of events—whether he took sick first, and then invited his guests, or invited his guests first and then took sick?

I have thought a great deal about this, and have reread the play twice, but forgive me, I can not do anything. I see no possibility of doing it, nor do I see the need of it. Whatever the perplexed may say about the shortcomings of my work, to me "The Black Masks"—the sad fate of Lorenzo—is something complete, ended once for all, and it will not tolerate any one's interference—not even the author's. Besides, no matter how much I would explain, it will never be understood by him to whom are foreign the pangs of rebellious conscience, the sorrow of lost hopes, the grief of betrayed love and scorned friendship. . . . I shall never be understood by him whose soul is calm and comfortable, whose heart is covered with fat, whose hearing is directed to the external only, who never listened to the voice within, who never heard the clanking of swords, the voices of madness and of pain, the wild noise of the great battle whose arena has been the soul of man from time immemorial. I shall never be understood by him who never kindled a light in the tower of his mind or heart, who never illuminated the road on which strange guests were approaching, and who did not understand that great mystery of existence in which darkness comes at the call of the flame—those dark, cold beings that know neither God nor Satan, the shade of shades, the beginning of beginnings: born of light, they love light, they are drawn to light and they inevitably extinguish it. I do not want to add a single word for him who does not understand and who will never understand me.

LEONID ANDREYEV AND HIS WIFE ENJOY AN OUTING ON BLACK RIVER, FINLAND

And for those who do understand, additional words are—superfluous. . . . (1910.)

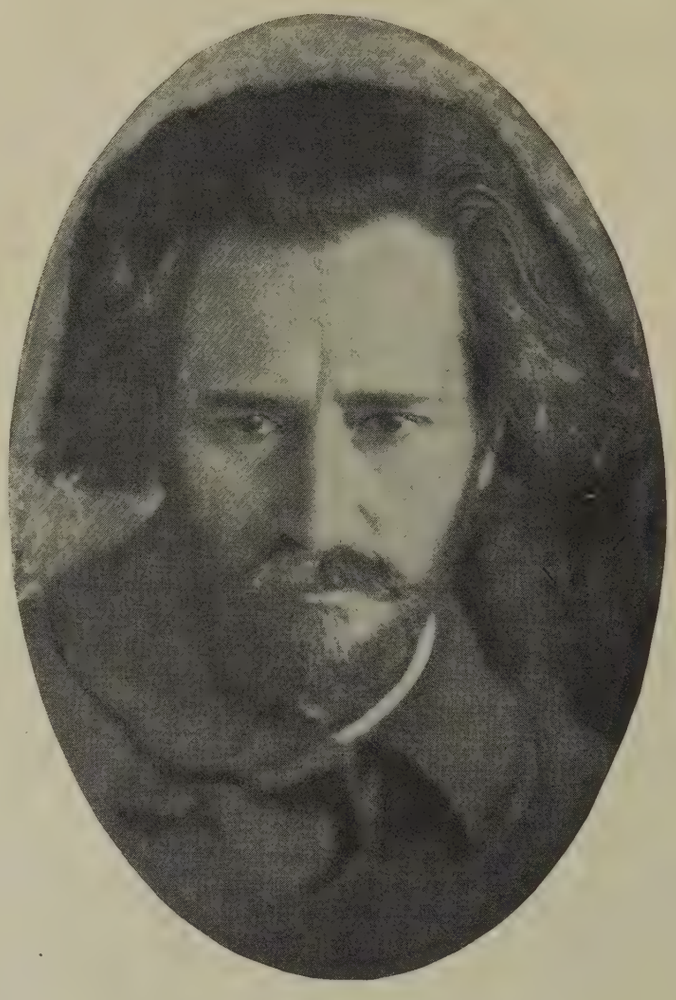
. . . Everything is packed, my trousers are folded—I am going away. I need this trip, for I am extremely tired. I am confused by the crowd and by Russian disorder. To-morrow I shall take leave of my study and also of my typewriter until next summer. I have bought a new pocket-machine for my trip, convenient for the writing of miniatures. It is hard to imagine how the tragedies to be written on that machine will come out.

I press your hand firmly, bidding you farewell. You will put on my "Thought" in my absence. I shall be in Rome awaiting the news with alarm, and suddenly I may get a wire: "Have courage, failure, collapse, crash. I press your hand." But I am a fatalist—come what may. Success is important to me mainly for the reason that the Moscow Art Theater should not abandon its intention of drawing me closer to it. I am very eager to work with you, to breathe in the theater, and not merely to sing its praises from afar. I have never before been as "theatrical" as now, and for the first time it seems to me that I am seriously wondering what is better—the odor of the birch in the spring or freshly painted scenery. My general frame of mind is as if I had never written a single book, as if I had no past, only a future.

My article on the theater has met with success among the readers. Many articles and notices have been published about it, for the most part complimentary. There appeared even one entitled "The Article of a Wise Man." And Philosofov, my old enemy, mumbled something like praise through his teeth, tho in doing it he looked like a man drinking seawater. . . . Curiously enough, Reinhardt has accepted my play, "Thou Shalt Not Kill," and Yashka will be played by Moissi—what will come of it? (January 16, 1914.)

. . . You may put on my plays "The Days of Our Life" and "Anfissa" a thousand times, but if you do not produce "Anathema," if you have forgotten "The Life of Man," or if you laugh at "The Black Masks," and pass indifferently by "The Ocean," you have condemned me to death, you have left my body and thrown my soul out of the window. And now I am going to the cemetery where my unborn children are buried—The Revolution, Peace and War, Nebuchadnezzar, Ahasuerus, and Samson—and I exclaim: Rise, my children! They are calling us! . . . (1915.)

. . . I have completed "Samson in Chains." This is a tragedy, large both in scope and in inner significance, colorful, broad, like "Anathema." Working in accordance with my views of the new theater, I have produced a tragedy of experiences, not a formal, psycho-real tragedy, which was difficult on account of the fact that the theme is historical and exotic. In tone and thought it is an exalted work, and while there is not a hint of war in it, it would be best suited for production during this grave period. But I do not want it produced until after the end of the war, when the madness will have passed. . . . (January 17, 1915.)



LEONID ANDREYEV

. . . I intend to produce "The Waltz of the Dogs" in one or two theaters, but it must be done under my own supervision. But I may not produce this play at all now, and will wait for the "Andreyev" theater, where I will have my public and my own system.

I have come to this conclusion, partly because of my contempt for the public, especially for the public that attends premières—"The Waltz of the Dogs" is a morality play, people should be summoned to it by the tolling of bells, and it should be preceded by a funeral march. But who can see morality plays now, and what theater could overcome this too earthly crowd that flocks to it. . . . (September 29, 1916.)

It may be that after tragedy is felt in life, it will also be revived on the stage. Then "Samson in Chains" will seem different. Now it is out of place, an untimely guest. "We must pray, Pharaoh! It is essential that even the stones in the temple shall pray and be as hot as fire. But what is this? Samson will come, and he will hear the silence of the stones, and the temple will seem to him empty, devoid of God—and who will then halt his hand, if he should raise it against you?"

But while waiting for the stones to turn hot, I feel miserable. All my spiritual being is concentrated on tragedy—and I am alone, like a finger in a torn glove—all the other fingers feel warm, while this one is cold, even tho it sees the sky . . .

I shall not speak of the theaters now. You know their repertoire: comedy, farce, drama, drama, drama. There is no tragedy there, but since they can not get along without tragedy, as without the Holy Ghost, they introduce into the drama little bits of tragedy, simplified and adapted for the toothless, like cutlets of chopped meat. "Come down to earth! Come down to earth!" This is the slogan of our times in Russia, and for that matter throughout the bourgeois world—and almost everybody follows it.

At this time there is a tragedy being enacted in only one great theater—and that is the war. But see with what anguish and aversion its tragic forms and essence are received, how quickly a thousand little theaters are trying to drown the voice of Sinai in the squeaking of Punch and Judy! With the fury of frightened hens they try to offset the war's wild power and stern challenge by their own little dramas and comedies. Accursed war, you may be as tragic as you like—they seem to say—but we will crush you with our drama and farce. We will break you down with our "Crooked Mirror," and spit upon you in "The Bat." Under the pretext of love for pure art, they turn away from books and works about the war. In unclean gossip about some ragged drunkards or cowards they strive with all their might to drown the voice of the war . . .

I say all this in connection with my "Samson in Chains." How can a theater produce it under these terrible circumstances? Who needs it? Who will go to see it? Where would they find the necessary strength even to feel Samson? Oh, if it were only an ordinary Samson Ilyitch living with an ordinary Delilah Savishna—just a spicy sex problem—then the soul of the actor would stir

like an awakened eagle, and the audience too would grow "emotional." But here is—God! Sinai! a prophet! Who wants it? . . . (February, 1915.)

. . . I have completed my "Samson in Chains." What a heavy van it was, and on what a high mountain I had to drag it!

This is a real tragedy, call it what you will. My ideal of a tragedy is one at which Schopenhauer and his maid would cry at the same time. I don't know whether I have succeeded completely, but it is very close to my ideal. If I seem boastful, it does not matter. I know what I know.

The production is difficult; it will require a great deal of energy and money, like "Anathema." But it is somewhat easier to produce than "Anathema," for the style is sustained, and the road is straight and clear, without tunnels. (1914.)

You think the title, "The Waltz of the Dogs," terrible? But it is just as sharp as "He Who Gets Slapped"—no less and no more. Just as "He Who Gets Slapped" is a generalization, a happy expression characterizing a rather complicated group of phenomena, "The Waltz of the Dogs" is also a generalization. It is not insolence, it is not a challenge, or a hunt for the piquant. No! "The Waltz of the Dogs" represents the most hidden and cruel meaning of tragedy, which renounces the meaning and reason of human existence. The likening of the world and of human beings to dancing little dogs that some one is pulling by a string, while holding out bits of sugar, may perhaps be considered blasphemy, but it is not mere foolish indecorum . . .

This is a responsible work, and should be produced with deliberate courage. It will not be crowned with laurels—it will probably be adorned with thorns. Nor will they spare any gall and vinegar. I am by nature not a fighter at all, I love peace and quiet family life. But what am I to do, after all? It is but necessary for a single wheel of a locomotive to leave the rail—and there is a wreck. It is but necessary to depart a single step from the trite and commonplace, and there is war, an uproar, and instead of reviews there are indictments . . .

"The Waltz of the Dogs" is not a casual work; it is not an artistic lapsus of mine; it is not the excuse of a writer who has lost his way. In this work my entire self is exprest. I have faith in it, I respect it, as an honest worker must respect his honest and successful achievement; and even if God Himself were to say to me that this work is poor, I would not believe Him. For if I believed that it is poor, I could not live at all. I would be ended. . . . (October 7, 1916.)

Completing an Unfinished Novel by Jane Austen

WHEN Jane Austen died, she left all her papers and manuscripts to her sister Cassandra, among them the rough draft of a novel, with notes indicating the course she had intended the story to take. This rough draft was published in the "Memoir" written by her nephew, Mr. Austen-Leigh, and called "The Watsons."* Now a certain Miss Oulton, said to have been long a close student of Jane Austen's work, has undertaken the task of making a complete novel from the notes and the rough draft, and it is in the form she has given it that "The Watsons" now appears.

Miss Oulton has done her work well, quite remarkably well, and all the better because she has not tried to round out the characters whose individualities and idiosyncrasies Jane Austen merely hinted at. There is the intriguing Penelope, who admitted that "she would rather have quarreling going on than nothing at all." One can not help having a thrill of sympathy for Penelope, and would like to know her better. Tom Musgrave is another whose character, as Miss Austen would have handled it, holds immense possibilities, while the sensible, unaffected Elizabeth would surely have been the most likable of elder sisters.

Mr. Austin Dobson has suggested that it was the depression due to the delayed publication of "Northanger Abbey" which caused Miss Austen to throw "The Watsons" aside. Mr. Austen-Leigh, who, from the water-marks in the paper on which it was written, places "The Watsons" shortly after "Pride and Prejudice" in point of time, has another and a very different reason for her neglect of this particular story:

> My own idea is . . . that the author became aware of the evil of having placed her heroine too low, in such a position of poverty and obscurity as, tho not necessarily connected with vulgarity, has a sad tendency to degenerate into it. . . . It was an error of which she was likely to become more sensible, as she . . . saw more of Society; certainly she never repeated it by placing the heroine of any subsequent work under circumstances likely to be unfavorable to the refinement of a lady.

Yet, ironically enough, it is to these very circumstances that the rough draft of "The Watsons"—for a rough draft it is, and remains, in spite of the conclusion neatly added by Miss Oulton—owes a very large part of its interest for modern readers.

It demonstrates, and with vividness, the immense contrast between the position of the penniless girl of a century and a half ago, and the equally penniless girl of to-day. We are prone to forget how great, and, in a sense, how sudden, the change has been, prone to despise the women of our great-grandmothers' time as husband-hunters and hypocrites. But when a girl's one chance of escape from humiliation, drudgery and martyrdom lay in finding some one to marry, is it strange that she pursued the search with all the determination and all the wiles at her command? There were four daughters in the Watson family: Emma, the youngest, who is the heroine of the novel; Elizabeth, Penelope and Margaret. Their father, a clergyman, was old, and when he died there would be nothing for them to do but "take situations," since their brothers, one a surgeon's assistant, the other an attorney's clerk, would not be able to support all four of them. To become a governess, a companion, or a poor relation, making herself useful and submitting to endless humiliations as the price of her board and lodging—these were the only alternatives then offered the unmarried woman without an independent income. No wonder that poor Emma is by far the most tearful of Jane Austen's heroines, tho being a heroine, she nobly asserts "I would rather be teacher at a school—and I can think of nothing worse—than marry a man I did not like."

The dreary sameness of every-day existence as it was lived then, and by such people as Emma and her sisters, is more noticeable in this than in Jane Austen's other books, because, being but a crude sketch, "The Watsons" shows little of the spirit, little of the irony and the wit, which belong to her finished work. It is not nearly so amusing as "Love & Freindship," but it is valuable as showing how very much her novels must have owed to careful polishing, the taking of infinite pains. For it is only very occasionally that we find in "The Watsons" a typical Jane Austen touch or phrase, a glimpse of that comedy sense she so supremely possest. Even had she finished it, "The Watsons" would probably have been inferior to her other work; and it may well have been a consciousness of this probable inferiority which prevented her from ever completing the book.

Yet the deftness of the born teller of tales is apparent in this as in all her books, and the story has an interest of its own, apart from its presentation of certain social ideas and customs. That this should be so is merely one more bit of evidence of the genius of that extraordinary product of a country rectory, Jane Austen.

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*The Watsons. By Jane Austen. Concluded by L. Oulton. 211 pp. New York. D. Appleton & Co. $1.75.

The Literary Digest

INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

PUBLISHED BY FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY

ADAM W. WAGNALLS, PRES.; WILFRED J. FUNK, VICE-PRES.;
ROBERT J. CUDDIHY, TREAS.; WILLIAM NEISEL, SEC'Y

354-360 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

JULY, 1923

A Symposium for All Book-Lovers

TIME is the only sure and final arbiter in literature. Critics and literary students argue hotly for this or that favorite among contemporary writers; there are movements and schools and isolated groups of "new" poets or novelists who scornfully turn their backs on all that is old—and then there are the direct opposite of these, the conservatives, the reactionaries, as some would call them, who cling tenaciously to the old names and traditions and see little to admire, much to condemn, in every effort at novelty in literary theme or expression.

Who is right, who is wrong in this warfare of contemporaries the next age alone can decide, and that is a verdict none of us can anticipate with anything like certainty. Fifty years ago, who would have imagined that the birthday of Walt Whitman would be chosen annually above the birthday of any other American poet as an occasion for special rejoicing, a sort of national day in celebration of America's contribution to literature? Or who would have supposed that the author of "Moby Dick" and "Pierre," dying forgotten and unknown in his obscure New York home, would ultimately be recognized by many as one of the great creative writers of all time? Even Poe was a mere "jingle man" to his contemporaries, and it is the amazing reversal of the critical estimate of his genius, and the genius of others who suffered a like inappreciation at the hands of the censorious of their own generation, that emphasizes Time's fondness for staging certain dramatic revenges, and that serves as a salutary check to the exuberance of those students of letters who incline to treat living writers with a too assured finality of praise or blame.

BUT if it is impossible, on a last analysis, to hit upon the final and permanent verdict that we would like regarding contemporary literature, of what use is it to try for a judgment in the matter at all? Of making lists of "best books" there is no end, and if these lists are going to be torn up by a derisive posterity, why trouble to make them? There is always the chance, however, that some great and enduring work, hitherto unrecognized, perhaps, or in danger of being forgotten altogether, may fall into the net of the list-makers and thus become a subject for appreciative study, a factor in the development of our literary future. But of still greater value than this, the very making of these lists serves to bring into review, and in a manner that is at once suggestive and stimulating, the whole literary achievement of a period. It is an essay, that each undertakes for himself, in comparative literature, and the result is an amassing of treasure that might else have escaped us. Choosing favorites is a pleasant, if bewildering, task, and if undertaken conscientiously should train one to sift the genuine from the spurious qualities that give to a book its intrinsic and, hence, its lasting value.

THE historical, if not the critical, value of choosing our literary favorites is abundantly evident in the symposium of ten leading writers who discust in the May number of the INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW the "Ten Best Books of the Century." Each of these writers, it will be remembered, selected what he or she considered the ten best books published since the year 1900. The result was a remarkably long and varied list of titles, in which there were few duplications, testifying to the wide range of books, both in theme and execution, published during the period indicated, and emphasizing the fact, if it needed emphasis, that among the critics themselves there is a quite startling diversity of tastes and literary standards. Since the publication of this symposium there has been a wide-spread discussion of its findings. As was to be expected, indignant partizans of books that were not chosen by the ten writers who conducted the inquiry in the BOOK REVIEW were heard from, while in other periodicals the matter was taken up and supplementary lists published, all of which has greatly increased the interest and the scope of a discussion that at first had seemed little more than a pastime, with only a moderately educational value. Finally, letters have been received from readers of this magazine complaining that as the "Ten Best Books" were selected by professional writers the lists published in the INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW represent the critical opinion of only one—and that a limited—class of students, while lists gaging the popular as well as the professional literary taste should not be confined to any class. Hence, it has been urged that the INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW open its columns to its readers for a further symposium on this theme.

APPRECIATING the unique value of such a discussion, to be carried on as suggested, the readers of this magazine are now asked to send in to the editor their lists of the "Ten Best Books of the Century"—the ten best books, in the opinion of the list-makers, that have been published in this, or any, country since 1900. From these lists, thus submitted, a final list will then be compiled containing the ten books receiving the greatest number of votes. This final, composite list will thus come to represent the ten favorite books, chosen from among the publications of the last twenty-three years by the 110,000 readers of the INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW—an effort to determine contemporary literary favorites that has probably not been attempted before on so large a scale,

IN DISCUSSIONS of this kind, as they have been conducted hitherto, anything like what might be called a composite opinion—an opinion that might be set down as representative of the taste and judgment of the average reader—has been practically impossible to obtain, owing to the difficulty of reaching the various classes of people, professional and otherwise, who are at the same time students and lovers of all kinds of books. And it is the average reader who is, after all, the final arbiter as to the right and the wrong, the good and the bad, in contemporary literature. What ten books of this century—that is, of the last twenty-three years—are destined to live through future generations, as the great books of the past live with us? That is the question in the settlement of which the INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW now invites its readers to participate. In order to give ample time for a careful consideration of this question, answers will be received until and including October 15, the final result to be announced in the December number of the BOOK REVIEW. Besides sending in their votes as to the best ten books of the century, it may be that some of our readers may wish to give a brief statement of the reasons governing them in making their choice. Such detailed expression of opinion will be of undoubted value in reaching a conclusion and will be used, as far as the limits of space will permit, in reporting the results of the symposium. In this discussion, it will be seen, the participants become their own judge and jury—and there is every reason to believe that the verdict coming from so large and impartial a court will have a unique value in determining the comparative excellence of contemporary literary achievement. CLIFFORD SMYTH.

The Indiscretions of Clare Sheridan

By Walter Littlefield

AFTER she had immortalized the potential murderers of Mgr. Butchkavitch in clay, plaster and bronze, and in "Mayfair to Moscow," and had lampooned her deluded American admirers in "My American Diary," Mrs. Clare Sheridan was commissioned by a newspaper editor to "report" persons and things in Europe as they were last year. The result is her third book, "West and East."(1)

I trust the readers of this magazine will pardon me if I make a slight departure from the rule in dealing with "West and East" and its author. Both seem to invite psychiatric, rather than literary, treatment. To say that the author out-margots Margot would be quite unjust to the wife of the former British Prime Minister. For, where Margot merely regaled her readers with impulses and impressions which very often lacked good taste, Clare parades her impulses and impressions as opinions and judgments, which invariably distort the truth. Again and again her ignorance of history, current and otherwise, causes her to commit asburdities of which Mrs. Asquith could never have been guilty.

BENITO MUSSOLINI

She wondered why, when she emerged from her first alleged interview with Mussolini at Lausanne and said, "He is wonderful," the correspondent of *La Stampa* should have laughed "that peculiar, derisive laugh that is so typical of the Latin." She did not know that the Turin paper was owned and edited by the new Premier's inveterate enemies. She took that laugh as typical, and straightway began to base impressions on it which were to become quite hysterical a few days later in Rome. At Constantinople she thinks it very impolite that the English should be aiding the Greeks against the Turks after the English pledge of neutrality, utterly oblivious of the mandate Greece had received from the Supreme Council to execute the Treaty of Sèvres. The Turks treated her well at Lausanne. And so did the Germans, after she crossed the new Belgian frontier. Here, however, she can not restrain a slap at her hosts of the year before. She observes an ascetic workman with a Communist badge, and interrupts her meditation as to whether Charlemagne was French or German, to jot down this seeming paradox:

> In the United States communism is illegal and punishable with prison. What a contrast between liberal Belgium and free America!

The influences which caused her change of heart in regard to Germany are not revealed. Possibly they had no more material origin than that evasive thing called temperament. Possibly she had been reading Nitti and Keynes, for her tears furnish a sentimental epilog to their arguments. But whatever the influence, there is apparently no doubt of her conversion, for she writes:

> German arrogance had disappeared. There is nothing like suffering to purify and spiritualize an individual or a nation. The German nation was being humiliated. One was conscious of the French effort to crush and break it. But the individual German spirit was not broken; his "head was bloody but unbowed."

Thus the fact of Germany's contrition, purification, spiritualization and possible resurrection having been established, the appeal for justice naively follows

> Forgiveness should always follow punishment. When after a punishment I have ever said that I was sorry and my apology was not accepted, my humility was turned into fury. An impotent fury, maybe, but nevertheless a fury that did not make for reconstruction of peace in the household. It will be the same with Germany. Nations are as individuals. It is no longer a question to-day of being pro- or anti-German; it is a case of being sane or insane.

Just so.

Charlotte Brontë was never more sensitive to landscape and thermal phenomena in preparing her readers for tragedy or romance than is Mrs. Sheridan in furnishing a sympathetic prelude to the vagaries of temperament: The Switzerland of Geneva is very different from that of Lausanne, while Rome becomes a scenic reflection of her hatred of the Dux of the Fascisti. She is also supersensitive to the mental reaction she produces in others, and invariably ascribes their impatience, intolerance or indifference to some personal idiosyncrasy, on which she henceforth allows her imagination to dwell. It never occurs to her that the cause of her complaint may have been within herself, while they were merely making heroic efforts to conceal their exasperation or boredom.

Her chapters are teeming with examples of subjective analysis, and consequently of subjective deductions, often based upon the most casual objective observation. At the Geneva Conference Lord Balfour is represented as "sometimes counting the flies on the ceiling, or else covering his face with his hand that none may read his thoughts"; M. Hanotaux's eyebrows have "an upward Mephistophelian slant," and "he adopted a look of nauseation at the mere sound of the language"—the German language; the Marquis Imperiali is "not overloaded with brains, but always courteous"; and finally there is an observation the correctness of which Americans have recently had the opportunity to estimate: Lord Robert Cecil "has a longer spine, and longer limbs and longer, bonier fingers than any one who ever lived, and when he speaks he delivers his speeches as tho they were sermons."

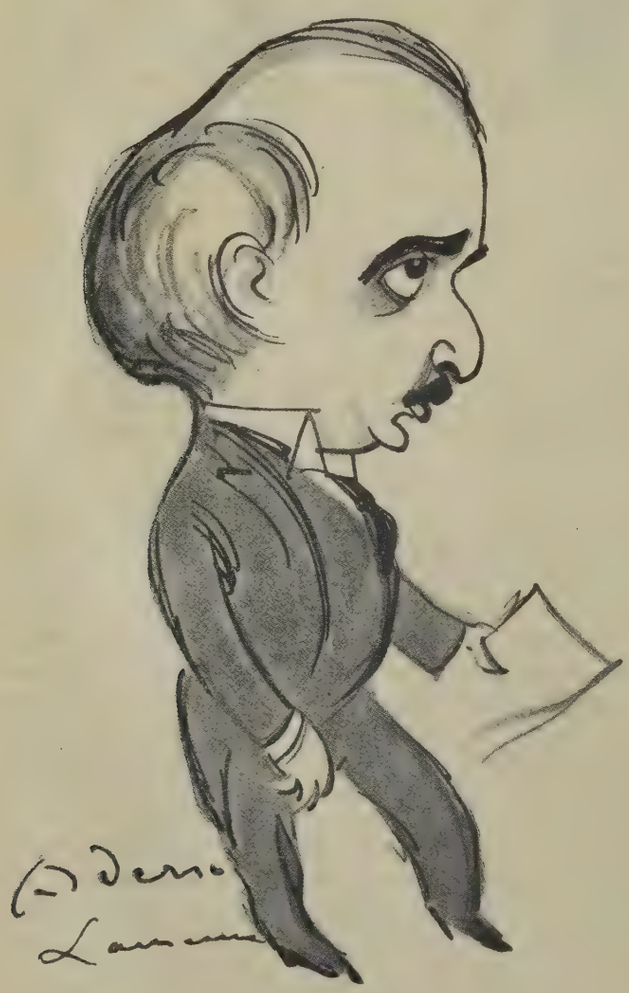
(1) WEST AND EAST. By Clare Sheridan. With Five Portraits. 270 pp. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

At Smyrna, in spite of his fair hair, blue eyes and Georgian face, Mustafa Kemal Pasha is unmasked: "I realized the Oriental in him at once, his ceremonious attitude and his unfathomable thoughts." At first we wonder why she declares the gentle Queen Marie of Roumania to have "all the instincts of an actress, altho sometimes she over-rehearses the part, and on this occasion there was no gallery," and then a page or two later we may surmise the truth: "I was not allowed to utter a word, while she told me very forcibly what she thought of me for having shaken hands with people who had murdered her Russian royal family."

It is also possible that her analysis of Roumania's Queen is somewhat colored by the advice of a mysteriously polite gentleman—"rather slim, with long, white, girlish hands, almost an Aubrey Beardsley type with a blasé expression"—whom she encountered on the train between Boulogne and Paris, who showed her around the Paris of erratic and erotic foreigners with persistent avowals that it was the Paris of the French, and who curiously turned up at Bucharest to see that Mrs. Sheridan obtained a similarly perverted view of the "Little Paris" of Roumania.

In Paris: "My newly found friend called for me in his car and took me out to luncheon, and fetched me every evening to show me Paris night life. . . . And this—I said to myself after the first few hours—this is Paris! . . . The air was full of sex complex. The books, the papers and the theaters have accomplished the nudity of mind compared to which the nudity of form is negligible." Naturally the Montmartre she sees is that of the "Café of the Dead," but, paradoxical as it may seem, in the operatic setting of "Louise." In Bucharest: She observes "Little Paris" through the windows of Mamarosh Blank et Cie., with which concern her mysterious friend appeared to have some connection.

She manages to cheat the Swiss customs officials on the German-Swiss frontier; but "I wonder why all this tyranny at every frontier; how could men ever have made frontiers so hateful with futile and unnecessary red tape?" On the Bulgar-Roumanian frontier it is different. Here, thanks to the way she had exploited Stamboulisky's propaganda for a "Green Internationale," a corps of officials smilingly bow her on her way to Bucharest.



ISMET PASHA

Before we come to the Kipling and Mussolini interviews, it is just as well to cite two others, which certainly appear to be indiscretions on somebody's part. In Berlin she meets her old friend Litvinov at the Soviet Embassy. She imagines that all transport to Moscow has broken down, and he looks perplexed when she says: "I will take a lot of food in with me."

> "Food? But you can buy food in Russia if you have the money," he answered.
>
> I thought confusedly of the Russian famine reliefs that we have all worked for.
>
> "What does it all mean? I don't understand." Litvinov looked away from me with a cynical expression. "Revolutions to-day become bourgeois," he said bitterly.

At Constantinople she met the Ottoman Veliat, he who was presently to be made Caliph by the Angora Assembly. He unblushingly assured her and confessed to her that had Germany won "we should have been a German colony."

Everybody remembers the Kipling interview of last summer which kept the cables hot and the radio working overtime with denials and counter-denials for a few days. One turns the pages wondering whether Kipling's denial of September 12 will be reproduced:

> I did not give Mrs. Clare Sheridan an interview, and did not say the things I have seen ascribed to me.

It is not reproduced. There is not the vaguest reference to it. On the contrary, we are assured by a notice printed on the jacket of this book: "The interview with him, it will be recalled, created a sensation, and here it is given in full for the first time." Altho the reader of the book will never be able to peruse therein the Kipling denial, there remains sufficient evidence to show that whatever the poet might have said to his Sussex neighbor, he had no suspicion that he was to be publicly quoted. That admits of no possible doubt.

But if Mrs. Sheridan pursues Kipling with questionable journalistic ethics, what can be said of her pursuit of Mussolini? Here, whatever has been restored to her original story from Rome, whatever additions have been made to it, the venom of her hatred is superlatively magnified and even betrays itself in her introduction, where, after quoting the Premier of Italy, she says: "And Mussolini sometimes inadvertently speaks the truth."

When the alleged interview appeared in the New York paper even the things which were printed there were so extraordinary, so utterly out of keeping with what the intimates of Mussolini had led me to believe, that I wrote to one of them for information. My request, however, had been anticipated by my correspondent, who had already written to me:

> I wonder whether you know the reason of Clare Sheridan's hate for Mussolini. She apparently came to Rome and asked Mussolini to sit for her. Mussolini answered that he believed that marble monuments should only be made for the dead, and "I feel so very much alive," he said. Clare Sheridan, who is not accustomed to being refused, hotfooted it off home and poured forth all her ire in the article. I have been making some inquiries here and I can find no evidence that Clare Sheridan ever spoke to Mussolini at all or that she has ever seen him, except at a distance.

Clare Sheridan has been called a brilliant and gifted woman. She is all of that. Her idealization in plastic form of the rulers of Soviet Russia was an extraordinary performance. The scenic backgrounds, the human environment against which and in which she manipulates her fabricated puppets in "West and East" would cause novelists of fame to stand mute with admiration, possibly with envy. It would, indeed, be romance were it not for the fact that, while there is a heroine, there is no hero.

A Day with Dr. Johnson at the Turk's Head

By Richard Le Gallienne

SOME MEN are born Johnsonians, some men achieve Johnson, and no few, I fancy, have Johnson thrust upon them. Mr. Birrell, of course, belongs preeminently to the first class. To the third belong those whom one may mention merely to dispose of as irrelevant, those uncomfortable and thin-blooded readers, imperfectly endowed with human nature, and poorly nourished on the humanities, whose standards of literature are entirely "cerebral" and contemporary, readers always ready to think the worst of "standard authors," to disregard them as traditional superstitions and depositories of superseded thought. These readers do not value an author for what he is, but for what he thinks, and, if his opinions seem antiquated or antipathetic to them, they ignore him as valueless. They have their reward.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

In the dress he wore during the trip to the Hebrides

In this class too, it is to be feared, must be counted the majority of youth. "Happy indeed," says Mr. Birrell, in his introduction to the second volume of Mr. Shorter's "Boswell,"(1) "are the young folk whose lot it will be to read 'it' for the first time in this edition." Yet it is to be questioned whether, at any period, Johnson has been a young man's author. And this is quite natural. Indeed, one is inclined to feel that it would be unnatural otherwise. To be born a young Johnsonian is to be born middle-aged. Normal youth is for the literature that reflects its vivid and eager sensations, its passions, its dreams, its illusions, and all the *Sturm und Drang* of its first impact with life. It is all for beauty, spiritual and intellectual adventure and unrest, a heady, keen, highly charged expressiveness. It is impatient of the accepted, the settled-down, the mature. It must have fire and music, abandon, nervous and emotional energy. What we call experience, with its balance, its suspended judgments, its relative wisdom, its broad and deep tolerance, is very properly not yet its province. That it takes all sorts to make a world it has yet to learn. Life and literature made in its own image are what it seeks, and its own young ego is the measure of all things. When we are reading Keats and Shelley, in the period of "poetry's divine first finger touch," or are reading Mr. Ezra Pound or Mr. James Joyce, it is not to be expected that we have any time or inclination for a prosaic old fogy like "the great lexicographer."

But that does not mean that Dr. Johnson may not come to have his day with us. Some one has said that the eighteenth century is always the century of the middle-aged. How impatient we all were with it once, and it must be noticed as a curious sign of the times that even this most impatient of young centuries, even among some of its younger critics, is seen to be undergoing a reaction toward the eighteenth century with its virile common sense, and unfevered writing, as against the emotional idealism and "romantic" impressionistic writing of what Boswell would term "the last age." We would really seem to be coming to value it for what it is rather than to dismiss it for what it is not. Its very concreteness, its firm-footed reality, which we once regarded as lifeless, material and prosaic, is beginning to reassert its charm of order and sane and forcible utterance. Perhaps Pope was a poet, after all! Even Dr Johnson's own poetry is no longer ignored:

> His numbers wore the vesture of the age,
> But, 'neath its beating, the great heart was heard.

JAMES BOSWELL

From an original sketch by George Langton

And as for that "vesture of the age," the term "pseudo-classicism" is no longer accepted as an entirely adequate dismissal. We no longer deny it some of the real classic virtues. And of these, at his best, Dr. Johnson remains the permanent and impressive master. Let him be as wrong-headed, on occasion, as perverse and superseded in his judgments as you please, he remains, and will remain, a great writer, as he was a great and uniquely human being. In reading him, and reading of him, we more than ever realize that common sense so preeminent may have an absolute beauty, as, in his own and Boswell's pages, it is undoubtedly "a joy forever."

The finality alike of his conversation and his writing leaves us, as it left his contemporaries, with nothing to say. It is the last word. When he knocks you down, as was his forthright way with impudent booksellers, you have to admit that he did it as justly as brilliantly, and once for all. The thing could not be said better, and more often than not the thing said is as everlastingly true as granite. It has an inevitability singularly impressive, an almost Biblical finality. It is no sooner said than it seems inspiringly self-evident, as tho it had been said from the beginning of the world. Among Mr. Birrell's essays is one entitled "The Gospel According to Dr. Johnson," and in it Mr. Birrell brings together a number of the Doctor's typical dicta, a few of which shall be transcribed here for the good of the reader's soul:

> Your father begot you and your mother bore you. Honor them both. Husbands, be faithful to your wives. Wives, forgive your husbands' unfaithfulness—once.

(1) THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON. By James Boswell. Edited by Clement Shorter. Temple Bar Edition. 10 vols. Edition limited to 785 copies. Printed for Gabriel Wells by Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.

No grown man who is dependent on the will, that is the whim, of another can be happy, and life without enjoyment is intolerable gloom. Therefore, as money means independence and enjoyment, get money, and having got it keep it. A spendthrift is a fool.

The only liberty worth turning out into the street for, is the liberty to do what you like in your own inn. All work is bondage.

Never get excited about causes you do not understand, or about people you have never seen. Keep Corsica out of your head.

Life is a struggle with either poverty or ennui; but it is better to be rich than to be poor.

Death is a terrible thing to face. The man who says he is not afraid of it lies. Yet, as murderers have met it bravely on the scaffold, when the time comes so perhaps may I. In the meantime I am horribly afraid. The future is dark. I should like more evidence of the immortality of the soul.

There is great solace in talk. We—you and I—are shipwrecked on a wave-swept rock. At any moment one or other of us, perhaps both, may be carried out to sea and lost. For the time being we have a modicum of light and warmth, of meat and drink. Let us constitute ourselves a club, stretch out our legs and talk.

If any tyrant prevents your goings out and your comings in, fill your pockets with large stones and kill him as he passes. Then go home and think no more about it. Never theorize about Revolution. Finally, pay your score at your club and your final Debt to Nature generously and without casting the account too narrowly. . . . Be a good fellow, and don't insist upon being remembered more than a month after you are dead.

"Grief is a species of idleness" is one other of the innumerable deep sayings that might be added to this abridged confession of faith; and of Johnson's peculiar kind of grave wit this saying *à propos* Dr. Warburton, during the Doctor's famous interview with George III, is a good example. The King had remarked that Pope made Warburton a bishop. "True, Sir," retorted Johnson, "but Warburton did more for Pope; he made him a Christian." And is there anything in biography more wholly satisfying than Johnson's tremendous letter to Lord Chesterfield?

Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the Publick should consider me as owing that to a Patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Age can not wither this. We read it with the same thrill of victorious joy as we still recall some famous battle, as we say "Actium," for instance, or some other immortal, decisive event. It is more like a great deed than a letter. It is like something out of Plutarch. Never was such a monument of—a man. A man! All we can say of Boswell's "Life" is summed up when we say that there is scarcely elsewhere in literature such a portrayal of a man. Of all that we mean when we say "character" it is the masterly apotheosis.

There have been those who, "with the small man's spite against a large one"—the phrase is Professor Trent's—have endeavored to make out that Johnson is the creation of Boswell's imaginative hero-worship. "It is hard to say," wittily comments Professor Trent on this attitude, "whether such hypothetical attempts should be pronounced mainly lacking in taste or mainly lacking in sense. In other words, and to put it mildly, those persons are singularly unfortunate who minimize or forget the part a great man plays in a biography of himself." That Johnson survives for us in so marvelously living a fashion is incontestably due to Boswell's art as a biographer, an art which all agree entitles the curious little man to the honors of "genius," but, as Professor Trent asks, could he have made such a great book out of any one else, any of the other distinguished members of the famous Club at the Turk's Head, for instance? There is but one answer, and Professor Trent makes it with satisfying force: "Boswell's 'Johnson' owes its importance to the fact that Johnson was probably on the whole the most extraordinary human being of high character then residing in Great Britain." This, too, is Mr. Birrell's conclusion, thus finely stated:

Let it never be forgotten for a moment that *behind* Boswell, behind Reynolds, behind Mrs. Thrale, Miss Burney and the rest of the busy crew of Editors, Critics, Anecdotists, and Commentators, there stands out against the black sky of the past, Johnson's own *Character*, which was powerful enough to impress, on all who fell within the sphere of his imperious influence, that one and the same stamp of essential *Unity* which almost alone can secure for a dead man a permanent place in the minds of succeeding generations.

And so bear witness, one after another, the various distinguished Johnsonians to whom Mr. Clement Shorter, the general editor of this noble edition, has allotted the congenial task of writing introductions to its several volumes. We owe much to Mr. Shorter's long and faithful love of letters, and, as to think of him is perhaps particularly to think of Charlotte Brontë, it will not be out of place to parenthesize here the indignant championship of the Doctor by the novelist of "Jane Eyre." I quote it from an admirable paper by Mr. John Bailey on "Johnson without Boswell." Some one had said that Charlotte Brontë was "always talking about clever people, such as Johnson and Sheridan." "Now, you don't know the meaning of clever," she flashed out; "Sheridan might be clever—scamps often are; but Johnson hadn't a spark of 'cleverality' in him." On which Mr. Bailey makes this most welcome comment: "That remark really gives the essence of Johnson and the key to the great qualities of his work; for, in his case, even more than in most, the prose was the man. Whoever wants 'cleverality,' whoever wants what Mr. Bernard Shaw is supplying to the present generation, had best leave Johnson alone. The signal merit of Johnson's writing is that he always means what he says and always says what he means."

R. B. Adam Collection, Buffalo, N. Y.

TEMPLE BAR, LONDON, IN DR. JOHNSON'S TIME

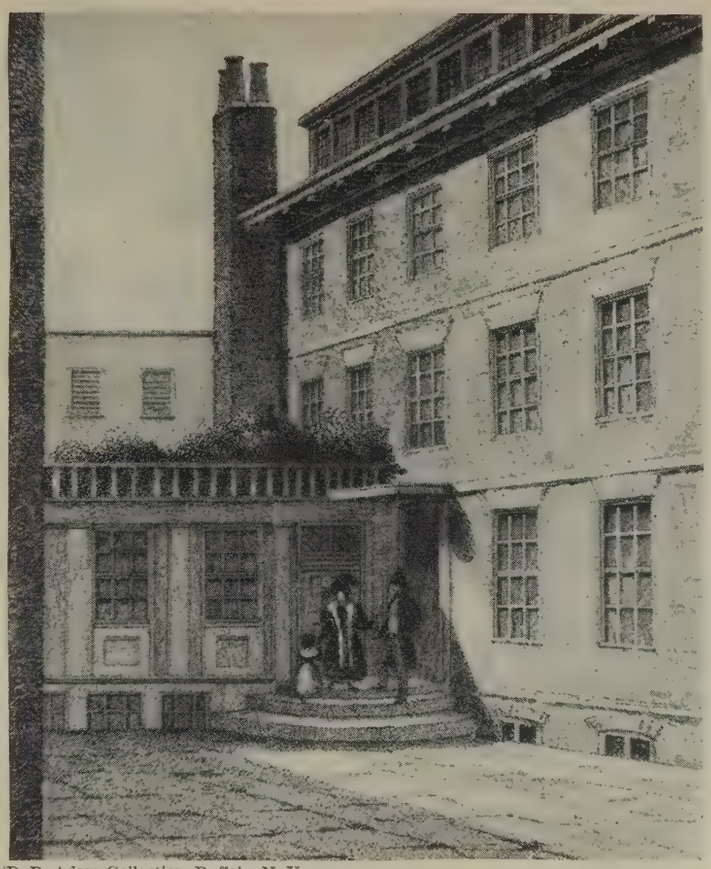
From an old print reproduced in the Temple Bar Edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson"

But to return to Mr. Shorter and his jury of eleven Johnsonians, including himself. In assigning their task to his several contributors Mr. Shorter has had the admirable editorial idea of inviting them to concern themselves in the main with those years of Johnson's life covered by the volumes they introduce. Thus each introductory paper is not merely an appreciation at large, but a study in particular of the Doctor at successive stages of his fortunes

and development. The benefit of such a plan is evident, as Johnson is thus presented to us in all his various aspects and vicissitudes, with a body of converging comment by sympathetic experts of great illuminative value as the result. By dividing the introductions equally between English and American Johnsonians, naming the edition "The Temple Bar" Edition, and giving it into the hands of Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. to print, and to Mr. Gabriel Wells, the well-known Fifth Avenue bibliophile and bibliopole, to publish, Mr. Shorter has appropriately gained for his edition the agreeable character of an Anglo-American enterprise, which is as it should be, for Johnson hero-worship has long since taken vigorous root in what he used to refer to as "the American Plantations," as his fame is the pride of the whole English-speaking race.

The most valuable collection of Johnsoniana in the world is that of Mr. R. B. Adam of Buffalo, who introduces the seventh volume, and to whom we owe all the delightful illustrations with which the edition is enriched, the photographs of the same having been made by Mr. George J. Hare, also of Buffalo. Among these, in particular, is a portrait of Johnson by Reynolds, originally owned by the late Mr. McFadden of Philadelphia, which has never been produced before, a portrait of peculiar significance as having caught a wistfulness and sensitiveness in the familiar face which we find in no other portrait, a quality hinting at that deeper spiritual side of Johnson's nature which, as we shall see later, Mr. Drinkwater feels must have been there, but which he finds somewhat missing from Boswell's portrayal. Another American Johnsonian, whom we certainly could not have spared from so representative a Johnson club, is Mr. A. Edward Newton, whose "Amenities of Book-Collecting" has recently won him a distinguished place in that company of those rare spirits, such as Frognal Dibdin, John Hill Burton, Andrew Lang, who have written of books with a lover's passion, that peculiarly human and beloved hierarchy that has Charles Lamb for its patron saint. There is a boyish gusto in Mr. Newton's bookishness that is immensely magnetic and infectious, and he has done nothing better than the natural, open-hearted piece of writing with which he introduces the fifth volume, and which he appropriately dates from "The Green Man, Ashbourne," in Derbyshire, where, when the old house belonged to Johnson's friend, Dr. Taylor, Johnson and Boswell spent a time of much memorable talk, as is to be duly found in the record. Mr. Newton also takes us with him on a vivid visit to the house in 17 Gough Street, five minutes' walk from the "Cheshire Cheese" of sacred memory, where Johnson made his dictionary. This house is now a Johnson shrine, presided over by Mrs. Dyble, to whom Mr. Newton pays a charming tribute, and justly gives her "a place i' the story." This anecdote will show how high Mrs. Dyble deserves to rank among true-blue Johnsonians:

> Mrs. Dyble is a soldier's wife, and when her husband was fighting in France, she, during the air-raids on London, thought it unworthy of a soldier's wife to seek refuge in the "tubes," as her neighbors were doing: on the contrary, she climbed to the top of the house, and in the attic, the room in which Johnson coined the famous definitions for his Dictionary, read through the night Boswell's "Life of Johnson," the book which has so happily beguiled so many generations of readers. Boswell has, no doubt, been read under many strange conditions. . . .



R. B. Adam Collection, Buffalo, N. Y.

HOUSE IN BOLT COURT, LONDON, WHERE JOHNSON LIVED AND DIED

but surely none stranger. However, a love of Johnson would seem to inspire dauntlessness, for Mr. Birrell tells us, in his introduction, of an occasion on which the members of the Johnson Club no less intrepidly faced the same danger in the same room. It was on the 13th of December, 1915, that, "met, as their wont is, to celebrate an anniversary of the lexicographer's death—they were incommoded by the appearance of a Zeppelin, hovering over their heads, and discharging its deadly contents in the immediate neighborhood. In a spirit of true Johnsonian composure the Club carried on its proceedings."

Another American contributor, Professor Trent, I have already laid under contribution, and I regret that I have not space to do more than refer to Professor Chauncey Brewster Tinker's introduction to the first volume of Boswell's "Tour," which very properly follows the "Life." The English contributors, after Mr. Birrell, include Mr. Aleyn Lyell Reade, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. John Drinkwater, Mr. Walter De La Mare, and Mr. Richard Ashe King. Mr. Reade's contribution is particularly valuable from a historical point of view, for the new light it throws on Johnson's forbears, disposing effectually of the fallacy that Johnson was a "sport" (in the scientific sense), an "exotic genius who seemed to belie all the qualities of his predecessors in blood." "He was," says Mr. Reade, "essentially a man, and a man of substantial character, whose ancestry has a very direct bearing upon our understanding of his personality." He came of good blood on both sides, and his mother's family had many distinguished and aristocratic connections.

Of the other introductions Mr. John Drinkwater's takes the most original "angle." As we have hinted, Mr. Drinkwater is solicitous about "the other Johnson of whom Boswell was hardly aware," but of whom we do get occasional glimpses in his talk that "suddenly remind us of a profound life lived beyond the range of all clubs and Boswells"—Johnson the lonely artist and wanderer in the deep places of the soul. "The strain of melancholy," says Mr. Drinkwater, "which Johnson brought into his social life was no doubt in a way a reflection of those lonely contemplations, but that is the most we hear of it." The "Life," Mr. Drinkwater thinks, "has made him in the popular mind a rather grimmer figure than is justified if we look a little beyond Boswell's vision. His pontifical manner was real enough, no doubt, but even when it is most in evidence there are touches all the time to remind us of a very gentle and wistful spirit that was perhaps after all the truest thing about him." Johnsonians will thank Mr. Drinkwater for emphasizing this somewhat neglected side of their hero.

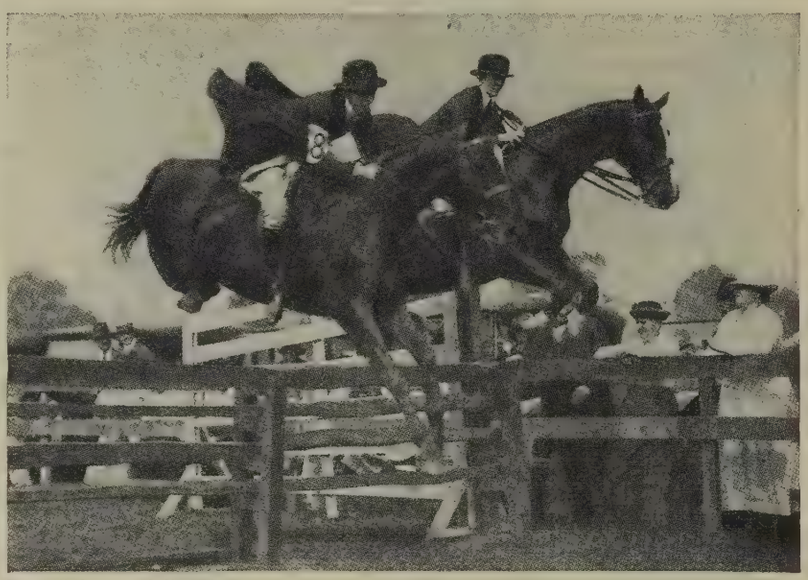
Altogether, Mr. Shorter is indeed justified in claiming that "the wise reader . . . will be satisfied that he has here the best printed edition of Boswell's great book that has ever been given to the world." In typography, paper, binding, and the general style of its format, it is certainly a very beautiful book, shapely, with a touch of sumptuousness, and yet friendly and comfortable to hand and eye. Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. are to be congratulated on so noble a piece of book-making. Mr. Shorter

(*Continued on page 64*)

Summer Reading at a Writers' Colony

A Little Drama of Best Books

THE wind, rustling through the dense green of the pine-trees, sounded like waves washing one after another upon a pebbly beach. It was a ceaseless music that gradually smoothed away the tiny irritations engendered in the mind by the hot distraction of the city. Set among the trees, each one concealed from the other by friendly foliage, were the small studios, buildings of one room and with glowing fireplaces, simply furnished with chairs and tables and the inevitable typewriters. In each studio one of the arts was suffering that continual rebirth which is called creation.



From a photograph by Haas.

GOOD FORM ON THE PART OF HORSES AND RIDERS WHEN JUMPING IN PAIRS

From "Riding Astride for Girls," by Ivy Maddison. (Holt)

One building contained a painter who laid the pigment upon his canvas, placidly aware of the fact that he was to be interrupted by no postman, landlady, unexpected friends, telephone calls, or the raucous noises of the city street. In another a composer picked out note after note on his piano, safely protected by his screened windows from insects, and hearing only the chattering of squirrels and chipmunks and the bubbling song of the thrush. Still another studio housed a poet who spun out his rimes in a haven of silence which he knew would be but briefly disturbed by the quiet placing of a lunch-basket on his doorstep at the noon hour. Over all this the sun glowed down, ruddy and companionable. So these creators would work all day protected by a rule that forbade uninvited guests, and in the early evening they would repair to Colony Hall, the main building, where they would dine and then pass a quiet evening talking of books and music and pictures, or merely smoking and meditating on the morrow's work. At an early hour they would disperse and seek the blessed comfort of cool sheets and deep slumber.

This is the MacDowell Colony at Peterborough, that green haven for creative artists set down in the most beautiful portion of New Hampshire, over whose placid woodlands and meadows the blue cone of Monadnock looms, a friendly and protecting sign that here nature is preeminent. The years have witnessed a growth at Peterborough. Studios have been added until the colony now offers refuge for a decidedly large group. Each year it opens early in June and continues until the end of September. This year is an unusual one in many respects. For one thing, a reunion of old colonists is under way. For another, Edwin Arlington Robinson, for years a member of the colony, is absent on a European trip. And for a third reason, there is an extremely large group of important writers present, writers who touch practically all the facets of modern literature.

In such a gathering as this the subject of summer reading should be of importance. It would be like discovering what brand of honey bees love the most. The answer is easy: each bee loves his own kind the most. But this must be developed, and to do it properly the writer must turn to drama. Be it understood that the dialog which follows is for the most part imaginary. These opinions have (à la George Moore) been deliberately placed in the mouths of long-suffering authors who came to Peterborough for peace and actually get but little of it from the ubiquitous writer of these paragraphs. Let the little drama be called "Summer Reading at a Writers' Colony," and let the impertinent reporter of it stand for that wider public that does not specialize in specific types of letters.

First there must be a scene. It shall be the Barnard Studio, a large and commodious building with two rooms, pleasantly furnished, and newly swept for the expected guests. The Reporter hovers anxiously at the door awaiting the appearance of the writers.

Padraic Colum (entering suddenly with a copy of "Castle Conquer," his just-published novel, under his arm)—Speaking of novels for summer reading——

Elinor Wylie (entering with equal suddenness with a copy of "Black Armour" in her hand)—Speaking of poetry for summer reading——

Alfred Kreymborg (entering very quietly with a copy of "Puppet Plays" clasped to his bosom)—Speaking of drama for summer reading——

The Anthologist—(waving a green and brown tome, "The Peterborough Anthology," in the air)—Speaking of anthologies for summer reading——

A LITTLE FISHING VILLAGE BIDS YOU WELCOME

From "Ambling Through Acadia," by Charles Hanson Towne. (Century)

A CALL FOR THE AUTHOR

From "The Powder of Sympathy," by Christopher Morley. (Doubleday-Page)

But order must be restored, and, as each writer arrives, his own books are dextrously taken away from him at the door, and he is led to a seat, his expression naturally growing rather forlorn. With some diffidence the Reporter begins the proceedings.

The Reporter—Here we are, so to speak, in the very heart of summer. And with summer come the thoughts of long days, days of vacation in the mountains or at the seashore. Summer means rest to many people and together with that rest should go the mild mental stimulus that is afforded by books. Now there are many kinds of books. Various appetites crave various flavors, and, of course, there is a wide diversity in people's tastes in books. Here at my elbow are catalogs from the various publishers. These catalogs list a good share of the books that have been published during the winter and spring. When we say "summer books" we generally mean books that have appeared in the spring, for but few publishers issue volumes during these hot months of July and August, and with September the new season starts. From the books already published, however, we may note certain fashions that would seem to be excellent summer reading. But before doing this we must find out whether or not summer reading is any different from winter reading.

Padraic Colum—The only difference is that you have to read faster in the winter than you do in the summer. During the cold months you read books hot from the press; during the summer you catch up on the books that were published during the winter.

Alfred Kreymborg—Summer books should contain matter that does not tax the brain too severely. Heat lessens our vitality. Novels, of course, are always interesting reading in the summer.

Elinor Wylie—They are just as good reading in the winter if they are well enough written.

The Reporter—There you touch upon a problem. Not so many years ago some of the publishers seemed to imagine that the summer novel need not be as well-written as the winter publication. On second thought, I would not say "less well-written," but "less important in subject-matter." Heavy problems were not accepted for summer novels. Lightness, humor, adventure, these were the things that counted. As for poetry——

Alfred Kreymborg—Do people read poetry either in the winter or summer?

Elinor Wylie—Certainly they do. I was——

The Reporter (hastily)—Let us keep to novels for the moment. They seem to be the largest aspect of summer reading. Now, what are the novels of the lately defunct season that would seem to lend themselves to summer reading?

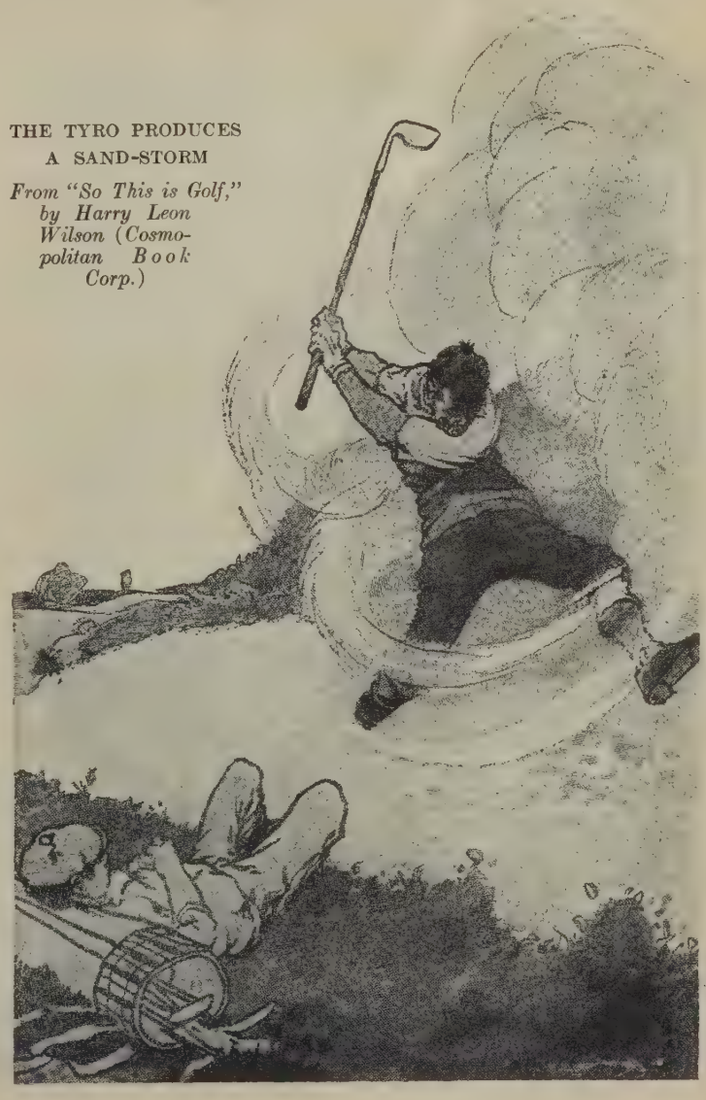
Padraic Colum—All the good ones.

Alfred Kreymborg—All the light ones.

An Unknown Stranger (thrusting his head in at the door)—None of them!

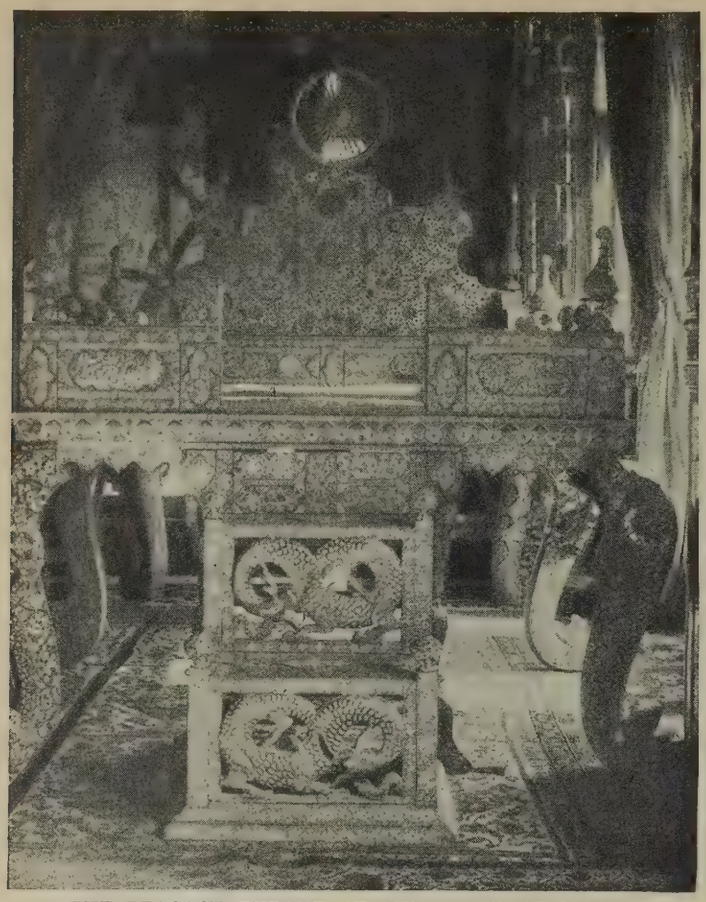
Elinor Wylie (nodding toward the disappearing stranger)—His manuscript came back last week.

The Reporter—Here is a list of summer novels compiled after receiving advice from various Colonists. I do not read the publishers' names, because I presume you may inquire for these books at any bookstore and they will secure them for you. The list is: "The Affair at Flower-Acres," by Carolyn Wells; "Annette and Bennett," by Gilbert Cannan; "Anthony John," by Jerome K. Jerome; "The Barge of Haunted Lives," by J. Aubrey Tyson; "The Best Short Stories of 1922," edited by Edward J. O'Brien; "Black Oxen," by Gertrude Atherton; "Capitol Hill," by Harvey Fergusson; "The Captain's Doll," by D. H. Lawrence; "Challenge," by V. Sackville-West; "The Chaste Diana," by E. Barrington; "Children of Men," by Eden Phillpotts; "Demian," by Hermann Hesse; "Desolate Splendour," by Michael Sadleir; "The Enchanted April," by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden"; "Faint Perfume," by Zona Gale; "The Fascinating Stranger," by Booth Tarkington; "The Four Stragglers," by Frank L. Packard; "Futility," by William Gerhardt; "Gates of Life," by Edwin Björkman; "Georgian Stories, 1922"; "Going Together," by Louise Dutton; "His Children's Children," by Arthur Train; "Huntingtower," by John Buchan; "Impromptu," by Elliott Paul; "In Dark Places," by John Russell; "Kai-Lung's Golden Hours," by Ernest Bramah; "Lady into Fox," by David Garnett; "The Last of the Vikings," by Johan Bojer; "Many Marriages," by Sherwood Anderson; "Men Like Gods," by H. G. Wells; "The Murder on the Links," by Agatha Chrystie; "Pender Among the Residents," by Forrest Reid; "Ponjola," by Cynthia Stockley; "Ralph Herne," by W. H. Hudson; "The Road to Calvary," by Alexey Tolstoy; "Sinbad," by C. K. Scott; "Stella Dallas," by Olive Higgins Prouty; "Stonecrop," by Cecile Tormay; "Times Have Changed," by Elmer Davis; "The Tree of the Garden," by E. C. Booth; "The Victim," by Phyllis Bottome; "The Village," by Ivan Bunin; and "Wisdom's Daughter," by H. Rider Haggard. Now, just a word regarding these books. They are not proffered as the best, for that would be impossible discrimination. No doubt another list just as large could be put together from novels which have not been mentioned. Indeed, the average of fiction during



THE TYRO PRODUCES A SAND-STORM

From "So This is Golf," by Harry Leon Wilson (Cosmopolitan Book Corp.)



THE PEACOCK THRONE OF THE SHAHS OF PERSIA

From "By Camel and Car to the Peacock Throne," by E. Alexander Powell. (Century)

the past season has been extremely high. So the titles I have mentioned must be accepted merely as books that indubitably would make good summer reading, that touch all tastes, from the detective tale to the problem novel, and that possess certain qualities, either literary, thrilling, or unusual, that render them admirable hammock-books.

Padraic Colum—You never mentioned "Castle Conquer."

The Reporter—Mr. Colum's new novel (his first, by the way) has just appeared, and it promises to be one of the delights of the summer. It's the story of——

Padraic Colum (hastily)—Let 'em buy it! Let 'em buy it!

The Reporter—Let us consider poetry now. Everybody should read poetry in the summer. There is nothing more pleasant than lying on a green bank and reading verses.

Padraic Colum—A green bank! Most readers live in the city!

The Reporter—Well, I had to be poetical. Here's my poetry list, small but carefully selected: "April Twilights," by Willa Cather; "Collected Poems," by Vachel Lindsay; "Selected Poems," by John Masefield; "Selected Poems," by Robert Frost; "Selected Poems," by George Sterling; "Dublin Days," by L. A. G. Strong; "Fox Footprints," by Elizabeth J. Coatsworth; "The Great Dream," by Marguerite Wilkinson; "Maine Coast," by Wilbert Snow; "One Hundred Poems," by Sir William Watson; "Poems," by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt; "Poems," by George Santayana; "Roman Bartholow," by Edwin Arlington Robinson; and "Roast Leviathan," by Louis Untermeyer.

Alfred Kreymborg—And late in the summer my new volume of poems, "Less Lonely," is to appear. And don't forget "Puppet Plays," which has just been published.

The Reporter—It's a question whether or not "Puppet Plays" should be ranked as drama. However, I'll go right on to the drama.

Padraic Colum—Do people read drama in the summer?

The Unknown Stranger (thrusting his head in at the door)—Let me once for all dispel this illusion that people read different kinds of books in warm weather and during the cold months. They don't.

Chorus of Writers—They do!

The Unknown Stranger—They don't. The illusion that all the best books are read in the winter rises from the fact that the publishers issue these momentous tomes during that period. They have to be read then if one is to keep abreast of modern letters. But if a good book is published in the summer it finds just as many readers. Coming up on the train I saw three people reading. One had Lytton Strachey's "Landmarks in French Literature," which has just been reissued; another was absorbed in "Ireland's Literary Renaissance," by Ernest Boyd; the third was immersed in "Skepticism and Animal Faith," by George Santayana. Do you call those summer books?

The Reporter—At the same time I think that most publishers will tell you that sales rather fall off during the summer. There is not the same cerebral activity as in the winter.

The Unknown Stranger—People who read good books in the winter read good books in the summer; people who read light books in the summer read light books in the winter. It's just a question of taste. You can not convince me that a man who reads William James in the winter turns to Harold Bell Wright in the summer merely because the temperature is different. No, sir. (The Unknown Stranger disappears, leaving us to wonder whether he is Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot or Maxwell Bodenheim.)

The Reporter—Well, here is the drama that seems worth peeping into: "Dr. Johnson," by A. Edward Newton; "The Fool," by Channing Pollock; "The Love Rogue," by Harry Kemp; "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," by St. John Ervine; "Melloney Holtspur; or, The Pangs of Love," by John Masefield; "Red Bird," by William Ellery Leonard; "The Old Drama and the New," by William Archer; and "The Wheel of Life," by James Bernard Fagan.

Elinor Wylie—It seems to me that if there is any particular kind of books that is adapted peculiarly for summer reading it is that which may be classified as literature, humor and essays.

The Reporter—You are perfectly right. And here is a list of such books, from which all sorts of choices may be made. They are books that lighten train journeys and serve for idle afternoons on porches. Without more comment: "The Advance of the American Short Story," by Edward J. O'Brien; "As I Was Saying," by Burgess Johnson; "Books in Black and Red," by

JACKET DESIGN FOR "BLACK ARMOUR"

AN OLD SHEPHERD, WEARING GOATSKIN OPANGI ON HIS FEET, AND TROUSERS BRAIDED IN HIS TRIBAL PATTERN

From "The Peaks of Shala," by Rose Wilder Lane. (Harper)

Edmund L. Pearson; "Books Reviewed," by J. C. Squire; "A Hind in Richmond Park," by W. H. Hudson; "Hunting a Hair Shirt," by Aline Kilmer; "In the Neighborhood of Murray Hill," by Robert Cortes Holliday; "The Joys of the Road," compiled by W. R. B.; "A Line o' Gowf or Two," by Bert Leston Taylor; "The Literary Discipline," by John Erskine; "Nature in American Literature," by Norman Foster; "The Powder of Sympathy," by Christopher Morley; "A Scrap Book," by George Saintsbury; "So There!" by Franklin P. Adams; "The Story of the World's Literature," by John Macy; "These United States," a composite survey; "Things That Have Interested Me: Second Series," by Arnold Bennett; and "Studies in Literature: Second Series," by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.

Alfred Kreymborg—Now, that sounds like a good list from which to pick summer reading. Most of them are books in which the author's brains are working for us, dissecting and analyzing life and letters. All we have to do is sit back and let it trickle into our minds. Best of all, several of those books are humorous.

The Reporter—Many people, however, like to know about the earth, its strange places, and the men who have added to its wonder. It is pleasant to loll back and read about far places if one can not go there. It is also pleasant to read about other men and women who have done distinctive things. For that reason I have put together the following short list of history, biography and travel. Of course, there is many and many a book equally desirable that is not mentioned. Bear that in mind. My list contains: "Alaska, Our Northern Wonderland," by Frank G. Carpenter; "Ambling Through Acadia," by Charles Hanson Towne; "Among Unknown Eskimos," by Julian W. Bilbey; "A Beachcomber in the Orient," by Harry L. Foster; "By Camel and Car to the Peacock Throne," by E. A. Powell; "Casual Wanderings in Ecuador," by Blair Niles; "Down the Mackenzie," by Fullerton Waldo; "Ebony and Ivory," by Llewlyn Powys; "From Tangier to Tripoli," by Frank G. Carpenter; "The Indian's Book," by Natalie Curtis; "Memories of Travel," by James Bryce; "Men of the Inner Jungle," by W. F. Adler; "Peaks of Shala," by Rose W. Lane; "Roughing It Smoothly," by Elon H. Jessup; "Spain in Silhouette," by Trowbridge Hall; "Within the Gateways of the Far East," by Charles R. Erdman; and "A Woman Tenderfoot in Egypt," by Grace T. Seton. The more personal books about individualities include "Barnum," by M. R. Werner; "The Book of My Youth," by Hermann Sudermann; "Damaged Souls," by Gamaliel Bradford; "The Journal of Marie Leneru," translated by W. A. Bradley; "Life of Christ," by Giovanni Papini; "The Life of Louise Imogene Guiney," by E. M. Tenison; "A Life of William Shakespeare," by Joseph Quincy Adams; "Lord Northcliffe," by Max Pemberton; "My Thirty Years in Baseball," by John J. McGraw; "Things Near and Far," by Arthur Machen; and "Things Remembered," by Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

Padraic Colum—You are not going to stop now, are you? Who ever heard of summer books that did not include gardening and nature writings?

The Reporter—I have the list right here. I have included "The Amateur's Book of the Flower Garden," by Ida D. Bennett; "First Steps in Farming," by Alva Agee; "Mother Nature," by William J. Long; "The Spirit of the Garden," by Martha B. Hutcheson; "Variety in the Little Garden," by Mrs. Francis King; "The Way of the Wild," by Clarence Hawkes; "Wild Animal Homesteads," by Enos A. Mills; and "Wild Flowers," by Herbert Durand.

The Unknown Stranger (thrusting in his ubiquitous head)—Listen! Here is an ideal summer list: "The Angler's Companion," by Thomas T. Stoddart; "Autocamping," by E. E. Brimmer; "Book of the Black Bass," by James A. Henshall; "First Steps to Golf," by G. S. Brown; "First Steps to Lawn Tennis," by A. E. Beamish; "Lawn Tennis Do's and Don't's," by A. E. Crawley; "Motor Campcraft," by E. E. Brimmer; "The Psychology of Golf," by Leslie Schon; "So This Is Golf!" by Harry Leon Wilson; "Riding Astride for Girls," by Ivy Maddison; and "Tragic Fishing Moments," by Will H. Dilg.

The Anthologist—Not a word has been spoken about "The Peterborough Anthology," a book in which all of us are concerned. Here is a compilation containing thirty-odd poets and more than a hundred poems and fairly representing the work that has been done up here. Among those who are included are Edwin Arlington Robinson, Ridgely Torrence, Hermann Hagedorn, Elinor Wylie, William Rose Benet, Padraic Colum, Jules Bois, Josephine Preston Peabody——

The Reporter—Any reader who desires pleasant mental fare during the summer months can not do better than read W. H. Hudson. Have any of you seen the beautiful collected edition that is now appearing? It contains all of Hudson's work and the set is a joy to the eye as well as to the mind. Also you might go

(Continued on page 64)

WHERE BIG RIVERS BEGIN. (THE CANADIAN ROCKIES, ALBERTA)

From "Down the Mackenzie," by Fullerton Waldo. (Macmillan)

Pepys' House at Brampton

The Powder *of* Sympathy

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Frances Noyes Hart

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The Man Who Found Stevenson an "Acquisition"

Entertaining Letters of J. A. Symonds

THE fame of Davos Platz, in the Swiss Alps, as a medicinal refuge for men with shaky lungs, brought together for a time two writers of that heroic invalid class of which Heine is the prototype. One of them, Robert Louis Stevenson, in the spring of 1882, thus wrote of the other to his friend, Alexander Ireland (whose memory is, or should be, kept green by that very companionable and stimulating anthology, "The Book-Lover's Enchiridion"): "You ask about Davos. . . . As a place of residence, beyond a splendid climate, it has to my eyes but one advantage—the neighborhood of J. A. Symonds—I dare say you know his work, but the man is more interesting"; and, a few days later, he wrote to the same effect to Dr. Japp: "He (Symonds) is a far better and more interesting thing than any of his books." More than a year before this, we find Symonds writing to Mr. H. F. Brown, to whom we owe this illuminating selection from his friend's "Letters and Papers"(1): "There is a very interesting man come—Louis Stevenson—really clever, and curious in matters of style. He is at the Belvedere. I find him a great acquisition."

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

Now that both men have finished their good fights, it is interesting and not unamusing to find in letters, which, of course, neither of them saw, how they imprest each other. That they enjoyed each other's society, which must have been a mutual godsend in a place remote from libraries and their fellow craftsmen, is evident, but that their opinions of each other's literary achievements were colored by their divergent, tho sympathetic, temperaments, is equally and rather divertingly plain. Writes Symonds a little later:

> Stephenson (Stevenson) has told me the whole history of his wife to-day. It is very curious and creditable to himself and her. The more I see of him, the less I find of solid mental stuff. He wants years of study in tough subjects. After all, a university education has some merits. One feels the want of it in men like him.

So spake the scholar—whom all his vividly assimilated learning in all the humanities could not make into an artist—of the man who was the artist born, and in whose fascinating creations, appraise them as we may, that lack of formal scholarship is certainly not missed by the audience he still delights. Of Stevenson's attitude toward Symonds as a writer Symonds himself gives us sufficient hints, with that charming frankness which makes these letters such human reading, as with that outspoken self-dissatisfaction, and too dejected view of his own limitations, which also makes their reading rather painful, for all their manly humor. Speaking of his volume of sonnets, "Vagabunduli Libellus," he says:

> I talked about it to Stevenson, who fell in love with the title, but who clearly does not believe I can write sonnets. If I don't take care, he will bag my title. [And again:] Meanwhile I have talked with Stevenson about the book. He hardly disguises his opinion that I can not write poetry at all, and am a duffer at prose. But, having said this, he has no interest in the affair. Whether or not I have what is worth saying to say in verse, is utterly beyond his scope—not the scope of his intellect, but of his being. In other and simpler words, he does not know one red cent of me—as he would say—and hardly anybody does. So I have nothing to go upon in this extremity but myself. I am just talking wearisomely to you—not writing a letter. Don't imagine that! I am smoking after lunch and letting out. I wish to goodness we were all like Stevenson! To be reasonably and justly self-satisfied about one's style, to take life smoothly, and have a cheerful conscience! oh, what bliss! Well, my cigar, a good cigar, is out. I stop talking.

Per contra, Symonds writes:

> I do not greatly like "Virginibus Puerisque," in spite of its brilliancy. It is always to me a little forced and flashy. . . . "The Master of Ballantrae" has all Stevenson's power of style—but the story is decrepit—does not go on four legs. . . . I regard the book as an inartistic performance; feeble in what it has been praised for—psychological analysis; silly in its episodes of pirates and Indians, which Stevenson does with a turn of the wrist and a large daub of blood. There is nothing in it so human as the disagreement between Alan Breck and David Balfour on the moor. [But again:] We are reading Stevenson's "Arabian Nights." They are marvelously brilliant and light.

As Mr. Van Wyck Brooks has said in his excellent book on Symonds: "Just how far Symonds understood and just how far he failed to understand the special genius of Stevenson may be guessed from his suggestion that the latter should undertake a translation of the 'Characters of Theophrastus.'" One gift they had in common. They were both good talkers, and Stevenson, in his essay on "Talk and Talkers," has, under the happy name of Opalstein, given this account of Symonds's talk, which is incidentally a veracious reading of Symonds's temperament as well:

> Both the last talkers deal much in points of conduct and religion studied in the "dry light" of prose. Indirectly and as if against his will the same elements from time to time appear in the troubled and poetic talk of Opalstein. His various and exotic knowledge, complete altho unready sympathies, and fine, full, discriminative flow of

(1) LETTERS AND PAPERS OF JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. Collected and edited by Horatio F. Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

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language, fit him out to be the best of talkers; so perhaps he is with some, not *quite* with me—*proxime accessit*, I should say. He sings the praises of the earth and the arts, flowers and jewels, wine and music, in a moonlight, serenading manner, as to the light guitar; even wisdom comes from his tongue like singing; no one is, indeed, more tuneful in the upper notes. But even while he sings the songs of the Sirens, he still hearkens to the barking of the Sphinx. Jarring Byronic notes interrupt the flow of his Horatian humors. His mirth has something of the tragedy of the world for its perpetual background; and he feasts like Don Giovanni to a double orchestra, one lightly sounding for the dance, one pealing Beethoven in the distance. He is not truly reconciled either with life or with himself; and this instant war in his members sometimes divides the man's attention. He does not always, perhaps not often, frankly surrender himself in conversation.

As a divination of Symonds's character, a diagnosis, one might say, of that spiritual unrest which divided and complicated his intellectual and artistic energies, a condition of which Symonds was too hauntingly aware, this is entirely true, and Symonds would have agreed with every word. In fact, we find him frequently in these pages a clear-eyed vivisectionist of himself, making an identical self-analysis:

When I reckon up my goods and bads, I place an incurable discord in the soul first [he says, and goes on thus to summarize his conditions and achievement:] next, chronic bad health; thirdly, the want of congenial society and external stimulus, and, lastly, want of success in literature. I think a man who has followed an art through a lifetime without making it pay and without securing some public distinction must be said to have failed. [Again:] The heart is happy to be going to its home. It remembers its *diverticulum* of joy. Man thirsts for clarity of vision. The sensual desires it in some body. The moral in some law. The intellectual in some definition. The religious in some creed or beatific insight. How shall beings, as complex as we, expect to find this clarity in the mixed quantities that make our wandering life? For myself, I am too tired to be more than grateful for what I have had, have, and childishly hope to have.

But while he clearly, sadly, and with a rueful humor, looks himself and his life in the face, it is without a trace of self-pity. He is too much of a man, one might say too much of a gentleman, for that. He has been compared to Amiel, but the comparison is as inaccurate as unjust, and he would rightly have resented it. "Have you read Amiel's 'Journal'?" he asks his friend Henry Sidgwick, the philosopher, to whom many of these letters are addrest. "I have just got it, and am looking through it with a curious sense of being stifled and sickened—in spite of its stylistic charm." In spite of the something exotic, and even hectic, in his temperament and his writing, and that feverish sensibility and neurotic excitability which were largely symptomatic of his consumptive condition, Symonds had too much of the British sporting instincts of his class to whimper about himself, and least of all to give in. He smiles at the broken English in which a Swiss doctor thus reports upon his case: "Your right lung, he is pretty well. Your left lung, he is nothing: he is infiltrated from top to bottom," and when he speaks of his body being "honeycombed in all directions," and adds, "I can not last very long," he continues: "yet the spirit is inextinguishably, unconquerably young as ever. Only too intensely vibratory to the beautiful things it was made to love." He was thirty-eight when he wrote that, and he was to fill fourteen more years with a prodigious amount of work which no one undervalues to-day, whatever he thought of it himself.

It is probable that he would have lived perhaps many years more had it not been for the enthusiastic activity with which on a trip to southern Italy he explored its damp old churches and "deathly chill" crypts, as his daughter, Margaret, has told us in a charming account of his last days. It was a cold caught there, and carried to Rome, which resulted in the pneumonia that at last brought his restless spirit to rest near the grave of Shelley. On that last trip he was as recklessly energetic as ever, going everywhere, with boyish eagerness, seeing everything. "Indeed," says his daughter, "I had a sort of impression that we were running a race," and she tells how, after a day spent in hoeing up bulbs of anemones and irises to send to a friend in the north of Italy, "at night he joined the pizzica dance, and danced it as vigorously as any of the vigorous natives." The winter sports of Davos had in him the keenest of moving spirits; he was president of the Davos Toboggan Club, and would go tobogganing alone at midnight and in all weathers.

For all his "Renaissance" culture, he delighted to mingle and be one with the peasants in all their sports and festivities. Here is a typical picture:

I supped with Cator last night. A zither and a guitar-player—two men—came afterwards to make music for us. We had up the two Christians and Simeon, drank enormous quantities of old wine, sang, laughed, danced and made a most uproarious noise until 2 A.M. Then the two Christians and I descended on one toboggan in a dense snowstorm. It was quite dark and drifty beyond description.

He enjoyed the comradeship of the "common people," "simple natural persons," no less than Walt Whitman, whose "Leaves of Grass," he declared, "influenced me more perhaps than any other book has done, except the Bible; more than Plato, more than Goethe." But he sometimes tobogganed in oddly different company, for example:

I am stupid—having spent three days in tobogganing up and down vale in various directions with Margot Tennant, introducing her also into *Wirthschaften* where the peasants smoke and drink—and where she drank and smoked. She is a mad girl, with a pocketful of familiar letters from Gladstone, Tennyson, and Mat. Arnold

Mrs. Asquith—she will not object, I'm sure—is still the same "mad girl," still eager to display her "pocketful of letters" from the great. In spite of his "honeycombed" body, Symonds's endurance as a climber and far walker surpassed that of stronger men, and he harnessed the same "restless fury" to the patient industry of his desk. He translated the memoirs of Count Gozzi in five weeks, and here is the schedule of his working hours.

When I am hard at it, I do work as follows:

9 A.M.	12.30
1.30 P.M.	3
8 P.M.	1 A.M.

His rapidity in writing was remarkable. He wrote two large volumes of his "Renaissance in Italy" in eight months, in addition to other considerable odds and ends. Work seems to have been a nervous necessity to him, as well as a nepenthe. One task was no sooner out of his hands than he was forecasting another. Schemes crowded on schemes, and always he was aware, with Andrew Marvell, of "Time's winged chariot hurrying near."

"Hush!" he says touchingly in one place; "I have no right to speak of *years*. I live really as one who holds his lease of life from week to week; and this is one cause of my feverish energy in writing." Of all this energy Mr. Brooks says: "It produced twenty-five substantial volumes in the space of fourteen years, but it certainly prevented the composition of any one immortal paragraph." What of it? we may ask, and we may further say that "prevented" is scarcely the exact word. If Symonds was not an artist, it was not his feverish energy that prevented it. He was not an artist simply because he was not born one. He was a scholar, to whom Professor Jowett has paid tribute; he was a real historian, and he was a masterly translator. And he had sufficient of the sensitiveness and formative instinct of the artist to bring an enkindling and illuminating touch to his histories and his translations, which made them living things as such work seldom is. Whatever its faults, his history of the Renaissance is learning animate and magnetic; his translations of Benvenuto Cellini's "Autobiography" and of Michael Angelo's sonnets have the verve and tang and immediacy of originals; and as for his own poetry, in his "Animi Figura" sonnets he has given us the psychology of a complex soul in verse over which the spirit of poetry certainly hovers.

Altogether we have to thank Mr. Brown for a charming memorial of a rarely attractive spirit who builded better than he knew, who lived a difficult complicated life with inspiring courage, and accepted the daily companionship of death, as Stevenson said, "in a moonlight, serenading manner, as to the light guitar."

R. L. G.

New Books for Boys and Girls

AFTER reading a number of the most recently published books for boys and girls, I have reached the conclusion that boys are particularly favored, for tho the boys' books can be read and enjoyed with equal delight by girls, they are primarily for boys. Older boys have been singled out as the audience to whom a number of excellent authors have addrest themselves, and it is encouraging to notice that while many people do not appreciate the keen, alert minds of boys whose ages range around sixteen, these authors do. They are fully alive to the fact that boys do not stand still intellectually after they are thirteen years old until they become men, as frequently we have noticed those who address audiences of high-school boys seem to believe is the case. These authors have written their yarns with masterful skill, and the result is magnificent.

John Buchan's "A Book of Escapes and Hurried Journeys" (1) is thrilling. After I had finished the preface and had begun the account of "The Flight to Varennes," I felt the same glow of anticipatory satisfaction that I used to feel at the age of sixteen, when I knew far more certainly than now, at the opening of a book, the approximate enjoyment I would derive from it. Each flight, or escape, or hurried journey, or mad, brave, reckless adventure is "strictly true" and taken from history. It is a superb book. There is romance in it, and humor, too. There is skilled writing in it, which gives the reader the sensation of perilously close calls and breathless moments without any feeling of something so hurried as to be incomplete. "The Escape of King Charles after Worcester," "The Escape of Prince Charles Edward," "The Great Montrose," and "The Flight of Lieutenants Parer and McIntosh Across the World"—and all the other chapters, too!—hold the reader wholly and absolutely; but "On the Roof of the World" stands as preeminently high as its locale. The introduction to this I can not refrain from quoting:

> The land between the deserts of Turkestan and the plains of India and between the Persian plateau and China still remains the least known and the most difficult on the globe. There are to be found the highest mountains in the world—a confusion of mighty snow-clad ranges varied by icy uplands and deep-cut, inaccessible valleys. Old roads cross it which have been caravan routes since the days of Alexander the Great, but these roads are few and far between. One, perhaps the most famous, goes from Kashmir across the Indus and over the Karakoram Pass to Khotan and Yarkand. That pass is 18,550 feet, the highest in the world which still serves the purpose of an avenue of trade.
>
> This wild upland is not the place where one would look for hurried journeys. The country is too intricate, the inhabitants are too few, and there man's life seems a trifling thing against the background of eternal ice. Yet I have heard of two long, stubborn chases in that no-man's land, the tale of which is worth telling.

HANSEL AND GRETEL

From "The Fairies Up-to-Date," pictured by Jean de Bosschère. (Little, Brown & Co.)

(1) A Book of Escapes and Hurried Journeys. By John Buchan. With illustrations. 304 pages. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.

"THE WAVES OF ALL THE WORLD SEEMED TO WHIRL PAST"

Arthur Rackham's frontispiece in "Irish Fairy Tales," by James Stephens. (The Macmillan Co.)

And worth telling it is!

"Comrades of the Rolling Ocean," by Ralph D. Paine,(2) is well named. It is a tale of the adventures of three American lads in the merchant marine. It has plenty of sea-lure despite its terrors. But are not these perhaps the great sea-lure? Would a sea-life be half so inviting if the sea were a calm, complacent body of water? Judson Wyman, one of the adventurous trio, was not a student, but "there was a rugged honesty and courage in him" which we feel from the start. And there is a rugged honesty and courage about the book itself. It has sturdiness and great charm, and character that is too vigorous to stoop to obvious moralizing.

"The Boy Adventurers in the Land of El Dorado," by A. Hyatt Verrill,(3) illustrated with drawings and photographs by the author, is a story of an unfrequented section of Central America. There are plenty of facts in this book, and here, too, the author

(2) Comrades of the Rolling Ocean. By Ralph D. Paine. With Frontispiece. 323 pages. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.

(3) The Boy Adventurers in the Land of El Dorado. By A. Hyatt Verrill. 258 pages. Illustrated with drawings and photographs by the author. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

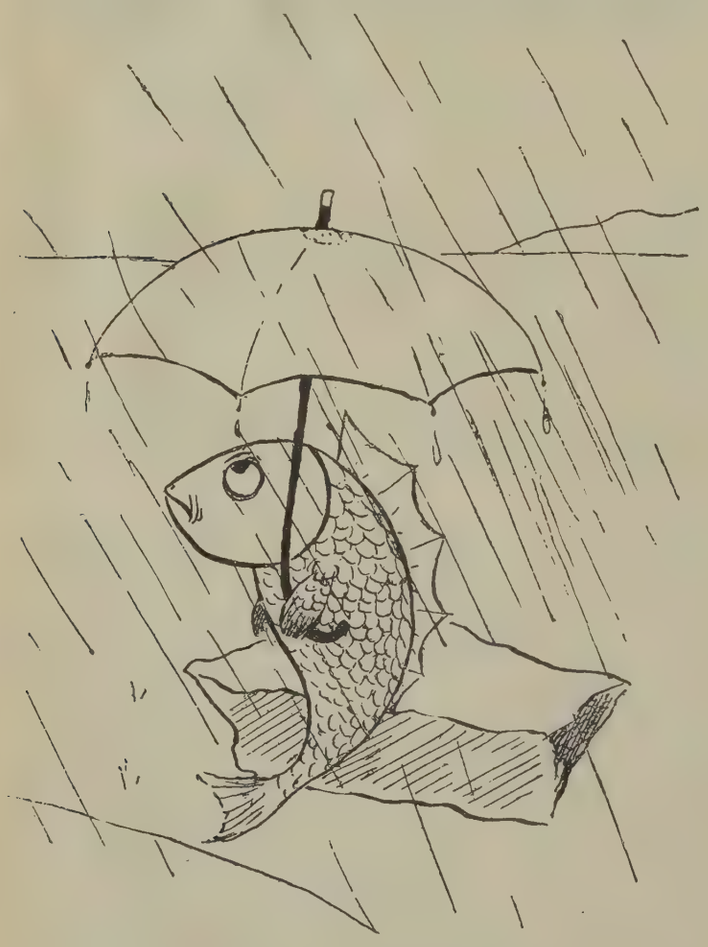
has a thorough sympathy with boys. He tells those things about which boys would *want* to be informed, and he is not above pointing an accusing finger at the inaccurate information to be found in geography books regarding out-of-the-way places. The book has plenty of exciting moments and graphic description, and the fact that the boy adventurers are with us every moment makes us enter into the story with a feeling of being participants.

The Indians, the animal life, the discoveries—one glories in it all. I have one small quarrel to pick with the author, however. The ant-bear is depicted as without one redeeming virtue. I admit I have never met one in its native haunt; but for years one of my best friends was an ant-bear in the Central Park Zoo, and it never failed to welcome me with cordiality and even affection. My opinion of the ant-bear, therefore, is naturally more favorable than the author's.

"Wild Animal Homesteads," by the late Enos A. Mills, will be cherished by all lovers of animals for its accuracy, its information, and its power to give us the animals' view-points. It will, I feel confident, be included among the "favorites" of many a boy and girl.

"Irish Fairy Tales," by James Stephens, ([4]) is not a new book, but if older boys and girls have not read it I strongly recommend it. Younger children would not enjoy it. But the boy or girl who reads a great deal would revel in it, for here are fantastic description, marvelous beauty, and wild, strange customs and beliefs woven together into a book that flashes brilliantly forth in a realm of its own. Seldom have we met so perfect a hag as the Hag of the Mill:

> She was so long that you thought you would never see the end of her, and she was so thin that you thought you didn't see her at all. One of her eyes was set where her nose should be and there was an ear in its place, and her nose itself was hanging out of her chin, and she had whiskers round it. She was drest in a red rag that was really a hole with a fringe on it, and she was singing, "Oh, hush thee, my one love," to a cat that was yelping on her shoulder.



THIS LEARNED FISH HAS NOT SUFFICIENT BRAINS TO GO INTO THE WATER WHEN IT RAINS

From "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts," by Hilaire Belloc. (Alfred A. Knopf)

([4]) IRISH FAIRY TALES. By James Stephens. With frontispiece by Arthur Rackham. 360 pages. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

THE INDIAN SWUNG HIS WAR CLUB AND AIMED BLOW AFTER BLOW AT THE BEAST

From "The Boy Adventurers in the Land of El Dorado," by A. Hyatt Verrill. (G. P. Putnam's Sons)

"When I was a Boy in Denmark," by H. Trolle-Steenstrup, ([5]) is an interesting book for somewhat younger boys—the publishers give the ages from ten to fifteen. There is a delightful picture of Hans Andersen as seen by the author's father. The author, too, has a good memory, the most essential qualification in writing for children. He hasn't forgotten the school-boy age, and his book will be sure to appeal. I quite like the barometer-wart on the neck of the school's head-master, which always showed the boys how far they could take liberties.

"Dapples of the Circus," by Clarence Hawkes, ([6]) is also for younger boys. It is a simple enough story, but there is something very genuine about it; a Shetland pony and a boy and a circus are a good combination.

Thornton W. Burgess has written an excellent "Flower Book for Children" ([7]). Small boys and girls will be able to recognize the flowers they know—and more than that, they will be able to discover and know other flowers because of the clarity and simplicity with which wild flowers have been described. This will be a welcome companion to the child who loves the fields and the woods. Mr. Burgess deserves much praise for translating botanical science so ably for his devoted young readers. The book is splendidly illustrated.

One expects "Jack-in-the-Pulpit: Talks to Children" ([8]) to be a book on flowers and their ways; but not a bit of it. It is a book of sermons by Avery A. Shaw. Doubtless unimaginative parents will like this book, but I have grave doubts about its honest reception by children. I knew I would find a sermon

([5]) WHEN I WAS A BOY IN DENMARK. By H. Trolle-Steenstrup. Illustrated from photographs. 214 pages. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.25.

([6]) DAPPLES OF THE CIRCUS. By Clarence Hawkes. Illustrated by L. J. Bridgman. 230 pages. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.50.

([7]) THE BURGESS FLOWER BOOK FOR CHILDREN. By Thornton W. Burgess. With illustrations. 350 pages. Boston: Little. Brown & Co. $3.

([8]) JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT. By Avery A. Shaw. 119 pages. Philadelphia: The Judson Press. $1.

about "God's Garden." I remembered so well the annual sermon preached to our school in my childhood before the school closed for the summer. We had a different preacher each year, but the subject matter was always the same. We had great sympathy with weeds in those days. It seems a pity that with the wonderful stories of the Old Testament and the beauty of the New, from which sermons could be preached, something more vital can not be given to children than these entirely worthy but entirely uninspiring sermons.

Hilaire Belloc has written another slim volume for very little children. This time it is "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts."(9) It is a nice, chuckling kind of a book, and the pictures by B. T. B. are deliciously humorous.

> Then tell your papa where the Yak can be got,
> And if he is awfully rich
> He will buy you the creature—
> Or else he will *not*.
> (I cannot be positive which.)

Altho all the books above mentioned have illustrations, a volume entitled "The Fairies Up-to-Date,"(10) with pictures by Jean de Bosschère and verses by Edward and Joseph Anthony, makes more of a point of illustration than any of the others. It is one of the most enchantingly produced books I have seen in a long time. The stories (all told in verses) are bordered and illustrated in green, orange, blue or red. It is a beautiful book, a gay book, a book which makes one feel a little younger, a little more refreshed just to turn over its pages.

As for the retelling or bringing up-to-date of the familiar old fairy-stories, I am not sure that the result is so satisfactory. Children who have not already been told the stories of Cinderella and Red Riding Hood and the other old favorites will find the verses amusing and filled with plenty of activity, but the child who has heard Cinderella many times will not quite like the description of the prince "looking like a millionaire," nor of the pedler rather than the fairy godmother who changed Cinderella's drab attire into a dazzling one. Grimm's account gave this work to a bird to perform. But the familiar story best known to children is that a fairy godmother performed the magical change, and children love the familiar. Nor do we think they will like the idea of the picture of Cinderella and her prince boarding an ocean liner for their honeymoon. But the make-up of the book is very lovely and does its best to dispel the feeling that while modernizing the actual world is all very well, Fairyland should be left alone.

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

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(9) THE BAD CHILD'S BOOK OF BEASTS. By Hilaire Belloc. Pictures by B. T. B. 48 pages. New York. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.25.

(10) THE FAIRIES UP-TO-DATE. Pictures by Jean Bosschère. Verses by Edward and Joseph Anthony. 202 pages. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.

Bereavement has turned the minds of almost every family in England to the thought of what may come after death, and there has been a marked increase of interest in religious books since the war. The London *Times Literary Supplement* recently devoted a first-page article of nearly five columns to Prof. A. Seth Pringle-Pattison's book on "The Idea of Immortality" (Oxford: Clarendon Press. New York: Oxford University Press). While the flood of new books on this subject has not yet produced a completely satisfying work, the English reviewer thinks this one comes close to greatness. It reviews the whole history of the idea of human immortality, including the ideas of Plato, Aristotle and Spinoza, later elaborated by Professor Bosanquet, who holds that the soul, after it leaves the body, will return to the soul of the universe, from which it drew its source. Professor Pringle-Pattison is not satisfied with any such absorption doctrine. He considers that "individuation is the method by which God pours out His own life and receives it again with interest." The author holds, however, that our immortality depends on the extent to which, while here on our probation, we identify ourselves with the things not seen, which are eternal.

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In This Month's Fiction Library

The Day's Journey

WHAT is friendship between men? From what seeds does it spring, and how is it nourished? What is the nature of this mysterious bond which is just as likely to unite men of dissimilar tastes and interests as those who have many things in common? These are some of the questions that will occur to the reader of Mr. W. B. Maxwell's latest novel, "The Day's Journey." Mr. Maxwell does not attempt to answer these questions. He contents himself with telling the story of a lifelong friendship of two men who are, to all appearances, anything but congenial. Carrington Bird is jolly, good-humored, a bit sensitive, and garrulous to the point of being something of a bore. Wilfred Heber is cleverer than his friend, gifted with a caustic wit which often wounds the sensitive feelings of the other, and possest of a very uncertain temper. Bird's is a sunny nature, open as the day, while Heber is more morose and inclined to be secretive.

We first meet the two friends as they are approaching the end of the day's journey that we call life. We find them living together, spending their holidays at the same seaside resort, playing daily games of golf which usually end in violent quarrels, and yet, in spite of their eternal squabbling, it is plain that they are friends, that neither could live happily without the other. After this introduction, the author goes back to the beginning and tells the story of their lives. Their friendship begins while they are boys, Heber two years older than Bird, who looks up to the other as a hero, handsome, brilliant and destined for great things. Their education separates them, and for a time it seems as tho they are to drift apart as most boyhood friends do. When both are in their early forties and retired from business, each with a modest competence, they establish bachelor quarters together in a London suburb. Heber has vague literary ambitions. He plans to finish a life of Robespierre on which his father had spent his declining years. A love affair in which the two are rivals threatens to wreck their friendship, but the girl marries another, and that danger is past. It has its after effects, however, for each of the friends is caught on the rebound from this unfortunate affair, and each of them marries. Neither marriage is happy, tho for quite different reasons. It is the married life of Bird and Heber, with the struggle to keep their friendship alive, that forms the chief plot of the novel.

Without telling the story as tho Bird were writing it, Mr. Maxwell has somehow contrived to make it Bird's story. We see Heber and the other characters only through Bird's eyes and know them only as Bird knows them, but we know Bird as he appears both to others and to himself. It is as if we were living the story with him. He is not a heroic figure in the usual sense of the word, but Mr. Maxwell makes us see and appreciate his simple honesty, his unswerving loyalty and his willingness to make any sacrifice for his friends. It is these qualities that entitle him to a place in the world's gallery of fictional portraits.

ISAAC ANDERSON.

THE DAY'S JOURNEY. By W. B. Maxwell. 329 pages. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.

Within These Walls

WHILE I have not read all of Mr. Hughes's novels closely, I am familiar enough with them all in a general way to venture the opinion that "Within These Walls" is his best. He has throttled down the sex-element in this book to a respectable minimum, and while it still obtrudes itself, it is only a factor in a picture of New York before the Civil War which is extremely well done. The fashion of taking a family of a historical period and writing it up in a novel is, of course, not new. Mr. Galsworthy is undoubtedly the best English literary artist of the day doing this sort of thing. In spite of what Edith Wharton has done on this side of the pond, I am inclined to think that this novel of Mr. Hughes's is the best American book of its type. Mr. Hughes not only writes well and vividly, but his experience as a dramatist and as a "movie" technician has enabled him, as usual, to "put over" what the blurbist would term "a gripping tale of action," consisting of battle, murder and sudden death, all subdued, however, to the undoubted intention of the author to make a worth-while book. How little do we moderns, walking the crowded streets of our metropolis, realize that only a few years ago there was almost a wilderness above Twenty-third street, that cows meandered down Broadway, and that the city was devastated by cholera and a fire, both of which stand out in its history (now so neglected) like great patches of tragedy! Mr. Hughes knows his New York of the past; his delineation of it, as a background for a moving tale, is very clever. And yet, after all, it isn't the thing that we are pleased to term literature, in the sense that Galsworthy's Saga is literature.

THOMAS L. MASSON.

WITHIN THESE WALLS. By Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Captain's Doll

THE place of Mr. D. H. Lawrence in English literature is already secure, yet the great mass of fiction-readers, the people who go to novels for cheap sociology or for easily won consolation have in great measure let his work slip by unnoticed. Even the Society for the Prosecution of Vice failed to make "Women in Love" a popular book. Any one who reads Lawrence in the hope of discovering pornography is certain to be disappointed. Plain language, yes. The transparent euphemisms of the police reporter simply aren't here. Lawrence doesn't write like a newspaper-man. That is not to say that he is remote from the people, or that he need of necessity be "caviar to the general." Indeed, he makes copy out of the conditions and the psychology of to-day.

In "The Captain's Doll," Mr. Lawrence is concerned with the manner in which the war has reacted on the lives and feelings of ordinary human beings. Like Henry James, he is concerned with the mental reactions which lie behind men's deeds. He has not, however, the trick of James's later manner, the habit of plunging into intricacies merely because they are intricate. The psychology of 1923 is in any case vastly different from the psychology of 1900. Psychoanalysis in the fiction of D. H. Lawrence is a civilized thing. It serves to explain, not to confuse.

In 1809 Goethe wrote a novel called "Selective Affinities," in which a husband and wife are drawn as if by chemical force apart and into the arms of their true mates. Marriages, it appeared, aren't always made in heaven. The same problem, much more delicately shaded, appears in two of the three novelettes which make up "The Captain's Doll." In the title story we have a Scottish captain who loves his wife too well. The burning bush scorches him, and he finds a lower level of passion elsewhere.

"The Ladybird" presents an even more subtle side of the problem of adultery. Lady Daphne is so deeply in love with

Count Dionys that she feels herself to be his even while she is in her husband's arms and the Count is a thousand miles away, never in this life to return. Lady Daphne is no Madame Bovary, driven to a lover by sheer boredom. Her husband is a cultured gentleman, with pleasant manners and a courageous heart. She sees the "curious poetic ecstasy which made him more than a man or a soldier, far, far more than a lover to her." Unfortunately "she knew she was not strong enough, or pure enough, to bear this awful out-pouring adoration-lust." It is almost exciting to watch the characters in their attempts to see through the small-talk into one another's inmost souls.

It is in beautiful prose that we are shown the conflict in Miss March between her old friendship for the woman who works with her on the farm and the young man who suddenly blunders in. He fascinates her, he repels her a little, and then she finds that she loves him. He loves her, too, or he is determined to marry her because he meets the frightened opposition of the other woman. The young soldier solves his problem vigorously, and—but read "The Fox" yourself and see how it turns out.

It isn't fair to give away a plot, even when the characterization is the principal thing. It won't do at all to be satisfied with less than reading the book itself. LEO MARKUN.

THE CAPTAIN'S DOLL. By D. H. Lawrence. 323 pages. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $2.

In Dark Places

IF John Russell's "Where the Pavement Ends" had been brought out in the quiet spacious days upon which "Plain Tales from the Hills" fell with such a resounding smack, Kipling would not have been the only god before whom masses bent the knee. Among the everlasting torrent of books that pour upon a bewildered public in these our times, however, it must be something, not of necessity good, which is backed by all the log-rolling of the columnists and nearly all the gold reserve of its publisher in order to stir the interest and compel the attention of a satiated public. In spite of being born without these advantages, "Where the Pavement Ends" won on merit, and an ever-increasing circle of Russellites will pounce with eagerness on the new collection of stories that he has just brought out. They will not be disappointed with "In Dark Places." In fact, there are stories in this new volume, notably "The Pagan," "The One-Eyed Devil" and "McKeon's Graft," which are even more human, dramatic and glowing than "The Passion Vine," and just as impossible to put down until they have been mastered. His people in this book, too, are underdogs, flotsam and jetsam washed up on the beach by the ever restless tide, for whom Russell has so warm a spot in his heart. It is doubtful if this man would know what the dickens to say to a fat successful business president or one who, untempted and without the wanderlust, is content to walk the pavement till he dies of carbonitis. His friends are "barmy, bone-idle beggars," little clerks from native offices, skippers drawn to jungle scents as a woman is to chypre, station agents, freight-handlers and the rest, who eke out their lives in dark places where the sun shines hot.

John Russell is that rare creature among the men who write to keep the butcher alive and the landlord in a Rolls-Royce—an artist. He paints his pictures, makes portraits of his characters, landscapes of his backgrounds, takes his time, satisfies himself and sees editors and publishers to Guayaquil; before his efforts are carted off for exhibition, his colors are dry and every detail true and fine. His workmanship is of the highest order, and it is no wonder that he has achieved the high distinction of being placed alongside Conrad and the great R. K. He is, in a word, the Gauguin among novelists, and being that his work will live.

COSMO HAMILTON.

IN DARK PLACES. By John Russell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

(*Continued on page 44*)

DM

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The life of a famous etcher, with a general survey of his work and a detailed catalog of all his etched views of London and Windsor. Frontispiece and ninety-six illustrations.

SARDINIAN PAINTING. 1. The Painters of the Gold Backgrounds. By Georgiana Goddard King. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.

A brief study of all that is most worth-while in Sardinian painting—by one who has devoted twelve years to the study of Catalan and Valencian primitives and twenty-four years to early Italian painting.

THE ARTS IN GREECE: THREE ESSAYS. By F. A. Wright. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.

An attempt to show how it was that, to the Greeks, music was the music of words, and not the music of instruments; how their painting depended on the beauty of line, not of color.

BOKHARA, TURKOMAN AND AFGHAN RUGS. By Hartley Clark. Illustrated. London: John Lane. $12.

A monograph dealing mainly with the carpets and rugs made by the Turkoman tribes of Central Asia and adjacent nationalities. The illustrations include seventeen plates in color.

Biography

A LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By Joseph Quincy Adams. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $7.50.

Shakespeare's private and public career, narrated with new fulness of detail by one who has spent years of research in connection with the writing of a standard work on "Shakespearean Play-houses."

THINGS REMEMBERED. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $5.

Reminiscences of an American novelist and diplomat who has had an extraordinarily rich and varied life.

THE BOOK OF MY YOUTH. By Hermann Sudermann. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.25.

Autobiography of a noted German dramatist and novelist, covering mainly the period of his first amorous experiences.

MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS. By Oscar Browning. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $4.

An English historian's recollections of friendships with famous men and women and of travels to interesting parts of the world.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE: A MEMOIR OF A VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN. By Rosewell Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

An appreciative biography of a beloved American story-writer and former Ambassador to Rome.

SAINT LYDWINE OF SCHIEDAM. By J. K. Huysmans. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

The life of the great mystic who by the power of her devotion and her torments protected Holland from invasion at the end of the fourteenth century.

MARK SYKES: HIS LIFE AND LETTERS By Shane Leslie. With an introduction by the Right Hon. Winston Churchill. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.

The life-story of a brilliant young Englishman, whose intimate acquaintance with the Near East made him an important factor in the intricate policy which split the Arab from the Turk during the World War.

OLD RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD BOY. By Samuel Sherwell, M. D. New York: The Knickerbocker Press.

Dr. Sherwell tells of his boyhood in old Devon, his experiences in Dickens's London, his voyage to America, his experiences in our Civil War and in the Franco-Prussian War, and so on through his busy life.

MY THIRTY YEARS IN BASEBALL. By John J. McGraw. Illustrated. With an introduction by George M. Cohan. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.

The manager of eight National League champion teams recalls the outstanding personalities and events of his career, from his first job as a ball-player to his latest World Series triumph.

TRUE ADVENTURES OF THE SECRET SERVICE. By Major C. E. Russell. Garden City, N. Y: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.

Stirring experiences encountered by the head of the United States Secret Service during the years of the World War.

Business

MONEY. By William Trufant Foster and Waddill Catchings. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50.

This is the second volume issued by the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research, the first having been Prof. Irving Fisher's "The Making of Index Numbers." It is a thorough study of money in its bearing upon present-day problems.

EVERYBODY'S MONEY. What It Is, What It Does, What Should Be Done with It. By Ernest McCullough. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

The object of this book is to show voters just what money is and what should be done to dethrone it as a despotic master and make it a useful servant.

COOPERATIVE BANKING: A CREDIT UNION BOOK. By Roy F. Bergengren. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.

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A SYMBOL OF SAFETY. By Harry Chase Brearley. Illustrated. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co.

A study of the work of Underwriters' Laboratories, the remarkable development of this public spirited institution, and its service in the prevention of fires and accidents.

ENGLISH MANUAL FOR BUSINESS. By Robert Winternitz and Paul T Cherington. New York: A. W Shaw Co. $1.

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LITTLE PLAYS OF ST. FRANCIS: A DRAMATIC CYCLE FROM THE LIFE AND LEGEND OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. By Laurence Housman. Preface by H. Granville-Barker. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $3.

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PLAYS FROM BROWNING. By Leila A. Wade. Boston: The Cornhill Publishing Co. $2.

The four plays here republished are "The Flight of the Duchess," "My Last Duchess," "Porphyria's Lover" and "A Light Woman."

HELL: A VERSE-DRAMA AND PHOTO-PLAY. By Upton Sinclair. Published by the Author, Pasadena, Cal. Paper covers. 25 cents.

A four-act satire embodying revolutionary criticism and a merciless dissection of modern social life.

Essays

THE DANCE OF LIFE. By Havelock Ellis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $4.

A noted English psychologist's summing-up of his philosophy of life. Maintaining that life is an art and in some respects a harmonious dance, he challenges the Puritan ideals from various angles.

LANDMARKS IN FRENCH LITERATURE. By Lytton Strachey. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.

In this book Mr. Strachey describes all the great French writers and summarizes their main characteristics.

ON READING: AN ESSAY. By George Brandes. New and revised edition. New York: Duffield & Co. $1.25.

A constructive essay written by one of the greatest of European critics at a time when certain newspapers were offering prizes for a list of the best one hundred books.

THE HANDLING OF WORDS, AND OTHER STUDIES IN LITERARY PSYCHOLOGY. By Vernon Lee. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.

The author, herself a finished stylist, discusses phases of literary art, from the engineering of a whole narrative to the construction of single sentences.

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Five stimulating essays in which Dr. Erskine writes of literature as an art.

MARK TWAIN'S SPEECHES. Edited by Albert Bigelow Paine. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.25.

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This admirable translation of Amiel's penetrating thoughts about life's deeper problems was first published in two volumes in 1885. The present new edition is complete in a single volume.

THE NEW BOSWELL. By R. M. Freeman. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $2.

Assuming that Dr. Johnson and his intimates in Elysium are keeping fully informed on present-day life, the author has made them reveal their opinions on leading questions through the medium of Boswell.

WAR: ITS NATURE, CAUSE AND CURE. By G. Lowes Dickinson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Mr. Dickinson holds that all wars are caused by certain groups of men for their own self-interest. He discusses the real causes of the World War and aims to show that the old policies are still supreme in Europe.

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Twenty-two addresses on present-day problems and personalities, including the speech to the New York State Bar Association on the League of Nations.

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MY FRIEND FROM LIMOUSIN. By Jean Giraudoux. Translated by Louise Collier Willcox. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.

This brilliant novel of a young Frenchman was awarded the Balzac prize for 1922. The story is about an amusing case of loss of memory.

THE DESERT HORIZON. By E. L. Grant Watson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A powerful novel of the struggles of a man and woman against the hardships and solitude of the great Australian desert.

A GENTLEMAN OF SORTS. By Everett Young. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.75.

The story of a man who married a woman beneath his station, and of how the woman, tutored by a clever marquise, revealed her own strength and gave her husband something to rise to.

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WHOSE BODY? By Dorothy L. Sayers. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.

Lord Peter Wimsey, an amateur Sherlock Holmes, assists Scotland Yard in solving a murder mystery.

KING TUT-ANKH-AMEN: HIS ROMANTIC HISTORY. By Archie Bell. Illustrated. Boston: St. Botolph Society. $2.

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(*Continued on page 46*)

Judson Books

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In This Month's Fiction Library

(*Continued from page 41*)

Proud Lady

WHEN the redoubtable Pish-Tush in "The Mikado" announces that he is right and you are right and everything is quite correct he is probably talking about novels wherein nothing is wrong and the style is competent and the heat of life shines only in a dull reflection from the sun. In his summing up of adequacy without inspiration I am sure that Pish-Tush was thinking of Neith Boyce's "Proud Lady" and all that is therein.

You remember Keats exclaiming about Isabella, "Why was she proud, I ask it now aloud, why in the name of glory was she proud? I think it was Isabella, or whoever owned the Pot of Basil, or maybe it is Mary Lowell in "Proud Lady," who (in the name of glory) is proud. Well, Mary is proud for no special reason, just proud. In the year following the Civil War she marries Laurence Carlin, the hot-headed and dashing, and lives with him somewhere near Chicago in a little town all set about by the shining radiance and the tremendous glooms of the interminable prairie. Carlin is passionate and vehement; Mary is reserved and inarticulate; the clergyman, Hilary Robertson, believes that life is hard, that sin is just round the corner, that to endure you must struggle against the temptations of the flesh. Carlin gives way to impulse and has a guilty love affair; Mary wraps herself about with adamantine silence. Robertson advises and counsels, and in secret loves Mary. Chicago gets burned, and grows again. Carlin becomes a judge and Mary a mother. The sun rises and sets. The wind bloweth cyclones as it listeth on the prairie. That is about all there is to "Proud Lady."

There is nothing wrong in the development of the plot, the exposition of character, the naturalness of the dialog, the trim and ordered style. There is no accent of greatness, and never the heart of life beating in troubled and passionate unrest. In so many or even so few words you can't say that anything is wrong with the novel. It is just a mean between the extreme of greatness and the extreme of rubbish, but it is not a golden mean.

A. Donald Douglas.

Proud Lady. By Neith Boyce. 316 pages. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

The Unbidden Guest

CARLETTO, of Castelbetto, in Italy, is "The Unbidden Guest," who comes to America. It is his story that Silvio Villa tells as if it were his own, with a simplicity and beauty that make the work a rare accomplishment. The author writes like a poet, which is perhaps another way of saying that he writes like an Italian. There is a sincerity and childlikeness in his style that go straight to the heart of the reader.

The book has no real plot; it is the story of the events and environment that go to the shaping of a personality, and quite as sympathetically as that of Carletto the author portrays the other personalities which influence his life. His youth was spent in the plain of Piedmont, and here he tells of Bianca Maria with tender appreciation; of the old Garibaldino with a fervor that burns in every true Italian's heart; and of his first perplexities and beginnings of sadness. The doubts that arise in his mind over religion, the curious blend of mysticism and skepticism, are delicately and most convincingly done. He drifts into historical digression, but so ardently, so pulsingly does his simple language come, that the reader is not sorry for the parenthesis in the tale. Indeed, as his love for Italy is the keynote of his character, his story could not well be told without giving the influence of this historical background. The episode of Reginello d'Oro is exquisite. It is more than an episode, tho, for its sadness affects the hero's life from that time on, and we can not but be sorry for him.

The latter half of the book takes Carletto to America. Tho the onlooker might have said he saw the new country under favorable circumstances, to his sensitive nature the unlovely, and especially the different, made the first months bitter to him. Yet he comes to love it and to wish to remain in it, and a part of his story is even devoted to his "Americanization." His brother Benjamin has told him:

> This country has beauties one can not detect at first sight; it has ideals back of the facts and of the actions of men. There is little that can be seen at a glance, but you will feel it after a long and intimate contact. Some day you will love it.

This prophecy comes true, tho he is drawn back again and again to Italy. Years go on, and he finds a place for himself here, and is "successful." But love, which he needs so much, circumstances deny to him, perhaps he denies it to himself. Gladys Gordon is surely a most unfair specimen of the possibilities of happiness, and we can only hope that Carletto will awaken to the truth that love will not be denied because of any mysterious line drawn, but will come in spite of it. His brother Benjamin, his complement and joy, he writes of with the deepest affection, indeed with adoration; but the part which Benjamin must play in life is cruelly pathetic, and deepens the sadness of Carletto's nature.

Carletto returns to Italy in the war, and gives a revealing and intimate picture of Italy's unappreciated difficulties and achievements on the Austrian front. Here the author chooses to end his tale, tragic yet sweet to the end. "There is a law of conservation," Carletto remarks, "that makes a man abhor any change in his personality, similar to the law that makes him dread the advent of death." This reluctance to change he possesses to an extreme degree, and it makes life more difficult, not only for himself but for those who love him. Yet one must still love him and wish that real joy may come to him.

Elizabeth Stead Taber.

The Unbidden Guest. By Silvio Villa. 282 pages. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Genevra's Money

THERE is a charm about E. V. Lucas's new story which delights and refreshes. We stand by the grave of Genevra in the first chapter with her husband, Cavanagh; but it is not a sad book, not at all. Cavanagh is made responsible by his dead wife's will for putting to use the considerable sum of money which she has left to the advantage of those of her younger relatives whom he may find most worthy. He and the reader set about to become acquainted with these relatives, and they are an interesting assortment.

There is young Alistair Muir, struggling to follow art in the Forest of Fontainebleau, and the delightful Rose Holt, whom one must know too if one knows Alistair Muir. When Mr. Lucas begins traveling he takes on an added charm, and when we search for Alistair we get some real Lucas bits of travel. Considerable space is devoted to chatty information on the Barbizon painters; and the trip later to Spain with Vaddy is amusing, and full of unusual travel incident and conclusions. Then there is the family of several real children with whom the reader enjoys the playhouse made from a sleeping-car; there is a near-poet, a young curate and his brother in musical comedy, a cousin's wife, exotic but likable Nollie, a horse-trainer's wife—a varied lot. The characters are very human; we recognize their foibles, and some bigger qualities too, and we like them in spite of their weaknesses. Tho the story is full of youth, and of youth's hopes and struggles, those of the older generation in it are quite as diverting—especially "poor Giles," the elderly bachelor, who has never thought of any one's comfort but his own.

The book abounds in gentle humor and in a philosophy which comes out so casually through the characters' conversation that we accept it for real people's deductions concerning life and living. The unimportant Mrs. Lush contributes her valuable bit when

she gives advice on how money should be spent in helping other people: "It's the rich, with all the time there is at their disposal, who have the time-saving appliances; it's the rich, who never soil their hands, who have the baths. No, sir, there's no equality in things." And when the fairly gentle Rose is surprized to find that she suffers from jealousy, she hears: "We never know anything about jealousy until we love. It's a measure of our devotion." It's a satisfying book because its characters are real and entertaining people.

GENEVRA'S MONEY. By E. V. Lucas. 307 pages. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.50.

The Sea-Hawk

IF you would shout a wild oath, swing a wicked cutlass, and scourge the sea with a pirate galley, all from the depths of a low-swung steamer chair, Sabatini is the man for you. If you would counter jealousy with mutiny and hatred with revenge, "The Sea-Hawk," lately published in a new edition, will carry you to the Spanish Main as surely as Peter Pan took Wendy to the Never-Never Land. There you may swank your little hour upon the bridge in a very ecstasy of the picaresque.

In common with all romances of adventure, "The Sea-Hawk" is cruel. It clothes its cruelty with dignity by calling it elemental, thus seeming to justify a passion that is going out of style. Fortunately, no one would ever take such a yarn seriously, and the extreme nature of its emotional gestures makes it a legitimate way of escape from the monotony of civilized life. Sabatini has adopted a style that reproduces the flavor of Elizabethan prose to the extent of achieving exuberance of spirit, but he has not caught much of its beauty. He has missed spontaneity and simplicity, and has put in their place an extra flourish or two that, if not Elizabethan, are at least in line with the tradition of the historical romance, and more especially with the recent swing of the pendulum of taste toward the romantic. "The Sea-Hawk" is a story for men, who will hail it with delight; the defects above noted will lessen its pleasure for women.

THE SEA-HAWK. By Rafael Sabatini. New edition. 366 pages. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

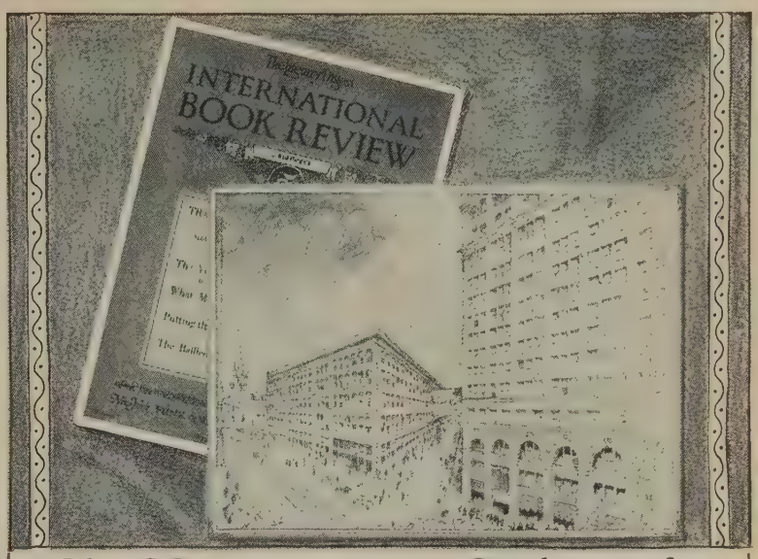
Anthony John

THERE is no reason in the world why a novelist should not write a sermon, if he so desires, and write it in the form of a novel. But he must be prepared to have his work judged both as a sermon and as a novel. If it fails in either capacity, it fails in both. In "Anthony John," Jerome K. Jerome has performed the difficult feat of producing a good novel which is also a good sermon—good in so far as it sets forth his idea of what a Christian life should be. Whether his idea is the right one is another question, and one which is likely to be the subject of much discussion.

The book tells the story of Anthony John Strong'nth'arm, a poor boy born in a mean street of the English manufacturing town of Millsborough. Anthony is a dreamer like his father, but he is a fighter as well, which his father was not, and he has a marked talent for business. As a child he is much troubled about God. He can not understand why, if God is all-loving and all-powerful, there should be so much poverty and suffering in the world. He asks questions of his elders, but the answers he receives are not enlightening. The one answer which is to influence him most in later years is that given by his atheist uncle, who says that he will believe when he sees the profest followers of Christ living according to His teachings.

As a man Anthony John becomes a successful solicitor and business man. He plans and carries out vast enterprises for the good of Millsborough, thus adding to the town's wealth and his

(*Continued on page 50*)



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JOHN WANAMAKER
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What is considered the gay science?

Who said "she's no chicken?" When was the first "joy ride" so called?

Where do we get: Horse of another color, grass widow, a pretty kettle of fish, freeze on to, hocus pocus, paint the town, Ananias Club, amen corner, hell box, sword of Damocles, calf love, to rain cats and dogs, crack of doom, French leave, bark up the wrong tree, age of consent, bring home the bacon, not built that way, bury the hatchet, to purge the Augean stables, acknowledge the corn, there's no kick coming, play to the gallery, hoodoo, to wear the breeches, axe to grind, a wink's as good as a nod, every dog has his day, the heel of Achilles, look daggers, all there, Ku Klux Klan, lady of the bedchamber, liberty hall, leave in the lurch, marriage bed, a peach of a cold, peeping Tom, raise more hogs and less hell, seventh heaven, six of one and half a dozen of the other, unreconstructed Southerner, Welsh rabbit, walking papers, etc.

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Important Books of the Month

(*Continued from page 43*)

Priestess of the Temple of Karnak, and through her achieved the throne of the Pharaohs.

THE DEBUTANTE. By Edna Walker Malcoskey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

A novel embodying the adventures of a young girl in the maelstrom of Europe during and after the World War.

THE MISSING MAN. By Mary R. P. Hatch. Boston: The Four Seas Co. $1.50.

The story of a mysterious disappearance, in which the author has introduced a queer psychic twist into the solution.

THE GUN RUNNER. By Arthur Stringer. Indianapolis: The Bobbs Merrill Co. $1.75.

A romance of intrigue, love and adventure, in which two men and a woman go through some desperate hours during a South American revolt.

LANTY HANLON. By Patrick MacGill. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.90.

Against a background of Irish peasant life, the tragi-comedy of Lanty's career plays itself out to a climax of wild adventure.

WALTER OF TIVERTON. By Bernard Marshall. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.75.

A historical romance of the days of Richard Cœur de Lion, in which two young English knights find adventures a-plenty in rescuing a titled maid from marriage forced on her by her guardian.

BAROQUE: A MYSTERY. By Louis Joseph Vance. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

A quick-moving romance of love and crime, which carries the reader from an Italian antique-shop in New York into the inner circles of the Camorra at Naples.

RAMSHACKLE HOUSE. By Hulbert Footner. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.

A detective story in which a plucky young woman goes through many perils and excitements before she clears her lover of apparent guilt in a murder case.

DOCTOR HERACLIUS GLOSS. By Guy de Maupassant. Translated by Jeffery E. Jeffery. Introduction by Ernest Boyd. New York: Brentano's.

This early work of De Maupassant's is here published for the first time in America. It was first issued in French by the *Revue de Paris* in 1921.

THE HOUSE OF THE ENEMY. By Camille Mallarmé. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. $2.

A novel of peasant life in a little-known corner of Spain—the province where Don Quixote fought the windmill.

THE WOMAN OF THE HORIZON. By Gilbert Frankau. New York: The Century Co. $2.

The story of a man who wandered all over the earth in search of a woman to fulfil the dream evoked by the Taj Mahal.

THE VENGEANCE OF THE IVORY SKULL. By Marion Harvey. New York: Edward J. Clode. $2.

A romance of gay adventure of the swashbuckler sort—also a detective story.

CORDELIA THE MAGNIFICENT. By Leroy Scott. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.

The story of a modern society girl who sickens of society's false standards and emerges from a crisis with a new set of values.

THE WRONG SHADOW. By Harold Brighouse. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. $2.

A romantic comedy centering about an unfortunate gentleman who is haunted by the ghost of a man who is not dead.

THE RETURN OF FRANK CLAMART. By Henry C. Rowland. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.90.

A mystery story containing a new kind of criminal and a new brand of thrills.

RALPH HERNE. By W. H. Hudson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

A posthumous novelette, which, with other Hudson books, was reviewed by William Lyon Phelps in THE INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW for May.

EXTERIOR TO THE EVIDENCE. By J. S. Fletcher. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

The body of Sir Cheville Stanbury lay at the foot of the Black Scar, the loneliest spot on the moors. Members of his family had just passed, and two masked men had been seen skulking there. Who was the murderer?

THE COPPER BOX. By J. S. Fletcher. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.75.

A story of mystery and humor, dealing with the adventures of a pretty girl artist and her guardian in connection with a precious box.

ZISKA: THE PROBLEM OF A WICKED SOUL. By Marie Corelli. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $2.

A new printing of a novel, first published in 1897, touching upon the perils of meddling with a Pharaoh's tomb.

THE MATHERSON MARRIAGE. By Ruby M. Ayres. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.75.

The emotional history of a woman who had deliberately married a man for his money while loving another.

PIRACY: A ROMANTIC CHRONICLE OF THESE DAYS. By Michael Arlen. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.50.

The chronicle of Ivor Marlay and of two remarkable women, Magdalen Gray and Lady Tarylon, written in a distinctive style of satire, with a deft revelation of human motives.

THE ENCHANTED COUNTRY. By Joan Sutherland. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.

The love story of an embittered and passionate man, leader of a gang of outlaws, and how he came back.

BARNEY. By S. B. H. Hurst. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.90.

A novel of breathless action, which takes the hero and his best friend from England, where they are accused of a crime of which they are guiltless, to Canada and far Alaska.

SINBAD. By C. Kay Scott. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $2.

An ironic romance of New York pseudo-intellectuals.

SURPRISING ANTONIA. By Dorothy Foster Gilman. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.90.

A story of the amusing experiences of three girls who run a boarding house for ten days during the Harvard Commencement week in order to get enough money to take a trip to Europe.

THE SINGING WELLS. By Roland Pertwee. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

How fate took hold of the lives of a young Englishman and an Algerian maid, leading them out into the desert and into dangers on mountain heights.

NOBODY'S ISLAND. By Beatrice Grimshaw. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.75.

A story of one of the unknown islands of the South Sea, of a man who keeps it a secret because of the wealth it holds, and of an aristocratic young lady who is a fugitive from justice.

THE SINISTER MARK. By Lee Thayer. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.75.

A terrible mystery surrounds Mary Blade's disappearance soon after her engagement. When all is confusion, "Red" Clancy, the detective, leads the way out with his usual ingenuity.

WITHOUT CONDITIONS. By Agnes Mure Mackenzie. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

The story of a girl in Scotland who got her heart's desire, and who found tragedy in it until she had fought her way to a new social adjustment.

TERASSA OF SPAIN. By Horace Fish. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $2.50.

Tales of the heart of Spain, all centering about Terassa, her padre and her people of many contrasts.

THE CLOSED ROAD. By Rosena A. Giles. Boston: The Cornhill Publishing Co. $2.

A romance of love and adventure on the Mexican border.

IN DARK PLACES. By John Russell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A new book of short stories, in which many strange characters move through glowing narratives of romance and adventure.

THE SHAME DANCE AND OTHER STORIES. By Wilbur Daniel Steele. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.

A dozen short stories evidencing this author's mastery of his art. Besides the title tale, they include "La Guiblesse" and "The Marriage in Kairwan."

epresentative American Short Stories. Edited by Alexander Jessup. Boston: Allyn & Bacon.

Nearly a hundred of the best nerican short stories by leading iters from the days of Charles ockden Brown and Washington ving to those of O. Henry and eodore Dreiser; with abundant ferences for the study of the short ory—also a bibliography of repre-ntative American short stories, ven both by authors and chrono-gically.

cording to Gibson. By Denis Mackail. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.

Life for Gibson is a series of al-ring adventures, and this book ntains ten stories of his exciting periences.

Friend at Court. By Leon Stern and Elizabeth Gertrude Stern. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.

A novel of life among the sub-erged classes, in which Mary len, a probation officer, while rking out social justice for shat-red lives, encounters a romance of r own.

ie Thunderbolt. By Clyde Per-rin. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

An inspirational story intended interest men and women in the siness world. How a timid young an became a lion-like executive.

History

dustrial America in the World War: The Strategy Behind the Line, 1917–1918. By Grosvenor B. Clarkson. Introduction by Georges Clemenceau. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $6.

The history of the American in-strial war-machine in action, an told tale of the war, is presented re in detail by the former director the United States Council of ational Defense.

ie Merchant Marine. By Rear-Admiral William S. Benson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

Admiral Benson has compacted to 178 pages a complete account our merchant marine from the lonial period and the days of the naling industry to the present a of steam navigation.

merica and the Atlantic. By Vice-Admiral G. A. Ballard. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5.

A study of the influence of the lantic Ocean on the course of nerican history—by a naval officer some forty-five years' service on e high seas.

ld Indian Trails. By Walter McClintock. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $5.

Contains the results of fifteen ars' close association with the old ackfoot chiefs, medicine-men, and mmon people. The author was e adopted son of Chief Mad Wolf.

spects of the Study of Roman History. By Thomas Spencer Jerome. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

A study of conditions during the ign of Tiberius, with especial mphasis on Roman morals of the eriod. The author was for years Professor of Ancient History at the University of Michigan.

The Transformation of American Sentiment Toward Germany, 1870–1914. By Clara Eve Schieber. Boston: The Cornhill Publishing Co.

The author, a professor of history in Oxford College, here undertakes to disclose in a dispassionate manner the paramount cause of the World War

Speeches and Documents on Indian Policy, 1750–1921. Edited by Prof. A. Berriedale Keith. 2 vols. New York: Oxford University Press. 80 cents a volume.

Historic documents from the time of Clive to that of the present Viceroy, all bearing upon the gradual evolution of India's present degree of self-government.

Persia. By Brigadier-General Sir Percy Sykes. New York: Oxford University Press.

A history of Persia from the earliest times to the present day, treating fully of events from the Mongol conquest and the days of Tamerlane down to the end of the World War.

Industrial History of the United States. By Edward S. Cowdrick. New York: The Ronald Press Co.

Aims to give the student of economics a broad grasp of the facts of American industrial history from colonial days to the years since the World War, in which the deepest strata of the business world have been rudely shaken.

This King Business. By Frederick L. Collins. Illustrated. New York: The Century Co. $2.

Colorful accounts of royalty as a going concern in England, Spain, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Denmark and other countries.

Classics of the Bar: Stories of the World's Great Legal Trials and a Compilation of Forensic Masterpieces. By Alvin V. Sellers. Vol. 7. Baxley, Ga: Classic Publishing Co.

Contains the speech of the Earl of Strafford at his own trial, the remarks of Robert G. Ingersoll in the Russell will case, the address of Andrew Hamilton on the Zenger libel case, and the speeches of other brilliant lawyers in the Brown-Davidson damage suit and the trial of Daniel E. Sickles.

Economic Imperialism and International Relations During the Last Fifty Years. By Prof. Achille Viallate. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.

Lectures on the economic changes of the Nineteenth Century and the effect of these changes upon the commercial policy of the great Powers, including the United States.

Lords Lieutenants in the Sixteenth Century: A Study in Tudor Local Administration. By Gladys Scott Thomson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.

An attempt is made in this monograph to begin a historical investigation into English county governments by an examination of the Lord Lieutenant, the local magnate who represented the Crown.

Juvenile

The Iron Horse and the Strange Language He Speaks. By George Clarence Hoskin. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.75.

Any boy who has read this book will know all about railroad trains, how it feels to ride in a locomotive, what the signals mean, and the like.

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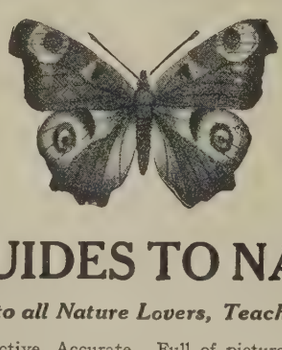

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(*Continued from page 45*)

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ANTHONY JOHN. By Jerome K. Jerome. 276 pages. New York Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.

My Lady of the Moor

IT WAS an excellent idea for the publishers to bring out this cheap edition of "My Lady of the Moor," which has run through five editions since 1916. It appears that John Oxenham has already written thirty-six novels and fourteen books of verse. He is no literary novice, and this pleasant romance shows that he can entertain his following as well as ever. An idea runs through this novel—an idea that would be most unpleasing to those naturalistic writers whose philosophy has been shaped by Darwin, Huxley and Marx. The idea, in brief, is that prayer has power to save the struggling and sinking human soul, to wipe out a man's sin, to set him down anew in the flowery fields of health and innocence. And while the writer may draw his authority for such an idea from the general religious consciousness of the Christian world, it can not be amiss to remark that modern psychology is bringing strange verifications to buttress this ancient structure of faith.

Noel Daunt, a North-of-Ireland man, has lost his parents' grim faith before ever he sets foot in London to try the fortunes of the literary life. His young sister, Honor, accompanies him to complete her education in English schools. Her tastes are aristocratic, so on graduation her loveliness and sprightly wit bring her hosts of friends from social strata above her own. Her entertainments in Noel's and her apartment are a little dazzling to the struggling young man, and when, one evening, he finds a note, telling of an elopement to Paris with a high but unnamed personage, his bitter thoughts are violently brought to the surface of consciousness. He thinks himself into a cold fury, and, justifying his suspicions by inquiry, sets out to find Honor. After months of wandering, he discovers her, broken but proud, at Monaco, still loving the man who has ruined her life. She hides from her brother rather than reveal the whereabouts of the aristocrat whom Noel now grimly condemns to

(*Continued on page 53*)

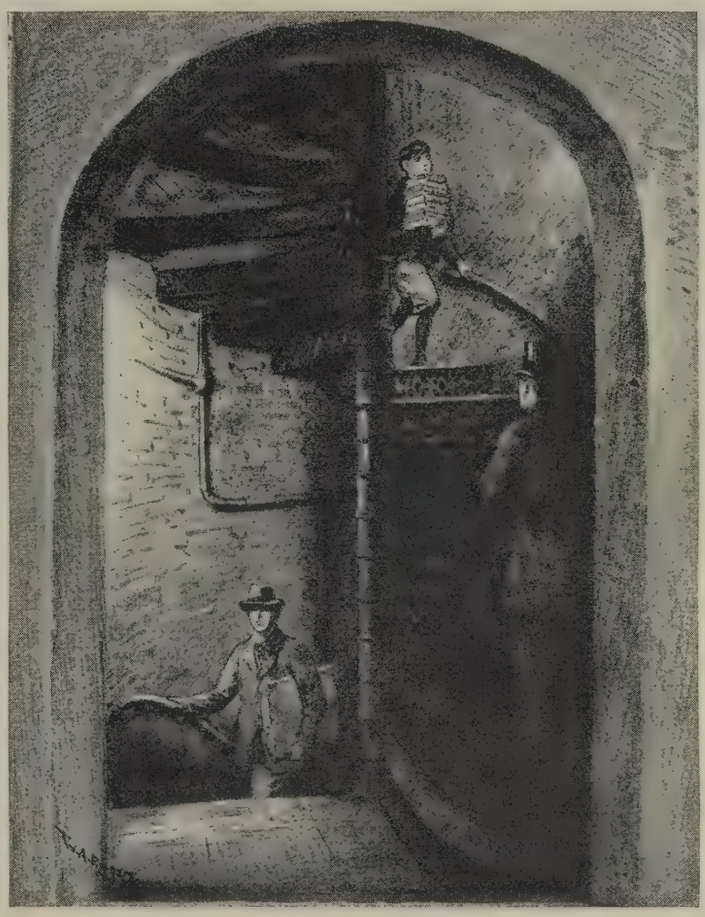
With the Makers of Books in America

III. The House of Harper

WITHIN the space of a few weeks New York has witnessed the passing of two great institutions; one of them, its oldest newspaper, the *Evening Globe*, and the other, its oldest and most revered restaurant, Delmonico's. And almost simultaneously with this depressing news came the announcement that Harper & Brothers had quitted their famous old building on Franklin Square to join the other publishing houses which had preceded them in the migration up-town.

In this age, when the sentiments of most older New Yorkers are being outraged right and left, there is compensation for whatever regret they may feel over the loss of Franklin Square in the fact that Harper & Brothers, far from succumbing to the new conditions, are entering on a new phase of their history. After all, it is hardly likely that a publishing house which has been identified with the great literary movements of more than a hundred years, and has weathered adversity in the form of fire and pestilence and financial depression, should be affected by the mere passage of time.

The story of the founding of Harpers is the old story of the lure of the till over the soil, for it was the necessity of seeking a fortune that induced James Harper, the eldest of four brothers, to leave his father's farm on Long Island and go to New York. There, in the year 1810, he was apprenticed to the printing firm of Paul & Thomas. It was after having read Benjamin Franklin's autobiography that young James Harper decided to become a printer.



A STAIRWAY TO FAME

"Up these mysterious winding stairs in the old Harper office have climbed Thackeray, Dickens, Mark Twain, W. D. Howells, and many others who bear the great names in American and English literature of the last seventy years, as well as famous artists, statesmen and dignitaries of the Church."

The fact that he elected to begin his career in New York instead of in Philadelphia or Boston is flattering to the city which in those days gave discouragingly slight attention to the cultural side of its life. As Mr. J. Henry Harper said, referring to the early nineteenth century, in his history of the House of Harper,

> There were as yet few American authors and few American books. Periodical literature had made a beginning, but even that was transient and unsubstantial. The demand for books was comparatively limited; the prosperous citizen as a rule had but little inclination for literary pursuits, and the masses sought for employment rather than entertainment.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century Washington Irving was a romantic youth of seventeen; Cooper was a young midshipman; Bryant a precocious schoolboy, and Hawthorne, Whittier and Longfellow, in the respective order, were making their initial bows.

In the course of a few years James Harper served his apprenticeship. The rugged, serious-minded country youth must have been a great satisfaction to his employer, for it is told that he possest an enormous capacity for work, often starting in at dawn and accomplishing a half-day's work before the day had fairly begun. In the meantime the second brother, John, came to New York and was likewise apprenticed in the printing trade. By the time John had served out his time, James had put by a little capital, and now they were ready to start in business for themselves as printers and publishers of books.

They opened their shop in a dingy little room in Dover Street, and there, in the year 1817, the firm of J. & J. Harper printed its first book. The title was "Seneca's Morals." Wesley and Fletcher Harper, the two younger brothers, set up the type for this book under the supervision of James and John. Altho "Seneca's Morals" bears the Harpers' imprint, it was not as publishers that they brought it out, but as printers executing the order of Duyckinck as publisher. A year later, however, came the first book of which they assumed the entire responsibility. It was Locke's "Essay upon the Human Understanding," of which five hundred copies were cautiously printed. A few years after this, Wesley and Fletcher were taken into the firm; but the name continued as J. & J. Harper until 1833, when it was changed to Harper & Brothers.

The association of the four Harper Brothers proved a combination that was equipped not only to meet any emergency in the business, but to overcome the most discouraging reverses. In spite of the competition which they naturally had to face in the beginning, in spite of financial handicaps, in spite of a yellow fever plague which caused the suspension of nearly all business in New York, the Harpers attained, within eight years after their establishment, the front rank among American publishers. They were a perfect team. Each one possest, in addition to a thorough knowledge of fundamentals, an expertness in a particular line of the business. James looked after the mechanical operations; John took care of the financial arrangements; Wesley read proof and tended the correspondence, and Fletcher was in control of the literary end. It is no wonder that when somebody asked James which one was the Harper of the firm, he answered that any one of the four was the Harper and the rest were the Brothers. For many years they pooled their money in a common fund, each taking from the cashier's drawer enough for his personal needs, and none knew how much the others drew out.

Along about 1840 the Middle West began to display an eagerness for education. Lecture lyceums sprang up in the cities and

small towns; debating societies took on a sudden popularity, and the improvement in the libraries and public schools created a constantly increasing demand for good books of travel, biography and fiction. Some years earlier the Harpers had anticipated this movement and had met it with the publication of popular sets of books uniform in binding and price, the most important of which was Harper's Family Library. Another library was Harper's Boys' and Girls' Library, started in 1830. About the same time Harper's Library of Select Novels was brought out, but was discontinued until 1842, at which time the series recommenced publication in a more popular form. Nearly all the novels in this series were by English authors, and they proved so popular that eventually the library came to number six hundred and fifteen volumes.

THE FOUR HARPER BROTHERS

As Mr. J. Henry Harper points out, it is quite likely that the success of the Library experiment led to the establishment of *Harper's Magazine*. Certainly it was a logical outgrowth, for the Library volumes were issued in serial form, and all the glittering names of European authors flashed on their covers. A magazine would be able to utilize these same authors, combining a number of contributions in one issue and thus making a better balanced and more attractive offering for the reader.

The first issue of *Harper's Magazine* appeared in June, 1850. Henry J. Raymond was managing editor, but Fletcher Harper, who had conceived the idea and pushed it through, controlled its policy until shortly before his death. The early numbers sought merely to gather in the most notable authors of the period. This gave an immediate advantage, not only because the names of foreign authors carried far more weight with the reading public than the domestic, but because the name of Harper had acquired prestige through the publication in book form of such writers as Thackeray, Dickens, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, George Eliot, William Black, R. D. Blackmore, Bulwer Lytton, and many others.

Altho in later years the magazine was to produce some very fine examples of illustrating, the first and dominant note, as Mr. Harper says, was literary rather than artistic. To quote him further:

> The thoughtful readers of the day were satisfied with the best literature without pictures. The first six numbers issued, apart from fashion plates, contained an average of only eight pictures each, and one-fourth of these were portraits, while nearly all the others had purely literary associations.

But the "literary associations" in the text of the magazine quickly established a tradition which, in the seventy-three years of its history, could only have been maintained by editors and contributors of exceptional ability. Its most famous department, "The Editor's Easy Chair," was founded by George William Curtis. He was succeeded by William Dean Howells, who was in turn followed by its present editor, E. S. Martin. Henry Mills Alden was for many years editor of the magazine, and his association with the house lasted for nearly half a century. Dickens's "Our Mutual Friend" was published serially in *Harper's*. Shortly after the Civil War, when the circulation had dwindled to panicky proportions, the serial publication of "Armadale," by Wilkie Collins, was begun, and by the time this popular novel had run its course the magazine had reached its former circulation.

In 1850 occurred the disastrous fire which, in a few hours, destroyed every physical vestige of the great institution that had been more than thirty years in the making. It was tragic enough to break the spirit of most men, but in this instance it served merely to illumine the character of the brothers. Hardly had the smoke cleared away before plans were begun to resume business. The fire happened on Saturday, December 10. The January issue of the magazine was running on the presses at the time, and was, of course, totally destroyed. On Saturday night the brothers met and formulated their plans. On Monday a card was sent out announcing that . . .

> The sheets, stereotype plates, and copy of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* for January having been consumed, a few days' delay will unavoidably occur in the delivery of that number to agents and subscribers. . . . The members of the firm can be seen at Nos. 79 and 81 Cliff Street.

On Tuesday the newspapers announced that forty-four presses were at work for the Harpers in New York, besides others in Philadelphia, Boston, Cambridge, and Andover. Authors whose contributions, scheduled for the January issue, had been destroyed, sent in copies if they happened to have them, or else rewrote them. Business competitors offered help. Finally, on the tenth of January the magazine appeared—just ten days late! Enclosed with it was a card explaining that there were no illustrations, as new cuts could not be engraved in time.

In addition to *Harper's Magazine*, which is now the only periodical controlled by the house, the Harpers at one time published *Harper's Weekly*, *Harper's Bazar*, and *Harper's Young People*. The *Weekly* was started in 1857 as a purely family magazine, and in a short time it attained a tremendous popularity. Theodore Sedgwick was its first managing editor, under Fletcher Harper, and George William Curtis was a regular contributor. Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" was serialized in the *Weekly*, as was Wilkie Collins's "The Dead Secret."

ENTRANCE TO THE NEW HARPER BUILDING AT 49 EAST THIRTY-THIRD STREET

There is a long succession of dazzling books that first reached their American readers through the medium of the Harpers. "Trilby" was serialized in the magazine; the famous "Ben Hur" of General Lew Wallace came out in book form; millions of volumes of "Huck Finn," "Tom Sawyer" and the rest of Mark Twain's collected works rolled out from the courtyard of Franklin Square. And, to come down to a later day, there are Sir Gilbert Parker, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Arnold Bennett, Compton Mackenzie, Philip Gibbs, Israel Zangwill, Conan Doyle, G. K. Chesterton, Zane Grey and numerous others whose books have been sponsored by the house.

Among the modern American poets familiar to readers of the magazine are Robert Frost and Edna St. Vincent Millay. Woodrow Wilson, Mary E. Wilkins, Owen Wister, Albert Bushnell Hart, Hamlin Garland, Booth Tarkington, Alexander Black, Margaret Deland, Fannie Hurst, Katherine Fullerton Gerould, Henry Van Dyke, Basil King, Montague Glass and Ellen Glasgow are a few of the later Harper authors.

In This Month's Fiction Library

(*Continued from page 50*)

death. The tragic train of events runs on until Dartmoor Prison closes its grim gates on him for seven years—years of bitterness and brooding hate, only turned at last to high uses by Beatrice, the Lady of the Moor, whose white flaming faith and loving prayers in her little Catholic Chapel draw him back from the pit. How he is strangely enabled to serve the Lady of the Moor, and how at last he saves the soul and body of the man who had ruined his sister, the story tells.

It is a sweet tale, well told, with all the sentiment of English hearts in it, and all the fragrance of Devonshire lanes in June. It is the story of the Moor as much as of a man. It is a tale of faith. Indeed, at the ending of the book, altho the Great War has swept all the characters into its maelstrom, the author can write, "God is good, and it is a good, glad world!"

My Lady of the Moor. By John Oxenham. 352 pages. New York: Longmans Green & Co. 90 cents.

The Clue of the New Pin

A DETECTIVE story which, while playing fair with the reader, thoroughly mystifies him, is a genuine treat, and in his new, very ingenious "Clue of the New Pin," Mr. Wallace presents a most perplexing problem. Old Jesse Trasmere, millionaire, had been murdered; they found him in the stone and concrete vault where he kept his valuables, shot through the back; the heavy door was locked, and the key lay on a table in the middle of the vault. The lock had been specially constructed; no other key fitted it, there was only the one entrance, and no aperture large enough for the bullet to pass through. How, then, could the murderer have committed his crime and made his get-away?

It puzzled Carver, the detective, and it puzzled "Tab" Holland, reporter on the *Megaphone*, whose room-mate, Rex Landers, was Trasmere's nephew and heir. But the mystery was rendered still more complicated by the finding of the jewels whose loss the beautiful and highly successful actress, Ursula Ardfern, had reported to the police. And then there was the Chinaman, Yeh Ling, and his connection with the murdered man. Old Jesse Trasmere was known to have spent many years in China, and to be none too fond of meeting those he had known there. The story is well worked out, with plenty of exciting moments and no relaxing of its hold on the reader, who is hurried swiftly from one surprize to another, until an ironical twist provides an effective and picturesque conclusion.

The Clue of the New Pin. By Edgar Wallace. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.90.

Danger

THE inadvisability of self-sacrifice, and the very great danger to sanity which arises from caring too deeply about anybody or anything, are plainly set forth in Mr. Ernest Poole's new novel, "Danger." It is a much better book than any he has recently written, an after-the-war story, its leading characters two women of strongly contrasted types and temperaments—Maud Brewer and Natalie Darrow, the young girl who married Maud's brother Dallas. Maud was thirty-five; she had spent all her young life caring for the brother, who was several years her junior; working to pay the bills, to keep him in school, and then to send him to college. She lost her youth and any gaiety she might ever have had in the process. Then, when war came, she followed him to France, where she drove an automobile, did splendid work, and had a wonderful time; later she nursed the shell-shocked Dallas back to health and sanity.

But this is an after-the-war story, and Maud could not and

(*Continued on page 56*)

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The Literary Digest

INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

354 Fourth Ave. New York City

A Close-up of Books and Authors

IN HIS column, "Oddments and Remainders," in the New York *Tribune*, Percy Hammond reports a conversation with Homer Croy about "West of the Water Tower," the novel which Harpers published anonymously a short time ago. Mr. Hammond wondered why the author preferred to hide his identity, and Mr. Croy said that he, too, was unable to understand the reason for it. Then he continued: "And I really ought to know, for I wrote 'West of the Water Tower.'" Were it not for the fact that Mr. Hammond appears to have taken this statement quite seriously, one might be tempted to think that Mr. Croy was spoofing, for he has a wide reputation as a humorist. It will be remembered that this novel was submitted in Harper's Prize Contest and was one of the seven manuscripts selected for publication. It is a fair presumption that one of the seven will win the prize.

Japanese and French translations of Poultney Bigelow's new book on "Japan and her Colonies" will appear simultaneously with the English edition, which Arnold & Co. of London will bring out in the autumn.

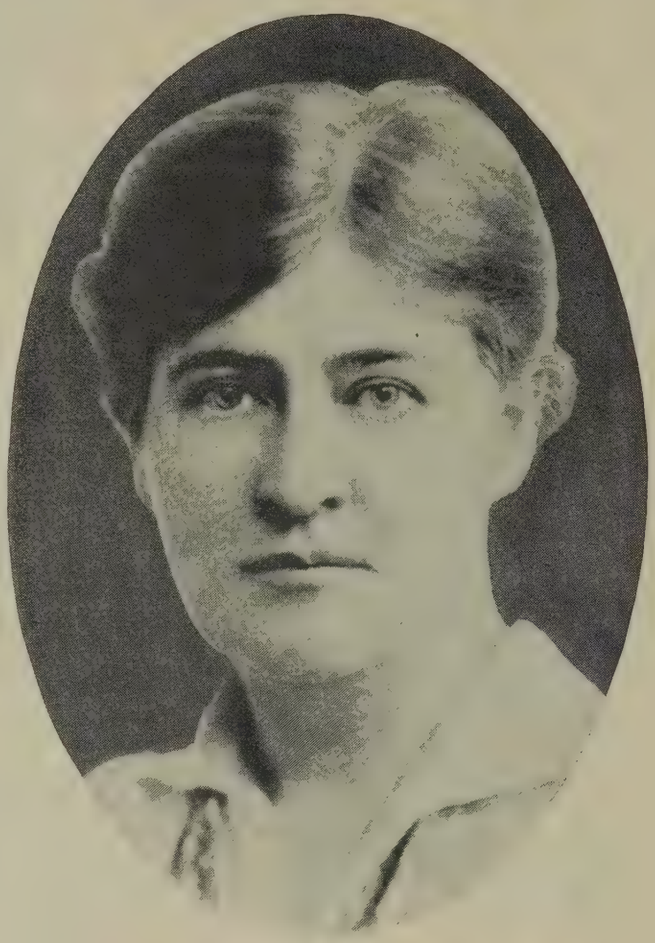
Gina Lombroso, whose treatise on "The Soul of Woman" was published by E. P. Dutton & Co., is a daughter of Cesare Lombroso and the wife of Guglielmo Ferrero. Almost from her childhood she assisted her father in his work, becoming eventually his secretary. She studied at the University of Turin and took the degree of Doctor of Letters with a thesis on "The Differences between the Saints of the Orient and the Occident." Later on she took up and completed the course in medicine. She has written several books on social and industrial conditions in Italy, besides editing some of her father's works. After her marriage to Guglielmo Ferrero she became interested in historical and economic problems and wrote a book on "The Disadvantages of Machinism," in which she attempted to show the folly of trying to make Italy an industrial country. "The Soul of Woman" was written with a view to helping women to find their true vocation, thus hastening the solution of the political, social and economic problems known collectively as the "woman question."

"Lord Rosebery: A Critical and Biographical Study," by E. T. Raymond, is announced for publication in July by the George H. Doran Company. Mr. Raymond will be remembered as the author of "Mr. Lloyd George" and "Uncensored Celebrities."

Rafael Sabatini's "Scaramouche," published by Houghton Mifflin Company, has been dramatized, and will be produced at the Morosco Theater in New York next October. Mr. Sabatini has completed a "History of Cesare Borgia," which Brentano's will publish in the fall.

Mrs. Marie Plumb, widow of the late Glenn Plumb, was a delegate to the recent Chicago Conference on Railroad Valuations, and presented each of her fellow delegates with an advance copy of Glenn Plumb's posthumous book on "Industrial Democracy," published by B. W. Huebsch. This work, which elaborates Mr. Plumb's theory of valuation for all properties, including railroads, is issued with the signed indorsement of the sixteen rail brotherhood chiefs.

Miss Willa Cather, whose novel, "One of Ours," won the Pulitzer prize, is in Europe, where she intends to remain about a year. She is working on a new novel, but declines to discuss it, saying that to do so, even with intimate friends, has a disturbing influence upon her work. To a correspondent of the New York *World*, who interviewed her at the home of her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Jan Hambourg, at Ville Davray, she exprest herself as seeing much promise in the new movement in America, despite its little absurdities.



WILLA CATHER

> The new American novel [she explained], is better than the old-fashioned conventional one with its plot always the same, its accent always on the same incidents. With its unvarying carefully dosed ingredients, the old-fashioned American novel was like a chemist's prescription. I certainly prefer the modern novelist, even if he does become a little ridiculous when he carries too far the process of chopping up his character on the Freudian psychoanalytical plan. Imagine what Hamlet would have been if Shakespeare had applied Freudian principles to his work.
>
> So long as a novelist works selfishly for the pleasure of creating character and situation corresponding to his own illusions, ideals and intuitions, he will always produce something worth-while and natural. Directly he takes himself too seriously and begins for the alleged benefit of humanity an elaborate dissection of complexes, he evolves a book that is more ridiculous and tiresome than the most conventional cold-cream girl novel of yesterday.

Rudyard Kipling's history of "The Irish Guards," some chapters of which have been printed in the New York *Times Sunday Magazine*, is published in book form by Doubleday, Page & Co. Kipling's son John was a Lieutenant in the Irish Guards during the World War and was one of the many who did not return. The present volume is a memorial to this brave young man and to the regiment in which he fought.

John Middleton Murry, one of the best known English critics, and for a number of years editor of *The Athenæum*, is bringing

out a monthly magazine called *The Adelphi*. The editor announces that "tho the contents of the new magazine may not be 'literary,' they will be literature," and that "science, philosophy, music, art and drama will be considered when *The Adelphi* has something to say about them worth saying."

The Edgar Allan Poe Shrine, Richmond, Virginia, announces the publication of "Politian," a drama by Edgar Allan Poe, now first edited from the original manuscript by Thomas Ollive Mabbott.

During his spring trip to Europe Mr. Alfred A. Knopf arranged for the publication here of many important books, among them one by P. D. Ouspensky, author of "Tertium Organum," on the Gurdjeff colony at Fontainebleau. This colony, the members of which are known as the Forest Philosophers, was established by Gurdjeff and Ouspensky. Many well-known literary people, including the late Katherine Mansfield, who died there, have been members of the colony. Another book which Mr. Knopf arranged to publish, and which will interest many American readers, is the "Memoirs of Count Boni de Castellane."

In a pamphlet on "The European Market for American Books," reprinted from an article in *The Publishers' Weekly*, W. Dawson Johnston, Director of the American Library in Paris, and European Representative of the National Association of Book Publishers, calls attention to the fact that the United States imports from Europe about twice as much printed matter as it exports. Mr. Johnston believes that more American books should and could be sold in Europe if publishers would make a concerted effort to make their books known there. He himself has done what he could to secure publicity for American books in European newspapers and periodicals, and he plans to do more.

Madame Jacquemaire Clemenceau, daughter of the "Old Tiger," has made a French translation of Achmed Abdullah's collection of Pell Street tales, "The Honorable Gentleman, and Others," which Putnams brought out about two years ago. The French version will be published in Paris by La Librairie Académique Perrin.

An attractive list of books for travelers is offered by Robert M. McBride & Co. "London in Seven Days" and "Paris in Seven Days," both by Arthur Milton, are designed for the use of those whose time is limited and who wish to make the best possible use of it. The same might be said of Robert Medill's "Norwegian Towns and People." Edward Hungerford's "Planning a Trip Abroad" is a pocket-sized volume for the inexperienced traveler. It gives full information about passports, routes of travel, disposal of baggage, hotels—in short, all the practical details of travel which are ordinarily learned only by experience. Other books on the list are equally valuable and interesting.

During the past two years nine volumes of verse have been published by members of the Poetry Club of the University of Chicago. The list includes "The Bitterns," by Glenway Scott; "The Immobile Wind" and "The Magpie's Shadow," by Ivor Winters; "Hidden Waters," by Bernard Raymund; "Under the Tree," by Elizabeth Madox Roberts; "Indians in the Woods," by Janet Lewis; "The Keen Edge," by Maurine Smith; "Fringe," by Pearl Andelson; and "A Prayer Rug," by Jessica Nelson North. The president of the club is Bertha Ten Eyck James, who has twice been winner of the Fiske Poetry Prize.

"Birds and Brownies of the Woods," is the title of a new Dan Beard book which the Lippincotts will bring out in the fall. It is one of their Woodcraft Series, designed for the entertainment of boys. All the books in this series were written by Dan Beard.

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In This Month's Fiction Library

(*Continued from page 53*)

did not want to forget the war. So she became morbid, resentful of other people's indifference, queer, hysterical, and at last insane, bringing ruin and death to the brother she loved. Natalie, on the other hand, was perfectly able to wipe the war out of her mind, and enjoy life thoroughly, as became the petted daughter of a rich man. But after she married Dallas, they had endless trouble with Maud, and with Maud's abnormal devotion to her club for wounded ex-service men. No one wanted Maud; she wasn't at all an amusing person, with her intensity and her obsession; even "her boys" presently turned against her, and she suffered, quite absurdly, the author seems to think, because of their abandonment of the home she had tried so hard, and so clumsily, to make for them.

Mental disintegration is a painful thing to watch, and Mr. Poole spares the reader nothing of the slow crumbling away of Maud's sanity. His favorite is Natalie, who was entirely willing to attend exclusively to her own affairs, a person of that "healthy" type which is quite capable of being happy with either, were t'other dear charmer away. Dallas would seem to have been a quite remarkable young man, for, tho he married on a capital of $1,000, he was able to provide his wife with a New York apartment and a maid, besides giving Maud money for her club. The story is too long drawn out, but it holds the reader's interest, and is occasionally dramatic, while the old lady, Miss Tillinghast, is well sketched and likable.

DANGER. By Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.

The Marriage Verdict

THIS is one of those modern problem novels—the divorce question and the strike question are jumbled irrelevantly together—that never for an instant probe the depths of the various problems they discuss. The author seems to have written with no special interest in his theme. Louise Durand, humiliated by her husband's behavior, gets a divorce. She and her lawyer, Henry Janeway, fall in love with each other, but as she has recently become a Catholic, it is against her religion to remarry. The story works out a solution of her problem, but it is hardly satisfactory to the thoughtful reader. There is a technical explanation of why Louise finally marries Janeway, but it is not psychologically convincing. The characters are mere cogs to keep the machinery of the plot moving, and are much too busy performing their mechanical duties to seem real or to be entertaining. Their conversation usually informs the reader of something necessary to the story's movement, and is rarely an expression of their own thoughts or feelings. The main thing to the credit of Mr. Spearman's novel is its apparent earnestness, the grave intent of the author to discuss modern problems of importance without flippancy or frivolity.

THE MARRIAGE VERDICT. By Frank H. Spearman. 321 pages. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

A Daughter of Adam

IN "A Daughter of Adam," Corra Harris offers another of her self-conscious treatises on men and women. She is, no doubt, an authority on the psychology of woman; but, in a three-hundred-page novel, constant generalizing on the sex becomes rather wearisome. Interspersed with her comments on the nature of woman are so many Biblical references that one is ready to believe that this is a Sunday School lesson, and that one will be held responsible for all the quotations.

Yet, in the midst of involved phraseology, one comes upon happy turns such as made the author's first fame in "A Circuit Rider's Wife." For instance: "He was the kind of man who might refer to God as his biographer, and not as his Creator." And then, in the same sentence: "In the bottomless pit of his innocuous desuetude Oliver was still aware of me." It seems too bad that Mrs. Harris does not always write simply, as she does occasionally. In a few words she can sum up years of psychological research, as when she says:

> The biography of a woman can not be written; so much of her life is purely imaginary. It consists of lovers she never had; of temptations she never knew; of revenges and powerful virtues she never had the chance to achieve.

"A Daughter of Adam" is a back-to-the-land story. It tells of a successful novelist who is interrupted in her career to come back to nurse her old father—and incidentally to save his estates from the grasp of Black Manson, who has been buying them by the acre. Of course, Manson, a Robot of a man, who yet has the mysterious appeal of an unknown past, falls in love with Nellie McPherson. Even with so simple a plot Mrs. Harris might have written an interesting novel, if it were not for her unreadable style. Perhaps some day she will write one that flows along in limpid English and gives her epigrams the setting they deserve.

A DAUGHTER OF ADAM. By Corra Harris. 333 pages. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.75.

A Russian Wizard of Stage Decoration

(*Continued from page 18*)

effect—from which we gather that the artist has red hair and mustache and bright blue eyes.

Mr. Levinson brings out Bakst's talent in his remarks on the popularity of "Scheherezade," which kept its prestige undiminished, notwithstanding many imitators. This Persian ballet, he says, is the realization of a great optic unity.

> The sides of a large green tent enriched with gold and black encase and encircle the ladies' apartment, which is peopled with a crowd drest in orange, pink and green clothes who surround the single royal jewel, the Sultana Zobeide, a blue sapphire in a setting of rubies and emeralds. Thus the costumes either blend with the scenery in an infinity of fine shades and gradations of value that have been carefully studied out, or they contrast with the scenery in accordance with the visible logic of complementary colors. . . . This ardent and cruel magnificence of color, this effluvium of sensuality, which emanates from the setting, produces an action in which the very excess of passionate ecstasy can only be satiated by the spilling of blood.

The Sar Péladan dubbed Bakst "the Delacroix of the Costume." Altho Mr. Levinson keeps accentuating the Russianism of Bakst, others will feel in him much more of the European and the Parisian. While Paris has been theorizing and inventing technical processes in painting, and starting schools or "movements" among painters and decorators, Bakst has gone to work and shown it how the trick can be taken. He gets his material from every age, from any country. He can feel with Ingres in portraiture and yet can apply to big spaces the color-schemes clumsily suggested by the Cubists on framed canvases. Studious revivers of antiquity, historians of Oriental art, crack-brained inventors of novelties, all are meat for him. With pardonable belief in nationality, however, Mr. Levinson applauds him for devotion to Russia.

> He is consumed with an appetite for Russian memories, emotions and visions. Each day in his studio a population of Russian figures keeps multiplying—models and groups, of which not only their costume but their very attitude has something profoundly popular; in short, something authentic. And to what purpose? The artist as yet does not know. Once the actors are placed upon the stage, he says to himself, the play will start spontaneously.

A Master of the Novel of Manners

(*Continued from page 16*)

have put the money for safekeeping. And it was in the place where he knew it would be.

> He tottered back to the carriage and said to the amazed driver, with a splendid wave of his hand, like that of a Thrigsby banker leaving his mistress: "Home!" . . .
>
> The carriage stopt outside the gate of the stucco house. The driver waited. He saw the front gate open and a small boy come running sobbing down the path. The small boy climbed into the carriage, and with a piercing howl flung himself across the body of the strange old man.
>
> The driver, descending, removed his hat. For he saw that the strange old man was dead.

Thus is Old Jamie, like Elijah, the prophet of the true God, who all his life had opposed the worship of middle-class idolatries, caught up to heaven in a chariot of fire. And Annette, and Bennett, and all the others are seared with the flame, and with the beginning of understanding their eyes are opened. Jamie's is not a death, it is an apotheosis. A beatification.

Cannan has been called a satirist, but wrongly so. He is satirical, but not a satirist. The pages crinkle as the lightnings of his sardonic wit flash across them. But Cannan has none of the exaggeration, the caricature, which is part of satire. He is not Swiftian. Rather, his method is naturalism. He is faithful to a degree. One is imprest with the authenticity of his delineations. And his ear is attuned to catch over-tones; his eye trained to distinguish *nuances*.

One seeks the prototype of Cannan's style. There is none. Cannan is original; he has made all styles his own. There is much of the lyric beauty which lends luster to the pages of Meredith. But Cannan can not sustain the lyric mood so long as Meredith; nor is he, on the whole, so successful. There is much of Samuel Butler; there is a suggestion of Fielding. Because of the epic scope of his novels, they challenge comparison with Galsworthy's "The Forsyte Saga." If Cannan were less than himself he would suffer by the comparison. He has not the majestic aloofness of Galsworthy, the final test and proof of the supreme artist. Nor has Cannan that power of summing up in a phrase that is so potent a factor in Galsworthy's genius. He could not, for instance, so have transcended his material as to write: "It is the nature of a Forsyte to be ignorant of the fact that he is a Forsyte; but young Jolyon was well aware of being one." Cannan is frequently epigrammatic; but he could not thus reduce an epic to an epigram. On the other hand, Cannan has more of warmth, more of color, than Galsworthy.

The reader may have gathered from this review that Cannan is a pessimist. And as far as the family group is to be regarded as a spiritual power the charge would seem to be sustained, altho, of course, Cannan admits the necessity of the family as an economic and social unit. But as he makes one of Bennett's brothers say: "A family like this, or any family, is dangerous. The family is *in articulo mortis*." Obviously, however, he is equally strong in his opinion that the individual, if sufficiently an individual, can emerge from the group, and by the assertion of his individuality change the group for the better. This way salvation lies. In the homelier words of Mary Lawrie, grasping at last the significance of her brother's life: "You've moved us at last, Jamie."

And this is the philosophy of Gilbert Cannan. It is not a technical philosophy; it is sheer wisdom, it is sagacity applied to the business of life. Cannan is of English-Scotch descent; and his wisdom is a fusion of the social sense of the Anglo-Saxon and the biting shrewdness of the Scot. The result is a rare sagaciousness. Gilbert Cannan will go down in English literature as one of his country's wisest writers, and one most humane. "Round the Corner" and "Annette and Bennett" will be accorded high rank as comedies of manners.

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Books Talked About in Literary Europe

PIERRE LOTI'S private journal, written in early manhood, has been edited by his son, Samuel Viaud, and is now appearing serially in *L'Illustration* of Paris under the title, "Un jeune Officier pauvre." This journal of the young French naval officer's world-wanderings was the ground-work of all his earlier books, and M. Viaud has wisely eliminated the portions thus used; but the intervening fragments are rich in interest and charm. The entries begin in 1870 and transport the reader swiftly from the exotic beauties of the South Seas to romantic ports in tropical Africa and later to the colorful life of the Near East, where Pierre Loti found the inspiration for his first story, "Aziyade." The instalments thus far published reveal the fact that in Senegal, Africa, at the age of twenty-five, the author suffered a disappointment in love which deepened the natural melancholy of his temperament. His son says that many pages of the journal at that period have been destroyed, but there remain passages such as this:

> Five months already! How time flies! It makes all memories distant, and wipes them out. . . . My bitter pain also perhaps will be effaced with the years, despite myself, who would keep that at least; for I prefer that pain, which is still something of Her, which is all that remains alive in me—I prefer that pain to the forgetfulness which time may bring me. Everything in my life is pale and discolored; the drama is ended, I remain alone, worn out by agitation, awaiting, with the calm of death, the terrible last punishment. That year 1874 passed like a hurricane through my life, devastating everything, carrying away all in its course, so that it seems as if I had not lived till then, and that now I no longer live. . . .

The journal is illustrated with many drawings and aquarelles by the author. Its intrinsic interest has now been deepened by Pierre Loti's sudden death on June 10.

"Main Street" has been translated into German and Swedish, and will shortly appear also in French and Dutch editions. An article in a recent issue of *Das literarische Echo* of Berlin on "Sinclair Lewis, a New Promise in North American Fiction," declares that "Main Street" is much more than the literary sensation of 1920. "It stands in midstream of America's literary development," says the German writer, Friedrich Schönemann; "it is written with Lewis's heart-blood, and also has a certain poetic charm which 'Babbitt,' interesting and sound tho it is, does not possess in the same measure." From a letter which Mr. Lewis wrote to him he quotes this comment on "Main Street" by its own author:

> The novel has been much praised and much damned. The denunciation came not only from the middle class, which naturally was angered by this picture of itself, but almost equally from a section of the young "liberal intellectuals," on the ground that it was in no wise a work of art, but only a facile piece of journalism; and they hold that no book with such a terrific sale can be of any value. The author is almost of this opinion himself. Perhaps the book, as he wrote it, did not sell itself at all, and what caused the sale was a fashion, a sensation, a disillusion which had no actual relation to his work.

In the same letter Mr. Lewis, as quoted by the German critic, described himself thus:

> He is tall, lank, awkward, a red-head, nervous, irritable, and yet sociable; entirely without the sensitive reserve which—at least according to the English and American view—belongs to genius; at once self-confident and secretly in doubt as to whether, after all, he possesses any talent beyond a strong interest in people, and a certain energy.

All Italy is celebrating the one-hundredth anniversary of Count Alessandro Manzoni's masterpiece, "I Promessi Sposi," which was completed in 1823. Manzoni's novel is not only a great story, but also a literary landmark. It did for Italy what Sir Walter Scott's "Waverley" did for England—it introduced the method and school of the historical romance into a whole literature. It was indeed, a direct fruit of Scott's influence. The *London Times Literary Supplement* closes a two-column article on "I Promessi Sposi" with this tribute:

> Manzoni could exercise no striking influence on English literature, because our romantic writers from Burns to Scott had already done for us what he did for Italy, whereas Dante, Boccaccio and Petrarch in their day filled our empty cup. Don Quixote, even, and Sancho Panza have imprest us more than Don Abbondio, to whom we can more readily supply our own parallels. Yet few novels written in our or any other language have a more noble sweep, a purer eloquence, and a more perfect humanity than "I Promessi Sposi," which, like all great masterpieces, reveals fresh beauties at every perusal; and it is fitting that we too should commemorate with gratitude the centenary of a work which Sir Walter Scott, in courtly return of Manzoni's compliment, called "the finest of all my novels."

Silvio Pellico's account of his ten years' imprisonment in the fortress of Spielberg and other Austrian prisons is one of the classics of Italy's struggle for liberty. The still greater sufferings of his fellow-prisoner, Piero Maroncelli, whose leg was amputated while the faithful Pellico held him in his arms, are less fully known. It now appears that Maroncelli, upon his return to Italy in 1830, dictated to Count Francesco Rangoni at Bologna a brief account of his experiences, which was intended to be the basis of a book to be called "Mia Prigionia di Spielberg"—a book that was never written. This preliminary sketch is now printed for the first time in a volume entitled "Il Primo Abbozzo della 'Mia Prigionia di Spielberg' di Piero Maroncelli," edited by Albano Sorbelli (Bologna: Zanichelli). Tho it covers familiar ground, it gives the world for the first time a full view of the horrors endured by these brave Italian patriots—the daily labors, the chains on the feet, the filthy accommodation, and the vile food are all described; but for the details of Maroncelli's bodily suffering and amputation we have to look elsewhere; apparently he could not bring himself to write of them.

Louis Hémon, whose novel of French-Canadian life, "Marie Chapdelaine," has an international reputation, left at his death two other novels—"Battling Malone" and "M. Ripois et la Nemesis"—both still unpublished; also a volume of short stories and sketches which has just appeared in Paris under the title "La Belle que voilà" (Paris: Grasset). All of these books were written in the seven years which the young French author spent in London. That Hémon was a close student of Kipling was revealed recently when one of his stories, which had appeared posthumously in the *Revue de France* under his own name, was shown to be merely a translation of Kipling's "In the Pride of His Youth." Many of the sketches in "La Belle que voilà" show the influence of other famous writers, but even the most immature reveal the author's exceptional gifts.

Joseph Conrad's study of cowardice, "Lord Jim," has made its appearance in a French translation at the moment when this kind of minute psychological analysis is all the vogue in France—under the influence of the late Marcel Proust's followers. Naturally, it has been greeted with a pæan of praise, for it is a masterpiece of its meticulous kind. Says a French reviewer: "Conrad is the first writer in the English language, after Browning and Meredith, to pass beyond romanticism and yet hold on to its productive roots. It is one of the beautiful spectacles of our time to see him sailing the sea of romance without foundering. In 'Lord Jim' he has raised the literature of exotism to the level of the imperishable."

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The Literary Question Box

The purpose of this Department is to develop self-service. Readers will aid each other in tracing and locating elusive literary quips, poetic phrases or lines, popular rimes, aphorisms, ballads, maxims, proverbs, etc. All communications should be written only on one side of the paper, and should be addrest to The Literary Question Box, International Book Review. Replies are printed in the order of their receipt and credit is given to other correspondents in rotation. The space limits imposed on the Department allow the consideration of questions only of wide interest. Such as can be answered direct will be so treated by the Editor on receipt of a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous correspondents.

QUESTIONS

Requiem of Winter's Snows

F. N. R., Columbus, Ind.—Under a mural painting in the Auditorium in Chicago were about twenty years ago, and possibly still are, the lines:

A great life has passed into the tomb
And there awaits the requiem of
winter's snows.

Please tell me the author and, if from a poem, where I may find it.

Rabbi and His Wife

H. J. E., Seattle, Wash.—I shall consider it a great favor if you will print the following in your column in order that I may have a chance of securing the name and author of a poem I heard a number of years ago. I don't know any lines or the name or author, but just the story of it:

There was an old rabbi and his wife and two sons living very happily together. The sons would come to meet their father coming from the synagogue each day. One day, on the Sabbath, the sons aren't there to greet the rabbi. The rabbi thinks it strange. When he gets into his house, his wife makes some excuse for the sons being away. After dinner she asks him his advice on a problem: "Suppose a stranger had trusted to their care two precious gifts and they had become very much attached to them—so much that they thought the gifts their own. One day the stranger calls and wishes his treasures returned. Should he have them back?" The rabbi tells his wife as long as they weren't their own, the gifts must be returned, that was only right. Then his wife tells him that a number of years ago God entrusted to their care two precious souls and that day had called for them. The rabbi is grief-stricken, but holds to his principle and does not show any weakening.

Does any one of your readers know the name or author of that poem?

Click, Click, Click

J. T. F., Van Buren, Ark.—I would be grateful indeed for the full text of two poems, which I saw in print some years ago, the first lines of one of them reading:

Click, click, click,
Goes the type in the stick,
As the printer stands at his case.
And his eyes glance quick,
While his fingers pick
The type at a lively pace, etc.

In the other poem desired these lines appear:

And I watched them at their play
Blowing bubbles in the sunshine
From a penny pipe of clay.

Statement of Being

W. S. V., Anaheim, Calif.—Can any of your readers tell me who wrote the following lines?

Thou great eternal Infinite, the great
unbounded Whole,
Thy body is the Universe, thy spirit
is the Soul.
If Thou dost fill immensity, if Thou
art all in all,
If Thou wert here before I was, then
I'm not here at all.

There are two other stanzas.

Birds in May

G. H. T., Hollywood, Calif.—Kindly assist me to find an old song which I heard forty years ago, in which occur these words:

Birds in May
All the day
Singing 'mongst the flowers.

Slumber Islands

W. P. F. F., Franklin, Pa.—Can any of your readers help me find two bits of verse which I have looked for for several years?

One of them bore, I think, the title, "Slumber Islands." It began:

Oh, a little song for bedtime,
When robed in gowns of white,
All sleepy little children
Set sail across the night.

The lines were published thirty-odd years ago in a monthly known as *The Household*. The other is a poem entitled "The Drum." It was published about thirty years ago in a magazine the name of which I have forgotten, and which, if I remember rightly, did not last very long. It begins:

It was a little drummer boy,
Who lay asleep beside his drum,
A painted parchment covered toy,
Whose hollow voice was seldom
dumb.

There was a refrain which ran with it in this fashion:

There's a demon and he dwelleth in a
drum.

The Frog

S. G. O., Grove City, Pa.—I am in hopes that the "Question Box" may be able to give me the first stanza of a poem, of which stanza the concluding lines are:

The frog's the scientificest
Of Nature's handiwork,
The frog that neither walks nor runs
But goes it with a jerk.

I have the remaining stanzas, found some years ago in a paper of which the part containing the first lines had been torn off. I should like also the name of the author.

The Buccaneer's Bride

L. F. C., Calgary, Canada.—Can any of your readers inform me where I can procure a copy of the song, "The Buccaneer's Bride"? I heard it sung many years ago when but a boy. As nearly as I can recollect, some lines are as follows:

Away, away,
O'er the boundless deep,
We merrily, merrily roll.

* * *

I'll await my bride
For the noonday tide

* * *

On the deck we stand
One gallant band.

Mary Ann

D. W. I., Milwaukee, Wisc.—Can any one tell me where I can find the verses which are set to music, about the little household drudge, Mary Ann—who in turn becomes Lady Anne—and who finally has reverses and becomes the little drudge again? I have tried to get it at music stores, but have not been successful. I first heard it several years ago on the vaudeville stage.

ANSWERS

Fear God

Annie M. G. Crane, Circleville, N. Y.—It is many years since I read Racine's "Athalie," but I recall a line that possibly is an answer to the query of "X. F. W.," Des Plaines, Ill., as to the author of "He who fears God, fears no one." The text from Racine is: "I fear God, dear Abner, and I have no other fear."

See also James Fordyce—"Answer to a Gentleman who Apologized to the Author for Swearing"—

Henceforth the Majesty of God re-
vere;
Fear him and you have nothing else to
fear.

And, W. Smyth's "Ode for the Installation of the Duke of Gloucester as Chancellor of Cambridge"—

From Piety, whose soul sincere
Fears God, and knows no other fear.

Bismarck in the Reichstag (1887) said: "We Germans fear God, but nothing else in the world."

Thanks are due for answer received also from Mrs. A. H. T. Fisher, Methuen, Mass.

Hobbs Hints Blue

E. R. CLARK, Augusta, Ga.—The quotation from "The Mirrors of Washington"—

Hobbs hints blue—straight he turtle eats:
Nobbs prints blue—claret crowns his cup:
Nokes outdares Stokes in azure feats—
Both gorge. Who fished the murex up?
What porridge had John Keats?

the source of which is requested by "W. F. N.," Los Angeles, Calif., is the last stanza (XIII) of the poem, "Popularity," one of the "Dramatic Lyrics," by Robert Browning.

Thanks are due for answers received also from Elizabeth B. Oakes, Columbia, Mo.; L. Wheaton, New York City; R. L. Kelton, Van Buren, Ark.; Sue W. Hetherington, Dubuque, Ia.; Rev. Dr. Harry W. Ettelson, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. A. H. T. Fisher, Methuen, Mass.; Frances C. Murray, Boston, Mass.

The Yankee Volunteer

JAMES S. HANNAH, Greenfield, Mass.—In answer to "C. N. W.," Chattanooga, Tenn., May issue, I enclose herewith the poem to which he refers. It is entitled "The Thistle and the Volunteer," and it appeared in the Boston *Courier* some years ago.

[The copy made and sent to the Question Box by our correspondent has been forwarded to "C. N. W.," Chattanooga, Tenn. EDITOR.]

More Democracy

MRS. R. P. EMERSON, Jackson, Mich.—The answer to "E. E. B.'s" question in the June number may perhaps be found in "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page," edited by Burton J. Hendrick, vol. 2, p. 44. In a letter to Edwin A. Alderman, Page writes: "The cure for democracy is more democracy. The danger to the world lies in autocrats and autocracies and privileged classes; and these things have everywhere been dangerous and always will be."

The above quotation is not quite as your reader phrased it, but since Page used no quotation marks, I have assumed that the remark is original.

Thanks are due for answer received also from Emily Miller, Washington, D. C.

School-teacher's Creed

MARGARET CHAPMAN, Temple, Tex.—I am sending you a complete copy of "The School-teacher's Creed," asked for by "M. C. D.," Brooklyn, N. Y. It was written by Edwin Osgood Grover, and it may be found in "The New Practical Reference Library," in the "Educator" volume.

[The copy made and sent to the Question Box by our correspondent has been forwarded to "M. C. D.," Brooklyn, N. Y.]

Thanks are due for answers received also from Alice N. Tisdale, Oil City, Pa.; Elisabeth R. Merriam, Auburn, N. Y.; Anne E. Kinzer, Westminster, Md.

I Gave a Beggar

GEORGE A. CARR, Oneonta, N. Y.—In answer to "Miss E. M. D.," Flint, Mich., the author of "I Gave a Beggar" is Ella Wheeler Wilcox. It may be found in "Fundamentals of Prosperity," by Rodger Banson, as a quotation, and appears to be complete.

Thanks are due for answer received also from Addie Frizielle, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Sail on the Sea

MARTHA T. BRUNSON, Ithaca, N. Y.—The poem for which "D. M.," Milwaukee, Wis., is seeking is "The Jumblies," by Edward Lear, which may be found in "The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks," by Burton Egbert Stevenson.

Thanks are due for answer received also from Herman Salinger, St. Louis, Mo.

Stars Like Eyes of Hungry Wolves

E. J. WHISTLER, Omaha, Neb.—One of the quotations asked for by "C. A. J.," Lebanon, Ky., I recognize as from "The Song of Hiawatha," by Longfellow. It occurs in the chapter describing the terrible winter of famine—

Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them.

Hunched Camels of the Night

ADDIE FRIZIELLE, Oklahoma City, Okla.—The second poem asked for by "J. R. J. H.," Cheyenne Wells, Colo., is entitled "An Arab Love Song," by Francis Thompson.

Thanks are due for answers received also from Herman Salinger, St. Louis, Mo.; Loretta Lesher, Williamstown, Pa.

Human Suffering

Rev. P. J. BERNARDING, Pittsburgh, Pa.—The lines asked about by "N. M. S.," Clarksburg, W. Va., are from "The Lament of King David Over the Body of Absalom," by Nathaniel Parker Willis. They are from the introduction to "The Lament."

Thanks are due for answers received also from Portia Johnson, Key West, Fla.; Mrs. Lucy Byles Wilson, Hartford, Conn.; E. J. Whistler, Omaha, Neb.

Important Books of the Month

(Continued from page 49)

Second edition, revised. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. $1.50.

A guide for the visitor who can spend only a little time in California.

A TENDERFOOT IN COLORADO. By R. B. Townshend. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50.

Mr. Townshend went to the wild West in 1869, when the buffalo still roamed the plains. In this book he records the wonderful development which he has witnessed since then.

VACATION ON THE TRAIL. By Eugene Davenport. (The Open Country Books, No. 4.) New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

How to enjoy a month's tramp through the Rockies. Personal experiences in the higher mountain trails, with directions for outfitting inexpensive expeditions.

SWITZERLAND IN SUMMER. Discursive Information for Visitors. Part 1: The Bernese Oberland. By Will and Carine Cadby. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

A handy guide to the most famous Swiss resorts. Especial attention is given to walks that may be taken without guides. Useful information includes descriptions of places and of the different varieties of Alpine flowers, and where they may be found.

LONDON IN SEVEN DAYS: A GUIDE FOR PEOPLE IN A HURRY. By Arthur Milton. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. $1.50.

Presents the tourist with a week's program of sightseeing in London without a lost moment or a useless step.

PARIS IN SEVEN DAYS: A GUIDE FOR PEOPLE IN A HURRY. By Arthur Milton. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. $1.50.

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MOTOR CAMPING. By J. C. Long and John D. Long. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.

A guide-book to enable the owner of a motor-car to enjoy the pleasures of outdoor camping with the fewest mistakes and the greatest degree of comfort.

MADRID PAST AND PRESENT. By Mrs. Steuart Erskine. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.

Mrs. Erskine's object is to reveal the attractions of the Spanish capital, not only as a memorial of departed grandeur, but as a living city.

AFRICAN HUNTING AMONG THE THONGAS. By George Agnew Chamberlain. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

An account of the author's adventures as a big-game hunter, enriched by his previous experience of seven years in Portuguese East Africa.

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The Problem of Man's Ancestry

(*Continued from page 10*)

that Huxley emphasized the fact that some anthropoids are nearer to man in certain features and other anthropoid apes in other features. Among them, by the preservation of the hand the gorilla has best preserved the original and therefore most manlike condition; but in the orang, and still more in the gorilla, the growth of the canine teeth in the male entails a modification of the skull and entire body. The growth of the brain is hampered by the demands upon the skull of the powerful manibular muscles. Adult orangs and gorillas may be said to be much inferior to their young in this respect, as the brain of the young develops along a line corresponding to that of the human brain.

> If it were not interrupted [says the author], they would reach the human stage. . . . We quite certainly have here an obstacle which cut off the anthropoid apes from the path taken by man. Their ancestors were, as we know from the fossil remains, more manlike than the living apes are.

Then follows a very interesting comparison between the climbing ability of Australians and other savages and the use they make of the big toe, which with civilized man has lost its opposition to the other toes, and which has become weak. But the development of man's body gives him great freedom of movement and enables him to perform gymnastic exercises in which no other animal approaches him. Man is unquestionably far more versatile than the apes.

The author concludes that the gorilla and the Neanderthal man were derived from types which were not far removed from each other, and that both have close affinities to a large number of living African blacks. On the other hand, the orangs are clearly the last links of a long chain of ancestors, the earliest representatives of which were related to certain Asiatic races and the prehistoric Aurignac race of Europe. To this group belong the older peoples of India, the Australians, the Polynesians and the Malays. The Mongoloids are probably an offshoot from the group. The Australian aboriginals, the Samoans and the Singhalese are certainly closely related to us, but a Zulu or a Herero is not. That all have a common ultimate origin can not be questioned; but it is very remote—as remote as the separation of apes and man.

The author does not venture to specify the home of the common ancestor, but calls attention to the district of the Indian Ocean and refers to the lost continent which Dr. Russel Wallace indicated many years ago, and recalls the fact that the pithecanthropus (ape-man) was found in the volcanic sands of Java in 1894.

In his latter years Dr. Klaatsch became profoundly interested in the cultural condition of prehistoric man, and it was largely to investigate this side of the question that he visited the Australian savages. He had concluded that the ape must be regarded as an abortive attempt at human evolution, and that the distinctive point of separation between primitive man and the ape would be when among primitive men the rudiments appeared of some sort of "culture."

The first acquirement which helps us to understand the broadening gulf between the two groups is that of the use of fire on the part of man. "We must realize that it is not a question of a discovery at one particular time or place, but of three distinct stages: (1) A knowledge of fire in general, (2) the ability to keep a fire going, (3) the ability to make a fire. . . . The great thing was that there was a human brain to learn it." The use of fire with man is universal. No matter how lowly the group, it is still able to enjoy the blessing of fire. Even the Tasmanians, who went naked, or the natives of Tierra del Fuego, who also went naked, used it freely. Darwin tells a humorous story of building a rousing campfire one cold night, around which he and the rest of the party gathered. Some Fuegans gathered to inspect it, but they remained at quite a distance, perspiring freely! Of course, the discovery of the use of fire enabled primitive man to pass from one region to another and marked the first step toward his independence of external conditions and his mastery of natura forces. The author places this discovery at an exceedingly remot period. In Europe, according to "Men of the Old Stone Age, it has been found as far back as 75,000 years, but Professo Klaatsch draws attention to the fact that the ice-age in Europ had nothing to do with the origin of the human race, and tha there were men in places far away from Europe before the ice age; and he points out that there were plenty of opportunitie to learn the nature of fire. The discovery of fire, of course, ha a very important influence on man's preparation of his food.

The next step, or at least a very early one, was the inventio of weapons, both those which could be used in the hand and thos which could be thrown to a distance. The bow and arrow seer to have come with a later stage of development.

This brief synopsis of the first chapters of the book will, it i hoped, give some idea of the author's plan and purpose in pre paring it for the general reader, for it is intended to be, and is, popular book. Of course, much of interest has necessarily bee omitted from the present review. The succeeding chapter which take up one after another the various cultural develop ments, such as that of speech, the origin of clothing, the evolutio of the home, etc., are full of illustrations drawn from the savag life of Australia—illustrations that came under the author's per sonal observation. The customs of primitive men, however, ar not the same; as any one familiar with Sumner's "Folk-ways" will remember, they vary in sometimes a remarkable degree Allowance, therefore, should be made for the present author' point of view in this regard. The attention of the reader will b well held throughout, and no little interest is added by the well chosen and numerous pictures.

Only those steeped in the subject can carry in their minds th succession of geological periods, and their relation to the variou discoveries, or form any idea of the remoteness in time—the vas number of years which have elapsed—since the Java ape-ma lived. The publishers of this volume might find the addition o a chart tabulating these facts advisable, as well as a map indi cating the European location of the principal finds, since here i America we lack intimate acquaintance with the geography of th smaller places in Europe. Again, it would be very interesting t know the exact portions of Australia in which the author spent s long a time in contact with the aborigines in their savage state because most of us are lamentably ignorant of the geography o Australia, and have but a dim notion of its deserts, mountai ranges and climates, or to what portions of the land the nativ inhabitants have retired.

A Strange Assortment of Damaged Souls

(*Continued from page 14*)

fragment (from the elucidating introduction) in which Mr Bradford dwells on the danger of his own task:

> One shudders to think of the power wielded by painters of character like Tacitus or Sainte-Simon or Clarendon, the power of taking a man out of his quiet grave, where he might have slept with his vices and virtues wrapt peacefully about him, and gibbeting him forever before a gaping posterity in creaking chains of infamy, perhaps for sins he never committed and errors that existed only in the historian's imagination (p. 6).

And here is another excerpt, in which Mr. Bradford suggest the surprized dissatisfaction each of his damaged souls would feel at the ignominy of association with his miserable companion in this pillory:

> How Butler would storm at Arnold and Burr! With what disgust would Paine regard the mystic Brown, equal almost to the horror of Brown for Paine's indecent ribaldry. While Burr would turn away from Paine and Brown both with quiet contempt, only to find himself coldly shunned by Randolph as a traitor to his country. And the somber shade of Arnold, avoided by all alike, would yet feel a peculiar shudder of abhorrence at being grouped with the patent, noisy, cheap vulgarity of Barnum (p. 15).

Plagiarism as a Profession

(*Continued from page 8*)

His repentance could not have been more abject.

The question of plagiarism has always interested the French master, Anatole France. Some years ago, under the general title of "An Apology for Plagiarism," he defended Zola, Sardou and Daudet, besides some ancient authors. For him a writer is a plagiarist only when stealing without judgment or taste. "A man of that type," he says, "is not worthy to write or to live. But the author who knows how to choose, and who takes from others what is suited to him and what he can use with artistic profit, ought to be regarded as a man of honor." There is one word that expresses it: Anatole France believes that the thief should be a *gentleman*, like the heroes in certain detective stories, and should commit his robberies in a dress-suit and white gloves.

Of all the great writers of our time he is the most often accused of having known how to "choose" from the works of others what was "suitable and profitable." His accusers are not his enemies; his most faithful admirers are now devoting themselves to searching out, with erudite sagacity, the springs from which the master drank before producing his works; and it is no easy task. He has copied whole pages from old and unknown authors in his novels about Abbé Coignard. These authors are Abbé Montfaucon, Father Marin, Galland, and the compiler of the "Thousand and One Nights." In other novels his commentarists have found pages from Töpffer, the Genevan novelist, and even from Euripides.

One is thus compelled not only to say, but also to believe, that all the great writers, absolutely all, are plagiarists, and that the best of each does not belong to him, because he has taken it from others. A writer, during his life, gives out hundreds of images and reproduces in new form hundreds of thoughts. A part of this product recalls more or less vaguely the product of his predecessors, or may at times become identical with it; but this does not prevent the said author from adding to the intellectual treasure of mankind another and original portion that is his own. Eighty per cent. of his work may thus be old silver, skilfully handled; but what does it matter, if the author adds a handful of completely new coins minted by himself?

Maurevert is a sincere writer, and after noting the peccadilloes and moral lapses of the literary great ones he also recognizes their merits. He amuses himself by catching them with their hands in other men's pockets, and takes pleasure in communicating his discoveries. But these literary revelations involve a good deed: They serve to rescue from obscurity many unknown authors, who, thanks to these revelations, now taste a minute of glory. They had died forever, and now they are revived a few moments because famous authors remembered them long enough to rob them.

Beyond doubt, the new is not plentiful, and each author carries with him only bits of novelty in order to add them to other novelties encountered ages before. Most plagiarisms are committed unconsciously. They are old things that were read and forgotten, and that come to life like witches and pass themselves off, with their false youth, for daughters of the moment. But at the beginning of this chain of writers, all heirs of each other, the reader will ask, were there not original geniuses, true creators who nourished themselves on their own substance? No. At the dawn of a literature there is no individual ownership; the communism of primitive societies prevails, everything belongs to everybody, and all assist in production. Thus the masses of the people write the epics—a multitude of vigorous and nameless authors, sincere and enthusiastic, who put forth their works unsigned, with the disinterestedness of the architects and imaginative creators of cathedrals. It is an author with a thousand heads and a thousand mouths that produces the ballad-romances of chivalry and the heroic poems of the North. And much more distant, in the dawn of recorded history, are the wandering bards of Greece, the nameless rhapsodists who united, as cells join themselves together in a body, to form one author, unreal yet venerable, called Homer, the "Father of Poetry."

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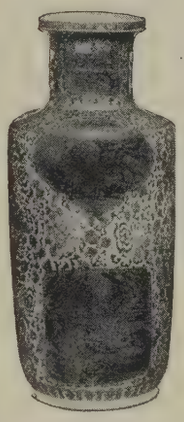

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A Day with Dr. Johnson at the Turk's Head

(*Continued from page 27*)

"hopes that these volumes will be found to be free from textual errors." "Much arduous but pleasant toil," he says "has gone to assist in such a hoped-for consummation." There is no doubt of it, and it is surely in no ungracious spirit that I note with sympathy how that perverse imp which seems to love to play tricks on the most conscientious of editors and most painstaking of proof-readers has continued to mock Mr. Shorter with that justifiably proud boast scarce out of his mouth, and, right under his nose, so to speak, to slip in a tiny misprint on the very first page of the text. On the ninth line of Boswell's dedication to Sir Joshua Reynolds, we have "*an* appearing fully sensible of it" for "*in* appearing" etc. A trifle, of course, of no importance, which I only mention for the ironic fun of it. I should add that the original conception of this edition is due to Mr. Gabriel Wells, to whom Mr. Shorter—Mr. Wells's choice for editor—dedicates it, gracefully thanking him for "one of the most joyous tasks it could ever be the lot of a lover of literature to fulfil."

It is no disparagement of Mr. Shorter's other "introducers" to say that Mr. Augustine Birrell is the noblest Roman of them all; for the good reason that he is most Johnsonian in temperament. He would seem, indeed, to be one of those born Johnsonians to whom I referred at the beginning. It will not, I trust, subject one to the suspicion of senile decay to be able to recall the sensation created by the appearance of his little anonymous volume of "Obiter Dicta." Mr. Birrell confesses, in his preface to this most welcome collection of his essays and addresses,(2) to have been himself "greatly taken aback" by the enthusiastic reception of that first book. Without knowing it, we were perhaps beginning to feel a little weary of the emotional strain of the "esthetic" criticism which was then the vogue. To have literature viewed once more in the dry light of a masculine common-sense mind, the mind of a humorist trained in that excellent school of humor, the English law-courts—for lawyers have to be "realists" even when defending criminal idealists—the "bark and steel" of the robust rather eighteenth-century style, direct, concise, yet easy and familiar too, with a touch of Lamblike friendliness and even playfulness, and withal a sympathetic "modernity" somewhere in it too; the presence of a safe-and-sound scholarship nourished on the great prose masters of English thought and expression, weighty divines and lawgivers, as well as all the lighter "dainties that are bred in a book": all this was "something different" in 1884. The little book began with an essay on Carlyle, whom the anonymous writer stanchly upheld as "one whose duty it was to teach and not to tickle mankind," and the essay ended with a characteristic bit of "Birrelling" which made the writer at once a friend:

> Brother-dunces, lend me your ears! not to crop, but that I may whisper into their furry depths: Do not quarrel with genius. We have none ourselves, and yet are so constituted that we can not live without it.

This essay on Carlyle was followed by an essay that further surprized one by showing that this critic with the eighteenth-century concreteness and common sense was a sensitive critic of poetry, and poetry most "modern" in its range and method, as well. A stanch believer in Pope and Dryden, here he was with an essay "On the Alleged Obscurity of Mr. Browning's Poetry," which is perhaps the most understanding criticism of that great poet, still something of a sphinx to the British public of those days, that has been written.

These collected writings of Mr. Birrell, in their range of subject-matter, sympathies and understanding, as also by virtue of their sound and fascinating style, their unexpected turns of whimsical fancy, their rich humanity, their deep and thrilling insight into things both "human and divine," proclaim him as incontestably, by long odds, the best critic, the most engaging essayist, and the broadest and best-equipped "publicist" now alive and writing in the English tongue. Of Hazlitt, who is one of his "men," he says many happy things, as, for instance, "he had a forked crest which he sometimes lifted," and of him he has this phrase which we may apply in full measure to himself: "His great charm consists in his hearty reality." It is impossible to indicate the range of Mr. Birrell's interests without copying out the tables of his multifarious "contents." Hannah More and Marie Bashkirtseff are alike fish for his net. Newman, John Wesley, and George Borrow, Walter Bagehot and Sainte-Beuve, Bolingbroke, Tom Paine, Sir Robert Peel, Charles Bradlaugh and Gladstone, First Editions and the House of Commons, Non-Jurors and the League of Nations. Nothing old or new that has the breath of life in it is alien to him. Such a body of good reading, sound wisdom, various sympathy, lively and illuminative humor, "dry" and fanciful as well, wit so sly, and utterance so forthright and free from all forms of "nonsense," narrowness or sentimentality, stands to the credit of no other living writer. To unite the virtues of three centuries is a remarkable accomplishment, and it is Mr. Birrell's and none other's.

(2) The Collected Essays and Addresses of the Right Honourable Augustine Birrell, 1880–1920. 3 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Summer Reading at a Writers' Colony

(*Continued from page 31*)

back and read the books of this year's Pulitzer prize winners. Read Miss Cather's novels and Edna Millay's poetry, and make up your own minds as to their value.

Alfred Kreymborg—Do you realize that making book-lists is a rather futile task?

The Reporter—I do. I've made them for ten years, and I have always viewed them with suspicion. It is absolutely impossible to put together a list without leaving out certain books which assuredly should go on it. One can but intimate the trend of the season and let it go at that. The wise reader will inspect the list, but he will not stop there. He will turn to the review columns and follow them, also. The personal equation in the compiling of lists is an insuperable barrier to absolute fairness.

Alfred Kreymborg—I don't see how writers can make up lists, anyway. They are too concerned with their own art. The poet's list will have a preponderance of poetry; the playwright will include few things besides plays. Each man will follow his own predilections. Ezra Pound would not place Robert Underwood Johnson on his list, and Robert Underwood Johnson would not think of Ezra Pound. We are all bound by likes and dislikes, and impartiality is too impossible for the sincere creator. He is so bound up in his own theories that impartiality would seem to him a treachery.

The Reporter—You are quite right. Here am I attempting to discover what is read during the summer at a literary colony, and what have I discovered? Why, that none of you read. You are all writing. You don't have time to read. And if one of you does dip into a book during the evening, it is bound to be an old book, a novel by Dickens, or George Meredith's "Essay on the Comic Spirit," or some formidable text-book.

Alfred Kreymborg—I don't know but that old books are the best, after all, for summer reading. There is nothing more pleasant in life than to renew old friendships, to reacquaint oneself with the mental delights of past times. And summertime is the time for old friends to come back. I should advise every reader to sandwich in a plentiful supply of old books along with the new. They are often a haven of refuge.

There came the clacking of a truck without, and there was Emil, tanned and smiling, waiting to take the colonists back to their studios. Under a tree in the near distance sat The Unknown Stranger reading "Walden." The writers piled into the truck and it rumbled off into the green foliage. Returning to his notes The Reporter looked forlornly at them. Nothing had been solved.

"I don't think I'll write a summer book article after all," he said to the air.

The Unknown Stranger snickered behind his book.

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INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

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THE LITERARY DIGEST INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW is published monthly by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. London Office, 134 Salisbury Square. Printed in the United States of America.

Entered as second-class matter November 29, 1922, at the Post-Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The Literary Digest
INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW
Volume I, No. 9 NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1923 Whole Number 9

Religion and the Young Novelist

By Mildred Wasson

ONE can not indict a generation, even tho it be the present one. After a more or less thoughtful examination of the literary output of the ex-flappers and their dancing-partners, my report might be contained in the following story:

A little negro girl came running home in great excitement. "Oh, Mammy," she cried. "Lil' girl in school tol' me dey ain' no God."

"Whut dat? Lil' girl tell you dey ain' no God? Whut you say?"

"Ah say, ah don' care."

By that I do not mean to imply that the young writers are a godless lot, but I do mean that Religion, spelled with a capital, is not a determining force in the life of the new fiction. Philosophy, sociology, psychology, psychoanalysis and the "isms" play prominent parts in the development of plot and character, but Religion does not figure.

In my reading of first novels, which may be too insufficient for individual analysis and comparison, but which is perhaps wide enough to enable me to trace a tendency, I have found no evidence of faith turning a man from evil toward good. I have found no instance where a character clung to the Rock of Ages, or welcomed a cross to bear.

Where religion is mentioned at all, there seems to be a decided dissatisfaction with the church as it is, and a general flippancy toward things ecclesiastic. I note a passage from F. Scott Fitzgerald's "The Beautiful and Damned." The character speaking is in a ruminating mood, having spent the night drinking, and is now perched on the roof of a railroad station waiting for the first train. The setting is excellent, you see, for religious meditation.

> Once upon a time, all the men of mind and genius in the world became of one belief—that is to say, of no belief. But it wearied them to think that within a few years after their death many cults and systems and prognostications would be ascribed to them, which they had never meditated nor intended. So they said to one another:
>
> "Let's join together and make a great book that will forever mock the credulity of man. Let's persuade our more erotic poets to write about the delights of the flesh, and induce some of our robust journalists to contribute stories of famous amours. We'll choose the keenest satirist alive to compile a deity from all the deities worshiped by mankind, a deity who will be more magnificent than any of them, and yet so weakly human that he'll become a by-word for laughter the world over—and we'll ascribe to him all sorts of jokes and vanities and rages, in which he'll be supposed to indulge for his own diversion, so that the people will read the book and ponder it, and there'll be no more nonsense in the world.
>
> "Finally, let us take care that the book possesses all the virtues of style, so that it may last forever as a witness to our profound scepticism and our universal irony."
>
> So the men did, and they died.
>
> But the book lived always, so beautifully had it been written, and so astounding the quality of imagination with which these

PERSPECTIVE IS A MATTER OF FOCUS. YOUTH WRITES IN CLOSE-UPS

ARNOLD: "I RECKON HE'D GET DOWN TO THE MULTITUDE AND MAKE A FEW INQUIRIES"

men of genius had endowed it. They neglected to give it a name, but after they were dead it became known as the Bible.

From that we may gather that there is some doubt in the mind of this young writer as to the inspired word of the Scriptures.

Following the style made popular by "If Winter Comes," Stephen Vincent Bénet, a young writer not long out of Yale, chose a partial quotation for the title of his first novel, "The Beginning of Wisdom." It is significant that he chose the latter half of the quotation: "Fear of the Lord is the Beginning of Wisdom." Altho the entire line is quoted on the fly-leaf of the book, there endeth the Fear of the Lord.

Bénet emphasizes through the mouths of his characters, what is also brought out strongly by Fitzgerald, that irony is the virtue of virtues, more to be desired than great riches. I think the term is meant in a little different way from that in which we ordinarily accept it. It seems to contain a little more iron.

The first novel of a young writer is apt to be autobiographical, if not in incident, then certainly in sentiment. The life from which he draws, except in cases of rare genius, must necessarily be limited by a short retrospection and immediate observation. Youth is ever egotistical, and inquisitively introspective, so young novels reflect the experience, philosophy and ideals, not of their characters, but of their authors. Perspective is a matter of focus. Youth writes in close-ups. Age and spiritual development alone can give perspective.

Therefore, my survey of the religion found in the works of young writers is more than likely to discover the actual state of religion in the hearts of the new generation. Later work undertaken to follow up the success or sensation of the début is not so apt to be self-revealing.

The three R's of conduct, Reverence, Refinement and Religion, so essential to the character of the old-fashioned heroine, have been superseded by a new criterion. Before the great god Irony this galaxy of the lesser virtues swaggers: Scornful Tolerance, Satirical Detachment, Nonchalance and Cynicism. If one could imagine a paradoxical merging of the earthy sides of the Stoic and Epicurean Schools, some attempt at a classification of this new cult might be made. They seem to aim for Stoic endurance under Epicurean strain. They would recall the physical Sparta, with a naive gesture toward Athens, and withal a patent emulation of the manners of falling Rome. That is, as one might gather from the books they write—but perhaps the younger generation does not wear its soul upon its sleeve.

The teachings of such popular young novelists as Fitzgerald and Bénet must make many proselytes. Nothing is so desirable an accomplishment to a small boy as casual indifference under any and all circumstances. It is the inevitable cloak with which he seeks to hide his emotion. The emotions of extreme youth being confined to fear, anger, joy and sorrow (with humor as a phase of elfin joy), his garment of nonchalance stands him in good stead. Perhaps this apparent thickening up of the spiritual epidermis is merely a plea for the small-boy ideal in the work of these big boys and their sisters. Sentiment may be hiding under the scornful new term, Sentimentalism, and ecstasy of spirit masquerading in ironical armor.

Rose Macaulay all but coined a permanent word in her "Potterism," but she sought to hide too much under a single cloak. In her "Dangerous Ages" she lays her best character on the altar of Irony.

Elliot Paul, in his first novel, "Indelible," pays tribute to the new god. He tells quite humorously of his early reaction against the sects in his home town and of his wistful leaning toward atheism. He marries his young agnostic to a Jewess in an effort to break down sectarian barriers. Incidentally he spells Bible with a small "b."

The war has been used as an excuse to cover so many shortcomings and eccentricities that perhaps these young people attribute this inscrutable registration of theirs to that cause also. I doubt very much if the war had the least bearing upon it, for those evincing the most extreme cases of Iron-worship tested none of their metal in France.

Glance back upon those sweet ladies mincing, lisping and fainting through the pages of Mid-Victoria. One can not discover a definite cause for such excessive manifestation of delicacy. Religion was there. There was respect for parents and vested authority, but frailty of body does not necessarily indicate a robust spirit. We speak of the emancipation of women, meaning that they vote, wear trousers and bobbed hair for comfort, short or long skirts for style, go to college, earn their own living and choose their own husbands. They no longer faint so often in fiction or fact, probably owing to the fashionable increase in the waist-line. They no longer mince, thanks to the innovation of sport-shoes and "ground grippers." They no longer lisp, perhaps owing to perfected methods of orthodentistry. And they no longer read the Bible as of old.

The law of the universe being growth, there can be no permanent retrogression. Evolution will always be evolution, even tho it be reached through revolution; so women are probably steadily plodding with mankind and the rest of creation onward and upward forever. Then this apparent slump in the spiritual caliber of young men and women of to-day can not mean that the race is reverting.

The reason probably is that there is a falling off of demand for religion, as understood by the term "profest Christianity," and therefore a consequent falling off of supply. The Mid-Victorian supply must have allowed itself to become wofully overstocked with old stuff, or it never would have inspired such a drop in demand.

I am seeking in vain for the word to express the attitude toward religion I find in these young novels. It is a quarter-tone I want, rather than a word, and I feel that the note is not on this keyboard. I would flat the word "flippancy" or sharp the word "nonchalance," and yet leave the tone untouched. How much is pose and how much is frank self-revelation is impossible for me to determine.

I have said that religion has no leading rôle to play. Its case is worse than that. Religion as the profession of the Christian way of life and a hope of immortality seems to be classed with the dear delusions of the generation of uncles and parents. When God is acknowledged at all, He is hailed by His first name, called down from His exalted throne, and motioned to a seat upon the floor. Irreverence, a flaunting bravado which is a sorrowful attempt at moral courage, repudiation of the old laws and a hooting raillery at the new—these seem to me to be striking characteristics of the new pose.

I feel sure that this new fashion in painting the hero and his lady is not wholly an efflorescence of a diseased system. Youth delights in a bark which is worse than its bite. I fancy, too, that there is an academic as well as an ethical parent of the new school.

I think there is strong evidence of English and Scandinavian influence in American young novels. That character who used only to be found in English stories of public school and country manor life is being flattered by a cheap imitation. His self-control, his short, epigrammatic speech, his imperturbability, his extreme indifference to suffering, his scorn for displayed emotion find reflection in the young men in new American novels. He has come to be regarded as not only the ideal Englishman, which he undoubtedly is, when well portrayed, but he has expanded to include both young men and women in those hard-bitten years immediately following graduation from college. In most cases this flattery is not imitation of the sincerest kind, and laudable firmness of character is made to appear merely hardness of soul.

IT WOULD BE HARD TO SAY WHICH IS THE PROTOTYPE, WHICH THE COPY—THE FLESH AND BLOOD YOUNG PERSON OR THE ONE RAMPANT IN UP-TO-DATE FICTION

I HAVE FOUND NO INSTANCE WHERE A CHARACTER CLUNG TO THE ROCK OF AGES OR WELCOMED A CROSS TO BEAR

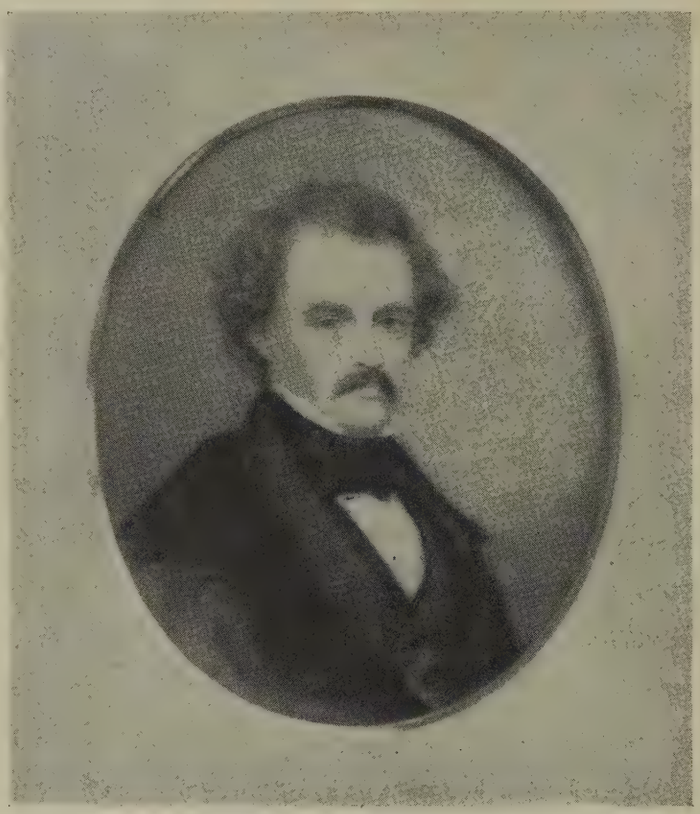
Another factor which undoubtedly contributes to the studied repression so prominent in our youthful characters is the recent deluge of Scandinavian literature. The inarticulate people of Knut Hamsun, Selma Lagerlöf and Johan Bojer have laid a cold finger from the north upon the natural effervescence of American youth. It takes a master to write convincingly in the language of the inarticulate. As a result of these things—namely, a direct reaction against sentimentalism and Pollyanna-ism, an unconscious aping of English reserve and Scandinavian repression, and

(*Continued on page 62*)

Hawthorne as His Daughter Remembers Him

By Richard Le Gallienne

THERE are other American writers of genius who bring us gifts that we may value more, according to our needs and tastes, but among those whose chief satisfaction in literature is found in the measure of its art there will not, I suppose, be any question that the two literary artists which America has produced are Poe and Hawthorne. There will be those, too, who will place Hawthorne first, and predict a permanence for his work which the meretricious elements in the work of Poe make somewhat less secure. Such comparisons apart, however, both are artists singularly themselves, while as a master of prose Hawthorne is alone in American literature. But both have this much in common: both are exotics, and both are curiously preoccupied with "the night side of nature." Hawthorne's preoccupation with it may perhaps be accounted for by his New England ancestry, which included one magistrate who persecuted the Quakers, and another who burned witches. The Puritan preoccupation with "sin," and the problem of evil in the world, was in Hawthorne's blood, tho in his case it took the form of trying to understand instead of condemning the sinner. And if, as an artist, he loved the darkness rather than the light, it was perhaps because the strangeness and dark colors of "sin" best lent themselves to his artistic instincts. Certainly it was not because his deeds were evil, for no writer of purer mind and purer life has ever lived The anomaly of his choice of subject-matter is, therefore, the more striking. It was from the beginning somewhat of a puzzle to his friends. One of these, George S. Hillard, in a letter quoted among these valuable "Memories,"(1) thus squarely expresses his perplexity to Hawthorne himself, *à propos* "The Scarlet Letter"



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
From a miniature painting in the possession of Mr John Lane

> You are, intellectually speaking, quite a puzzle to me. How comes it that with so thoroughly healthy an organization as you have, you have such a taste for the morbid anatomy of the human heart, and such knowledge of it, too? I should fancy from your books that you were burdened with secret sorrow; that you had some blue chamber in your soul, into which you hardly dared to enter yourself; but when I see you, you give me the impression of a man as healthy as Adam was in Paradise For my own taste, I could wish that you would dwell more in the sun, and converse more with cheerful thoughts and cheerful images.

The devoted wife, whose sprightly letters make the bulk of these pages, accounts for this dark strain in her own wifely way. "He has always seemed to me," she says, "in his remote moods, like a stray Seraph, who had experienced in his own life no evil, but by the intuition of a divine intellect, saw and sorrowed over all evil . . . As his life has literally been so pure from the smallest taint of earthliness, it can only be because he is a Seer, that he knows of crime. . . . And this is the best proof to me of the absurdity of the prevalent idea that it is necessary to go through the fiery ordeal of sin to become wise and good." She is resenting an article on her husband in which he is referred to as "Mr. Noble Melancholy." "It is singular," she says, "how many people insist that Mr. Hawthorne is gloomy, since he is *not*."

That Hawthorne was recluse by nature, from boyhood, needs no denial, but his daughter, Mother Alphonsa, gives in her preface a witty explanation of his reputation for melancholy that will appeal to any one who finds it hard to suffer fools gladly "Perhaps," she says, "it was his air of honest lassitude in the presence of a bore that led to a prevailing idea that Hawthorne was melancholy," and she adds, "He had the quality of true courage, mirth at will." Aloof he undoubtedly was, and discriminately gregarious, as all men with a purpose in life have the right to be, but among the friends he loved, and in the bosom of his family, it was easy for him to cast his nighted color off, and the picture we get of him as husband and father in this volume is attractively human.

Hawthorne was thirty-eight when he married Miss Sophia Peabody, the Peabodys and Hawthornes being neighbors in Salem, tho the Hawthornes, like the famous Nathaniel himself, kept so much to themselves that some innocent intriguing on the part of the gay Peabody sisters was necessary to make them better acquainted. Of this the early letters give us entertaining glimpses, and it is amusing to watch how the handsome recluse, whom Sophia had long admired from afar, is by degrees lured from his shell. Just previous to his marriage he had been experimenting with a different form of society, that of Brook Farm, no less, which it is evident, from one of her letters, that both he and his sweetheart had observed with slyly humorous eyes. "Dearest," she writes to him, "since I saw you at the Farm, I wish far more than ever to have a home for you to come to, after associating with men at the Farm all day. . . . Never upon the face of any mortal was there such a divine expression of sweetness and kindliness as I saw upon yours during the various transactions and witticisms of the excellent fraternity." One can not but feel that behind that reference to the "witticisms of the excellent fraternity" there was a good deal of mirth shared between the two lovers at the expense of their transcendental acquaintance, but Sophia was far too impregnated with the "sweetness and light" of the period—a little oppressively so sometimes, it must be admitted—to express it more overtly on paper. Soon they were to marry and, "at home in our Paradise" of the Old Manse at Concord, were to be domiciled in the very Mecca of New

(1) MEMORIES OF HAWTHORNE. By Rose Hawthorne Lathrop (Mother Alphonsa). New edition, with a prelude by Maurice Francis Egan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3

England Transcendentalism, where, for the most part, reverence for the great spirits there sojourning perforce subdued the irreverence of humor. It is not to be expected, however, that the modern reader will contemplate this Concord winter-scene with the straight face of unmingled awe, tho he will do wrong to miss the charm of its simplicity:

> Our meadow at the bottom of the orchard is like a small frozen sea, now . . Often other skaters appear,—young men and boys,—who principally interest me as foils to my husband, who, in the presence of nature, loses all shyness, and moves regally like a king. One afternoon, Mr. Emerson and Mr. Thoreau went with him down the river. Henry Thoreau is an experienced skater, and was figuring dithyrambic dances and Bacchic leaps on the ice—very remarkable, but very ugly, methought. Next him followed Mr. Hawthorne who, wrapt in his cloak, moved like a self-impelled Greek statue, stately and grave. Mr Emerson closed the line, evidently too weary to hold himself erect, pitching headforemost, half lying on the air. He came in to rest himself, and said to me that Hawthorne was a tiger, a bear, a lion,—in short, a satyr, and there was no tiring him out, and he might be the death of a man like himself. And then, turning upon me that kindling smile for which he is so memorable, he added, "Mr. Hawthorne is such an Ajax, who can cope with him!"

Of that kindling Emersonian smile, Mother Alphonsa, toward the end of her record, gives this clever impression and analysis from her girlish memory:

> My earliest remembered glimpse of him was when he appeared—tall, side-slanting, peering with almost undue questioning into my face, but with a smile so constant as to seem like an added feature. . . At the onset of Emerson—for psychic men do attack one with their superiority—awe took possession of me; and, as we passed (a great force and a small girl) I wondered if I should survive I not only did so, but felt better than before. It then became one of my happiest experiences to pass Emerson upon the street. A distinct exaltation followed my glance into his splendid face. Yet I caviled at his self-consciousness, his perpetual smile. I complained that he ought to wait for something to smile at. . . After a time, I realized that he always had something to smile *for*, if not to smile *at;* and that a cheerful countenance is heroic. . . But, in my unenlightened state, when I saw him begin to answer some question, however trivial, with this smile, slowly, very slowly, growing, until it lit up his whole countenance with a refulgent beam before he answered (the whole performance dominated by a deliberation as great and brilliant as the dawn), I argued that this good cheer was out of proportion; that Emerson should keep back a smile so striking and circumstantial for rare occasions, such as enormous surprize; or, he should make it the precursor to a tremendous roar of laughter. I have yet to learn that any one heard him laugh aloud.

MRS. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

From an unpublished photograph, taken in 1855

Could the Emersonian unction be better dissected? It is evident that, young as she was, Hawthorne's "Rosebud," as Mother Alphonsa was then called, had inherited her father's peculiarly exact quality of observation, as her record of it here very curiously reproduces its progressive, unfolding, manner. She very evidently too inherited his peculiar humor, welling up so quietly, almost imperceptibly, through his grave words, as under guarded eyelids, and I wish there was space to give her quite masterly portrait of that "beautiful and ineffectual angel," Bronson Alcott; but some paragraphs of it I must quote, with its deliciously sly opening:

> It was never so well understood at The Wayside that its owner had retiring habits as when Alcott was reported to be approaching along the Larch Path, which stretched in feathery bowers between our house and his. Yet I was not aware that the seer failed at any hour to gain admittance,—one cause, perhaps, of the awe in which his visits were held. I remember that my observation was attracted to him curiously from the fact that my mother's eyes changed to a darker gray at his advents, as they did only when she was silently sacrificing herself. I clearly understood that Mr. Alcott was admirable; but he sometimes brought manuscript poetry with him, the dear child of his own Muse . . There was one particularly long poem which he had read aloud to my mother and father; a seemingly harmless thing, from which they never recovered. . Rapture, conviction, tenderness, often glowed upon Alcott's features and trembled in his voice. I believe he was never once startled from the dream of illusive joy which pictured to him all high aims as possible of realization through talk.

Needless to say that Salem and Concord in those days were happy hunting grounds of "inspired" oddities, more entertaining to read of than to suffer. Such was Jones Very, the Salem poet, who "forbids," to Emerson, "all correcting of his verses," and who, writes Mrs. Hawthorne, innocently imprest, when "we told him of our enjoyment of his sonnets . . . smiled and said that, unless we thought them beautiful because we also heard the Voice in reading them, they would be of no avail." No wonder Hawthorne found Very conducive to that "air of honest lassitude," for his taste lay among simpler, unself-conscious men—such as the "short, sturdy, phlegmatic and plebeian" William B. Pike, a lifelong friend of the practical sort, to whom we find Hawthorne acknowledging the gift of a bottle of gin. Another bore was a certain L. W. Mansfield, author of the "Pundison Letters," from the burden of correspondence with whom poor Mrs. Hawthorne relieved him In one letter this gentleman delightfully writes: "I am absorbed and busied with Bishop Butler's Analogy, which is all things to me at present; and I am not sure that 'The House of the Seven Gables' could tempt me away from it until I get my fill." Another more interesting crank, but a crank of genius, was Herman Melville, who visited them during their days at Lennox: "At dusk arrived Herman Melville from Pittsfield. He was entertained with champagne foam, manufactured of beaten eggs, loaf sugar, and champagne." From him is quoted a characteristic letter, *à propos* Hawthorne's praise of "Moby Dick." Here is an extract:

> A sense of unspeakable security is in me this moment, on account of your having understood the book. I have written a wicked book, and feel spotless as a lamb Ineffable sociabilities are in me. I would sit down and dine with you and all the gods in old Rome's Pantheon. It is a strange feeling—no hopefulness is in it, no despair. Content—that is it. . Whence come you, Hawthorne? By what right do you drink from my flagon of life? And when I put it to my lips—lo, they are yours and not mine. I feel that the Godhead is broken up like the bread at the Supper, and that we are the pieces. Hence this infinite fraternity of feeling. Now, sympathizing with the paper, my paper turns over another page. You did not care a penny for the book. But, now and then as you read, you understood the pervading thought that impelled the book—and that you praised. Was it not so? You were archangel enough to despise the imperfect body, and embrace the soul. . . Knowing you persuades me more than the Bible of our immortality.

A companionable Lennox acquaintance was the novelist,

G. P. R. James, our boyhood's friend of the two horsemen, who was then British consul for Massachusetts. These various neighbors and visitors are sketched on the background of a tranquil and affectionate home-life of which we get many charming glimpses. Literary man was surely never mated with a companion more devoted, and Mrs. Hawthorne's references in letters and journal to her great man, to whom, after the fashion of our grandmothers, she usually refers as "Mr. Hawthorne," are very touching:

> Sunday, 12th. My husband came down from writing at three. It was reviving to see him.
>
> 13th. In the evening my husband said he should begin to read his book. ("The House of the Seven Gables.") Oh, joy unspeakable!
>
> 14th. When the children had gone to bed, my husband took his manuscript again.
>
> 15th. Sewed all day, thinking only of Maule's Well. The sunset was a great, red ball of fire. In the evening, the manuscript was again read from. How ever more wonderful! How transparent are all events in life to my husband's awful power of insight.
>
> 16th. The sun rose fiery red, like a dog-day sun. Julian is a prisoner, because his india-rubbers are worn out. I look forward all day to listening to my husband's inspirations in the evening; but behold! he has no more as yet to read. . . My husband proposed reading "Thalaba." I was glad, tho Southey is no favorite of mine. But I like to be familiar with such things, and to hear my husband's voice is the best music.

THE OLD MANSE, HAWTHORNE'S FIRST HOME IN CONCORD, MASS.

Occasionally this even tenor of home-life is diversified by some dramatic domestic happening, such as a dispute with their landlady over the garden fruit, and Hawthorne is called away to exercise his "awful power of insight" in handling it in a letter of delightful humor and common sense, of which this is the opening paragraph:

> *Dear Mrs. Tappan*—As questions of disputed boundary are very ticklish ones, whether between nations or individuals, I think it best to take the diplomatic correspondence, on our part, into my own hands; and I do it the more readily as I am quite an idle man nowadays, and shall find it rather agreeable than otherwise; whereas Sophia is exceedingly busy, and moreover is averse to any kind of a dispute.

From disputes with Mrs. Tappan over her apples Hawthorne was presently to be called away to his seven years' sojourn in England, as American consul at Liverpool, and the inspiring change from parochial, if immortal, Concord to the spacious and stimulating atmosphere of Europe, with the imaginative appeal of its historic background, and the broader social intercourse of its brilliant world of distinguished men and women, appears to have been very much to the taste of the whole Hawthorne family, parents and children alike. From being a New England recluse, and somewhat of a Sphinx as a writer to his own countrymen, Hawthorne suddenly found himself the lion of English fashionable as well as intellectual society. England had completely surrendered to the power of "The Scarlet Letter" and it welcomed its author like a visiting king.

Had it not bought his masterpiece to the extent of thirty-five thousand copies, on which (Mrs. Hawthorne writes home to her father: "Is it not provoking?") it had not paid him a single penny? Such was the fate of a popular author in those piratical days before international copyright, and those sales only represented the robbery of one publisher. There were other Barabbases and other editions too. But, doubtless, it was some compensation to Hawthorne to learn from an American acquaintance who had recently visited De Quincey that "In De Quincey's house yours is the only portrait"; and the great ones of society and letters certainly did what they could to make amends in laurel for the larceny of their fellow countrymen. Hawthorne and his wife were invited everywhere, and in the course of their seven years' visit, including that stay in Italy which resulted in "The Marble Faun," met everybody worth knowing, and it is evident that even Hawthorne's lonely soul expanded to and was benefited by this sunshine of fame, as his mind responded to the ancestral call of "Our Old Home." Mother Alphonsa, who, tho still a little girl, was evidently a very observing one, gives us many vivid sketches of the great persons they encountered, which tempt one to quotation. In Manchester they suddenly came upon Tennyson in a picture gallery. "He is," writes Mrs. Hawthorne to her sister Elizabeth, "the most picturesque of men, very handsome and careless-looking, with a wide-awake hat, a black beard, round shoulders, and slouching gait; most romantic, poetic, and interesting."

THE "WAYSIDE," HAWTHORNE'S LAST HOME IN CONCORD, MASS.

Richard Monckton Milnes, of the famous "breakfasts," the cultivated virtuoso, so to say, of men of genius was one of their hosts, and I must find room for this quotation from a letter of his to Hawthorne, "*à propos* an American book which has fallen into my hands."

> "It is called 'Leaves of Grass,' and the author calls himself Walt Whitman. Do you know anything about him? I will not call it *poetry*, because I am unwilling to apply that word to a work totally destitute of art;

but whatever we call it, it is a most notable and true book. It is not written *virginibus puerisque;* but as I am neither the one nor the other, I may express my admiration of its vigorous virility and bold natural truth. There are things in it that read like the old Greek plays."

But, of all the famous people they met, the Brownings seem to have particularly won the collective Hawthorne heart, and Robert Browning especially the heart of the little "Rosebud," who thus wrote of him long after the magic European trip was over, and they were all back once more in quiet Concord:

> For many years he associated himself in my mind with the blessed visions that had enriched my soul in Italy, and continued to give it sustenance in the loneliness of my days when we again threw ourselves upon the inartistic mercies of a New England village.

Among those "inartistic mercies" her father had come home to die, to that mysterious fading away of his life, the waning vitality, the suddenly whitening hair, on which the daughter comments: "The sudden transformation which took place in my father after his coming to America was like an instant's change in the atmosphere from sunshine to dusky cold," and she adds, "I have never had the least difficulty in explaining it to myself." It is to be wished that Mother Alphonsa had allowed herself to be more explicit, for if, as Dr. Maurice Egan says in his sympathetic "prelude," "it is hard for the ordinary reader to pluck out the heart of his mystery," Hawthorne's manner of dying is not the least strange part of his story. Mother Alphonsa does say: "One large item in the sum of his regrets was his unexpectedly narrowed means," due largely to misplaced confidence in a friend, but to the outsider some deep spiritual disappointment seems to have had its share in his weariness, and from her phrase "the inartistic mercies of a New England village," one rather divines a certain homesickness "in the sum of his regrets" for that "Old Home" across the sea, which for those seven spacious years had cast so deep a spell upon him.

That visit to Europe had, at all events, one far-reaching effect to which it is time to refer. Readers of "Our Old Home" will remember a very poignant, even painful, paper entitled "Outside Glimpses of English Poverty," in which, among his other observations, Hawthorne records a visit to an English almshouse and tells of "a wretched, pale, half-torpid little thing, with a humour in its eyes and face," a scrofulous, half-witted child, of six, who pursued one member of the party with such ungainly pathetic affection that he was at last constrained "to take up the loathsome child and caress it as tenderly as if he had been its father." And Hawthorne comments:

> No doubt, the child's mission in reference to our friend was to remind him that he was responsible, in his degree, for all the sufferings and misdemeanors of the world in which he lived, and was not entitled to look upon a particle of its dark calamity as if it were none of his concern; the offspring of a brother's iniquity being his own blood-relation, and the guilt, likewise, a burden on him, unless he expiated it by better deeds.

It was this passage in her father's writings which suggested to Mother Alphonsa the foundation of that charity for "the Relief of Incurable Cancer," with which for twenty-five years she has been identified. "His words in regard to this little child," she says, "whose flesh reeked with parental desecration, made a deep impression upon me when I read them as a girl; and I was glad to have the latter years of my life devoted to a field of diseased poverty equally neglected, since the charity of monasticism, the ideal of which Dr. Johnson spoke, was interfered with." It was Hawthorne himself, tho he does not say so, who took up and caressed that little diseased child, and this charity instituted by his daughter is, therefore, a monument of filial piety peculiarly appropriate for him who made the sin and suffering of the world so deeply his concern. One effect of his writings during his lifetime was that conscience-burdened souls would come to Hawthorne as to an understanding father-confessor, "much to his innate horror," writes his daughter; "and at the cost of his equanimity he consoled them." Another impetus toward her good work came to Mother Alphonsa through the death from cancer of her dear friend Emma Lazarus, whose great promise as a poet was thus cut short. "But," says her friend, "tho I grieved deeply for her, I would not pity her, for she never knew unaided suffering, but every amelioration." Her death, however, set Mother Alphonsa thinking of those similarly stricken, but without such amelioration, and with the case of a young seamstress brought to her notice "the pity of unpitied human things" entered her heart, and her work began.

The horror which cancer excites seems to extend even to the idea of its relief. We flee from the very thought of it as "unclean," and read of it even with reluctant distaste. The leper of old was hardly more an object of fear and disgust. Says Mother Alphonsa with stern irony: "One of my acquaintances, putting her opinion boldly, asked me what (she read French fiction constantly herself) made me 'choose such a dirty occupation.'!" This very attitude of repulsion proclaimed the more loudly to Hawthorne's daughter that responsibility for unpitied evil which had come home so keenly to her father in that English almshouse. The more others shrank from it, the more she saw it to be a work for her doing; and she began it on the lower East side on September 15, 1896, being joined in 1898 by Miss Alice Huber, who has since remained her faithful co-worker.

The present homes of the charity are The Rosary Hill Home at Hawthorne, near White Plains, and 71 Jackson Street, New York. The absolute *sine qua non* for patients is that they are incurable, and completely without money or effective friends. No patients who can afford payment for treatment are admitted. Along with incurable cancer there must be incurable poverty, and one beautifully humane condition is the treatment of her patients, the kind of spiritual courtesy that seldom goes with organized charity, which is thus touched on by Dr. Egan in reviewing reports of "The Servants of Relief for Incurable Cancer up to January, 1922":

> There is a touch of human warmth in the formal report that tells of the marvelous growth of this work, and even of righteous indignation, where Mother Alphonsa declares that there shall be no forbidding aspect in the hospital rooms; as for experiments on the incurable patients she will have none of them, while any exhibition of aversion in the presence of a patient is anathema. The Sisters, she says, are truly happy in their work; and she will have no wearing of rubber gloves that may suggest disgust or fear. But one must read this very rare document in order to appreciate the vitality of its love for those from whom even love itself often flees.

The present need of the institution is "a fireproof building which would house one hundred patients, and it must be provided by those on the outside."

Now the concern of the reader of this book of "Memories of Hawthorne," which was first published in 1897, and is now opportunely reprinted, is that all profits from its sale will go toward the support of Mother Alphonsa's institution, sympathy with which must be felt by any admirer of Hawthorne's genius who, over and above the entertainment which it has brought, has been moved to share the spiritual anguish which was its moral inspiration.

For any one capable of feeling obligation toward a great man for the gifts of his genius which he alone can bring us it ought to seem something like a pious duty to buy this volume, in which the pity of Hawthorne's noble spirit finds at once symbolic and concrete embodiment.

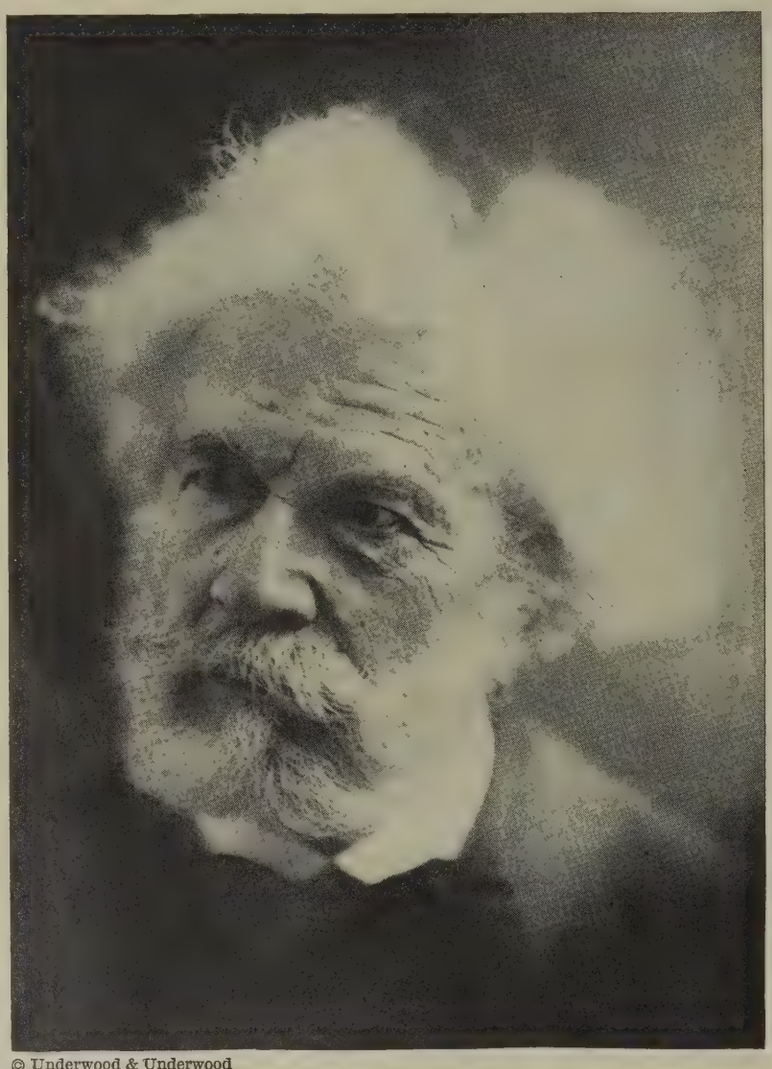
Trying to Probe the Mystery of Death

By Osborn Fort Hevener

I say that the tomb, which closes on the dead,
Opens the firmament,
And that what, on earth, we call the end,
Is the commencement.
—Victor Hugo.

DEATH, the death of the body, the entering into that strange bourne "from which no traveler returns." May we conclude from Camille Flammarion's trilogy on "Death and Its Mystery" that the death of mortal man is not so dramatic an event as we suppose it to be? May we question the strength and verisimilitude of Shakespeare's words in the mouth of Hamlet and agree with Flammarion that our personalities do not change instantly at the moment of death, nor an hour afterward, nor days afterward, nor years afterward?

Let us see "without fear the grave with its everlasting shadows"; let us for the moment move with Flammarion, whose "L'Inconnu" stirred France in 1900, our aim being to admit any hypothesis, but to protect ourselves through analysis. We must realize that the sort of testimony included in Flammarion's third volume, "After Death,"(1) constitutes an important help in our psychic investigation. Psychic manifestations after death in the form of definite physical happenings in this terrestrial life are explained by many scientists as a result of thought-transmission from the living, but this theory, while it may explain certain phenomena attributed to the dead, does not give fair footing to the research of the French savant.



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CAMILLE FLAMMARION

On the subject of thought-transmission, Flammarion's learned friend, Dr. Coste de Lagrave, sent him an account, among others, of the following experiment, which he himself made:

> I choose the leaf of a tree. I fill my mind with its aspect; I make it a part of me psychically, so that I shall be sure to know it, afterward, among a hundred thousand others. I go back to the sensitive subject, who is standing about fifty meters away. He puts a bandage over his eyes, I take his wrist, place my fingers on his pulse, and, thinking of the designated leaf, follow him. He runs swiftly, drawing me after him, halts at the spot where the leaf is, stretches out his free hand and places it carefully on the leaf which I have chosen mentally some minutes before. This is the result of the transmission of unformulated thought.
>
> I have, so far as possible, put myself in touch with those capable of transmitting thought, above all to discover if there were not some deception, and to make experiments myself. The power of transmitting unformulated thought is a faculty which really exists, but which is more or less developed according to the individual. With certain subjects, it is greatly developed; the power of receiving unformulated thought may be equally developed, and certain subjects give remarkable results.

This hypothesis would serve to illustrate the limning upon the mind of some living person—by the mind of another living person—of a dominant thought which might in time, after a protracted period of submersion in the soul, manifest itself to an individual through the death of one or the other. For instance, a debtor's thoughts may, while he is alive, be transmitted to his children and remain for months in their minds—impressions that are hidden, unguessed, lost amid all the other latent impressions, but not destroyed. Then, for some unknown reason, and in favorable circumstances, they may detach themselves — above all, in dreams—clarify, and emerge, distinct and definite, from the obscurity of the subconscious.

M. Flammarion's desire, so he states, is to lay before his readers only that testimony which is, to his mind, indubitable. He scorns the obdurate deniers who continue to contradict all. The skill and precision of his long life of psychical research acts intuitively to reject such testimony as might be woven from whole cloth by impostors, victims of auto-hallucination, somnambulists, neurotics, *et al.* The testimonials regarding spiritistic revelations contained in the last volume of the trilogy emanate from varied sources. In the telling of most of it, the testimony gains credence if there is a liberal, open mind to furnish a foothold. The manifestations are related in the light of simple, every-day circumstances.

Many instances of psychic visitation occur in broad daytime, tending to a more sincere reception of the narratives by skeptics, who have long argued that the preponderance of such manifestations during the night, with its mystery, is partial evidence of the influence that environment may have upon minds that are strained and ready to leap at the occult.

It was Francis Bacon, who three hundred and more years ago maintained that the gradual ascendency of scientific observation would encompass, finally, all fields of human research *except one*—that concerning the consciousness, spirit or soul of man. This was a matter, he declared, which must always remain within the domain of religious faith. Flammarion, in his concluding volume,

(*Continued on page 56*)

(1) After Death. By Camille Flammarion. Translated by Latrobe Carroll. 393 pp. New York: The Century Company. $3.

A Victorian in English Public Life To-day

By Michael Sadleir

MY first memory of Philip Guedalla is one of emphasis—a memory of a schoolboy who wore jackets a little bit different from those of everybody else. To be accurate, these jackets had perpendicular, unflapped pockets like those of overcoats, while the pockets of the rest of us—black-clad, law-ridden, baby bourgeois that we were—were flapped and horizontal.

My most recent memory is oddly similar, for once again it is a memory of emphasis and clothes, a memory of a short, firm figure whose hat has just a shade more curl of brim, whose coat is slightly fuller in the skirt, whose stick is knobbed more decidedly than mine.

As in clothes, so in all else. Philip is unmistakable. He is the italic in the page of type; the scarlet golf ball in the snow. At Rugby he made his way to the headship of his house; then to the headship of the school itself. At Balliol he laid siege to the places of honor in the Union Society and in the political clubs until, one by one, they fell before his undismayed, industrious assault.

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PHILIP GUEDALLA

And alike at school and college he was at once salient and retiring, at once flamboyant and reserved. "Flamboyant and reserved"—the epithets seem oddly coupled. Yet they are justified by their very oddness, for between Philip's outward and his inward man is much of contradiction. To see him bustle quaintly through the London streets, dressed now like an actor-manager, now like the lawyer Bohun in Shaw's famous play "You Never Can Tell," is to see something conspicuous, aggressive, wholly self-concerned. But beneath the too assertive dress, the egoism, the rasping vigor of his voice and gesture, are kindliness and simplicity and an occasional wistfulness, that is the more engaging for its unlikelihood.

Do not think, however, that he is all ferocity above and gentleness beneath. His tireless, crowded mind is like a workbox of Victorian days, of which the top layer is a series of compartments, but that below a single cavity. The surface interests of this most individual young man are varied and, one would say, sharply divided one from another. Beneath them all, however, is the single well from which he draws his energy and his power to work—the well of personal ambition.

So it comes about that in certain of his activities Philip is self-centered to the point of ruthlessness; but in others generous and eager with his help. It all depends, in fact, upon which specialty the supplicant happens to alight. There are so many. Philip is a lawyer and a very good one; as a politician he is one of the bright hopes of the small but vigorous Liberal party; in journalism he is becoming the darling of competing editors, who want a column every week of witty topicality and know that on him they can rely for punctuality, for quality and for felicity of phrase; in the collecting world he is known as the owner of the largest private collection of Max Beerbohm cartoons now in existence; among historians his book "The Second Empire" has caused a flutter—irritated but respectful.

One is imprest, and rightly, with the sheer industry of such omnicompetence. Certainly a fine element in Philip's emphasis is his will to work. He has trained himself to grapple conscientiously with any subject, large or small, that he decides to undertake, and, whether or no one admires the kind of output that is his, he can not be accused ever of shirking or of betraying the tradition of conscientious craftsmanship that he has created for himself.

At this point one of you, recalling the ambition that is so large a part of Philip's impetus, will ask along which of the multifarious lines of his endeavor that ambition is in fact directed. The question in the case of a young man whose life is yet before him is a delicate one, but I would venture that it is toward a political distinction rather than toward eminence in literature or in law that he is striving. That he should make both law and literature serve in the contriving of his political career is natural, but he seems inclined to value his forensic skill rather as a help to one of the great legal posts that party politics can offer than for its own sake. If I am right and he is set on public greatness, it will be surprizing if, with his great qualities of perseverance, clear-headedness and self-control, he does not achieve much if not all of his ambition.

Is it far-fetched to see a parallel between this aspirant to power and the young Disraeli? The latter, when first he forced himself upon the consciousness of London, had brilliance, firm ambition and a capacity for enduring enmity or insult with calm reserve. He made his name by writing books and articles that were no less pungent for their rhetoric, no less exciting to the reader for their insolence. He stood for Parliament and failed—not once but several times; and when at last success was his, he advanced steadily in the face of prejudice, trickery and hatred to the highest place the British Empire had to offer.

(*Continued on page 15*)

Famous Battles of the Prize-Ring

By Jim Tully

I HAVE a kindly feeling toward Mr. Bohun Lynch's "Knuckles and Gloves,"[1] a book in which the author has attempted something that English literature has long been sadly in need of—a history, however incomplete, of the prize-ring. Thirty-three famous ring-battles are described. Mr. Lynch is the author of eight other books, about all of which I know absolutely nothing. He is an amateur boxer of note in England, a university man who has a subconscious feeling of superiority over the men he describes. Gorky is one of his tramps.

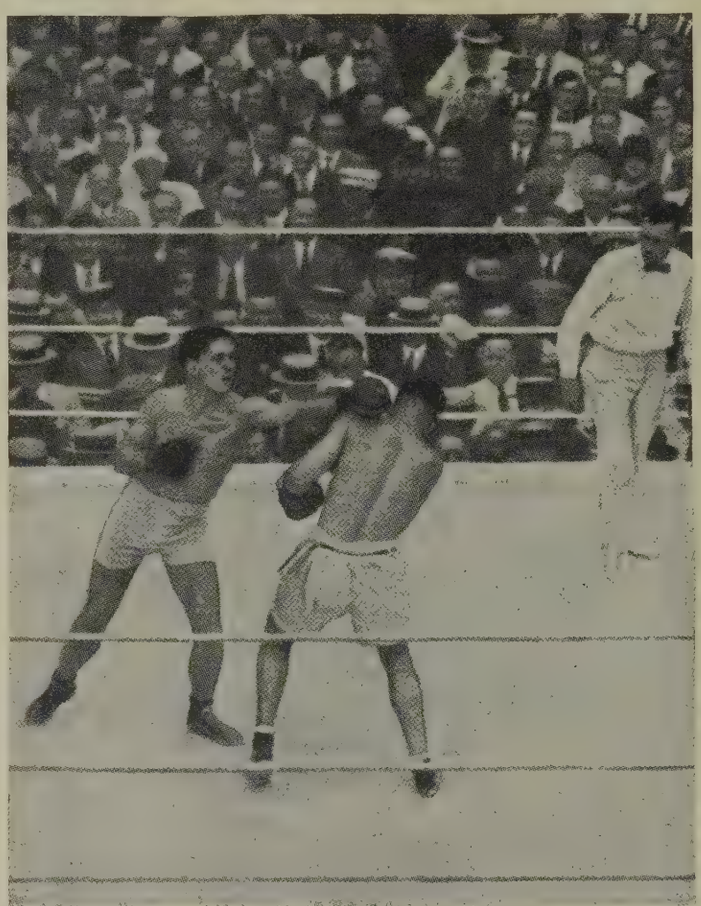
Mr. Lynch is a Cambridge man. Therein lies the vital weakness of his book. He describes one of his fighters as being "by no means a fool." He also says that Robert Fitzsimmons's particular genius for the ring was a "capacity for taking punishment." Those of us who have seen the long, lanky, freckled Cornishman throw blows that would stagger an ox are aware that he had something besides a capacity for taking punishment. He had the mind of a child, the heart of a lion, and the peculiar blend of qualities that made him one of the greatest pugilists that ever laced on a glove.

Mr. Lynch or his publishers picked a whacking-good title in "Knuckles and Gloves." It would lead one to expect more verve and life. As it is—well, his descriptions of battles are those of a cultured Englishman talking of a ring-contest in a club, with, possibly, ladies present. He tells of such fights with about as much spirit as an elderly lady bridge-player would use in describing a gambling game in Nome. During the reading of the history I could not but wonder how Damon Runyon, Heywood Broun or any well-trained sport-writer would have handled it.

The best literature of the prize-ring, thus far, is to be found in the files of American newspapers. Those alert gentlemen who report big contests are the real historians of pugilism. I had long heard cultivated people speak of Hazlitt's description of a fight in an essay. At last I read it, and I have never been able to get over my disappointment. I might say the same of Conan Doyle's description of a fight in "Rodney Stone," or even of Jack London's descriptions. London was a master-describer of fights when hired in the capacity of a journalist. He invented the "cave-man" phrase, now so commonly used. But he failed dismally to convey the impression of reality in such stories as "The Game." Nearly all our prize-ring short-stories are worse than useless so far as reality goes. Van Loan's stories are now dead. But then, they were never alive.

[1] KNUCKLES AND GLOVES. By Bohun Lynch. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

When Mr. Lynch reaches the second part of his book, which takes up partly the history of the ring after men wore gloves, it is more interesting, but still lifeless. There is so much that he might have said. He does not appear ever to have heard the name of Battling Nelson, the greatest in-fighter of all time, or of Johnny Kilbane and Packey McFarland, two men of real prize-ring genius, the mental equals, if not the superiors, of most college men. Nothing is said of Mike Gibbons, that elusive master with the gloves. "Phantom Mike," he was called, for he was nearly as hard to hit as a ghost.



CARPENTIER AND DEMPSEY IN THE GREAT CONTEST THAT TOOK PLACE IN JERSEY CITY, JULY 2, 1921

There are still unwritten chapters of the American prize-ring that could be made to glow with life. Mr. Lynch has failed even to mention them. And they had to do with great contests, too. I looked in vain for anything concerning the Gans-and-Nelson fight in Goldfield, a spectacular affair that would have thrilled the heart of Robert H. Davis. Nelson's manager, the wily, hook-nosed Nolan, was to be seen exacting the pound of flesh from the dusky and tuberculosis-touched Gans, and getting it. All the money on the "inside" was bet on Nelson. The referee, honored as a "square shooter," was George Siler of the Chicago *Tribune*, and he was said to have smirched his gray hair with a first dishonest deed; for it is said that, had Nelson lost, every gambling-house in Goldfield would have closed its doors.

The mighty-hearted negro, Gans, in the hands of Shylocks, was still the master-man of the day. Weakened by training to make the weight-limit, then forced to make that limit in his fighting togs, he faced the indomitable and stolid Dane for forty-two blood-smearing rounds. A scientific boxer was Gans, one of the greatest that ever lived. He nearly made life unendurable for the "Durable Dane." The bronze ghost that was Gans seemed to have the spark of eternal life in him. There are those who say that at last, knowing that Gans just had to lose, the fight was stopt by Siler and given to Nelson on a foul. Gans died of consumption in his Baltimore home some time later. The disease was hastened by the rigor of the contest, which he did not lose. Not even consumption and Battling Nelson could whip Joe Gans.

In all this history, no word is said about "double-crossing," that Judas-Arnold compound word invented in the prize-ring. While Mr. Lynch does not idealize fighting, as Conan Doyle does when he calls it "the school for humble heroes," yet he says little of the crooked and cheap element that, more than the fighters themselves, has reduced the prize-ring to its present low status. It is the parasites of the ring, as it is the parasites in life, who have always been the problem. Actual boxing, even for a purse, has ever had its influential friends. Thackeray, Byron, Keats,

Swinburne, Roosevelt and numerous others have written in praise of it.

In the past fifteen years or so, a higher class of young men have taken up pugilism. But this is only for the reason that it affords a quick road to wealth if one succeeds. If one fails—and the chances of success are about one hundred to one—he can retire with a battered countenance and a "woozy" brain. I met an ex-lightweight champion only last week on a California road. "Hello, Jimmy," he said; "we sure had a great battle in Milwaukee last night." He really believed he had been there. He was one of the greatest lightweights that ever lived. His reward has been a brain made "woozy" by head-beatings, by money spent on him, and by money begged and borrowed from him by the parasites whom Mr. Lynch does not mention.

THE FIGHT BETWEEN TOM SAYERS, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, AND JOHN HEENAN, "THE AMERICAN GIANT," THAT TOOK PLACE AT FARNBOROUGH, ENGLAND, APRIL, 1860

But Mr. Lynch has valiantly hewn out a path whereon others might now walk who have an even more intimate knowledge of the subject—a subject which is, after all, a very interesting phase of life. It is too bad that Bohun Lynch did not "barnstorm" about this vast America to learn the psychology of the American ring. In the past forty years this country has produced some very great pugilists. A few came from Australia—Griffo, Fitzsimmons, the mighty young Darcy, who died over here, being persecuted by American mob-prejudice fanned by war, until his great chest sagged with pneumonia. But America has produced two-thirds of the real men from the Civil War downward.

I feel that it should be emblazoned on college walls, so that all young writers such as Lynch might see: "One knows well only that which he has lived." Lynch knows his subject in a splendidly academic way. Perhaps the best thing in "Knuckles and Gloves" is the last chapter, "Afterthought," in which the author sums up his views of the prize-ring. He is an essayist first, and in this chapter he is at his best. I would advise the "righteous overmuch" to read it, for it is well worth while.

Pugilism can be lifted to a high level in America, for the great majority of cultivated people enjoy tests of strength and endurance, as the attendance at football games will prove. The hope of pugilism lies in the interest of keener men and the elimination of parasites—particularly the latter. But then, the hope of the world lies in the elimination of parasites.

"Knuckles and Gloves" should be in the library of all lovers of boxing. It is the forerunner of many books to follow.

A Victorian in English Public Life To-day

(*Continued from page 13*)

I am not prophesying for Philip the rank of autocrat of Britain; rather am I seeking to indicate how like in some ways are his beginnings to those of his great co-religionist. Like Disraeli, Philip Guedalla is of an old and devout Jewish family; like Disraeli, he sheaths great sensitiveness in apparent indifference to attack; like Disraeli, he is rococo, with a racial tendency to overload alike his style of writing, speech and life; like those of Disraeli, his books infuriate an alien public but are widely read and widely spoken of. It can at least be said that in their early phases the two careers are oddly similar.

When he began, as a budding barrister, to contribute middle-articles and signed reviews to the more enterprising of the London daily and weekly papers, Philip retained the verbal brilliance and control of epigram that had marked alike his written work at Oxford and his political speeches at the Union. Now, however, the subjects treated were of more general interest, and for a collection of his essays and critiques published under the characteristic title "Supers and Supermen" he found a larger public than any one (himself included) looked for. After the issue of this successful book Philip took stock of his literary past and future. With a detachment typical of his keen, practical intelligence he gaged the likely damage to his prospects of a too frequent output of brilliant brevities. Those in whose hands lie the good things of the world are unimprest by persistent publicism, however original. Philip knew himself capable of a sustained piece of writing and judged that the time had come to convince others of his capacity. He settled therefore to the writing of "The Second Empire."

The deserved success of this extraordinary work need not be labored. Even the book's worst enemies concede the knowledge and the long hours of research that must have gone to its making. Its friends see in it a fine achievement and one of the most readable pieces of history that have been produced. Let us, however, not be blind to the book's weaknesses. "The Second Empire" is not faultless. It has tricks of style and a luxuriance of wit that would have been the better for a ruthless pruning. But it is idle to deplore the defects of a writer's qualities, and Philip could not have carried through his book as he has done without that confidence in his powers and naive pleasure in his own verbal jugglery that are the essentials alike of the man and of his style.

These characteristics will be his, whithersoever time and chance may lead him. He will be heard of again and often; his enemies will detest his egoism and decry the flashy brilliance of his style; but his friends will know him for a man of worth and feeling and will forgive his studied cleverness for its novelty and finish, preferring Philip carefully prepared to many another humorist spontaneous.

College Stories Tell of Youth's Rebellions

By Gerald Hewes Carson

THE busy hum of literary activity in the Middle West has for a lustrum been a phenomenon to occupy the prophets of American literature. Critics situated as remotely as H. L. Mencken, as centrally as Stuart P. Sherman, have sharpened their vision and looked into the matter. They have reported that the literature which is coming to us from the Mississippi Valley prairies makes articulate a great popular dissatisfaction with the quality of American civilization; that mediocrity has been discovered, sentimentality disowned, and romantic self-deception isolated and held up to scorn.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
Airplane view looking north from the South Campus

This literature is being produced, for the most part, by young authors thoroughly impregnated with the naturalistic philosophy, grimly earnest in the pursuit of Beauty, which seems to them to be the only possible absolute amid the ebb and flow of their own sense-impressions, and the inconstant modes of modern thought. They are fiercely honest, eagerly observant, energetic, self-conscious, sophisticated, innocent of reticence, scornful of decoration, and one of the most hopeful manifestations in contemporary life.

Typical and engaging aspects of this literature appear in "Town and Gown"(1) by Lynn Montross and Lois Seyster Montross, graduates of the Middle Western State universities of Nebraska and Illinois. The theme is the familiar one of college life, but the Montrosses have uncovered entirely fresh material in selecting for their scene the State university, that curious fruition of domestic educational theory, where thousands of young men and women are whirled together along the road of learning and self-discovery. As in a mosaic, we may discover in the thirteen short sketches of "Town and Gown" all the traits of folly, aspiration, naïveté, boldness, adolescence, and sophistication which spring from the unfolding faculties and struggling egos of the self-absorbed young college people of to-day.

A happy air of indolence, of surface gaiety, of camaraderie—these were the essential ingredients in the romantic formula which governed the writing of college stories before F. Scott Fitzgerald and his new colleagues, Mr. and Mrs. Montross, spoke out. We have now in "Town and Gown," as we had in "This Side of Paradise," a new, critical mood, a slightly ironic detachment, patently a more substantial fabric.

"Peter Warshaw" establishes this mood. Peter, when he traveled to the State University, was a freckle-faced, small-town boy "who played a good game of pool and a better game of basketball, who still dried dishes for his mother, took her to choir practise, smoked moodily with loiterers at Foxy's, derided girls and would not learn to dance." The first year of college, naturally enough, was mainly concerned with surfaces. There was evident a new Peter, "a Peter of well-prest clothes, unfamiliar cosmetics and a strange, new lounging gait."

Peter Warshaw's sophomore year saw him "pledged" and incorporated into the fraternity system. Multiplied human contacts and assured social position were sufficient for the winter, but spring brought new, undefined desires — spring and W. B. Yeats, whose "Land of Heart's Desire" lifted Peter's horizons, plunged him into an intoxicated, self-imposed course of reading and impelled him to self-expression in flights of gorgeous, purple verses.

The next year brought more storm and stress, more verse. With a sudden, dramatic gesture, Peter threw over his fraternity and withdrew to a "studio" which he adorned with batik rags, tall red candles, a divan, exotically colored pillows, and a second-hand leopard skin. Peter became an habitué of an informal discussion-group of radical undergraduates, fathered by some of the less orthodox faculty members, and devoted much time to Nietzsche, Shaw, and the Russian novelists. Then comes a youthful passion for Doctor Cynara Georges, Peter's intellectual foster-mother, and an unhappy summer at home with bewildered, disappointed, uncomprehending parents. The episode ends with Peter Warshaw on the train going back for his senior year at the State University—still "restless and haunted and wanting." Here—and this is the interesting and significant thing about "Peter Warshaw"—it is suggested, for very nearly the first time in the literature of the American college, that young people are not strangers to spiritual conflict, and that they know the torture of complex, antagonistic psychological processes.

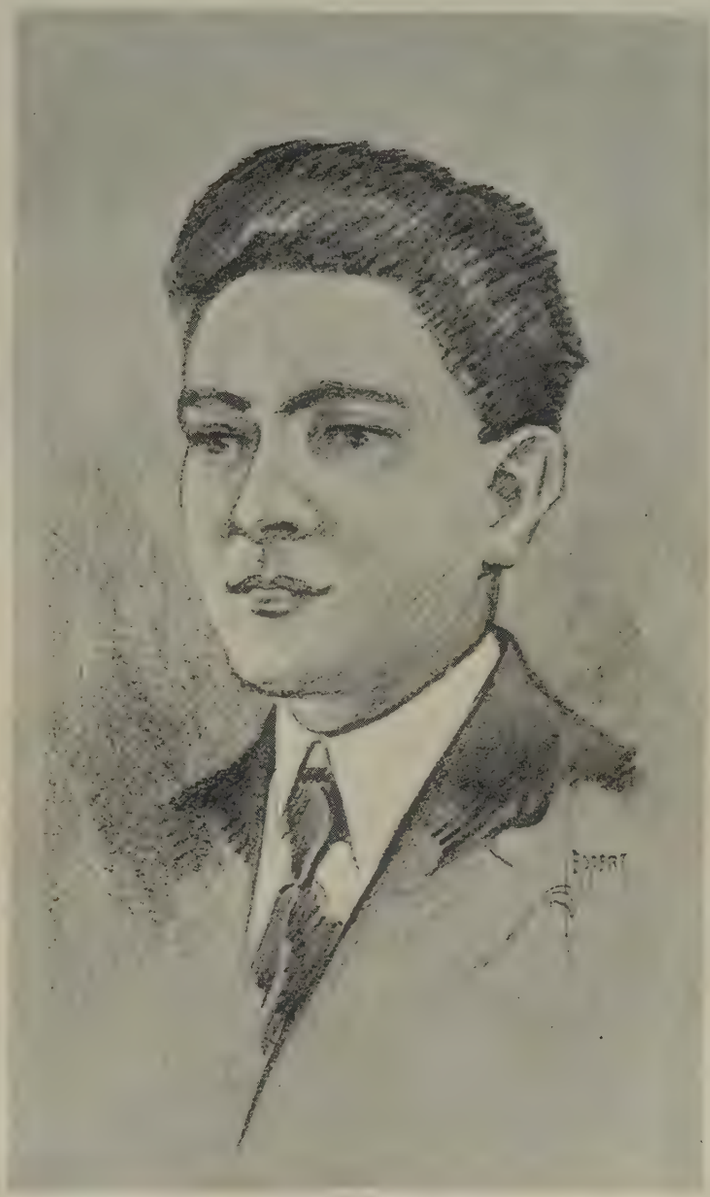
(*Continued on page 59*)

(1) TOWN AND GOWN. By Lynn Montross and Lois Seyster Montross. 283 pages. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Extraordinary Novel of a French Boy

By Albert Schinz

UNDERSTAND—the author of "Le Diable au Corps"(1) was seventeen when he wrote it; and it is in many ways as well written as if he had been forty; this is quite extraordinary. The novel is the story of a boy of fourteen to sixteen; and altho it is a very commonplace story in itself, it is a most extraordinary story for a boy of fourteen to sixteen. And the author of seventeen wrote the story of the boy of fourteen to sixteen in the first person, as if he wanted us to understand that he was himself the hero of the story, or at any rate wished us not to forget that he had enough experience to have lived himself a full-fledged novel like "Le Diable au Corps"; this again is quite extraordinary. Who, then, could be surprized if the novel of Raymond Radiguet, the boy of seventeen, and perhaps the boy of fourteen to sixteen as well, should create a sensation even among the French, who are very exacting when it comes to literary merit?



RAYMOND RADIGUET

It is the story of a schoolboy who takes to the idea of exerting his influence—moral or immoral—over a girl older than himself; she is nineteen, engaged to be married; he succeeds in insinuating himself into her thoughts and in altogether displacing the fiancé. Then, soon after the marriage, which has taken place none the less, the war breaks out, the husband goes to the front, and the novel "hero" plays with the wife the eternal man and woman drama.

From the very beginning, and more and more as one reads on, one feels that there is quite a little playing to the gallery on the part of the young author. But of course in many cases the watching of this game adds to the enjoyment of the reader; he is reminded constantly of the boy who thinks: "See how wicked I am!" Of course, the "hero" tyrannizes the woman, a poor being of the weaker sex; moreover, even at seventeen one who calls himself R. Radiguet knows that the really interesting empire of man over woman lies in psychical torture and not in physical brutality . . . and Marthe is thus the victim of an expert of sixteen in the art of cruel treatment. Elsewhere Raymond Radiguet will talk of suicide in just the way one talks of it before one is twenty years of age. Again there is a scene which is meant to be profoundly wicked and romantic, in which the boy of sixteen, looking up, sees the touching picture of his victim as a little girl, under the virginal veil of the first communion. Later the precocious boy will show us that he knows all about a confinement before time; and the end of it all will be the death of the young mother. . . . The melodramatic element is decidedly present then—as it is quite natural it should be under the pen of so young a writer—but this treatment always betrays an attempt on the part of the author to speak as one who is carrying on his shoulders the experience of many, many ages.

And how do you think the book ends? On a beautiful philosophy of life, entirely unexpected but delightfully ludicrous: While the child had been saved, the woman—very opportunely—had died; and now the husband thinks that he is the father of the child, and takes care of him with the utmost tenderness; as to the boy of sixteen, who is not prepared, of course, mentally or otherwise, to bring up a child, and who, moreover, is just at the door of real life and ready to make love in earnest, he is free; thus Raymond Radiguet understands that "order, in the long run, comes to prevail quite naturally!"

"Le Diable au Corps" is of interest mainly as a phenomenon, because it is written by an author of seventeen; and yet the incident is not indifferent. The novel is one of a growing number dealing with the after-war generation in France, the generation of those young men and women who were little boys and girls during the momentous four years and a half. Five of the very best French novels of last year deal with heroes just coming of age; they are considered as more or less camouflaged autobiographies, when they are not observations of the heroes by sympathetic elders. They are Léon Werth's "Dix-neuf Ans," Georges Oudart's "Ma Jeunesse," Benjamin Crémieux's "Le Premier de la Classe," Gaston Rageot's "Le Jubè" (Gaston Rageot belongs to the older generation and his boys and girls are therefore created from outside observation), and finally J. de Lacretelle's "Silberman," which deals with the attitude of youth toward anti-Semitism. These were for last year; and within the first three months of 1923, besides Raymond Radiguet's "Le Diable au Corps," there appeared "Gérard et son Témoin," by Paul Brach; "L'Escalier de Velours," by André David (Preface by Rachilde—who thinks she is introducing a talent of great promise to the realm of letters), and "Le Jeune Homme au Cycle-car," by Louis Léon-Martin.

Now, the fact is that "Le Diable au Corps," considered as a picture of the youth of France, differs rather strongly in many

(*Continued on page 59*)

(1) "Le Diable au Corps." Par Raymond Radiguet. Paris: Benard Grasset. 1923. 238 pp.

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UNEMPLOYMENT GROWING IN LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND

A crowd of unemployed men held a demonstration in St George's Plateau, Liverpool. The men, numbering almost 5,000, marched into the offices of the *Liverpool Daily Post* and demanded an interview with the editors

England Groping at the Crossways

By Michael A. E. White

MOST of us have at one time or another paused at a cross-roads, uncertain as to which path to take, feeling somewhat travel-worn, and with our position made doubly harassing by threatening weather and nightfall far from shelter. Illegible sign-posts only add to our bewilderment, and we look anxiously for some wayfarer who will put us on the right road. At present England is confronted with much the same dilemma, standing, as it were, in sore doubt at the crossroads of her destiny, but hoping for the guide who will be able to give some more hopeful counsel than merely "wait and see."

The seriousness of the situation is brought out with startling distinctness in "England After War," (1) a book that portrays the present disruption of England's long-established social structure and takes stock of the chaotic outlook. The author, Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, also makes a deeply moving appeal to the nation to take the only road on which it can again march forward to a new career. Mr. Masterman won somewhat of the reputation of a pessimist from a pre-war book, but his pessimism in the present volume seems to consist simply in facing the fact that England is in danger of following a path leading to a tragic and disastrous end.

Of the millions of young Englishmen who went away to serve as soldiers in near and distant lands, it was emphatically predicted that those who returned would be so unsettled by their strange experience as to despise their old occupations. Never again would they settle down to weekly wage-earning at the dry-goods counter, following the plow in lonely places, tending machines in vast factories, or clerking by artificial light in great city offices. Consequently a social upheaval would follow. But when the great armies melted away, a surprize developed. The millions who came back were "very contented to find security and any place reserved for them at all; very contented, indeed, to find themselves alive." The fierce interest of each was not contempt for his old job, but fear lest he should be done out of it. Forgotten, as a vanished dream, were the incredible sufferings, dangers and privations as they proceeded straightway to rejoin the ends of their interrupted lives. Thus, men who had performed amazing heroisms were found back at the ribbon-counter, the plow, the machine and the bookkeeping desk. There was no thought of a social upheaval so far as they were then concerned. Behind the labor unrest, which presently developed for a betterment of conditions, were not the ex-service men, but those workers who had remained at home; tho later ex-service men joined the movement "when shelled out of the lair they thought secure by the coming of unemployment, as once shelled out of the dug-out by enemy guns."

Other and less satisfactory discoveries, however, were gradually unfolded. Among these was the disillusionment that "not one good cause can be said to have been enriched by the murderous operations of this war." Mr. Masterman holds that both sides lost the war, tho one side lost more heavily than the other; and that, instead of a moral or spiritual uplift having taken place, the aftermath revealed more hatred between nations than there had been before the war, more determination for revenge, "more splitting asunder of a humanity grown fearful and bitter and old," and all raging from the Ural Mountains to the Atlantic. So far as Great Britain was concerned, however, the author thinks that the war may have brought some slight benefit in a direct contact with the independent and progressive citizens of Australia, Canada and the United States; also in a noticeable dropping of British insularity through the mass of information brought back by returning soldiers, who, after their habit, made friends in all parts of the world. As one characteristically wrote of Verona, the city of Dante and Juliet: "This is a beautiful city. I think it is the

(1) ENGLAND AFTER WAR. By C. F. G. Masterman. 311 pages. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

most beautiful city I have ever seen. There are oranges growing on the trees and a cinema across the road." By conceding the superior beauty of Verona, even tho oddly exprest in the precise charm of a handy motion-picture house amid fruitful orange-trees, the soldier was unconsciously acting as the missionary of a better understanding between nations.

At this point one may appropriately turn aside for a moment to note Mr. Alfred E. Zimmern's curious indictment of Lloyd George as set forth in "Europe in Convalescence."(2) At the signing of the Armistice, according to Mr. Zimmern, the British Premier was offered the old, familiar choice between good and evil. He stood on the threshold of the post-war general election and must make his choice before the people. He might have pledged Great Britain to the salvation of Europe by retaining the army to police the weaker nations in a state of chaos until order was established, and, by mobilizing British credit, together with that of the United States, France, Italy and Japan, might have restored the productive powers of an impoverished continent. Instead, he listened to his bad angel—so Mr. Zimmern thinks—and not only demobilized the British forces, but demanded the abolition of all conscript armies. By sinning thus against the light, Mr. Zimmern contends, one weak mortal caused suffering to millions and kept a continent in chaos. "For all his bravado, he has been a haunted man ever since." Perhaps! But, after all, was not Mr. Lloyd George guided by very stern and real facts? Whatever his political sins, he can hardly be charged with deafness to public sentiment; he therefore heard in both ears the frenzy of rejoicing over the belief that the whole horrible fighting business was over. The boys were not only wanted at home, but desired to go home. That was unquestionably a different matter from policing all the chaotic nations of Europe. Then, as to Mr. Zimmern's world-credit mobilization plan, what evidence has since come to light to show that the United States and the other nations would have permitted themselves to be so mobilized by Mr. Lloyd George? Somehow one feels that the sturdy Welsh ex-Premier has not lost many nights' sleep over his "Great Refusal." But, in justice to Mr. Zimmern's generally able work, it should be stated that some of his political and economic conclusions are decidedly worthy of consideration.

Mr. Masterman—to return to his absorbing volume—contends that both the British and German aristocracies existed solely for the purpose of war, tho the latter had an advantage in the day of Armageddon by the assistance of "an elaborated and carefully trained apparatus of 'intellectuals.'" But the British aristocracy exhibited all the qualities for which it had been maintained—courage, devotion, and care for the men under its charge—and so "justified its existence in the ultimate hour." For example, said an officer to embryo subalterns of the governing class: "Remember that when the day of battle comes, you are in charge of twenty-five men, not twenty-six. What happens to yourself does not matter." So the flower of it perished in heroic struggle on foreign soil, while what remained of it at home presently found itself confronted with an economic struggle almost equally disastrous because of the financial burdens laid upon its investments and historic estates. While some have predicted the annihilation of the British aristocracy, others can see a continued existence for it through its recruiting from the classes below, a trait which has given it its democratic leaven as compared with the caste aristocracies of the Continent.

In referring to the fact that the sea-going spirit is born in the English people, Mr. Masterman notes that some of the counties which provide the greatest number of recruits for the Royal Navy are situated in the interior, away from the coast. This subject is treated more fully in "The Story of the British Navy,"(3) an admirable volume by Harold F. B. Wheeler, who pays a glowing tribute to the traditional daring and valor of British seamen throughout the centuries, up to and including the late war.

With the sea spirit of the British there has gone a genius for colonization, with the result that sons of Britain are now spread over a great part of the world, whether in large commonwealths or in

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OLD PALACE, RICHMOND, TO BE AN AMERICAN'S HOME

The beautiful old palace at Richmond, famous as the place of Queen Elizabeth's death, is to become the home of an American business man and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Lane. Photo shows the favorite room of Queen Caroline, who lived for a time at the palace.

(2)EUROPE IN CONVALESCENCE. By Alfred E. Zimmern. 237 pages. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

(3)THE STORY OF THE BRITISH NAVY. By Harold F. B. Wheeler. Illustrated in color by Ellis Silas. 384 pages. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

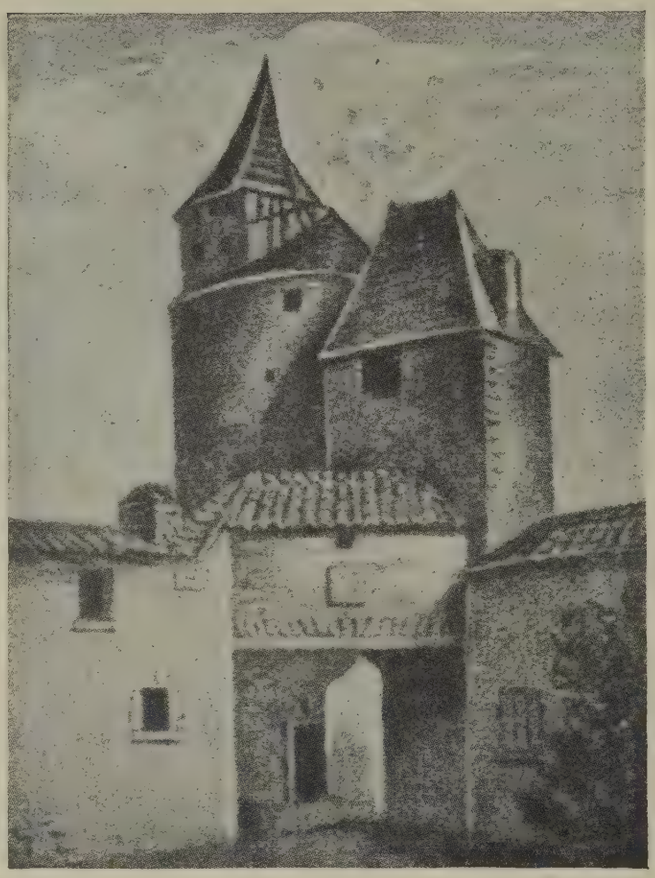
P. & A. Photo.

LABOR MEETING IN ENGLAND

The Mettle of the English Pasture

Two Charming Essayists

AT FIRST sight the admirer of Mr. Powys's "Ebony and Ivory," with its masterly African pictures of stark horror, the ebon wing of the dominion of the "black gods" casting a Plutonian shadow over his pages, will take up his new and gentle book with surprize. Those basalt miniatures, grim as blood-stained African idols, belong to a world remote indeed from that of these "Thirteen Worthies"(1)—we thank Mr. Powys for reviving that honest old English word. Yet, of course, the world of these "worthies" was also in evidence in Mr. Powys's first book, tho the appalling impressiveness of its "Ebony" section somewhat overshadowed the "Ivory," with its poignant evocations of the loved English scene. Writing of the poetry of William Barnes, he says: "The very look and character of certain places in Dorset he can bring before the eyes of her exiled sons with heart-breaking vividness."



MONTAIGNE'S TOWER AS IT APPEARED IN 1823

That nostalgia of the exiled son of Dorset, turned East African stock-farmer for his health, often brought a note of wistfulness into the stern writing done beneath the savage African sun, and gave one a sense of security with the writer, as being one humanized by rich traditional nurture, and those "deep-rooted meditations" springing out of a youth intensely one with the English countryside, and bred on great old English books. One felt the mettle of the English pasture in Mr. Powys's writing, and the influence of "the shelves of old-fashioned libraries" hidden away dreamily in antique manor-houses to which he is fond of referring. On those shelves are always to be found just those books of these thirteen worthies which are his theme in this delectable, deep-rooted volume; for to an Englishman Montaigne even has long been an English writer, actually so English indeed in his temper and style, particularly when first met in the friendly folio of that Florio translation, which Shakespeare himself used. We recall no recent book so wholesomely pervaded as this with the breath of English meadows, and all that thrilling atmosphere in which the romance of England's past seems, so to say, to be blended with the immemorial sweetness of her wild-flowers. This atmospheric quality gives to these papers, which might well have been bookishly dry-as-dust, an almost pastoral quality. Whichever "worthy" he is treating of, Mr. Powys makes us aware always of England behind and beneath him, as tho he should pull up an English cowslip and make us smell the English earth at its roots. Always, wherever we turn, it is "this dear, dear land." With each writer we are made to feel that it was the English soil that has made English literature, that it is as much a natural product of English earth as William Barnes's "zunny woodlands." Take this charming passage from his paper on Chaucer:

> Geoffrey Chaucer belongs to those poets for whom the actual, sweating, visible world is sufficient. No heavenly fanfare was able to divert his downcast eyes from the hedgerows, fish-ponds, and ale-stakes of his familiar environment. His feet are firmly planted in meadow-soil, and the heels of his pointed, medieval shoon have ever upon them honest, grass-smelling dung from the parkland enclosures of the home counties. Not even Wordsworth has succeeded as well as Chaucer in conveying to the reader that particular thrill that comes each year in England with the first days of spring. It is no evasive thing. It has none of the intangibility of the rainy seasons in tropical lands. It is a thrill that is palpable. It is as apparent to the young, clean-hoofed steers in the growing meads as to the newly arrived cuckoo, who, all the morning long, from shrouded elms, with careless orange throat, shouts wantonly across the mild, soft-scented air. The little round roots of the celandines are conscious of it as, also, are the opening daisies. Daisies! it was not for nothing that Chaucer selected that brave, contented, little English flower to be his especial favorite. If anybody should desire some comfortable token by which he could at any time be reminded of the quality of Chaucer's poetry, let him take up a handful of daisies from a lawn freshly mown, and inhale their simple odor. With such an innocent bouquet against his nostrils, a bouquet so drugged with sunshine and earth-mould, surely he must catch the very flavor and indefinable aroma of the Canterbury Tales.

How admirably true also is this opening comment on the same great poet (alas for the future bard, suckled, so to speak, on grape-juice!)

> There is something enviously appropriate in the fact that Geoffrey Chaucer sprang from a family of wine merchants. Such a profession may happily enough be associated with a poet whose turn of mind, grateful to the senses, was tempered also with a proverbial gaiety.

And again:

> His composition has no taint of "moralic acid" about it. For better or for worse he is content to take the world as he finds it. Natural goodness, natural spontaneous piety, he is well able to appreciate, but naught will persuade him that good can come from any restrictions that outrage the laws of nature.

Over and over again, as Mr. Powys recalls us to his brave old writers, read long since, and maybe neglected awhile, we are reminded of those words in the Book of Esdras: "The entrances of the elder world were wide and sure, and brought immortal fruit." Even those of his "worthies" who are chiefly engaging as "oddities," such as Tom Coryat, the learned Elizabethan tramp of the "Crudities," or Sir Thomas Urquhart, the crotchety Scotch translator of Rabelais, or Nicholas Culpepper, the astrological herbalist, even these have the pith and marrow in them of sturdy, rooted character, growths of the rich old soil. And, if this be true of them, how much truer is it of those other "worthies" who have secure, if modest, fames, names such as Izaak Walton and Thomas Bewick, that, as Lamb said, bring a perfume in the mention. Particularly charming is Mr. Powys's paper on Walton.

(1) THIRTEEN WORTHIES. By Llewelyn Powys. New York: American Library Service. $1.75.

> There is, [he says] in the writings of Izaak Walton a quality so devout, so charged with a simple unadorned beauty, that it can only be described as "apostolic," and indeed one might almost fancy that certain of its more inspired passages were taken directly from the Scriptures, might have actually been written by one of the evangelists had chance led his holy steps to the flowering primrose banks of a river in England.

In his paper on Bewick he has this deeply felt passage on "the particular romance, if we may call it so, which we associate in our minds with the English countryside":

> This romance is not easy to define, possibly it can be appreciated only by people who have lived all their lives in the country. It has to do with the indefinable delight and relish of the long-drawn-out seasons which they have known from childhood; it has to do with the very smell of the damp autumn air when there is continual dripping from the bare branches onto coloured leaves—with the very tang of frosty mornings when the first cat's ice is upon the roads—with the bite in the air when the weather-vanes are pointing northeast for days together, and the water in tanks and butts is solid ice: it is what gives to so many wayside objects, such as milestones and sign-posts, that wistful, almost articulate, look—causing one to fancy that they can not have been altogether oblivious of the generations which have passed them by.

On such different men as John Bunyan, and Beau Nash, the famous dandy "King of Bath," Mr. Powys writes with the same humane sympathy, and the wild genius of Marlowe finds in him no less understanding an interperter. This is as imaginatively accurate as it is vivid:

> "A boy in years, a man in genius, a god in ambition," his wild and attractive personality flashes across the spacious firmament of the Elizabethan era with all the startling and sudden beauty of a falling star. From the first a certain suggestion of impending disaster seems to have surrounded the brief years of his wayward life. It was as tho the winds that blew upon him from the outer spaces were electric and sultry; as tho in truth it might have been foreknown that his passage to immortality would be as fatal as it was swift.

In this paper he has one of those quaintly exact adjectives combining a fanciful suggestiveness with the firmness of actual visualization which on every page give character and distinction to his prose. What single word other than "gibbous" could make us so immediately see "the rambling, grimy, gibbous streets of old London"? How actual, too, are the "cider-coloured reaches" of the river Stowe, or "the little, green, cold-backed frogs," and again "the enameled snake-skins"; and what a decorative, perfumatory use he makes of the names of old English flowers, "lady-smocks and culverkeys"; what new life he brings to such old English words as "barton," for "courtyard"! Happy phrases and reflections, quickly wise, fall unobtrusively everywhere from his strong and sensitive pen: "An overzealous preoccupation with the illusive activities that belong to everyday life," "that misguided wilfulness which so often seems to be associated with intelligence." How finely as truly said is this of Mr. Thomas Hardy's poetry:

> Yet this extraordinary verse, gouged out, word for word, line by line, from the very interstices of Hardy's mental structure, has about it an idiosyncratic and twisted authenticity expressive of the very soul of the man's originality. These poems are like knotted hedge-sticks, like ancient bell-hammers, like odd pieces of cottage furniture, or like the worm-eaten timber from a village bier that has borne away the corpses of a score of generations.

Here is imaginative criticism that would have delighted Charles Lamb. And how medicinable for our "present discontents" is this passage on Montaigne's essays:

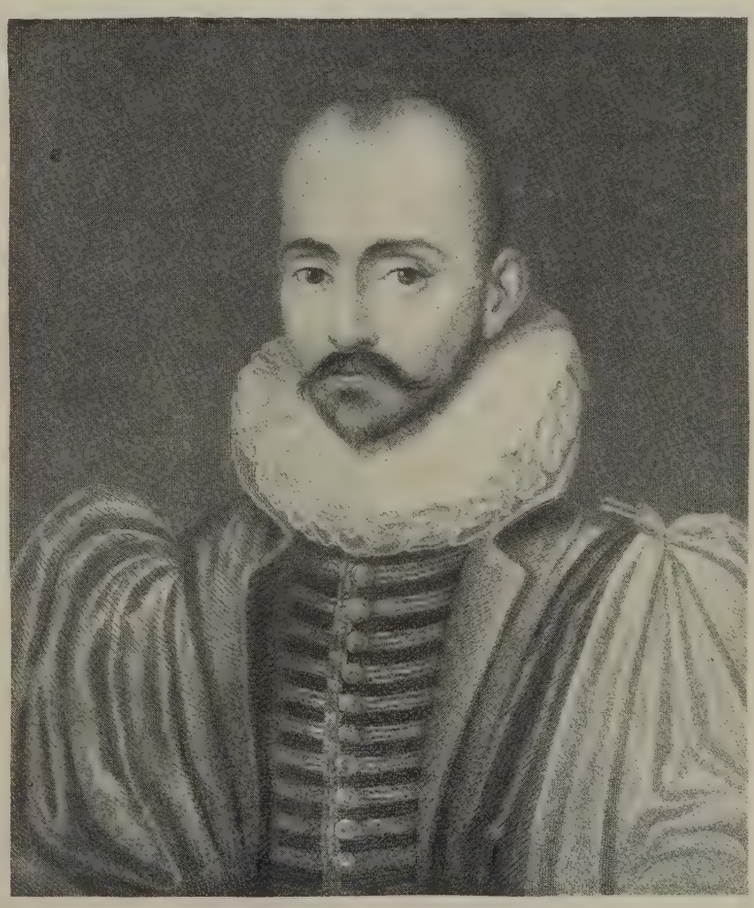
> In the mean, famished period in which we live, wherein ill-bred industrial commercialism masquerades as civilized life, how consoling, how infinitely restorative they are.

And this passage, once more, from his paper on William Barnes:

> In his poetry there can be found no trace of that black salt of disillusionment, bitter to the taste as the milk of dandelions or the roots of certain weeds, that seem to have become so inseparable from the work of the poets of these latter years. Never for one single moment does he suspect the world of concealing, beneath human life, yawning gaps and ghastly insecurities! Nothing but what may be called "natural sorrows" ever darkens the brows of the simple folk whom he portrays.

In a day of merely showy books, Mr. Powys has written one of those real books which, to adapt a phrase of his own, have their origin in the heart as well as in the head. Also, to give it an unfashionable recommendation, it is a book that does one good to read, a book that, by recalling our attention to his stalwart, wholesome, as well as charming "worthies," may enable us to reconsider the wisdom of meriting old Izaak Walton's benediction on those "that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in His providence, and be quiet, and go a-Angling." Here is balm for our neurasthenic souls beyond the reach of psychoanalysis, and the writing itself, so easy and distinguished, so steeped in quiet beauty, is a healing delight. It is all done, too, as lightly as the turning of an omelet, or perhaps one should say an English pancake on Shrove Tuesday.

Mr. Holbrook Jackson is another English essayist who is probably best-known in this country by his admirably informing and entertaining book on "The Eighteen-Nineties," a book which has made him something like the standard authority on that bizarre period which sowed the wind of which we are now reaping the whirlwind. By his fellow Londoners he has perhaps been most valued for his vigorous and catholic-minded literary magazine, *To-day*, one of the most vital organs of literary opinion ever produced in England; at first, and for a long and successful career, a popular weekly till the exigencies of the war reduced it to one of the most companionable of those miniature magazines, of which in this country Mr. Michael Monahan's *Papyrus* and *Phœnix* were the best examples.



MICHEL EYQUEM DE MONTAIGNE

Mr. Jackson proved himself a creative editor in the best English tradition, and, while he has been assisted by certain "eminent hands," his magazine has always borne the stamp of his own vigorous and sympathetic personality. He has a rare gift of eager appreciation, and has been of good service to two generations, in that while he has held fast to what was valuable in the period in which he grew up, he has proved equally

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The Literary Digest

INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company

Adam W. Wagnalls, Pres.; Wilfred J. Funk, Vice-Pres.;
Robert J. Cuddihy, Treas.; William Neisel, Sec'y

354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

AUGUST, 1923

The Case of the "Young Novelist"

SINCE the days of its blithe beginnings, in those alluring, far-off times of "Tom Jones," "Clarissa Harlowe," "Roderick Random," fiction has quite consistently kept along one line of development. By this is not meant that it has restricted itself to one style of writing, or that it has refrained from reaching out to gather whatever treasure might tempt it in the vast storehouse of the imagination. Richardson and Fielding started with the familiar stories of domestic life, and their great narratives, almost epical in quality and comprehensiveness, have come to be regarded as models in their way of the novel of character and manners. But from this primary stem of fiction have sprung a variety of branches that have borne fruit each after its special kind and flavor. So diversified, indeed, from the parent stock has this fruit become that it is sometimes difficult to trace the ancestral connection. It is there, nevertheless, and from that first humorous, delightful venture in domestic drama have grown our pure romances, novels of mystery, historical novels, social satires, detective stories, psychological studies—the collection is a multifarious one, and its typical heroes, running all the way from Ivanhoe, David Copperfield, Pendennis, Rochester, to Sherlock Holmes and Babbitt, are bewildering enough if they are to be classed as members of the one family. Yet they are of one family, the family of the creative imagination; and they have this in common, that they are born to entertain those of us who choose to follow their adventures.

THAT seems to have been from the first the chief aim of the novelist—to entertain. In achieving this purpose he has adopted certain methods and themes while avoiding others. The province of the novelist, at least until now, has been quite distinct from that of the scientist, the philosopher, the theologian. One would as soon look among the problems of Euclid for an account of the Faery Queen's revels as for a dissertation on religious polemics in the novels of Scott or Dickens. The avoidance of religion as a theme for his art has been, indeed, a marked characteristic of the writer of fiction ever since the days of Richardson and Fielding. It is quite possible, too, that this very avoidance has gained for fiction, in the minds of many, its classification under "profane literature," as well as the occasional rebuke, merited or otherwise, that this or that novel is irreligious in its tendency. The deliberate choice of religion—or, rather, theology—as a theme for a novel found its first conspicuous example some thirty-five years ago in Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Robert Elsmere," a book that, read in cold blood to-day, and with a retrospective glance at the furore it once aroused, seems quite negligible as a work of art, however important it may still be considered as a religious tract. Curiously enough, in the same year with "Robert Elsmere" appeared Mrs. Deland's "John Ward, Preacher," and thereafter several lesser attempts to use religion as a subject for treatment in the novel, culminating ten years ago in Winston Churchill's "The Inside of the Cup," and, more recently, in Mr. Wells's "The Soul of a Bishop," together with that much-talked-of portion of "Mr. Britling," afterward elaborated in "God the Invisible King."

JUDGED by the standards of creative art alone, none of these novels founded upon a purely religious theme offer a conspicuous and lasting contribution to imaginative literature. Hence it might be argued that the lapse, in choice of subject, from the example set by Fielding and Richardson, and followed by practically all their great descendants, is a disastrous innovation that the novelist, concerned solely in the art of story-telling, would do well to avoid. There is a natural hesitancy, however, that forbids the setting of arbitrary limits to a form of literary art that has developed such astonishing possibilities since its inception in modern times. The great religious novel may not have been written as yet; but that does not prove the inadequacy of fiction as a vehicle for the development of some great, convincing religious theme in the future. Meantime, there is the question, discust elsewhere by Mrs. Wasson in this number of the International Book Review, as to whether the novel, in the hands of "the young novelist," has grown irreligious.

MRS. WASSON'S criticism will be accepted as valid, or rejected wholly or in part, largely according to the preconceived individual bias of the reader. Discussions of this kind usually have this result, and it is this inevitability that has tended to keep religion as a leading theme out of our fiction. The progress of the latter, however, especially as seen in certain lines of development of the novel during the last thirty-five years, seems to open up a new field for the novelist, and it is because of this evident and, in some respects, quite logical tendency that Mrs. Wasson's analysis gains in importance. But, on behalf of "the young novelist" and the part he is said to be playing in this literary evolution—or shall it be called retrogression?—one feels like appealing to history. Instances enough are there for the finding, in which the young innovator, possest of a new idea or a new method, for the flaunting of which he is held in suspicion as a subverter of morals or religion by his own generation, but who turns out to be, with the lapse of time, either quite innocuous, or else the teacher of an ideal that can not be immediately realized.

THIS palliation derived from history may not, of course, be in the least relevant to the specific instances advanced by Mrs. Wasson. Because one young innovator, condemned by the conservative critics among his contemporaries, proves to be a harbinger of light for those who come after him is no reason for placing all innovators, young or old, in the same enviable category. The youthful iconoclast has a ruthless, uncompromising way of going about his work that makes it difficult for the bystander to see clearly what he would be at, to judge of his sincerity of motive as well as the actuality of his achievement, and thus he does not easily come into the right and final perspective of history until long after his labors are finished. But in the case of the young novelist, whether or not the criticism regarding his religion—or lack of religion—is well founded, the interesting fact remains that he is developing fiction along lines that heretofore have been closed, or only sporadically attempted. If new paths are being opened to the writer of fiction, the opportunity to follow them is equally within reach of the religious or the irreligious novelist. Until recently religion was an interdicted subject for fiction. That the barriers are down to-day is significant of much for good or ill—but principally for good—in the development of those deeper currents of literature that hitherto, largely through popular indifference, have remained unplumbed.

Clifford Smyth.

Mark Twain Stands and Delivers

By Brander Matthews

MARK TWAIN disliked the drudgery of lecturing, of constant traveling, of being in the appointed place at the appointed hour, of having to say the same things over and over again, no matter how tired he might be or how out of sorts. But he delighted in speaking, in playing upon the feelings of his hearers, in making them laugh and in making them think. Like the rest of us, he liked to do that which he knew he could do well. It has been my good fortune to listen to most of the famous after-dinner speakers of the last generation—James Russell Lowell and George William Curtis, Joseph H. Choate and Horace Porter; and no one of them was better than Mark Twain was—when he was at his best. Not often did he disappoint his audience, but now and again this misfortune did befall him. He suffered for years from the memory of his blank failure at the dinner given to Whittier in 1877; and I recall more than one other occasion when he did not come up to expectation—notably a supper given by Augustin Daly to Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, when Mark lowered the temperature by reading a long and hopelessly inappropriate essay on the New England clam!

MARK TWAIN VISITS HIS BIRTHPLACE

"These are our failures," as Beau Brummell's valet explained; and they were only a few. More often than not Mark's was "the speech of the evening." He triumphed so often in the difficult art of after-dinner speaking, he was so completely a master of the craft, he had to his credit so many speeches which were excellent in every way, with the special excellence that only he could attain, that his friends used to beg him to gather into a book the best of his addresses for the benefit of those who had not heard him. To one of my letters urging him to this task, he answered, "I reckon it's a good idea to collect the speeches." But later, when I had repeated my suggestion, he wrote back, "There isn't going to be any volume of speeches, because I am too lazy to collect them and revise them."

What Mark was too indolent to do for himself was done for him not long after his death. A volume was published in 1910 entitled "Mark Twain's Speeches," a volume of more than four hundred pages, which revealed itself as a hasty and careless piece of book-making, devoid of discrimination and deficient in arrangement. Apparently it was put together casually from a scrapbook of newspaper clippings. The name of the editor was not given on the title-page, and I do not know who was responsible for it. Now, after thirteen years, this inadequate collection has been superseded by the present volume,(1) skilfully edited and arranged, so far as may be, in chronological sequence. As many of the speeches are here printed for the first time from Mark's manuscript, I assume that we are indebted to the devoted labor of Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, whose life of Mark I believe to be the best biography of an American man of letters which has yet been written — possibly even better than Lounsbury's life of Fenimore Cooper, and I could not give it higher praise.

I have noted that in this satisfactory volume the speeches are arranged in chronological order and that many of them are here printed from Mark's own manuscript. Each of these facts is important. To take the latter first, many of those who are lucky enough to have heard Mark speak, in his easy fashion, with his customary drawl, with his seeming spontaneity, with his frequent pauses while he was obviously questing the exact word he wanted—probably many of those who have heard Mark when he was standing and delivering, will be surprized to learn that Mark had ever written out in advance what had fallen upon their ears as the apparent improvization of the moment. But this ought not to have surprized any one who had given thought to the art of the orator, the principles of which are as imperative upon the after-dinner speaker as upon the deliverer of a more formal address. He must seem spontaneous, of course, but for the most part, spontaneity is the result of thorough preparation. The art of after-dinner speaking is like other arts and those who succeeded in it owe their success to three things, an innate gift, of course, an intuitive understanding of its principles, and finally, incessant practise. Perhaps I ought to add—as a fourth qualification—a rich endowment of the mimetic faculty, of the art of acting. Mark Twain was a born actor as well as a trained artist. Because he was an artist, he prepared himself, whenever it was possible; and in such preparation he shrank from no labor.

No one knew him better than Howells; and in the brief appreciation prefixt to this volume Howells has told us that Mark's

> near-failures were the error of a rare trust to the spontaneity in which other speakers confide, or are believed to confide, when they are on their feet. He knew that from the beginning of oratory the orator's spontaneity was for the silence and solitude of the closet where he mused his words to an imagined audience; that this was the use of orators from Demosthenes and Cicero up and down. He studied every word and syllable, and memorized them by a system of mnemonics peculiar to himself, consisting of an arbitrary arrangement of things on a table—knives, forks, salt cellars; inkstands, pens, boxes, or whatever was at hand—which stood for points and clauses and climaxes, and were at once indelible diction and constant suggestion. He studied every tone and every gesture, and he forecast the result with the real audience from its result with that imagined audience. Therefore it was beautiful to see him and to hear him; he rejoiced in the pleasure he gave and the blows of surprize which he dealt; and because he had his end in mind he knew when to stop.

As we turn the pages of this volume it is not difficult for us to single out the speeches which Mark wrote, corrected, polished, studied and rehearsed, those in which he did his best, than which there could be none better. They are often rollickingly extravagant in their humor; but they are also likely to contain passages

(1) MARK TWAIN'S SPEECHES. With an introduction by Albert Bigelow Paine and an appreciation by William Dean Howells. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1923. 396 pp. $2.25.

of exquisite artistry, like the description of the ice-storm in the famous speech on the weather of New England:

> If we hadn't our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying vagaries—the ice-storm—when a leafless tree is clothed with ice from the bottom to the top—ice that is as bright and clear as crystal; when every bough and twig is strung with ice-beads, frozen dewdrops, and the whole tree sparkles cold and white like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume. Then the wind waves the branches and the sun comes out and turns all those myriads of beads and drops to prisms that glow and burn and flash with all manners of colored fires, which change and change again with inconceivable rapidity from blue to red, from red to green, and green to gold,—the tree becoming a spraying fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels; and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility in art or nature of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificance. One can not make the words too strong.

A passage like that is not produced on the spur of the moment. It could be wrought only by fasting and prayer. And it exhibits the range of Mark's marvelous vocabulary and his command over the exaot noun and the necessary adjective. That Howells described correctly Mark's own method is made plain by Mark's admissions in more than one of these speeches, more particularly in the first of all, on "Speech-Making Reform," from which I must quote two self-revelatory passages. He asserted that the masters of after-dinner speaking

> have learnt their art by long observation and by slowly compacted experience; so now they know what they did not know at first, that the best and most telling speech is not the actual impromptu one, but the counterfeit of it; they know that the speech is best worth listening to which has been carefully prepared in private and tried on a plaster cast, or an empty chair, or any other appreciative object that will keep quiet until the speaker has got his matter and his delivery limbered up so that they will seem impromptu to an audience (p. 2).

And a little later in the same speech he explained how the accomplished speaker, master of his trade,

> will soar long, in the most beautiful way, on the wings of a practised memory, heaving in a little decayed grammar here, and a litle wise tautology there, and a little neatly counterfeited embarrassment yonder, and a little finely acted stumbling and stammering for a word, rejecting this word and that, and finally getting the right one, and fetching it out with ripping effect, and with the glad look of a man who has got out of a bad hobble entirely by accident—and wouldn't take a hundred dollars down for that accident; and every now and then he will sprinkle you in one of those happy turns on something that has previously been said; and at last, with supreme art, he will catch himself, when in the very act of sitting down, and lean over the table and fire a parting rocket, in the way of an afterthought, which makes everybody stretch his mouth as it goes up, and dims the very stars in heaven when it explodes. And yet that man has been practising that afterthought and that attitude for about a week (pp. 3–4).

I have left myself little space to deal with the other important feature of this improved edition of Mark's speeches, its chronological arrangement. This arrangement is not strictly chronological, because it was not always possible to find the precise date of delivery. But it is approximately accurate; and it enables us to see the growth of Mark's skill as a speaker and his own development from an adroit funmaker, aiming mainly at the evoking of refreshing laughter, to the sober-minded, saddened, yet cheerful, observer of humanity. He expected little of this life and nothing from any life hereafter. He was utterly disenchanted, but he was never morose or malignant. His wisdom had ripened; his toleration had broadened; and his humor, less exuberant it may be, was as effervescing as ever. He found solace in his universally acclaimed popularity. The recognition, which had come to him late in life, warmed his heart; and he joyed in coming before the public and in savoring the affection in which he was held. It delighted him that without ceasing to be an individual, he had become, as it were, an institution. He was greatly gratified by the degree with which Oxford honored him, and perhaps almost as much by the privilege of wearing a gown of startling hues. This gown, like the white suit he invented for his own constant use, winter and summer, enabled him to achieve the conspicuousness, the relish for which had survived in him ever since his boyish days when he was Tom Sawyer.

The latest speeches, especially those he made in England when he went over to get his gown, are less evidently prepared. He was able to speak out of the fulness of his heart. In fact, the latest set-speech in this volume to be built up with all the resources of his art was that delivered at the dinner to celebrate his seventieth birthday, December 5, 1905. And I can not end this review more

(*Continued on page 57*)

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: MARK TWAIN, KATE DOUGLAS RIGGS, REV. JOSEPH H. TWICHELL, BLISS CARMAN, RUTH M'ENERY STUART, HENRY H. ROGERS, HENRY MILLS ALDEN, MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

Celebrating the Tercentenary of a Famous Book

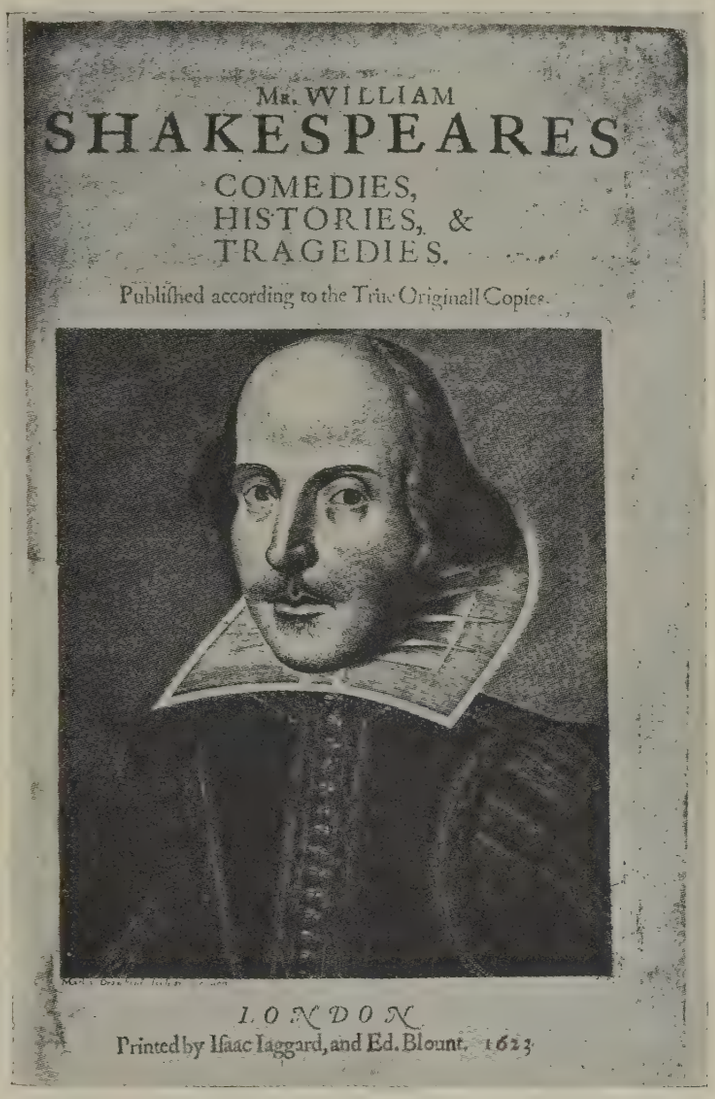
By Paul Kaufman

FROM twenty shillings in 1623 to forty thousand dollars in 1923 for a copy of Shakespeare! This is the story of the rise of the valuation in three centuries. It shows in terms of mere money why we celebrate in this year the 300th anniversary of the greatest book written in the English language—the first collection of the plays of the world's greatest writer, now called the First Folio of Shakespeare.(1)

But for this rescue of more than half his work, we should now have only half a Shakespeare. For during his lifetime only sixteen of the dramas came straggling into print. He died in 1616, leaving not a trace of the other twenty. Silence had apparently closed over them forever. Like most of his contemporaries he seems not to have cared! "The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces" of his imagination had apparently dissolved (as he makes *Prospero* say in "The Tempest," and "like this insubstantial pageant faded," leaving "not a rack behind." Then in 1623, by the happiest of inspirations, two of his actor-friends—John Heminge and Henry Condell—rescued from scattered manuscripts and published "not for their age alone but for all time" more than half his dramatic works. Here is the shining bead-roll of the rescued plays:

"The Two Gentlemen of Verona,"
"The Comedy of Errors,"
"King John,"
"The Taming of the Shrew,"
"As You Like It,"
"Twelfth Night,"
"All's Well that Ends Well,"
"Measure for Measure,"
"Macbeth,"
"Julius Cæsar,"
"Coriolanus,"
"Antony and Cleopatra,"
"Cymbeline,"
"A Winter's Tale,"
"The Tempest."

These were added the partially—or in cases perhaps wholly—non-Shakesperean plays: "Henry VI" (three parts), "Timon of Athens," and "Henry VIII." Here are nine of the twelve comedies, five of the ten histories, and six of the fourteen tragedies, almost any one of which would make its author immortal. What a salvaging was this!



TITLE PAGE OF THE FIRST FOLIO IN REDUCED FACSIMILE

Hence this 300th anniversary year calls for more than passing notice, tho it may not appeal to popular sentiment so strongly as did the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death in 1916. Shakespeare's productive career had ended some time before his death, however; he had broken his magic wand of creation with *Prospero* in "The Tempest" five years before. Yet this is the human way, apparently—to celebrate birth and death more than the achievements which make significant the span of the years "rounded with a sleep."

To every admirer of the man from Stratford, however—and who, indeed, except Bernard Shaw, is not?—every fact about this volume of thirty-six plays is of engrossing interest. I shall, therefore, outline what we know about its getting launched into existence, describe the essential features of its appearance and arrangement, mention a few of the more notable copies now treasured, and pictured especially the priceless Turbutt copy recently discovered as the original one deposited for copyright, a fact which, outside of a small circle of scholars, is so far unknown in America.

On November 8, 1623, the simple entry was made in the so-called Stationers' Register, which corresponded to our copyright record:

> Mr. Blount: Isaak Jaggard. Entred for their copie under the hands of Mr. Doctor Worrall and Mr. Cole, Warden, Mr. William Shakspeers Comedyes, Histories and Tragedyes, soe manie of the said copyes as are not formerly entred to other men, vizt, Comedyes. The Tempest. Two gentlemen of Verona. Measure for Measure. The Comedy of Errors. As you like it. All's well that ends well. Twelft Night. The winters tale. Histories. The thirde part of Henry the sixt. Henry the eight. Tragedies. Coriolanus. Timon of Athens. Julius Cæsar. Mackbeth. Anthonie and Cleopatra. Cymbeline.

Thus was the First Folio officially "born." Only those plays are enumerated, as will be noticed, which were "not formerly entred to other men"; that is, which had not been published in separate quarto form by various other printers (1 and 2 "Henry VI," "King John," and "The Taming of the Shrew" were thriftily omitted because older versions of plays with the same titles, now revised by Shakespeare, had been entered previously. (It cost sixpence to "enter" a publication!) Only the names of the printers, "Mr. Blount and Isaak Jaggard," appear in this official record, but it was really a small syndicate of printers and booksellers—William Jaggard, the chief printer to the city of London; William Aspley, and John Smethwick, besides Edward Blount,

(1) Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies. Published according to the True Originall Copies. London: Printed by Isaac Jaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623. (Photographic facsimile of the foregoing with introduction by J. O. Halliwell Phillips. 8vo, Cloth, over 1000 pages. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. $2.50.)

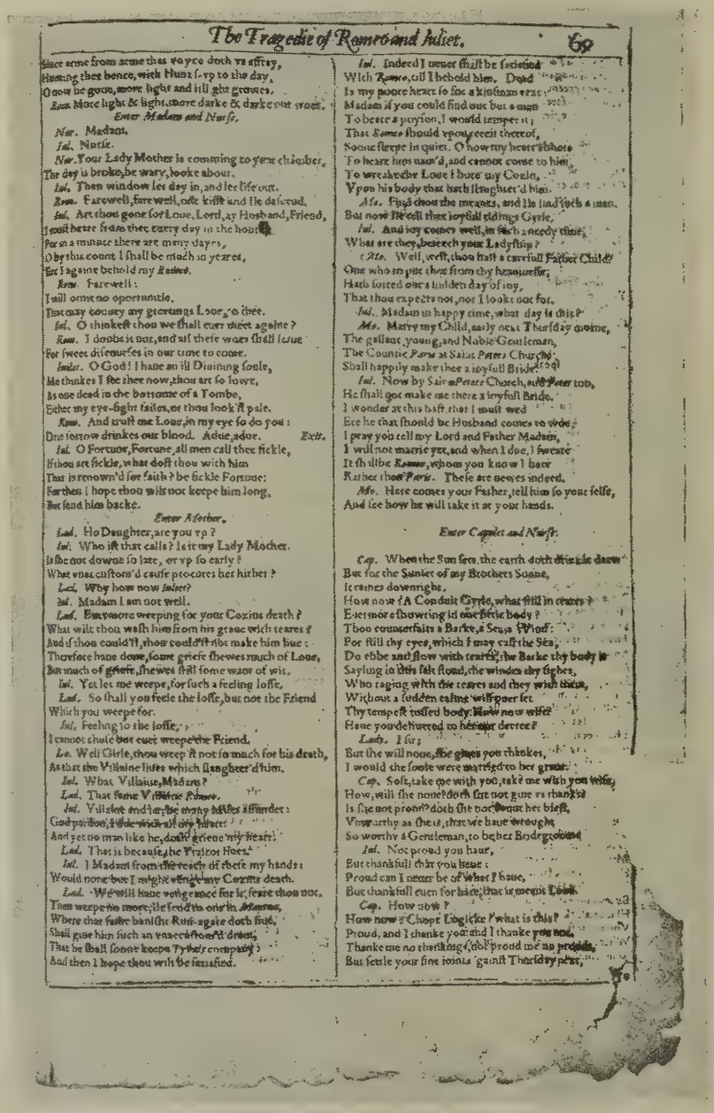
all of whose names appear at the end of the Folio, and who bore the financial risk. They could pay no greater tribute to Shakespeare's popularity than to embark on this enterprise, for up to that time, and indeed for over sixty years later, when the second folio of Beaumont and Fletcher appeared in 1679, no other English dramatist was considered worth the risk of so large a volume. When Ben Jonson, the literary lion of those "spacious times," published his "Works," consisting of only nine pieces, in 1616, not only the title but the venture was novel. These printers, however, made a shrewd estimate of the public taste, added a dash of daring, and made the plunge. To them all praise!

The chief credit must go, however, to the editors, Heminge and Condell. Heminge was manager of the famous Globe Theater occupied by Shakespeare's company, and Condell was closely associated with him in the staging of the plays. Their names appear in the list of twenty-six "Principall Actors in all these plays," which is the last item in the introductory matter of the Folio. That they were valued friends of the dramatist is proved by the bequest in his will: "To my fellowes, John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Condell, XXVIs. VIIId. a peece to buy them ringes." Through their close dramatic association with Shakespeare they were probably the only ones in a position to dig up the old manuscript copies of his plays lying around neglected in odd corners. Unquestionably, they were encouraged by the success of the quarto editions of nine reprinted plays, which William Jaggard had brought out in 1619, and which were creating a still greater demand for the dramatist's works. Soon after that time they probably conceived the idea of rescuing more of them, as each passing year made their loss more inevitable. The actual copies kept at the theater had perished when the Globe was burned in 1613. Heminge and Condell were therefore obliged to scour among the old actors to inquire if they had any parts of Will Shakespeare's plays. At last they managed, as we have seen, to gather up no less than twenty of them. What would we not give to-day to see a single page of one of those dog-eared, soiled manuscripts, some perhaps in Shakespeare's own hand, from which those actors first learned the lines of *Rosalind, Viola, Macbeth, Cleopatra, Prospero!*

In collecting these manuscripts we can be sure that they took the "care and paine" which they profest in their dedication "To the Great Variety of Readers" in the Folio. But how much correcting and general editing they did, we know not. We take as a harmless tho mistaken tribute to the dramatist their statement (in the same dedication) that "wee have scarse received from him a blot in his papers"; it is a misleading statement, as it is unlikely that they had much in his actual handwriting, but it bears out Ben Jonson's report: "I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing, whatsoever he penn'd, hee never blotted out a line. My answer hath beene, would he had blotted a thousand." We could devoutly wish, in the midst of our gratitude, that the editors had "blotted" and proofread their copy for the Folio with far greater care, for the persistent, almost ubiquitous errors in spelling and other typographical detail, as well as the corrupt readings, have been a serious embarrassment to all subsequent editors, at the same time supplying a happy hunting-ground for the misguided Baconians.

For the most part, according to the standards of their time, they did their best with their manuscript texts, some of which were prompt-books, much bescribbled; others, versions hastily written off by some one from an actual performance in the theater. For no less than twenty plays they have given us the only authority. Nor should we forget that for no less than eight plays already printed in the quarto they furnished an independent manuscript version—namely: "Richard III," "The Merry Wives," "Henry Fifth," "Othello," "Lear," "2 Henry IV," and "Troilus and Cressida." In some of these the Folio version makes important additions and improvements; in others the existing quartos are superior. For all the other plays, eight in number, the Folio follows the quartos with minor changes. Shakespearean editors must, therefore, consult the Folio carefully for the sixteen plays which it merely reprints.

At the same time, Heminge and Condell stretched the bounds of truth and propriety in playing up the superiority of their text over all previous versions. It was not perhaps literally true, as the title-page declares, that these works were now "published according to the True Originall Copies"—which is decidedly ambiguous. It was still more misleading for them to assert in their dedication to their readers: "Before, you were abus'd with diverse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious imposters," and to announce, with fulsome but engaging self-congratulation, that these plays "are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest [their new contributions] absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them." Would that this sanguine picture were accurate! If we only could possess the plays "perfect of their limbes . . . absolute . . . as he conceived them!" More important still: if we only could know what plays and what parts of certain plays the master really did not "conceive"! The editor who could tell us that—he were an editor indeed.


The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet. 69

Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Hunt-s-vp to the day,
O now be gone, more light and light growes,
Rom. More light & light, more darke & darke our woes.
Enter Madam and Nurse.
Nur. Madam.
Iul. Nurse.
Nur. Your Lady Mother is comming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.
Iul. Then window let day in, and let life out.
Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.
Iul. Art thou gone so? Loue, Lord, ay Husband, Friend,
I must heare from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Ere I again behold my *Romeo*.
Rom. Farewell:
I will omit no opportunitie.
That may conuey my greetings Loue, to thee.
Iul. O thinkest thou we shall ever meet againe?
Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
Iulet. O God! I haue an ill Diuining soule,
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe,
Either my eye-sight failes, or thou look'st pale.
Rom. And trust me Loue, in my eye so do you:
Drie sorrow drinkes our blood. Adue, adue. *Exit.*
Iul. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe.
Enter Mother.
Lad. Ho Daughter, are you vp?
Iul. Who is it that calls? Is it my Lady Mother.
Is she not downe so late, or vp so early?
What vnaccustom'd cause procures her hither?
Lad. Why how now *Iuliet*?
Iul. Madam I am not well.
Lad. Euermore weeping for your Cozins death?
What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?
And if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him liue:
Therefore haue done, some griefe shewes much of Loue,
But much of griefe, shewes still some want of wit.
Iul. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse.
Lad. So shall you feele the losse, but not the Friend
Which you weepe for.
Iul. Feeling so the losse,
I cannot choose but euer weepe the Friend.
La. Well Girle, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As for the Villaine liues which slaughter'd him.
Iul. What Villaine, Madam?
Lad. That same Villaine *Romeo*.
Iul. Villaine and he, be many Miles asunder:
God pardon, I do with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.
Lad. That is because the Traitor liues.
Iul. Madam from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.
Lad. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, I'le send to one in *Mantua*,
Where that same banish'd Runnagate doth liue,
Shall giue him such an vnaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soone keepe *Tybalt* company:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.
Iul. Indeed I neuer shall be satisfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart so for a kinsman vext:
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyson, I would temper it;
That *Romeo* should vpon receit thereof,
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To wreake the Loue I bore my Cozin,
Vpon his body that hath slaughter'd him.
La. Find thou the meanes, and Ile find such a man.
But now I'le tell thee ioyfull tidings Girle.
Iul. And ioy comes well, in such a needy time,
What are they, beseech your Ladyship?
La. Well, well, thou hast a carefull Father Child;
One who to put thee from thy heauinesse,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I looke not for.
Iul. Madam in happy time, what day is this?
La. Marry my Child, early next Thursday morne,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happily make thee a ioyfull Bride.
Iul. Now by Saint *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.
I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he that should be Husband comes to woe.
I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I doe, I sweare
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather than *Paris*. These are newes indeed.
La. Here comes your Father, tell him so your selfe,
And see how he will take it at your hands.
Enter Capulet and Nurse.
Cap. When the Sun sets, the earth doth drizle dewe
But for the Sunset of my Brothers Sonne,
It rames downe right.
How now? A Conduit Girle, what still in teares?
Euermore showring in one little body?
Thou counterfaits a Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,
Do ebbe and flow with teares; the Barke thy body is
Sayling in this salt flood, the windes thy sighes,
Who raging with the teares and they with them,
Without a sudden calme will ouer set
Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife?
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?
Lady. I sir;
But she will none, she gives you thankes.
I would the foole were married to her grane.
Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you wife,
How, will she none? doth she not giue us thankes?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman, to be her Bridegroome?
Iul. Not proud you haue,
But thankfull that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I haue,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant Loue.
Cap. How now?
How now? Chopt Logicke? What is this?
Proud, and I thanke you: and I thanke you not,
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prides,
But settle your fine ioints 'gainst Thursday next,

THIS IS THE MOST INTERESTING PAGE IN ANY SINGLE BOOK IN ENGLISH, BEING OPPOSITE THE FAMOUS BALCONY SCENE IN ACT II OF "ROMEO AND JULIET" IN THE TURBUTT COPY OF THE FIRST FOLIO. NOTE THE EDGE COMPLETELY WORN AWAY BY OXFORD STUDENTS, WHO HAD TO READ IT CHAINED UP IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY

The result of the unquestionable "care and paine" of Heminge and Condell is a volume of 454 leaves, 908 pages, measuring in the tallest extant copy 13½ by 8¾ inches, running double columns with 66 lines to the column. The paper is rather inferior, measured by the standard of finer folios of the time, and is water-marked with a crown and "H.C." The type, as can be seen in the full-sized facsimile of Hamlet's "To be or not to be," is 11-point, called Mediaan, closely corresponding to Didot. All the ornaments were in stock, and were not

THE READING-ROOM OF THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD, AS IT APPEARED WHEN THE STUDENTS READ THE ORIGINAL FIRST FOLIO OF SHAKESPEARE, NOW CALLED THE TURBUTT COPY. IT WAS CHAINED TO THE SHELVES SHOWN IN THE BACKGROUND

especially designed for this volume; some had been used in the 1603 "Book of Common Prayer," and the same tail-piece, interestingly enough, adorned the end of Boccaccio's "Decameron," printed by Isaac Jaggard in 1620. As already intimated, the typographical accuracy is distinctly below par: proofreading was both hasty and unintelligent. For, besides numerous misspellings and other mistakes in words, the punctuation, pagination, and the use of capitals and italics are freakish; the headlines are not infrequently wrong; and passages in foreign languages are often so garbled as to be unintelligible. Sir Sidney Lee conjectures that Jaggard's printing-office must have been undermanned in that summer season three hundred years ago, when the type was being set. Perhaps some of the typesetters who belonged to the union were out on strike. If so, they helped to provide extra labor for a whole army of scholars, who have toiled for over two hundred years to restore the plays "perfect of their limbes."

Besides correction of errors, we demand certain trimmings, to which Shakespeare, like his contemporaries, was indifferent. Until Nicholas Rowe, the poet laureate of Queen Anne's time, gave us the first modern edition in 1709, only eight of the plays boasted their *dramatis personæ*. Nor was the elementary feature of division into acts and scenes regarded as essential, for in only seventeen plays in the Folio is the division made fully; in thirteen only partially, and six not at all. Rowe supplied all these requisites, as well as many exits and entrances and other stage directions, which the Folio omitted.

Of the total numbered pages, the comedies, beginning with "The Tempest" and ending with "The Winter's Tale," run from 1 to 303; the histories (paged over again), from "King John" to "Henry VIII," 1-232; and the tragedies, from "Coriolanus" to "Cymbeline" (which we now class as a comedy), 1 to 399. "Troilus and Cressida," of which only parts are Shakespeare's, is a stray, being started originally after "Romeo and Juliet," then removed and inserted before the tragedies; it comprises twenty-nine pages, twenty-seven of them unnumbered. It is not listed in the "catalog" of the plays prefixt to the text. By this treatment the original editors registered the doubts about this drama which remain unsettled to this day. "Pericles" did not appear until the third folio of 1663. The shortest play, "The Comedy of Errors," takes up sixteen pages (85-100), and "Hamlet," the longest, thirty-eight (152-156 and 257-280.)*

Introducing the whole collection are nine pages of what Shakespeare might have called "the farced title running 'fore the King." Much of the matter is, in fact, so invaluable, that if I had to choose I would keep it in place of a whole play such as "Timon of Athens." First facing the title-page come Ben Jonson's ten lines of verse, "To the Reader," which neatly apologize for the rather crude copperplate engraving of Shakespeare made by Martin Droeshout:

This figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but have drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face; the Print would then surpasse
All, that was ever writ in brasse.
But, since he can not, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke. B. J.

After the title-page comes the formal, fulsome dedication of some 450 words, "To the most noble and incomparable pair of brethren, William Earl of Pembroke, and Philip Earl of Montgomery" by "your Lordshippes most bounden, John Heminge and Henry Condell"; in which they announce that they have collected "the remaines of your servant Shakespeare . . . his Orphanes . . . without ambition either of selfe-profit or fame: only to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend & Fellow alive." With this necessary, conventional duty performed, Heminge and Condell then lay themselves out in a longer address "To the Great Variety of Readers—from the most able, to him that can but spell"—vilifying previous editions, extolling the unique virtues of their collection, as we have already seen, and urging especially the purchase of the volume. Allowing for the exaggeration of this advertising, we derive from their description indispensable information about the collecting of the "copy" for the Folio and the attitude of the reading public toward its already illustrious author.

Equally important are the magnificent thirty nine rimed couplets of tribute pronounced by Ben Jonson "To the Memory of my Beloved, the Author, Mr. William Shakespeare; and what he has left us." This is perhaps the most memorable poetic estimate of an author in the whole range of literature, supplying more oft-quoted utterances about Shakespeare than any other source:

Soule of the Age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare, rise.

. . . . . .

Thou art a Moniment, without a tombe,
And art alive still, while thy Booke doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

Thus does he address his most formidable rival, who had

(*Continued on page 62*)

*This is the most flagrant instance of the erratic paging. The typesetter skipped 100 numbers and continued without change to the end of the volume. Thus the tragedies are 100 pages shorter than appears at first sight.

Panorama of American Life in Two Novels

By Maurice Francis Egan

THE buying of a novel by a man-in-the-street is to-day an unsafe process. Two dollars is worth *something*—for instance, you can get a first-rate omelet, at a first-rate place, with mushrooms, for $2; and a man who travels much very often discovers, when he has secured a novel at a bookstand, that he would have preferred the omelet; but the eggs have been broken and there is no redress. One can not depend on those brilliant commendations which one author gives another, and one has not always time to read the reviews. The "brilliant" jackets are often a stimulant, but no guide.

In the old days one knew what to expect. Ouida offered you a regular diet, as invariable as our grapefruit for breakfast; and later, after the "House of Mirth," one thought for a time, one knew what to expect of Mrs. Wharton.

Let us hope that after this the constant reader will know what to expect from Mr. Irving Bacheller—and that it will always be a quick-moving and interesting panorama of life, with no pretensions to psychoanalysis or any other thing that may stop the course of the story. Mr. Bacheller seems to believe that if a man has a story to tell, he ought to tell it, without padding or unnecessary personal observations. "The Scudders" [1] has all the artless lucidity of "Marie Chapdelaine."

The Scudders, their children and all their friends and acquaintances, are Americans; but that does not make them typically American, as Mr. Bacheller imagines it does. It is not typically American to be immersed in the pursuit of money, to be filled with an inordinate desire for the luxuries that money can buy. There is, perhaps, one difference between the European desire for money and the American business avarice—that, while the European desires the ease of enjoying himself, the American devotee of dollars never grows weary of the pursuit of money. He resembles, in a manner, the nymphs and their pursuers on Keats's Grecian urn. It is refreshing to find that Mr. Bacheller does not blame the late war for the commercialism, the love of luxury, the lack of spirituality and the sensuality of the Scudders. Take Great Britain, for example—if one looks back to the period before the war, one can hardly help agreeing with the Turk, educated at Oxford, who said that "if the fashionable English novel represented English life in 1912 it would be a good thing for the world if such a life were wiped out altogether." The evils that Mr. Bacheller points out in his well-written and thoughtful and graphic book are evils that have existed since modern civilization had its beginning.

The thesis of the novel is exprest when the Honorable Socrates Potter, the teller of the story, answers Elisa Perkins's question—"I wonder what's the matter with us, anyway?"

> "First, what's America?" says the Honorable Socrates. "It's the sum of many units—home, church, school, literature, business, government. The home is the biggest part of it. What has happened in the homes of our country? The home I knew in my youth had a pair of real parents to look after it. With them the job of being parents was the main thing. They worked at it early and late. They looked after the farm, the store or the shop, but mainly the business of their lives was bringing up children. There was the great issue. The girls were like the family plate and linen. They were looked after and kept spotless. All eyes were upon them. It was not meanness. It was a God-given instinct. They were priceless treasure of the House of Life. Why? Because they were to be the keepers of the young. The golden key of the future was to be committed to them. People knew that without pure women nothing could be pure.
>
> "The world has suffered many a drowning since Noah built his ark. There was a deluge of religiosity and now we have the deluge of commercialism. The old spirit of the American home is being drowned in the flood. The making of men and women is no longer the main purpose of life. It is the making of money. Right now we are in need of another Noah."

Yet, if the making of men and women was the real purpose of life followed by our fathers and mothers, in the stern American spirit, how is it possible that their grandchildren could have become so degenerate? There must be some leaven in the mass. Mr. Bacheller has written an unusually brilliant and convincing book, the dialog is fresh and to the point, the characters cleverly and truly drawn, and the atmosphere is real; but he does not seem to realize that the simple and uncomplicated life of a New England village—the life of rather superior bourgeois—is not in any way to be compared to the life of an overpopulated city; and that the change from a religion, which held up the fear of hell, to a philosophy from which the other world is entirely excluded, is not conducive to the preservation of the Puritan virtues.

From a photograph by Jessie Tarbox Beals

A TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN GREENWICH VILLAGE
(*West Fourth Street, New York*)

[1] THE SCUDDERS. A Story of To-day. By Irving Bacheller. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1923. $1.50

In fact, the Honorable Socrates Potter himself says of the change from Congregationalism to Universalism—which taught that God is too good to damn anybody—"If people were going to be saved anyhow, what was the use of getting shaved and all drest up and going for a nap in the meetin'-house? It wasted half the Sunday. Why not go fishin' or huntin' and get some food for the family?"

The transition of Cady Bronson and her mother from the Connecticut town to a Bohemian set in London is told with restrained humor, supplied by the point of view of the Honorable Mr. Potter. Cady had come abroad to cultivate an operatic voice that never existed; she was perilously down to date. And then enters Mose Scudder, who has begun to be successful in business. Mose and the enterprising Cady are married, and the two children arrive — Earl St. Clair and Gwendolyn Scudder. They belong to the newest generation—at least, to the generation that was new four or five years ago, when the female leg was much in evidence. Mose Scudder makes money with great rapidity, he is most indulgent to his wife and children. It is his business, he thinks, to increase his money, and it is his wife's business to bring up the children, and to manage his houses, on almost unlimited allowances.

A TYPICAL NEW ENGLAND SCENE

(Town Square, Plymouth, showing church of the First Parish Town House, formerly old Colonial Court House, built in 1749. Site of Governor Bradford's house)

Mrs. Scudder leaves the education of her children to society and various schools; there is no time for domestic life; their father is too busy to see his children oftener than occasionally; his wife regards them as appendages to her social position. Their life in the city or in the country means an unceasing rush of entertaining and being entertained. And the consequence of all this is just what one has every right to expect. It would be unjust to Mr. Bacheller to give the graphic details. One who knows Americans of the best class well, however, will hardly admit that the Scudders are typical; they are simply typical of their class in every country of the world. They have no traditions, they have no spirituality. There is no nation in the world to-day where there is a larger proportion of sane and reasonable family life than in ours, and that is because there is a great proportion of Americans in every community who have both traditions and spirituality.

Not long ago a keen observer called attention to the fact that, in a certain text-book, made in New England, the trailing arbutus was named as a national flower. Now, it turns out that the arbutus is especially of New England. Similarly, the tendency of our novelists and some of our essayists seems to be to assume that everything American has become commercialized, and that the heart of the nation is almost hopelessly material. This same old wail went up after the Civil War. Mr. T. S. Arthur, a very moral novelist of the 50's, showed us how the life of a family could be ruined by the introduction into a quiet household of some very expensive window curtains. The modern literary alarmist is simply Mr. T. S. Arthur, amplified by modern improvements. Mr. Bacheller is a literary surgeon who uses his scalpel and lancet as a well-trained surgeon ought to do—mercifully; he is an artist; he knows the technique of his profession, he sees his current of life clearly; and consequently he has written a novel worth reading.

* * *

Now here comes Mr. Kay Scott. You divorce yourself from two dollars for his "Sinbad"(2) because you read his "Blind Mice," one of the best novels of the modern American realistic school; and you feel rather safe because the book opens with a quotation from Dickens's "The Cricket on the Hearth." It should have opened with the terribly frank title of one of Ben Jonson's comedies. You at once find yourself in Greenwich Village—and, if it is like the place depicted by Mr. Scott, MacDougall Street in the 80's was a virtuous, gay and brilliant spot compared with it. When M. Dumas *fils* and the gentlemen of his school painted ladies of a very certain character, they, at least, understood how to make them attractive. Marguerite Gautier would have found the society of "Em," of Genevieve, of little Celia St. John and of Algeria and of Cicely Frank extremely low and not at all amusing. Mimi of "*La Vie de Bohème*" would have considered herself shockingly out of place. That poor child would have discovered that Mr. Scott's ladies of the Village lack "elegance."

In the beginning, Emily Tyler—"Em," a lady who paints weird and advanced pictures that nobody buys—is living with Lester Drane. He writes. He is known through the pages of the novel as "Les." He is poor. Colyumists are always rich in the novels; one wonders why "Les" does not become a colyumist. This is the way he thinks—

> Strength. He knew himself. I may be a visionary, but I'm strong. Moonstruck! Dim and cool forest . . . spinning moon with her brood of frightened stars . . . hearts leap into the meshes of moonlight.

And later he thinks more—

> Laboratories and honors, shadowy friends, women, Em, all forgotten. His eyes looked out to sea, that's the only thing big enough. The garden of the earth . . . sun dimmed by grief, there are not even any clouds . . . calling, calling . . . tossing arms of foam . . . light beyond, light falling like rain . . . stars, dawn, bright seeds fall to the furrowed sea . . . warm, the tropic sun . . . hair woven with gold . . . sleep.

Sometimes he weeps; but most of the time he thinks. Greenwich Village is New York's Bohemia, we are told, and also that the place has been cruel to Les and Em. The gaieties, as represented by Mr. Kay Scott, are certainly cruel. A festal board is

(*Continued on page 37*)

(2) SINBAD. A Romance by C. Kay Scott. New York: Thomas Seltzer. 1923. $2.

Knut Hamsun Tells of His Wanderings

By Julius Moritzen

ONE result of the World War has been a steadily increasing interest in the literature of foreign countries. Nations are beginning to realize the need of knowing more about each other. The time is opportune, therefore, for an English edition of an author such as Knut Hamsun, the new and outstanding figure among Scandinavian fiction writers. Hamsun has already taken his place among those acknowledged masters who can amply reward the reader, even in translation.

In "Victoria"(1) and "Wanderers,"(2) the most recent of Hamsun's books to appear in English, we do not easily recognize the author who, in "The Growth of the Soil," produced one of the greatest books of the decade, no matter in what language. Still, it is Hamsun—in that peculiar mood in which facts and fancies interblend with fascinating effect. "Victoria" has a touch of the amatory picturesqueness that we recall in "Hunger." It is somewhat lighter in execution than most of this writer's works, but assuredly can not be passed by as unnecessary to the fullest understanding of Knut Hamsun as artist and psychological observer.

"Wanderers" may be said to be Hamsun in the flesh. In this English translation we come face to face with the Norwegian Nobel prize winner of 1919 in a work decidedly autobiographical. To be sure, "Hunger" (1890) was self-revelation with a vengeance. As a matter of fact, almost all of Hamsun's books contain a piece of himself.

Under the title of "Wanderers" the American publisher has wisely combined "Under the Autumn Star" and "A Wanderer Plays on Muted Strings," thus presenting Hamsun in a mood as idyllic as his style is captivating.

> There's two or three months yet [Hamsun writes] till the late autumn berries are ripe; yes, I know. But there are other joys than berries in the wilds. Spring and summer they are still only in bloom, but there are harebells and ladyslippers, deep, windless woods, and the scent of trees, of stillness. There is a sound as of distant waters from the heavens; never so longdrawn a sound in all eternity. And a thrush may be singing as high as ever its voice can go, and then, just at its highest pitch, the note breaks suddenly at a right angle; clear and clean as if cut with a diamond; then sóftly and sweetly down the scale once more.

Photo by Wilse

HAMSUN AND HIS FAMILY

From "Knut Hamsun," by Hanna Astrup Larsen

This is indeed Knut Hamsun the wanderer. He walks along the shore, and there, too, is life as a poet sees it:

> Guillemot, oyster-catcher, tern are busy there. The wagtail is out in search of food, advancing in little spurts, trim and pert with its pointed beak and swift little flick of tail; after a while it flies up to perch on a fence and sing with the rest. But when the sun has set, may come the cry of a loon from some hill-tarn; a melancholy hurrah. That is the last; now there is only the grasshopper left. And there is nothing to say of a grasshopper; you never see it; it doesn't count, only he's there gritting his resiny teeth, as you might say.
>
> I sit and think of all these things; of how summer has its joys for a wanderer, so there is no sort of need to wait till autumn comes.

We learn from Hanna Astrup Larsen's "Knut Hamsun,"(3) how this writer came to his remarkable knowledge of life in the open. It is a gift given to but few. The creative forces that stir in forest and field and in the seas are to him an open book, and the Lofoten Islands, where Hamsun spent his childhood, a background replete with inspiration.

> Knut Hamsun [writes Miss Larsen] has become identified in our minds with the lonely figure that occurs again and again in his earlier works, the wanderer who is forever outside of organized society and forever pays the penalty of being different from the crowd and unable to conform to its standards. That this lonely creature is really himself in a certain period of his life we know from the testimony of his own works. Yet this vagabond and iconoclast sprang from the most conservative stock of Norway. He is the descendant of an old peasant family in Gudbrandsdalen, one of the interior mountain valleys in the heart of the country.

It is fortunate that Miss Larsen's book comes at the same time as "Wanderers," for it is a key to much in that volume which might not otherwise be so clear. The author of "Knut Hamsun," in fact, has put into compact form a life-history that reads like romance. Her book whets the appetite for knowing more fully how the Norwegian author determines the fate of his characters. After reading her account of how Hamsun toiled and suffered in

(1) VICTORIA. By Knut Hamsun. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
(2) WANDERERS. By Knut Hamsun. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
(3) KNUT HAMSUN. By Hanna Astrup Larsen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

America, on the Newfoundland fishing-banks, and starved in Christiania before "Hunger" brought him his first fame, one can better appreciate the softer tones in "Wanderers."

Gudbrandsdalen, where Knut Hamsun was born, August 4, 1859, is a region of proud historical traditions. There, nine centuries ago, King Saint Olaf struggled to impress the new religion on a stiff-necked race of pagans. There, six centuries ago, the Scotch invader Sinclair was annihilated with all his forces by the peasants In this as in other secluded valleys of Norway a peasant aristocracy developed, a hard, strong race, intensely proud of its family and land, looking on any one who had been less than three generations in the neighborhood as an interloper.

It is not Gudbrandsdalen, however, but the Nordland, with its alternations of melting loveliness and stark gloom, that furnishes the poetic inspiration of Hamsun's hero in "The Wanderers." The sharp contrasts of nature are reflected in the temperament of the Nordland people. It would have been impossible to find any spot in the world more suited to nourish the fancy of an imaginative, impressionable boy than the surroundings in which Hamsun spent his early years Living with an uncle, he was put to work herding cattle and spent long dreamy hours alone reveling in the loveliness of the light Nordland summer. It was then that he acquired the habit of roaming alone in the woods and fields, thus gaining that intimate, tender knowledge of nature which appears in his works.

Edwin Björkman, whose admiration for Knut Hamsun is indisputable, says in his introduction to "Wanderers" that while Hamsun's form is always fluid, it here approaches formlessness. He considers "Under the Autumn Star" a mere sketch, seemingly lacking both plan and plot. Much of the time Knut Pedersen, the leading character, just thinks aloud. As for "A Wanderer Plays on Muted Strings," Mr. Björkman marvels at the art that "could work such a compelling totality out of such a miscellany of unrelated fragments."

All this is true enough. Yet Hamsun is too great an artist not to know what he is about. A novel in the strict sense of the word "Wanderers" certainly is not. But the domestic tragedy at the center of this book is so episodic that it seems hardly possible any other method in construction would have served the purpose. With Eros perching high on his literary standard, Hamsun employs the god of love with a craftsmanship that defies description. To him the eternal feminine and the disturbing triangle are means to a purposeful end.

It may be truthfully said that the lovers in Hamsun's books are never at peace. They never know the quiet, gradual opening of heart to heart or the intimate communion of perfect sympathy There is always conflict between them. Mutual love is there, but it is a thing so wild and shy and sensitive that it shrinks back into the dark at a touch even from the hand of the beloved. In "Wanderers," however, even this kind of love is not conspicuous. The love here is of a more common nature. Hamsun's "Victoria" is one of his finest examples of delineating a character in which passionate attachment predominates.

HAMSUN AS A YOUNG MAN

Drawing by Erik Werenskiold. From "Knut Hamsun," by Hanna Astrup Larsen

The wanderer, Knut Pedersen, is the type of lover to whom nature is the fullest expression of his own innermost emotions and who roams at will where mood and fancy carry. There are affairs of the heart along the way, but of uppermost concern to this unique character are the whisperings of the trees, the insect life that reveals the mystery of existence, the thousand and one things that only the poet's eye and mind perceive. The marital relations of the Falkenbergs, as a matter of fact, are but so much modernity, relevant enough, perhaps, to the telling of the story, but of secondary consideration from the standpoint of literary art. What gives "Wanderers" its true value is its reflective glimpses of a world above the toiling mass. There is musing and melancholy and regret enough in this book, but its song of nature rises like a redeeming pæan over the sterner facts of life and sheds a luster all its own.

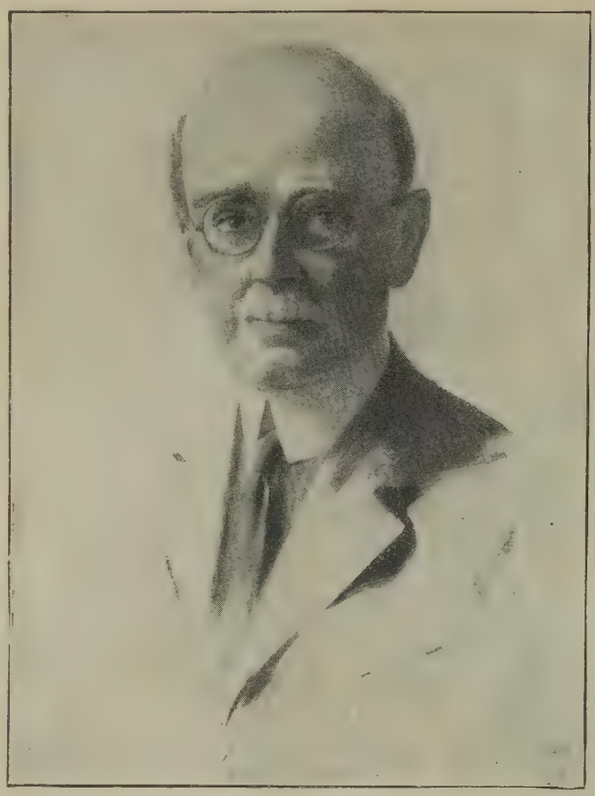
The detachment so noticeable in "Wanderers" must seem a matter of necessity, considering the random method employed by the author. In Miss Larsen's work about the famous Norwegian, however, we are able to visualize a full-sized picture, not only of the man himself, but of the various characters on his canvas.

The genius that startled the literary world with his "Hunger" in 1890 has shown many decided changes in conception and execution in the years that have led up to "Women at the Pump" and "Victoria." It was his "Growth of the Soil" that definitely established his reputation among Anglo-Saxon readers. This attained a remarkable popularity for a work by a foreign author, almost from the start. The story is one of human achievement, a message telling how man and woman toil, so that all the world may know the crude foundation on which rests progress. In "Growth of the Soil" Hamsun has concentrated a lifetime of experience, albeit Isak and his mate Inger had to be remolded by the artist's hand to give them that exquisite touch which not even their rough natures and mean surroundings could obliterate.

> Without the artifice of distant time and place [says Miss Larsen], in the midst of modern conditions painted with realism and often with humor, he has created an illusion of the primeval. It is as tho Isak, the man without a surname, coming we know not whence, walking through the forest in search of a place where he can begin to till the soil, were the first man in a newly created world. . . . After a while a woman came to him out of nowhere and did not leave him again. Inger was harelipped and Isak with his fierce beard and grotesque strength looked like a troll of the forest; for Hamsun has scorned to throw even the glamour of youth and rustic beauty over the pair. They were simply man and woman, brought together by the most elemental needs, working together, helping each other, meeting the demands of each day as they arose, and resting when night fell.

Of Norwegian descent, but born in the United States, intimately acquainted with the Scandinavian languages and their literature, Miss Larsen is equipped as few are for the writing of a book like "Knut Hamsun." As the editor of the American-Scandinavian *Review*, she spent the winter of 1920–21 in Norway for the

(*Continued on page 64*)



From a portrait by Joseph Cummings Chase.

Columbia University awarded the Pulitzer Prize—for the best American biography teaching patriotic and unselfish service—to Mr. Burton J. Hendrick for his "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page." This is the second time Mr. Hendrick has won a Pulitzer Prize, having shared the award in 1921 for the best book of the year upon the history of the United States with Admiral William Sowden Sims for their joint work, "The Victory at Sea."

Mr. Hendrick is widely known for his editorials and signed articles in World's Work, *of which magazine he has been associate editor since 1913. He was born in New Haven and educated at Yale University, where he took his master's degree in English literature in 1897.*

It was while he was a staff writer on the old "McClure's Magazine" that Mr. Hendrick's writings first attracted wide attention. This was through a nationally followed series of articles on the general insurance investigation of 1905.

The publication of "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page" has called forth praise from the entire English-speaking world. "The Quarterly Review" (London) has called it "a work which may take its place alongside Trevelyan's 'Life of Macaulay,' Winston Churchill's Life of his Father, or any of the biographies."

A Mind *That* Found Itself

by C. W. Beers

The autobiography of a man who wandered for a period of three years in the realms of unreason. Wilbur L. Cross has declared this book "destined to become a classic." Booth Tarkington describes it, "as interesting as it is noble." ($2.00)

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"The history of the Irish Guards is the story of the war in the West. Mr. Kipling has succeeded where almost all other writers have failed."—*The Times* (London). *Illustrated by beautifully printed maps.* 2 vols., Octavo. ($10.00)

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Kipling, Galsworthy, Shakespeare and the spirit of English letters as seen by a member of the French Academy. ($2.50)

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"He is the Marcus Aurelius of the twentieth century. . . . The volume is a monument to common sense."—New York *Times*. ($2.00)

The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page

by Burton J. Hendrick

"One of the noblest biographies in our language. . . . American literature, thanks to Mr. Burton J. Hendrick's skill and style, is the richer by a work that Motley would have envied, and Russell Lowell would have been the first to acknowledge as above rivalry. . . . Among the monuments that adorn Westminster Abbey, should be emblazoned the name of Walter Page."—From an essay by Viscount Esher in *The Quarterly Review* (London). *50th Thousand.* 2 vols., ($10.00)

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Garden City, New York *In Canada: 25 Richmond St., W., Toronto*

The Day's Journey

by W. B. Maxwell

A magnificent story of friendship. "No one writing in English at the present moment equals Mr. Maxwell in his ability to pluck the heart out of human life for story-telling purposes."—Boston *Transcript.* 18th thousand. ($2.00)

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"Let's note the salient characteristics of this first novel. First, an active sincerity of observation, analysis and presentation. . . . Next, a style that is light on its feet . . . a story that applies to every mother, every lover."—T. Morris Longstreth, *The Literary Review.* ($1.75)

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by Agnes Mure Mackenzie

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The Geese Fly South

by Mary Bourn

". . . with its setting of the sea and the forest of red-woods . . . it has nature, human nature, good and bad, mystery, tragedy and love. . . . There is not a dull page in it."—Seattle *Post-Intelligencer.* ($1.75)

"Old For-Ever"

by Alfred Ollivant

A story of Kipling's India, by the author of *Bob, Son of Battle.* *"Old For-Ever"* is a novel that might be a younger brother of such tales as *The Man Who Was* and *The Drums of Fore and Aft.*—F. F. V. in the New York *Tribune.* ($1.75)

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From a portrait by James Montgomery Flagg.

Gene Stratton-Porter is the world's most popular author. Eighteen years ago she published her first story and since that time her books have sold on an average of over one a minute for every minute in the year. A novel is considered successful when it has sold 20,000 copies. Five of Mrs. Porter's novels have sold over a million, one has sold over a million and a half, still another is fast approaching the two million mark and none of her novels has ever sold less than 450,000 copies.

Some idea of the enormous bulk of these books may be gained from these statistics:

More than 10,000,000 of her books have been sold. Piled atop one another these books would make a stack 1,666 times higher than the Woolworth Building. To manufacture them it would require our entire plant to run overtime for two solid years.

Basing the reading time at four hours a novel, it would require 458 years for a single person, reading continuously, to read all the books of Gene Stratton-Porter that have been sold.

If there is a secret to Mrs. Porter's enormous success, it is that she writes solely to tell a story—there are few authors who have her genius for plot construction, there are none who have such a complete understanding of their public.

"The White Flag," Mrs. Porter's new novel, will be published August 17th. It is a great novel of the heart of America that Mrs. Porter has written in the memory of her girlhood in Indiana.

The Fascinating Stranger and Other Stories

by Booth Tarkington

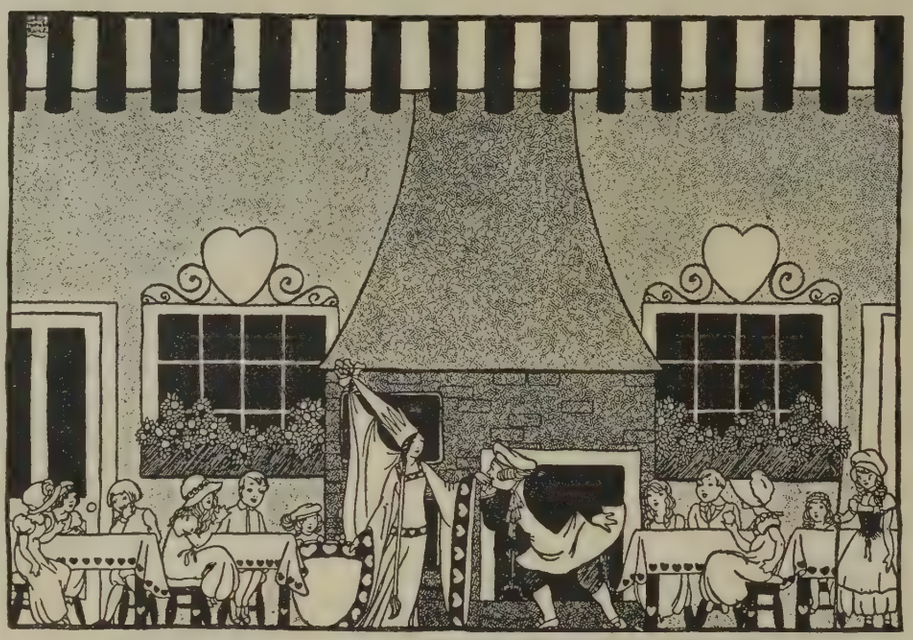
"The title story is a masterpiece of whimsicality: one of the most Tarkingtonian specimens of all his work."—New York *Sun.* "Mr. Tarkington is today the most conspicuous and representative of American novelists. . . . Mr. Tarkington has won, as no other man or woman now writing in this country has won, the esteem and affection of his readers."—Arthur Bartlett Maurice. (*$2.00 . . . In a limited edition of 377 copies, numbered and signed by the author, Price, $5.00*)

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Garden City, New York *In Canada: 25 Richmond St., W., Toronto*

New Books for Boys and Girls

HERE is a varied assortment of books for boys and girls and small children — an assortment that gives one the feeling of looking over a literary notion department. Would you have a book on games and entertainments? Here it is. If your taste runs to baseball or wireless or railroad operation, or a trip to see the Man in the Moon and his wife (hitherto she has received scant attention), your order may quickly be filled. Near by is a tale of how a boy put himself through college. Next is a volume of plays to be acted by children, then a book on strange animals squarely beside a whimsical story of a little boy. Take your pick.



THEY ALL STOPT DANCING AND STOOD AROUND TOMMYKINS

From "Tommykins' Adventures," by Lilian Sue Keech. (Dorrance)

Equally varied is the degree of merit, or lack of it, which these books possess. Some are excellent, some mediocre, others quite poor. To be specific:

"Barrie Marvell: His Dreams and Adventures," by Charles Vince,[1] is a superb piece of work. The writing in it is so perfect that the reader has the feeling of being carried back to childhood in some beautifully mysterious way, without any of the sudden pulls and jerks that mark so many similarly attempted journeys. It is a book about a boy who is four years old when he is first introduced to the reader. He is a child with a vast but perfectly understandable imagination, and his discoveries and losses are marvelously portrayed.

> For a long time all children seem to live in the Middle Ages—in a world like those old pictures where there are no distances where strange things, good and wicked, beautiful and ugly, are near to one all the time; where wildest, most fantastic things have a definite shape; where the sky nearly touches the earth, and heaven and hell are no further away than the next town.

And again:

> But there was always a corner to turn, and as the world grew bigger that corner was always a little further away.

Barrie had discovered the splendor of sea life in his attic. There he played in his own gloriously imaginative world. But that could not go on forever. That game was lost.

> Now that he had met the great winds on the roof, they could no longer blow in through his window as they had blown before, seeming to bring the waves all tumbling after them. That room, which had been King Olaf's cabin, could not again be the open sea. The decks now were above his head. The winds blew over them—but the hatch was closed.

There is something poignantly sad about these moments which so rapidly crowd themselves into every child's life. And added to the sadness is the fact that the child faces these sorrows alone and never seeks comfort from others. But there is humor in this book, too, as, for example, the time Barrie wrote to the Viking Cocoa Company, which had advertised that upon receipt of a post-card "would be sent a sample-tin of cocoa, free," together with "a wonderful paper fish which could be made to move as if it were really alive. "Dear Mr. Viking," began Barrie's note, which was a most interesting note, by the way, and which must have made the Viking Cocoa Company's employee who opened the morning mail decide then and there that his job had compensations, after all.

It is a book, however, to be particularly enjoyed by adults—or by children who are older than Barrie. For it is too close to the Barries themselves to be appreciated by them until they can look back at themselves as they once were.

A big jump down—perhaps tumble would be the better word—and "Tommykins' Adventures," by Lilian Sue Keech[2] is encountered. Tommykins, however, didn't think the Lady in the Moon had much sense, and his opinion is justified by that lady's chatter. The humor (?) in the book is of the caliber that some people think children surely must appreciate, such as the Owl's explanation of the Great Bear's bad temper:

> "He is mad to-night, because they won't let him drink all the milk in the Milky Way, but they'll soon settle him if he doesn't make up his mind to behave!"
>
> "What will they do to him?" the little boy asked.
>
> "Oh, they'll just put the Dipper over him, and that will keep him quiet, you bet."

But the illustrations by Virginia Albert are quite nice.

"The Genial Sultan and other Stores," by Harriet Maxon Thayer,[3] is also a book for little children—that is, if they're unfortunate enough to be given it. Less can even be said of it than of "Tommykins." These books are a disappointment, as it had seemed lately as tho all the books for small children possest some qualifications deserving of praise. But in fairness to the many authors who are turning out good material for little children, and to the many children whose books are chosen for them, it is impossible to say anything for the two volumes just named.

"Home-Made Games," by A. Neely Hall,[4] and "Let's

---

(1) Barrie Marvell: His Dreams and Adventures. By Charles Vince. 146 pages. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.

(2) Tommykins' Adventures. By Lilian Sue Keech. Illustrated by Virginia Albert. 110 pages. Philadelphia: Dorrance. $1.

(3) The Genial Sultan, and Other Stories." By Harriet Maxon Thayer. Illustrated. 80 pages. Philadelphia: Dorrance. 75c.

(4) Home-Made Games. By A. Neely Hall. Illustrated from Photographs and with Working Drawings. 381 pages. Boston: Lothrop, Lee, & Shepard Co. $2.50.

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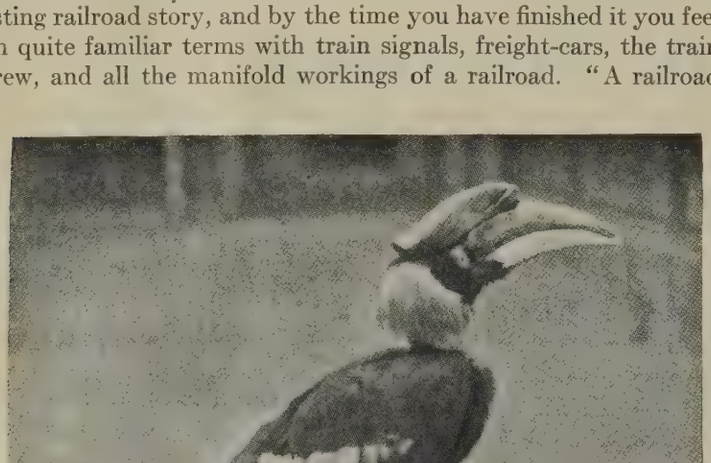
Play," by Edna Geister,(5) are both very good books of their kind. The former will be a delight to the boy with any talent for carpentry. The explanations are very clear and the drawings entirely adequate. The latter book takes up games which may be played at various times by groups of children, and would prove an invaluable book to the mother or entertainer of children.

"Three to Make Ready: Three Plays for Young People," by Louise Ayres Garnett,(6) is an excellent as well as a practical book. The plays are artistic and attractive, and when the author has a moral to point out, she doesn't try to disguise it. Children don't object to "morals" in their books. They rather fancy themselves as little heroes and heroines, but they hate the so-called sugar-coated morals; these call forth their resentment, because they feel the grown-ups think they will absorb the moral without being aware of it. And grown-ups do think this very often.

"Scott Burton, Logger," by Edward G. Cheyney,(7) is a boys' logging-camp story. It is well told and moves swiftly along.

"Ned Beals Works His Way," by Earl Reed Silvers,(8) opens well with a youth's sensitiveness over the lunch he is carrying in a package, but his sudden moral revulsion against cigarets is a little unnatural. The book is fairly good, but I could not help comparing it with a high-school story I read recently, called: "That Year at Lincoln High," by Joseph Gollomb. That was a story with all the thrill of a boy's school story. It never for a moment seemed labored, and it never appeared as tho the author were years older than his book-people. Lincoln High is supposed to be the De Witt Clinton High School in New York, the largest high school in the country, and the story is the racial, social and temperamental conflict between two boys of widely different parentage and opportunity. It is a splendid story.

"The Iron Horse," by George Clarence Hoskin,(9) is an interesting railroad story, and by the time you have finished it you feel on quite familiar terms with train signals, freight-cars, the train crew, and all the manifold workings of a railroad. "A railroad



THE BEAK OF A HORNBILL IS NOT SO HEAVY AS IT LOOKS

From "Animal Curiosities," by W. S. Berridge. (Small, Maynard)

company can tell each day where all its cars are. Some of these cars may be a long way from home and may have been gone a long time, but the 'home' road knows where they are and whether they are loaded or empty." The author classes the evil effects of

(5) Let's Play. By Edna Geister. 147 pages. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25.

(6) Three to Make Ready. By Louise Ayres Garnett. With an Introduction by Theodore B. Hinckley and General Notes on Production by Cora Mel Patten. Illustrated by Christopher Rule. 194 pages. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

(7) Scott Burton, Logger. By Edward G. Cheyney. Frontispiece by J. G. Stephenson. 254 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.75.

(8) Ned Beals Works His Way. By Earl Reed Silvers. Frontispiece. 243 pages. New York: D Appleton & Company. $175.

(9) The Iron Horse. By George Clarence Hoskin. Illustrated. 250 pages. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.75.

"BEYOND A DOUBT, YOUR MAJESTY, I'M HE, THE MUFFIN BAKER"

From "Three to Make Ready," by Louise Ayres Garnett. (Doran)

smoking with those of drinking to such an extent that a page or two of the book could be taken out and used by an anti-tobacco crusader with relish. It is written too smugly to influence boys.

"A Trip with a Trailer," by Flavia Camp Canfield,(10) is a story of automobile camping. The eleven-year-old boy is distinctly young for his age, judging from his remarks and conversational ability, and the rest of the characters are so dull that it is a relief to feel that their trip took them on a different route from your own.

"Third Base Thatcher,"(11) by Everett ("Deacon") Scott, Short Stop of the Yankee Baseball Team, 1922 Champions of the American League, and Successor to Babe Ruth as Yankee Captain (doesn't that almost take your breath away?), is a school and baseball story all boys will love. And not only boys. Every one who enjoys baseball will like it. I felt almost the same interest in it as I would in an afternoon spent at the Stadium.

"Walter and the Wireless," by Sara Ware Bassett,(12) will interest radio enthusiasts, tho it does not require a technical knowledge of wireless to enjoy the tale.

"Animal Curiosities," by W. S. Berridge,(13) is an interestingly informative book on animals and birds and reptiles. It has splendid photographs, and any one interested in animal life will welcome this book. It is singularly well adapted to the "lay" reader, yet is filled with data only a zoologist could give.

Now isn't this a varied assortment of books?

Mary Graham Bonner.

(10) A Trip with a Trailer. By Flavia Camp Canfield. Illustrated. 232 pages. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

(11) Third Base Thatcher. By Everett ("Deacon") Scott. Illustrated by Leslie Crump. 284 pages. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1 75.

(12) Walter and the Wireless. By Sara Ware Bassett. Illustrated by William F. Stecher. 256 pages. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.65.

(13) Animal Curiosities. By W. S. Berridge, F. Z. S. Forty-nine Photographs from Life. 248 pages. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.

Panorama of American Life in Two Novels

(*Continued from page 29*)

spread at Mazinetti's. It is a fatal festal board; and little did Les dream when he beckoned to a favorite waiter and heard the words—"Antipasti—minestrone—spaghetti—maiale con peperoni—spumoni—" lingua Romana in boca Greenwich Village! Howard enters. Howard is a rather bad etcher. He has greenish brown eyes. Em met them happily; and Les was pushed out of the calcium light. An unusual number of asterisks will tell what happened. Howard speaks. He fascinates the guests, for he says—"Synchromists—daubers with the heart-burn—neo-futurism is only——"

Here's another scrap of conversation: "Incest-wish is the well-spring of all romance," says a lovely young thing. After this Freud comes upon the scene, variously diluted.

> Les looked around the room for Em. His glance passed Lou Kohn, leading *amateuse* of the Teacup Theater (who was draped against a door *à la* Sarah Bernhardt), and rested on Em and Howard—alone in a window-seat. He rose and walked toward them. His girl acquaintace turned to a neighbor. "Mr. Drane's not a poet because he says he isn't," she remarked carefully.

It would be too much to expect a sense of humor in Greenwich Village, as pictured by Mr. Kay Scott, but there is an Oriental called Dhas Mitra, whose symbol is, as exprest by Em, "Elephants."

> With huge diaphanous feet
> March the leaden velvet elephants,
> Pressing the bodies back into the earth.

Toward the end Em seeks out Mitra; but he repulses her. Algeria, who has a Flemish face, has taken Howard away from her. A foolish man named Toby, also of the Village, proposes to her. She refuses him, because Em felt love was ecstasy, Les felt it was permanence. Em pondered. "Love was individual. They can't see. Love was." At last, she turned on the gas, flung herself on her narrow bed and met "Bohemian death"!

It is a pity that Mr. Kay Scott has so misused his talent and skill. A novel written about dull people has a right to exist only when the author sees these people humorously or intensely or through that veil of illusion which makes the work of the author or the actor seem real. When M. Augier wrote "Le Mariage d' Olympe," on which Pinero founded "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," he made Olympe very attractive, tho they *had* to shoot her in the end; and you are rather sorry; but if all Mr. Kay Scott's Greenwich Village people were dispatched to the world to which they belong, who would feel the slightest pang?

It would be impertinent to Mr. Bacheller to compare "The Scudders" with "Sinbad." Mr. Kay Scott is very indecent at times; he can not be accused of being reticent in his matter; but his manner is so subdued that he reminds us of the American actors trained in small theaters who find it difficult to make themselves heard on the foreign stage. Both Mr. Bacheller and Mr. Kay Scott have in common this subdued method. They are both masters of a technique which seems to be the result of judicious study. With them both, nothing is left to chance; and yet they have nothing essential in common—and Mr. Kay Scott, unless he is the victim of what some of his characters would call a suppress complex, has no sense of humor. All the *canaille* in "Sinbad" are utterly beneath contempt from every point of view. Even the skill of a practised writer can not save them. On the other hand, Mr. Irving Bacheller, dealing with personages who are entirely undistinguished, makes them interesting because he projects them against a spiritual background of which they are unhappily unconscious. In another novel, Mr. Bacheller, let us hope, will take a large canvas, and not feel it his duty to be so repressively serious in the process of his work.

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The World War Reappears in Fiction

By Louise Maunsell Field

FOR some little time after the signing of the Armistice, the World War all but vanished from our current fiction. Readers would have none of it, publishers declared; it must either be ignored or be treated as casually as possible. But the war was too huge, too stupendous a fact to be long ignored, or even treated as a side issue. More and more it is influencing our fiction, and here, fresh from the presses, we have three novels whose reason for being is the war, and little except the war.

Of the three, "Through the Wheat,"(1) by Thomas Boyd, is in many ways the best. It is an exceptionally graphic, well-balanced account of the war as it seemed to a private soldier, one of the marines. Hicks and his comrades are for the most part examples of the great average, neither very good nor very bad, neither very intelligent nor very stupid. When the orating Major-General tells the three divisions, to one of which they belong, that they are the best soldiers in the world, they jeer in public, and are one and all privately convinced that he has told the simple truth. Their officers are a mixed lot, neither brutes nor perfect gentle knights, the best of them, perhaps, being Major Adams of the Regulars, who during the grilling march, "leading his horse and walking beside the men," gave them what encouragement he could; who saved Hicks from being court-martialed, and on one memorable occasion provided the beer; the worst, some of the "ninety-day" officers, who became drunk on a very small amount of authority.

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SCENE IN BELLEAU WOOD, WHERE MOST OF THE FIGHTING DESCRIBED IN "THROUGH THE WHEAT" TOOK PLACE

Hicks himself gets drunk and goes to sleep on sentry duty; he doesn't pretend, nor particularly desire, to be a hero; but during a gas attack he put his own mask over the face of a wounded man. Pugh, the gambler, who "could make a pair of ivory cubes cakewalk and tango, was the first man to volunteer to rescue the wounded German," who lay crying for help.

The book is well written, in a graphic, convincing style. One feels that this is the truth as one man saw it; that in its accounts of the pain and the terrible weariness, the smells and the burning sun, the horror of moving slowly through the wheat, the greater horror of lying still when the Germans have found the range, it is completely real. Hicks, through whose eyes we see it all, knew few thrills and less exaltation, grumbled and cursed in an entirely human fashion, hated some of his officers, had a hearty appreciation of the coffee some French soldiers gave him, and no use at all for the "Y"—an organization the author depicts in colors far from favorable: Hicks, in an extreme moment, declared his willingness to tolerate Y. M. C. A. secretaries, or to go without "food, clothing and sleep." Generally speaking, however, the point of view is one from which both sides are visible, so that the book seems the product of a particularly sane and well-balanced mind, a narrative high above those hysterical, ego-maniacal outpourings of which we have had so many. The men it portrays are for the most part normal human beings; comedy has its part in their lives as well as tragedy; the physical tragedy of pain and death, the spiritual tragedy of men like Sergeant Harriman, who went into the war believing himself "a crusader incarnate," and went out of it—shamefully.

While Thomas Boyd has chosen an average man for the central figure of his narrative, Elliot H. Paul (2) has preferred to depict events from the point of view of one of those mental defectives who, if we are to believe the evidence of statistics, are so alarmingly numerous in these United States. When Mr. Boyd's book opens, Hicks is already in France; Mr. Paul introduces us to Irwin Atwood while he is still a senior in high school, living with his widowed mother in a small Massachusetts town, near Lynn. He is quite without moral sense or any kind of mental or spiritual backbone. He steals from his mother and from his schoolfellows, lies and commits forgery, his only scruple the fear of being found out. Not very long after his graduation, he makes love to Dorothy, a child of sixteen or so, ruins and deserts her, with merely a vague feeling of discomfort at having done something which, if discovered, may get him into trouble. On the transport, after his enlistment, there is a moment when it seems that they have been torpedoed; Irwin, having lost his own life-preserver, promptly steals that of his best friend. When the alarm proves false, he realizes that he is "yellow"—a fact obvious to the reader from the beginning.

Mr. Paul's book goes from one stench to another. Filth of every kind makes the reading of it a progress from cesspool to cesspool. These same cesspools are well and effectively described; the stench fairly rises to one's nostrils. But the human garbage of the book is perhaps more repellent; one or two semi-decent characters appear—the brothel-keeper who helps Dorothy as best she

(1) THROUGH THE WHEAT. By Thomas Boyd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

(2) IMPROMPTU. By Elliot H. Paul. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

can, for one—but officers and men, doctors, orderlies, all the members of the A. E. F. with whom Irwin comes in contact, are described as creatures whom to call brutes would be to insult the four-footed part of creation.

The author has shown Irwin's bewilderment, his groping, bemused mentality, very well indeed; Dorothy, the "kid with the pigtail and eyelashes," is also well done, one of those poor little feeble-minded creatures who so often drift into that "oldest profession" which became hers. There is much that is vivid about the narrative; it shows a distinct and undeniable talent, and there is little doubt that it will be hailed as a masterpiece of realism by the noisy multitude of those who are wilfully or constitutionally blind to all except the mean and cowardly and despicable side of human nature; who see reality only in mud, and never in flowers.

Altho published in England during the last months of the war, Mr. Galsworthy's "The Burning Spear"(3) has only just been issued over here. When it first came out he prudently refrained from putting his name to it; but now, when the strong feelings evoked by the war have so greatly subsided, he acknowledges himself its author. Being an attack, and a bitterly satirical one, upon war-time propaganda, the book, on its first appearance, made something of a sensation. Mr. Galsworthy explains his anonymous assault on this ground: "The fighting that was done *with words* often seemed to drag our cause down. . . . I believe the Management underrated the qualities of the Public, as it almost always does."

Read now, this "farcical chronicle" of a modern Don Quixote whose brain has become unbalanced by the reading of too many newspaper editorials is mildly amusing, touched with the distinction which shows itself in all that Mr. Galsworthy writes. Mr. Lavender, an elderly bachelor, goes forth, not upon a decrepit horse, but in a no less decrepit motor-car to stir up his countrymen on the need of more babies; preferably, twins. Instead of the faithful Sancho Panza, he is attended by his Cockney chauffeur, Joe Petty, a person of considerable resourcefulness. It is Joe who declares that, tho public men in general are a pretty poor lot, there is a class of public men "what's got its uses, like the little 'un that keeps us all alive, or the perfect English gentleman what did his job and told nobody nothin' abaht it." And it is Joe again who gives a fairly good definition of a gentleman: "I measure 'im by whether he can stand 'avin' power in 'is 'ands without gettin' unscrupled or swollen-'eaded. . . . 'E's got to 'ave right thoughts, too, and a feelin' 'eart." Mr. Lavender's ideas are much less clear than Joe's, and he often finds his naturally kindly disposition betraying him into doing things of which he does not, theoretically, at all approve. Altogether, he gets into about as much trouble as his prototype, tho there are moments when he has at least the satisfaction of a gratified conscience. It must be admitted that the fun often seems labored, and the book is one best taken in very small doses.

These three volumes, with their three very different view-points, are interesting taken separately, but far more interesting in the comparison they present of the reactions of three very unlike types of mind to various phases of the World War, whose ultimate effects upon our own as well as upon future generations are still so completely incalculable.

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(3) The Burning Spear. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Mr. W. B. Maxwell, the English novelist, whose latest book, "The Day's Journey," was published here by Doubleday, Page & Co., a short time ago, took part in the conference held in New York between authors and motion-picture producers, the object of which was to secure better cooperation between authors and producers. Mr. Maxwell exprest himself, as did many other writers, to the effect that the filming of novels has, in most cases, been done in such a way as to work injustice to the author.

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In This Month's Fiction Library

The Hawkeye

NO DOUBT the younger generation of Iowans will find it difficult to recognize their State in the picture that Herbert Quick has drawn in "The Hawkeye." If they do, it will not be because the picture is distorted or inaccurate, but because of the vast changes which have taken place during the sixty-odd years that have elapsed since the beginning of the story. As our States grow older, they tend to lose something of their individuality and to conform more nearly to the general pattern, but in 1857 Iowa was still very young, just entering upon her eleventh year of Statehood. The pioneer period described by Mr. Quick in "Vandemark's Folly" was over, but the State was still very thinly settled, and living conditions, particularly on the scattered farms, bordered on the primitive.

Fremont McConkey is the hero of "The Hawkeye," and 1857 is the year of his birth. The book is the story of his life, but it is also the story of Monterey County, a political unit which is not to be found on the map, but which may be any one of several counties in central Iowa. Fremont is a boy of unusual mental gifts. His thirst for knowledge leads him to read everything that he can lay his hands on. At the age of seventeen we find him teaching school and turning his salary over to his father, for in that benighted age a boy's time, until he was twenty-one, belonged to his father. He is an awkward country youth, and unsophisticated to a degree which, to the present younger generation, must seem utterly incredible.

As soon as he is old enough to vote, Fremont begins to take an active part in local politics. Great things are predicted for him, but his admirers are disappointed when he throws away an opportunity to be nominated for County Superintendent of Schools for no better reason than that he has pledged his support to another. He has not learned that such pledges are made to be broken. His campaign services are rewarded by an appointment as Deputy County Clerk, with a salary of nine hundred dollars a year. That was in the seventies, remember, when nine hundred dollars was a good salary for a young man. Fremont becomes identified with the "Court House Ring," who run county affairs with a high hand, but he does not realize that these men are grafters, or, as they were then called, "boodlers." The exposure of this ring, and the effect of that exposure on Fremont's future, form the main theme of the story.

Mr. Quick does not picture these corrupt politicians as deep-dyed villains. On the contrary, they are extremely likable human beings. They have come to look upon their little peculations as perquisites of office, as office-holders have been prone to do since office-holding began. The lax system of county government makes it all too easy for them to divert public moneys to their own use, and the habit grows on them. When a public-spirited citizen at length begins to investigate and lay bare the sordid details of official stealings, public indignation is aroused. The crash finds Fremont involved in it, and he feels the disgrace keenly, altho no finger of suspicion is pointed at him. He gives up politics. His ambition is to become a writer, but he sees nothing in the life about him to write about. The world will never know how many masterpieces it has lost by reason of this attitude on the part of would-be authors. The story ends with Fremont editor of a country newspaper and on the highroad to a moderate success.

There is a love story in "The Hawkeye," and a very good one, but the chief value of the book lies in the picture it presents of American politics on a small scale. And the picture is all the more convincing just because it is on a small scale. All the action takes place within the limits of Monterey County, and what happens there might happen in any county in the United States.

ISAAC ANDERSON.

THE HAWKEYE. By Herbert Quick. With illustrations by E. F. Ward. 477 pages. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The Singing Wells

AFTER a series of lively romances in better known countries, Roland Pertwee has pitched the tent of his latest novel on the edge of the Arabian desert, adding thereby color and a touch of savagery to a brisk story of love and adventure. Desert and its denizens are not merely draperies or "props" this time. They are as much a part of the narrative as the Sahara was in Robert Hichens's earlier novels, tho less subjectively.

The action begins in England of the immediate present. The hero, Lennox Cassalis, is a well-equipped athlete and younger son who has never failed at anything, and has, consequently, never learned to be patient under disaster. The heroine, a girl of his own class and obviously the right wife for him, develops a very lively distaste for his bright assurance. She will not be added so patently to his collection of successes, and, despite a real affection for him, she gives him his first taste of defeat. On her side are Cassalis's rich and sickly elder brother and, eventually, his most unpleasant aunt. But Cassalis himself can not understand. Failure has an intolerable taste, and he rushes to Algiers bent on going swiftly to whatever Arabian equivalent for dogs may be found there. He is befriended in his adventures by Paul Manet, a French comrade of his war days, and by Jane Toop, an English girl, formerly a driver of ambulances near the front in Belgium. Both these friends try first prevention, and then extrication, but the knot of the story lies in the fact that Cassalis refuses to be extricated. He insists doggedly on carrying his mistakes through to a wretched finish. Pride and a stubborn loyalty keep him faithful to his worst mistake, a girl of the Ouled Nail, bred for the trade which her district has helped to supply for many generations.

The beginning of this second affair is wrapt in mysticism. An inexplicable psychic guidance draws Cassalis into it. Meriem, the girl, feels it, too. Their meeting has a made-in-heaven air of the drawing together of two kindred souls—a trick which the reader has good reason to find fault with, since all this elaborate effect is but a scaffold to be hauled down after the parade is over. The plot of the novel is a spliced rope at best, and this attractive imp of the desert is its weakest spot. However, she does supply brisk action and humor as a relief from the hero's own tense, almost tragic insistence on ruining himself. Meriem has no objection to going along to destruction with her hero, but when he attempts to reform her at the same time that he is destroying himself, she finds the affair boring and seeks her own way of bringing matters to a happier conclusion.

Mr. Pertwee's novels all present their people and places intimately and with the various moods well rendered. One of his earliest books was in drama form, and the others would all lend themselves readily to being staged or made into movies. There is plenty of humor in "The Singing Wells," ranging from sly bits of French repartee to broad farce. The conversation is animated and carries the story along at a canter. The real lack in the book is sincerity of motivation. Results are too often machine-made rather than inevitable, but the story is entertaining and likely to prove popular for August reading.

HELEN IVES GILCHRIST.

THE SINGING WELLS. By Roland Pertwee. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

Desolate Splendor

IN MICHAEL SADLEIR'S "Desolate Splendor" we perceive the grandiose flamboyancy of a lost cause, the effort to reestablish the succession of Bulwer-Lytton and Disraeli to their once gilded throne in literature. Mr. Sadleir seems determined to bring back bonnie Disraeli over the waters of oblivion and set him up again in a modern democracy. First in "Privilege" and now in "Desolate Splendor" we observe the processional magnificence of gilded noblemen, sacrificial orphans, mortgaged estates; plotting, horrible old women; a calculated prose rhythm, all the somber shows and elaborate ceremonials of bonded romance. We observe this gorgeous and interminable parade, we doff our hats, and then we go home and keep right on reading Katherine Mansfield and D. H. Lawrence.

Do not misunderstand Mr. Michael Sadleir. He knows what he is about, just as Bulwer-Lytton knew what he was about in "Eugene Aram" and "Pelham" and "Devereux" and his other mighty-voiced calliopes. His second novel Mr. Sadleir calls "a story of ambitious hedonism and of the desolate splendor of a girl's devotion, a story of perverted cruelty and lust for property." Yes, sir, you get all that; and it is very much of a muchness. Charles Plethern is a dissolute and kindly-hearted rake. His one ambition is to join Rockarvon to his own estate, but the decayed and frightful Duke of Rockarvon won't sell. Viola Marvell is an orphan left to Charles's care by the death of a man who had once saved him from drowning. Mrs. Plethern is a horrible old woman who collects infamous art and loves the other son, James, a man of exemplary and heartless respectability. You can see what Viola is in for when she arrives at the estate; and you will not be disappointed.

But no matter what gins and abominations you encounter in romantic fiction, you are sure to come out all right into the sunshine of love if only you are an orphan. An orphan simply can't go wrong. And so Viola at last knows that Charles is her true love, Mrs. Plethern falls down the lift, the Duke trembles forth toward Paris, and everything is quite all right. Meyerbeer should be living at this hour. Mr. Sadleir and the contriver of "Robert the Devil" could between them conjure up a simply gorgeous opera full of brass and desolate splendor and high, astounding tonality.

A. DONALD DOUGLAS.

DESOLATE SPLENDOR. By Michael Sadleir. 391 pages. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

Time Is Whispering

EVER since the spacious and expanding days of Queen Victoria we have had with us the story wherein a tale of quiet lives is unfolded at almost unconscionable length. These paddle-wheel, slow-moving barges used to ride as double-deckers, with nothing very much going on between the decks except the legitimate pursuit of an honest courtship. Now they appear in one volume, and one of them is Elizabeth Robins's "Time Is Whispering."

In the autumn of his life, after service in the Great War, Sir Henry Ellerton gets him home to his estate that he may pass his later years in innocuous solitude. On the death of a neighbor the tenancy of one of his freeholds has been let, by the precipitancy of an agent, to a woman! To us that doesn't appear so very shocking; but Ellerton is a country gentleman who resents, positively and rudely resents, the presence of a woman in the countryside where men should be let alone to raise gardens, write books on the Indian policy, and in general do what they harmlessly please. The neighbor, Judith Lathom, is a widow, as Ellerton is a widower. In marriage both have been unhappy; and both are shy of being caught again in the toils of passion. The difficulty is that they live right next door, and common interests are always bringing them together, in quarrels about embattled dogs, matters of loans, matters of gardens, discussions about the younger generation and its literary aberrations. Judith's son waxes

(*Continued on page 47*)

BLASCO IBAÑEZ

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announced for June publication was postponed, but will appear about August 30

The reaction of the present generation to a traditional family policy of sacrificing the interests of individuals to those of "the estate" is the groundwork of an absorbing story. *$2.00, postage extra*

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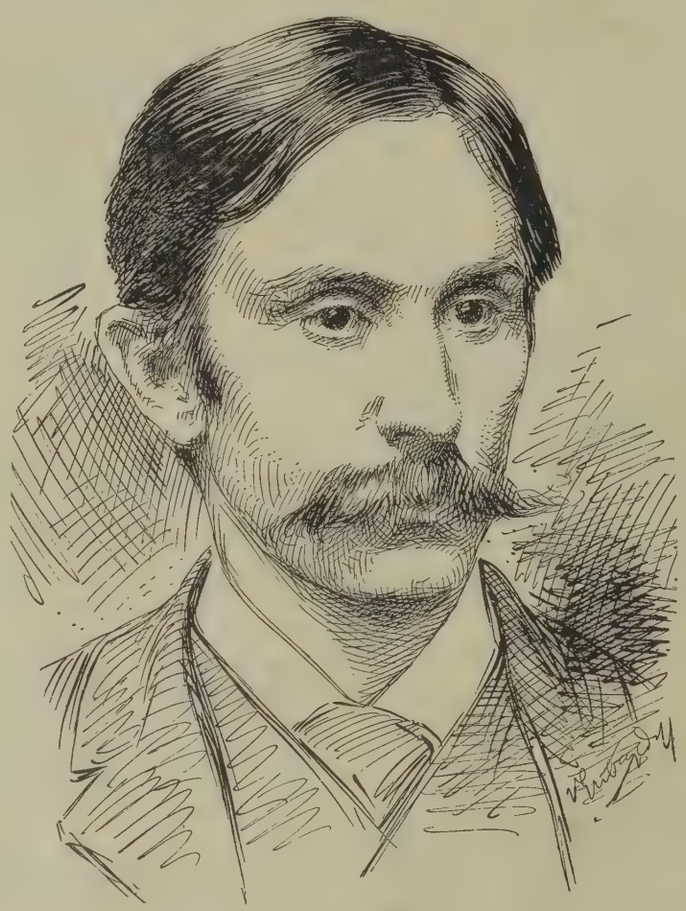
With the Makers of Books in America

IV. *The Century Company*

IF some one were to record the instances in which men have been diverted from a successful career to become publishers, one would have to begin with the Egyptian undertakers who, in their famous "Book of the Dead," discovered the selling possibilities in a properly prepared obituary. In later days, and especially in America, the publishing business has continued to attract men from other pursuits. One of the foremost houses owes its existence to the fact that a country doctor and a Yankee lawyer, drawn together by a common desire, decided, one moonlight night on a bridge in Geneva, to "start a magazine." The meeting was accidental, tho the two men were already acquainted; and not long after their return to America a new magazine made its appearance, a magazine which, incidentally, was almost immediately to share in the sudden revival of native literature that began shortly after 1870.

Both the founders of the present-day Century Company were New Englanders. Roswell Smith had begun life as a lawyer and was practising successfully in Indiana when he decided to return East with a view to entering the publishing business. The other, Dr. J. G. Holland, rejoiced in a medical practise of sufficiently modest proportions to permit him leisure for indulging his literary gift. He began contributing little essays to the *Springfield Republican*, which were continued when he joined the editorial staff of the paper, and before long these and other contributions won him wide recognition. It was not as a medical man, but as a distinguished writer and lecturer, that Dr. Holland was known when he journeyed to Europe for a holiday in 1868. His visit happened to coincide with that of Roswell Smith, who, determined to become a publisher, had gone abroad to debate his prospects of entering the newspaper field. They met at Geneva, and then and there the project was sealed.



RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Who had charge of The Century Magazine during its earlier years and was closely identified with the book department of the firm

Dr. Holland at once saw the advantage in allying the new publication with a well-known publishing name, and Roswell Smith agreeing, they made a proposal to the Scribners whereby the magazine was to come out under the latter's name. The proposal was accepted: the joint stock company of "Scribner & Co." was organized, in which Roswell Smith and Dr. Holland each took three-tenths of the stock and the Scribner firm the remaining four-tenths.

The Scribners at the time were publishing their own magazine, called *Hours at Home*. It was decided to discontinue this, and to replace it with the new publication, which was named *Scribner's Monthly*. Thus it happened that the present-day *Century Magazine* was originally fostered by the Scribner house, tho technically, in its management and policy, it was a distinctly separate entity. It was not until 1881, eleven years afterward, that the change in name took place.

Roswell Smith soon proved his rare qualifications as a magazine publisher. He possest an acute sense of business management; his judgment was sound, his vision broad, and happily his policies were uncolored by the commercial spirit. In him was exemplified the best of the old-school Puritan tradition. High-principled, and intensely religious, it is said that he opened the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Century Company with prayer.

For the early success of *Scribner's Monthly* there undoubtedly goes an incalculable measure of credit to Roswell Smith. But the name of Dr. Holland, as the first editor, at once stamped the character of the magazine and gave to it an immediate following that could not have been acquired in any other way. Richard Watson Gilder, who previously had been with *Hours at Home*, and who was later to become one of the most distinguished of American editors, was assistant to Dr. Holland.

Scribner's Monthly was launched in November, 1870, during one of those periodic lulls that come to American letters. By 1870 the great men, such as Hawthorne, Poe, Washington Irving, and James Fenimore Cooper, were gone; Mark Twain and William Dean Howells were dim figures on the literary horizon; Bret Harte's first book, "The Luck of the Roaring Camp, and Other Sketches," was published in that year, and the name of Henry James, with the "junior" attached, was beginning to create a mild stir in the offices of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Native magazines were publishing English fiction almost exclusively, and literary reviewers were crying despairingly for some good home-grown authors.

The first number of *Scribner's Monthly* contained articles, fiction, a department called "Topics of the Time," conducted by Dr. Holland, and other features in prose and verse. The purpose of the magazine was to give a well-balanced survey of the times, without stressing too much the purely literary side. To quote from a recently issued pamphlet on "The Story of the Century Co.," the magazine "developed the descriptive, informative article to a high degree, contributing richly to reconciliation of the South by a type of non-partizan journalism that reflected the interests of the entire—theoretically reunited—nation of 1870, and of the nation as a whole."

It was in the quality and distinction of its contributions to contemporary thought affecting the welfare of the nation, as well

as in its literary flavor, that *The Monthly* merited the popular attention which it received.

Another feature that attracted discriminating notice was the uniform excellence of the illustrations. Under the direction of Alexander W. Drake, the notable artists and engravers of the day contributed in making *The Monthly* the handsomest publication printed in English—so indubitably a leader in this respect that the London *Saturday Review* was constrained sadly to cite the quality of its wood-cuts as beyond comparison. Theodore De Vinne, the noted printer, achieved his reputation through his typographical arrangement of the pages.

Scribner's Monthly, it is interesting to note, was the first magazine to take advertising—an innovation which has made possible many cheaper magazines that could not have existed without the revenue from this source.

As time went on it was deemed advisable to make a formal separation of *Scribner's Monthly* and the publishing house whose name it shared, and so, in 1881, Roswell Smith bought out the Scribner interests. The Century Company was organized and moved from the Scribner building to its own quarters on Union Square. In November of that year the first issue of the new *Century Magazine* appeared, tho its editor was never to see it in completed form. Dr. Holland died suddenly while the number was on the presses.

Richard Watson Gilder at once became editor, and his association in that capacity for twenty-eight years—until his death in 1909—constitutes one of the most human and impressive pictures of editorial inspiration in American magazine annals.

Through its intimate contact with contemporary literature it was inevitable that the Century Company should develop into a book-publishing house. It is doubtful if there was any thought of this in the minds of the original projectors, but shortly after the change in name took place the Century Company published its first two books: "The Great South," which had been serialized with striking success in the magazine, and a juvenile, "Baby Days." From then on, the book activities of the firm mounted steadily. Travel, biography, art and science have always been accorded distinguished treatment by Century authors, and not infrequently a best-seller on its list has achieved a permanent popularity. In this rare class one instantly thinks of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "The Lady of the Decoration," and "Molly Make-Believe." And in later days there are Donn Byrne's "Messer Marco Polo," Frederick O'Brien's "White Shadows in the South Seas," and the valuable and interesting travel books of Harry A. Franck—to mention only a few—which give promise of longevity.

In biography and statecraft the Century Company has published Prof. William M. Sloane's "Napoleon Bonaparte: a History," John Morley's "Oliver Cromwell," Andrew D. White's "Autobiography," the monumental "Abraham Lincoln: A History," by Nicolay and Hay. Its art-books include the Hichens-Guérin "Egypt," "The Holy Land," and others; several volumes of the Timothy Cole engravings, and Edith Wharton's "Italian Gardens." Frank R. Stockton, author of the famous "The Lady, or the Tiger?", Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, John Luther Long, and Rudyard Kipling are a few other notable Century authors.

Three years after the founding of *Scribner's Monthly*, Roswell Smith, believing there was room for the right kind of a young people's periodical, started *St. Nicholas Magazine*. Under the keenly intelligent editorship of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, with Frank R. Stockton as her assistant, *St. Nicholas* set out to capture the very best of juvenile writers on the then unique theory that children were fully as capable of appreciating good literature as their elders. The list of contributors to *St. Nicholas* is truly remarkable. The jungle stories of Kipling were written for the magazine; Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was published as a serial in it; Louisa M. Alcott was another *St. Nicholas* author; as were Bret Harte, John Hay, Donald G. Mitchell, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, and Christina Rossetti. Tennyson wrote two child-songs expressly for *St. Nicholas;* and there were contributions from Eugene Field, James Whitcomb

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Book Lovers!

CAN you name ten books—real, lasting, worth-while books—which have been written since 1900? This was the question we asked in the last issue of The International Book Review. The replies which we have already received from our readers promise to make an amazingly rich and varied symposium.

Every book lover has his favorite books. We want to know what *yours* are. If you have not already done so, sit down now and write out a list of the ten books—written during the Twentieth Century—which have interested you most. Then send it in to the Editor of this magazine.

From all the lists submitted a composite list will be made containing the ten books receiving the greatest number of votes. The final list will be published in the December number. The contest closes October 15th. Send in your list, and then watch to see how many of your selections are included in the final tabulation.

The Literary Digest
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BOOK REVIEW

PRECIOUS PORCELAIN PICTURES

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FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers
354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York

Riley, Joaquin Miller, Ernest Thompson Seton, and Mary E. Wilkins. Many noted juvenile books have been on the Century Company's lists as the result of their authors' connection with *St. Nicholas Magazine.*

The Century Dictionary is another great enterprise which Roswell Smith launched. He purchased the American rights to the Imperial Dictionary, published by Messrs. Blackie & Son of Glasgow, Scotland. It was first planned to make a few changes in the Imperial, but as the work progressed an entirely new dictionary emerged, and to-day the Century has become one of the leading reference works of its kind in the English language.

In its more than fifty years of existence the Century Company has had but four presidents: Roswell Smith, who served until his death in 1892; Frank H. Scott, W. W. Ellsworth, and W. Morgan Shuster, former financial adviser to the Persian Government, who became president of the company in 1914. In January of 1921 another periodical was added to the Century family—*The American Golfer*, which, as may be guessed, is devoted to the entertaining perplexities of the new American pastime. It is edited by Grantland Rice, well known as an authority in the field of sport.

The list of contributors to *The Century Magazine* is a long and varied one, reflecting the various changes in thought and spirit which society has undergone during the past half century. In our day the magazine has brought forward, under the editorship of Glenn Frank, an arresting diversity of view-points in fiction, poetry and essays. Such distinctly modern writers as Bertrand Russell, James Branch Cabell, Amy Lowell and Willa Cather are providing the stimulation which the readers of an older day derived from Dr. Holland, Frank Stockton and Mrs. Oliphant. Times change, and magazines change with them—or disappear.

The Girl Next Door

THIS girl next door is not the incomparable one of the Chinese poet. You are promptly told in the second paragraph that she is "smug and vicious and vacant." She is a cheap flapper, pert and common, and has a "gen'leman friend." But read on, for you will not have much of her to endure. Altho hers is the title rôle, she is merely the goddess *ex machina*, fate's or the author's necessary instrument. You may think she is the story, but she isn't.

This is only one of Lee Wilson Dodd's pleasantly deceptive ways of telling a story. He eases you into it, so to speak, down the cellar stairs. You come up into the light only gradually; not always gradually, either. Sometimes it bursts on you. Or as abruptly goes out again. Something totally unexpected happens, or you are told that it has happened, and you experience the same sense of shock as in real life. You can't believe it, and yet you know it's so. And you are in a state of suspense to be told how it happened, and then the supposed narrator of the Dodd story tells you. Surprize or Suspense? The dramatic technician must usually decide which of these two devices he will use, but adroit Mr. Dodd thus employs both.

The "supposed narrator" of Mr. Dodd's earlier novel, "The Book of Susan," is not the same leisurely, cultured, charmingly whimsical spectator and participant who is telling his life's story in "The Girl Next Door." They are not the same life stories at all, tho the point of view, the gently cynical and mellowed appraisal of human values, is the same. His humor, possessing something of the flavor of James Lane Allen in "The Kentucky Cardinal," is never curdled. He can even be a little amused at the *grotesquerie* in the tragic muddle. Here, in brief, is a gentleman transacting life and losing none of his integrity, and, not once, his manners. There's something invigorating, wholesome, in hearing him tell his story, and his story is life. It is neither tainted fish nor a cream puff, and yet—tho this may be heresy—truer to life.

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR. By Lee Wilson Dodd. 224 pages. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

A Close-up of Books and Authors

IT IS reported that Henry Ford has bought the old Wayside Inn at South Sudbury, Massachusetts, the scene of Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and that he intends to preserve it as a historical museum. The Inn, originally known as Howe's Tavern, was built in 1700 by David Howe, who was its landlord for forty-eight years. The second landlord, Colonel Ezekiel Howe, hung out a signboard with a red horse, and the place became known as the Red Horse Tavern. It remained in possession of the Howe family until 1860, the last landlord of that name being Lyman Howe, of whom Longfellow wrote.

> Grave in his aspect and attire;
> A man of ancient pedigree,
> A justice of the Peace was he,
> Known in all Sudbury as "The Squire."

The Wayside Inn has sheltered many famous men, among them Washington, Lafayette and Daniel Webster, besides the poet who immortalized it. In recent years the inn and its farm have been controlled by Mrs. Edward E. Lemon. Mr. Ford's purchase includes also the adjoining 140-acre estate of William E. Bright.

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THE WAYSIDE INN AT SOUTH SUDBURY, MASS., RECENTLY BOUGHT BY HENRY FORD

A dispatch from Berlin tells of the theft from the Marien-Bibliothek, in Halle, of the only existing manuscript copy of Luther's Catechism, in Luther's own handwriting. The theft was traced to a high official who was known as a lover of books and a frequent visitor to libraries. A search of his home and the homes of some of his relatives brought to light 180 old books, worth millions of marks.

A memorial to Walter Hines Page was unveiled in Westminster Abbey on July 3. It is in the form of a tablet of white stone and is placed on the south wall of the Chapter House, just below the tablet to James Russell Lowell. Among the distinguished Americans who attended the unveiling ceremonies were Mr. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury; James M. Beck, Solicitor-General of the State Department; Post Wheeler, Counselor to the United States Embassy; and Robert P. Skinner, Consul General. The tablet, which is the work of Eric Gill, bears the inscription:

TO THE GLORY OF GOD
AND IN MEMORY OF
WALTER HINES PAGE
1855–1918
AMBASSADOR OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S
1913-1918
The friend of Britain in her sorest need.

Mrs. Blair Niles, whose "Casual Wanderings in Ecuador" (Century Co.) was among the travel books reviewed in the June number of this magazine, is now traveling in Colombia with her husband, Robert L. Niles. The result of their journey will probably be another entertaining book of travel. Mrs. Niles's home, which she uses when she is not visiting some out-of-the-way corner of the earth, is in New York City. She is a Virginian by birth, the granddaughter of Roger A. Pryor, a Confederate general who afterward became a Justice of the New York Supreme Court.

A "Directory of Missouri Writers" has been issued by the Missouri Writers' Guild. It contains nearly two hundred names of authors who either are natives of Missouri or have lived in the State a number of years. Honorary members of the guild are Winston Churchill, George Creel, Homer Croy, Leigh Mitchell Hodges, Rupert Hughes, Fannie Hurst, Edna Kenton, Sara Teasdale, Augustus Thomas, Maude Radford Warren, and William H. Hamby. Other well-known names in the Directory are Zoë Akin, Temple Bailey, Courtney Riley Cooper, T. S. Eliot, Glenn Frank, Sam Hellman, Calvin Johnston, Rose Wilder Lane, O. O. McIntyre, Tom P. Morgan, John G. Neihardt, and Harold Bell Wright. The Missouri Writers' Guild is a social and fraternal organization whose object is to bring the writers of the State into closer relationship for mutual inspiration, information and amusement. Two meetings are held each year, one of them being an outing of a week or two in some picturesque spot in Missouri. Distinguished writers from outside the State are invited as guests to these meetings. The president of the Guild is Mr. Louis Dodge of St. Louis.

Maurice Hewlett, author of "The Forest Lovers," "The Queen's Quair" and other novels, died on June 15, at his home, Broadchalke, Salisbury, England. He was sixty-two years old. Hewlett was educated for the law and admitted to the bar, but his interest in poetry and medievalism soon led him to give up his profession and devote all his time to literature. As a boy, his favorite book was "Morte d'Arthur," which he knew by heart, and while still a young man he was regarded as an authority on heraldry and the history of chivalry.

Jonathan Cape of London is to publish a definitive edition of the works of Samuel Butler. It will be called the Shrewsbury Edition and will be in twenty volumes, the first two of which will be ready in September. Only 750 sets will be issued, half of them reserved for America.

Books Talked About in Literary Europe

FRANCE is enjoying a literary novelty in "Le Roman des Quatre" ("The Novel of the Four"). The book was written as a skylarking escapade by Paul Bourget and three other novelists—Pierre Benoît, Henri Duvernois, and Mme. Gérard d'Houville—but it turns out to be quite a brilliant performance. According to the preface, these four friends, being marooned in a country house one rainy day, and having exhausted all the reputable diversions in which four novelists could indulge far from their writing-tables, decided to do a book by team-work. It was to be cast in the form of letters, but was to be different from any other book, and each of the principal characters was to be handled by one of the four friends. The master-hand of M. Bourget is visible in the plot and the allotment of parts. It starts off with a bang. The great painter, Antoine Barge, in the height of his domestic happiness and at the apex of his fame, surprizes his pretty wife in the arms of a lover. He kills the wife; he kills the lover. He sends away his little daughter, Micheline, to his sister to be reared in ignorance, so far as possible, of the tragedy. In the course of time Micheline, a young lady grown, falls in love with Bernard Souchet, the son of a brother of Micheline's dead mother. Out of this situation the authors have evolved a dramatic story, somewhat after the manner of "Romeo and Juliet," but with a much more modern ending. The letters of Micheline are written throughout by Mme. Gérard d'Houville, and *L'Illustration* ranks them "among the most exquisite things that we owe to her talent." The two young men who are rivals for the girl's hand are represented by Messrs. Benoît and Duvernois. The critic just quoted pronounces the book one of "talent multiplied by four," and his only adverse comment is that "it ends by being too heavy with riches, each author having lavished all his gifts, regardless, in deference to the great writer who had inspired this effort." (Paris: Plon.)

After the centenary of Pasteur, France has been celebrating the tercentenary of Pascal. The author of the "Pensées" was born on June 19, 1623, and exactly three hundred years later the leading organ of intellectual and artistic Paris—*L'Illustration*—had a remarkable symposium of articles and pictures on his life and work, headed by a brilliant paper from the pen of Paul Bourget. Among other things M Bourget said:

> His sincerity alone is not enough to explain the prodigious influence which Pascal still wields after three hundred years, not only over those who share his beliefs, but over those who hate them. Thus there is this Louis Havet, to whom we owe so learned an edition of the "Pensées," to name only one among the non-Christian admirers of Pascal. That a Jansenist of the sixteenth century should compel stubborn rationalists in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries to consider him, not as a significant representative of the past, but as they would consider a contemporary, with the feeling that the eloquence of this Port Royal adept is as vital as if he were coming and going among us, is an almost unique phenomenon. A Bossuet, a Fenelon, are figures in history. Even a La Bruyère and a La Rochefoucauld. But not Pascal. It is because he incarnates in himself to the highest degree an admirable type of humanity: that of the thinker in whom brain and heart have never been divorced, and who is stirred by ideas, thrilled by them to the innermost fiber of his being. This response of the whole being in reflection, this passionate vibration in the pursuit of truth—what an example it is! How can one help envying it when one is oneself an intellectual?

The national celebrations in Pascal's honor were held chiefly at Clermont, his birthplace in Auvergne. One page of his "Thoughts," reproduced by *L'Illustration* from the original manuscript in the Bibliothèque Nationale, is made up of eight bits of paper of various sizes, for it was his habit to jot down his ideas on such scraps.

Johannes V. Jensen's memorable series of books collectively known as "Den Lange Reise" ("The Long Journey") has been brought to a close with the publication in Christiania of "Christofer Columbus." Thus the Norwegian author's historical allegory of the progress of civilization, and more particularly of the part played therein by the northern nations, ends with the discovery of America. Jensen's sweeping claims for the northern peoples as the producers of all the masterly figures in human progress extend even to Columbus, for he classes the discoverer as a "Nordic," on the rather shaky ground of Lombard descent. The book depicts Columbus as leading the northern races to the Western World, which—in part—fate has decreed for their possession. A reviewer in the London *Times Literary Supplement* sums up Jensen's series in these words: "Among much involved and often fantastic writing the books contain passages of power and graphic effect."

Italian critics are pointing out that only in a very loose sense was Manzoni's "I Promessi Sposi" completed in 1823, tho the nation is celebrating the centenary of the famous novel this year. An article by G. A. Cesareo in the *Giornale di Sicilia* calls attention to the fact that tho Manzoni wrote "finis" to the first draft in 1823, there intervened four long years of the "patient labor of the file" before it was ready for publication. In that period the title was changed, the names of nearly all the characters were changed, and in January, 1824, Donna Giulia, the author's mother, wrote to Monsignor Tosi that Alexander was thinking seriously of acting on his advice to cut out entirely the episode of the Nun of Monza. That episode was not wholly omitted, but it was reduced fully one-half. The book did not appear until 1827. Those four years of patient revision, Signor Cesareo remarks, were what gave the romance its immortal perfection. Six years in all the author labored on that one book. How many writers of the present day are willing to try that road to immortality?

Theodore Dreiser's volume of biographical sketches, "Twelve Men," has been translated into French by Fernande Hélie and is the subject of an admiring review in the July issue of *La Nouvelle Revue Française*. "A fresco of moving silhouettes," the reviewer calls these twelve word-portraits. He says Dreiser never poses his characters, but fumbles with his chisel, brings out a lot of traits, half erases them, chisels them forth again, has us walk around his model, and then, at the moment when he seems to despair of making it live, flashes a living being into the mind of the beholder. He adds:

> For a proper estimate of these portraits one must take into account the spirit of reaction in which they, like Dreiser's other works, were created. The author belongs to the select American group that has undertaken to denounce the moral, intellectual and esthetic crudities of the United States. There is an American technique of the sketch, as there is of the high-jump: the narratives in this volume clearly refuse to conform with the current style, to arrange their movements by rule in order to alight with suppleness and beauty; innocent of "snap" and of the tragic-epileptic, slow and deliberate, I feel like reproaching them, at times, with tameness and a touch of insipidity, so little are they spiced with imagery and opinion. But they commend themselves by their excellent psychological realism, and unite sympathy and perspicacity in a way sometimes delicious.

A new edition of Amiel's "Journal Intime," edited in three volumes by Bernard Bouvier, has appeared in Paris, and French critics declare that the earlier two-volume book—with which Americans are familiar in Mrs. Humphry Ward's translation—can no longer hold its place in the presence of M. Bouvier's version. The new edition contains twenty-five per cent. of hitherto unpublished "fragments," and the older ones are amplified, while the whole is rearranged. Evidently nobody has yet thought seriously of publishing the whole journal, for we are told that the manuscript would make seventy volumes like those now issued.

In This Month's Fiction Library

(*Continued from page 41*)

jealous of his mother's growing reliance upon Ellerton, and then the son almost has an affair with the secretary. The younger generation *will* write poetry, of which the older generation is soberly scornful. Yes, you are quite right; it ends just as it was meant to end, in love and friendship ripening through the silver autumn of two quiet lives. Time whispers, and does not shout, as in most novels. The story is pleasant and agreeable, not calculated to freeze the restive blood, but not too heavy upon the drooping eyelids.

TIME IS WHISPERING. By Elizabeth Robins. 379 pages. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.

Lanty Hanlon

A TALE of an Irish village is not necessarily alarming, but Patrick MacGill's "Lanty Hanlon" stirs fierce passions, which have to do with the Irish peasantry and the need of bricks. This engaging presentment of a vigorous Irishman who founds the fortune of his village in despite of whisky and all opposition is cast in the epic mold, which doesn't fit any too well. The incidents, the dialog, the scheme of literary grandeur, all are there, but not in full measure. Mr. MacGill's style possesses a fatal and bodiless fluency, which keeps his novel from the first rank of the picaresque novel, but holds it well within the second rank.

Over and over again—in fact, about a thousand times—you are told that Ballykeeran is the finest village in Ireland; and tho you remain unconvinced, you watch the process of greatness shaping under the buffets and management of Lanty Hanlon, the man of brawn and whisky, the black Irishman who cheats and buffets his fellow villagers, runs away any number of times and returns any number of times drunk, and finally establishes the Ballykeeran Development Society, whereby the resources of the village are developed into an amazing prosperity. Blows and counter-speeches, the eloquence of tongues and fists, jealousy and catapulted stones, besiegers routed by vengeful bees, a long-protracted love-affair—these necessary elements of a picaresque Irish story are all resolved into a final Celtic harmony wherein Lanty comes out on top, and decides to marry a girl by the toss of a coin. For all its frenetic gyrations, "Lanty Hanlon" lacks the robustious and full-blooded vigor of its literary originals, but it is never dull or tepid.

LANTY HANLON. By Patrick MacGill. 310 pages. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.90.

The Tenth Woman

ROSE-ANN is a sweet little New Englander, brought up by a stern and rigid father and a suppressed and depressed mother. She is beautiful to look upon, and from a mere child rebellious of narrowness and suppression. She marries a man who thinks of her as an ideal when she wants to be thought of as flesh. ("Flesh" is expressing it baldly, but, baldly, that is what we are given to understand.) She quarrels with her husband, and to hurt him says she is going away with another man. As a matter of fact, she does journey West to this man, whom she knows but slightly, feeling that he is the only one who will understand. The man is away in Africa, but Rose-Ann stays on with Willa Brookes, "his woman." And there Rose-Ann's baby is born—her husband's baby, altho there is a good bit of complication here over imagined doubts as to the child's parentage. In the end—but enough has been said to show the stuff of which the story is made. The plot is unconvincing and the characters are never flesh-and-blood persons. The book is written in a vein of sweetness, and with sugar at its present price we marvel at the author's saccharin extravagance. The title refers to the fact that "nine women out of ten would have acted differently"; it would have been entirely safe to call Rose-Ann the hundredth woman.

THE TENTH WOMAN. By Harriet T. Comstock. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.75.

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Pender Among the Residents

IF it be true, as some would have us believe, that an old house retains the impress of the people who have lived in it and of the events that have taken place within its walls, and holds this impress to such a degree that later occupants of the house are affected by it, then the supernatural part of "Pender Among the Residents" is entirely credible. At any rate, Mr. Forrest Reid makes it seem reasonable.

Ramoan House, the home that Rex Pender has inherited from his grandfather, has never had the reputation of being haunted, nor is there any legend of a half-forgotten tragedy in the lives of the long line of Kilmartins who made it their home. Yet, almost from the moment Pender takes possession, he feels that the people whose portraits hang on the walls have something to tell him, and he sets himself the task of finding out what it is. He finds a few letters, and from these he begins to reconstruct the story of Roxana, his great-grandfather's second wife. As he goes on, the impression becomes stronger and stronger that the people of whom he is writing are watching him.

Meanwhile, Pender is not living entirely in the past. He has his human contacts in the present with the people of Ballycastle. There is Norah Burton, the girl to whom he is engaged, and her managing mother; there is Miss Foy, the music-teacher, Dr. Olphert, Mrs. O'Clery, and Trefusis, the boy poet—real people, all of them, for Mr. Reid does not draw types; he draws individuals, and he does it with extraordinary skill. Even the minor characters stand out distinctly. And the two stories, the supernatural one of the dead and gone Kilmartins, and the real one of Pender and Norah Burton, develop side by side with an absorbing interest that never flags.

PENDER AMONG THE RESIDENTS. By Forrest Reid. 278 pages. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.

The Globe Hollow Mystery

LAST year, Hannah Gartland gave us "The House of Cards," and now, when one opens "The Globe Hollow Mystery," one naturally expects another story as complicated and intriguing as that, and as pleasant in theme. The new book is indeed complicated, but it is gruesome, and not as intriguing as it could be if it had not so many side-plots. Nevertheless, it is a good, plausible mystery story, out of the ordinary in that the first and main mystery is solved in the first two hundred pages, and other detective problems are brought into the book to lead up to the capture of the criminal. This character is known by many names, and his pet hobby is impersonating somebody dead, in order to collect money at the expense of the heirs. He is humanly clever, and in portraying his character Hannah Gartland has not overdone a single act. A slight love interest runs through several chapters and assists in solving the mystery. The plot is cleverly handled. Slender threads are drawn closer with each chapter, and unless the reader is careful some of the subtlety of the book may be lost.

THE GLOBE HOLLOW MYSTERY. By Hannah Gartland. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 294 pages. $1.75.

The Hinges of Custom

SEETHING London crowds, and a tired business man, disillusioned, all his dreams dead, going home to a "house" in which he lives with his wife and child. Such is the opening scene of "Hinges of Custom," and the story moves forward swiftly to Wade's awakening through his meeting with Isabel, the finding of his soul and beauty in life, the return of the desire to write, and the determination to remain in the city instead of going home to burned meals and Alma's nagging talk. Love comes to Isabel and Wade. But Wade has a wife and child, and Isabel has a husband.

The story is that of a man whose wife has pulled him down from the dreams of his youth to be an office machine, but whose employer is interested in him because he had loved Wade's mother dearly. This interest, together with his love for Isabel, brings out in Wade what has for so many years been dormant. London, its pettiness and greatness, is given to the reader in vivid pictures. The writer in Wade opens his soul to receive impressions, and these the reader shares with him.

What is the hinge that swings open the door and admits another solution than that which custom demands for Wade's problem? Is there happiness for this woman and this man? The author herself seems rather undecided when she reaches this point, but she at least hints the happy ending which the reader desires.

THE HINGES OF CUSTOM. By Ednah Aiken. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 385 pages. $2.

A Pocketful of Poses

IT is an agreeable (and rare) recompense for a reviewer to discover that a book, doubted, avoided and finally read on sufferance, has decided qualities of charm and originality. A woman's first novel, a novel with an alliterative title suggestive of fluffiness, offers little encouragement to the prospective reader, unless he happens to care for that sort of thing. But Miss Parrish has written in a vein delightfully humorous and kindly a novel of life in a small town where personalities are not all flat as pancakes. Altho many of her characters are inevitably of the narrow, complacent, materialistic type so successfully satirized by Sinclair Lewis, the drab ugliness of Main Street is happily absent—possibly because the scene is laid in the Eastern States, where the passion for democracy (a current euphuism for mediocrity) and the spirit of Mrs. Grundy are less revered.

Marigold is very human and very feminine. From earliest childhood she has played a part, or, rather, many parts, contented, if need be, even to play to herself as audience. In every fiber of her being she is a *poseuse*. Yet, tho from the first we see through her little bag of tricks, she still holds our affection. Saved almost miraculously by a tragic accident from marriage to a man for whom she experienced only a purely sex attraction, and with whom there could be no real community of mind and spirit, she nearly wrecks the life of the man she loves and her own through her unconscious egotism. If the plot itself is not surprizing, certainly its treatment is notably individual and whimsical.

A POCKETFUL OF POSES. By Anne Parrish. 320 pages. New York: George H. Doran Co.

The Lost Discovery

HAD we not seen the title "The Lost Discovery," we would have known from the description of the house that there was a breathholding mystery in store for us. The cancer specialist has been murdered. What has happened to his discovery of the miraculous cure for cancer? There are three interests desiring the discovery of the cipher copies of his will and his healing method. One interest is composed of three people, another of two people, and the third of one lone man. Of course, there is love-interest—more than we have in our American mystery stories. Althea is the heroine, and the one lone man is the man she learns to love—the one she helps, and, of course, the one who in the end is successful, because she has learned everything for him. We are not telling a secret. It is the way of every mystery novel—it is the method Mrs. Reynolds has used which makes the book one that will hold attention no matter how apparent the ending may seem to some.

THE LOST DISCOVERY. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. 310 pages. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.75.

Lass o' Laughter

MRS. NICHOLSON, dour-visaged, flouncing about her work in a fury of vexation, hated Jean Stirling. She hated her because Jean could and did laugh, tho for nine years she had been the older woman's drudge, and every Thursday had scrubbed down the halls and stairs in the dismal lodging-house on Glasgow's South Side. She also hated her because Jean, who lived in the dreams-that-never-came-true, could understand the noble simplicity of the dreamer in David Nicholson; and his mother, who thought him idiotic, despised what she could not understand. But most of all she hated Jean because she (Mrs. Nicholson) had kept secret the papers she had stolen from Mrs. Stirling's box at her death; the papers which would have brought happiness and wealth to little Jean, but which would have made necessary a paid servant in the lodging-house.

So, for nine years, whenever an odd moment's freedom from drudgery had been hers, Jean played with David. His fairy stories and his endeavors to protect her from his mother's harshness, tho often they failed, helped to keep Jean's unconquerable optimism undimmed. And then, despite Mrs. Nicholson's machinations, release came for Jean—release in the shape of a good fairy who, disguised as a solicitor for the family at Maxwell Towers, discovered that Jean was the long-sought heiress. And David's "Lass o' Laughter," as he called her, went to take possession of her rightful heritage. The devotion of this artless but thoughtful girl to the rough and inarticulate David strikes the most acceptable as well as the most natural note in this glamorously romantic story.

LASS O' LAUGHTER. By Winifred Carter and Nan Marriott-Watson. 309 pages. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

Stonecrop

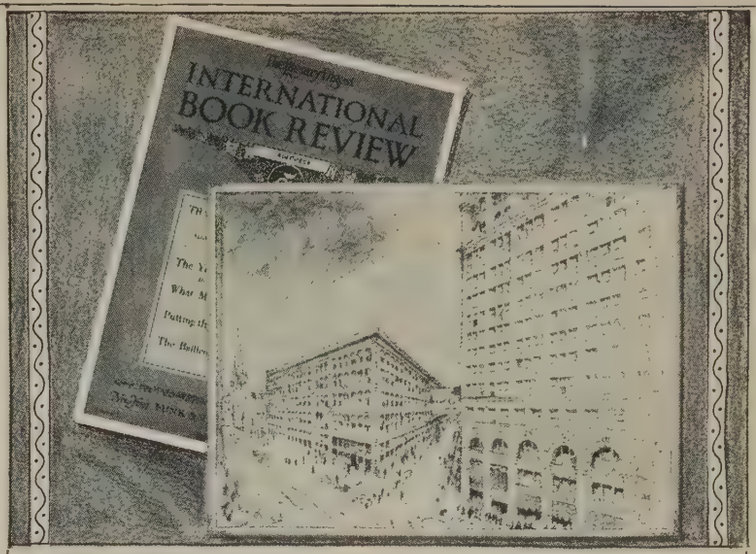
The voice of the priest shrieked hoarsely through the church: "Bad women corrupt God-fearing people, break up homes: it is easy for them! They can sing sweetly, dress themselves up gaudily . . ."

Yella clung frightened to her mother's skirt, as she used to do when she was a little child and some one hurt her; and then, as if some new chord had been struck within her, she remembered suddenly another skirt, a gaudier one, which her mother used to wear long ago, an amber necklace, clinking glass beads, big, golden earrings, and strange men who left the house in the morning. . . .

Alone, tending her goats on the mountain, Yella saw several men. Davorin she recognized. She had had to repulse his advances. She stared at him helplessly, then turned toward the other men, but in their faces too she was confronted by eyes as frightful as Davorin's, faces transformed by the mastery of bestial desire. Everything became clear to her. Her eyes opened and filled with horror, as she saw her mother's fate overtaking her without mercy. . . . She started running, madly, hopelessly. . . . The purple-flowered moraine. . . . She remembered the deep cleft in the rock and the young fir struck by lightning, which bridged it over.

"STONECROP" is the story of a little peasant girl in Czecho-Slovakia, the tale of a mountain goat-girl without background or education. She is like an unusual flower that is threatened with encroaching weeds; and she knows the goats in her flock better than she ever learns to know human nature. As a novel it possesses the immense simplicity that characterized "Marie Claire," and the tragic appeal we have come to believe belongs peculiarly to Russian literature. It is considered, measured. Written with a paucity of detail, the words convey pictures done with swift, sure strokes. The effects are clean-cut, clear-thought by a writer who possesses both imagination and realization. There are no tears; there is no laughter. It is a direct tale, simply told, and with the repression that makes for great writing.

STONECROP. By Cécile Tormay. 248 pages. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. $2.



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JOHN WANAMAKER
NEW YORK

Emily Post's Suggestions on How to Behave

With one voice the critics and book reviewers of the United States have praised Emily Post's brilliant book, "Etiquette," which has come to be known as the blue book of social usage. And they are equally unanimous in acclaiming Emily Post as not only specially competent to write such a work, but a supreme arbiter on social conduct in America.

Mrs. Post an Authority — As the Philadelphia *Record* says, "Mrs. Post is unquestionably an authority on the customs and manners of polite society and her suggestions may be followed with confidence."

Daughter of the South — The New York *Evening Telegram* puts it thus: "A first gentlewoman of America has undertaken to present us with a guide to good behavior. The gentlewoman in question is none other than Emily Post (Mrs. Price Post), daughter of the old South and a shining figure in that best society she so broadly and intelligently defines."

Well Equipped Social Guide — The New York *Tribune* declares that "not since Mrs. Sherwood sponsored her book on etiquette some fifty years ago has any one so obviously well equipped appeared as authority on the subject."

Not Mere "Etiquette" — *Town and Country*, of New York, comments: "Emily Post has added to her rather versatile collection of accomplishments by making a book on everyday ethics—a rather broader conception of good manners than the idea suggested by the word 'etiquette.'"

Concerning the book itself—

ETIQUETTE: In Society, in Politics, in Business, and at Home

The New York *World* pronounces it "a delightful book on ethics and manners," while Dorothy Hamilton of the New York *Evening Post* declares that "Etiquette" will be "the last word in social matters until at least such time as society has radically changed, for it covers with an almost incredible minuteness of detail every contingency into which a social being may be plunged. From the ceremony of christening a child until the last sad rites after death, the life of a well-bred person is conducted with painstaking care."

Proposed as a School Book

Gertrude Atherton, the famous novelist, is so enthusiastic about the merit of "Etiquette" that she suggests the book "be included in the curriculum of every public school, and that no pupil be allowed to graduate unless he or she can stand an exhaustive examination in it."

Besides the thousands of bits of information on *social* conduct in Emily Post's great book, it also advises extensively on dress for different occasions, care of a household, management of servants, etc. It also contains 16 full-page photographic reproductions, showing table settings for all occasions, weddings, home interiors, decorations, how a child should handle its knife and fork, etc.

"Etiquette" is printed in one handsome volume of 639 pages with gold stamping.

Cloth Binding, $4. net; $4.18, post-paid. Special Presentation Edition, bound in full flexible leather, gold-edged paper, in box, $7.50, net; $7.68, post-paid.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York

Important Books of the Month

Biography

FORTY YEARS A SOLDIER. By Major-General Sir George Younghusband. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.

The experiences of a famous English soldier-author, from his first fight in the Afghan War in 1878 to the moment when the bugles sounded the "Cease Fire" at the end of the World War.

THE STORY OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF A YOUTH. By Ernst Haeckel. Translated by G. Barry Gifford. New York: Harper & Brothers. $3.

Haeckel's youthful letters to his parents, giving an intimate view of his mental and spiritual development. These letters reveal the struggles through which the famous monist philosopher passed when he lost the Christian faith of his youth and arrived at the mental attitude set forth later in "The Riddle of the Universe."

FOUR FAMOUS NEW YORKERS. Volume 4 of "The Political History of the State of New York." By DeAlva Stanwood Alexander. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $4.

Covers the political careers of Cleveland, Platt, Hill and Roosevelt, and other outstanding characters of a complex political period.

DOSTOEVSKY: LETTERS AND REMINISCENCES. Translated from the Russian by S. S. Koteliansky and J. Middleton Murry. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Letters from Dostoevsky to his friend Maikov, and a series to his wife on the occasion of the Pushkin celebration; also letters to Pobiedonoszev, the famous Procurator of the Holy Synod, and a long letter written by Dostoevsky to his brother on the morning he was sentenced to death. Published with the sanction of the Russian Government.

A BUSINESS MAN IN UNIFORM: RAYNAL CAWTHORNE BOLLING. By Henry Greenleaf Pearson. Illustrated. New York: Duffield & Co. $3.

Story of the career and achievements of one of the outstanding American aviation officers at the beginning of the World War.

THE ART OF THE PRIMA DONNA AND CONCERT SINGER. By Frederick H. Martens. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3.

Interviews with twenty of the greatest present-day prima donnas, all aiming to place at the disposal of the public the lessons learned in their careers.

LILLIAN NORDICA'S HINTS TO SINGERS. Transcribed by William Armstrong. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.

In addition to Nordica's practical advice to singers, this book gives an account of her training for the opera, as told in her letters and those of her mother.

LIFE AND TIMES OF ALBAH CROCKER. By William Bond Wheelwright. Privately printed, Boston, Mass.

The life-story of the man who built the Fitchburg Railroad and the Hoosac Tunnel.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DAVID CROCKETT. With an introduction by Hamlin Garland. (The Modern Student's Library, American Division). New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.

Colonel Crockett's own picturesque account of his career, first published in 1834, and now reprinted in the authentic text; also his "Tour to the North and Down East" and the apocryphal "Exploits and Adventures in Texas."

GENERAL FREDERICK YOUNG. By his daughter, L. Hadow Jenkins. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50.

The life-story of an officer of the old brigade in India, with reminiscences of Ireland and of India in the fifties.

A LIFE OF FRANCIS AMASA WALKER. By James Phinney Munroe. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

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THE CHEVALIER DE BOUFFLERS: A ROMANCE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Nesta H. Webster. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6.

History of the life and love of the Chevalier de Boufflers and the Comtesse de Sabron—the true story of a great passion in an enthralling period.

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The inside story of the career of a man who learned the secrets of the stock market and found a "system" that worked.

THE ECONOMICS OF MARKETING AND ADVERTISING. By W. D. Moriarty. New York: Harper & Brothers. $3.50.

The author holds that it is the economics of marketing and advertising, rather than description or technique, which contributes most to business judgment. He is Professor of Business Administration in the University of Washington.

CONSTRUCTIVE SALESMANSHIP: PRINCIPLES AND PRACTISES. By John Alford Stevenson. New York: Harper & Brothers. $3.

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CROWELL'S DICTIONARY OF BUSINESS AND FINANCE. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.

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Drama

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Text of a popular play of American life, valued especially for the clear contrast it draws between the new generation and the older.

THE FAIRY FOUR-LEAF: OUTDOOR PLAYS FOR GIRLS. By Carola Bell. New York: Brentano's.

A group of playable outdoor plays for girls. The author is a graduate of the Harvard workshop course in dramatic writing and has had practical experience in the production of plays in girls' camps.

ABELARD AND HELOISE. By Willis Vernon Cole. New York: Universal Good Publishing Corporation, 730 Fifth Avenue.

A modern dramatic version of a famous old love-tragedy.

ICEBOUND: A PLAY. By Owen Davis. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

This play, which won the Pulitzer prize in 1922, describes a group of small-town folk in northern Maine, their faults and virtues, and the power of a great love to survive everything, even death.

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POLLY. An opera by Mr. Gay. Being a sequel to "The Beggar's Opera." Adapted by Clifford Bax. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

An old play adapted to the modern stage, the lyrics in it being written for present-day music.

PUPPET PLAYS. By Alfred Kreymborg. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $1.75.

Seven plays that have been performed by human as well as by puppet companies throughout America. They include "Lima Beans," "Manikin and Minikin,' and "Pianissimo," a play in which two old philosophers discard love, and which won *The Poetry Magazine* prize for 1922.

RED BIRD: A DRAMA OF WISCONSIN HISTORY IN FOUR ACTS. By William Ellery Leonard. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc. $1.50.

Text of a play in which the historic figure of a young Indian chief, Red Bird, towers over the petty white over-lords, against whom he is trying to defend his race.

THE WHITE PEACOCK: A PLAY IN THREE ACTS. By Olga Petrova. Boston: The Four Seas Co.

Text of the popular play in which the author is herself starring this year. The scene is Spain; the theme, a problem of woman's freedom.

THE ADDING MACHINE: A PLAY IN SEVEN SCENES. By Elmer L. Rice. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

Text of a popular Theater Guild play that has had a long run.

PROSERPINE AND MIDAS: TWO UNPUBLISHED MYTHOLOGICAL DRAMAS. By Mary Shelley. Edited by A. Koszul. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.20.

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THE MACHINE-WRECKERS: A DRAMA OF THE ENGLISH LUDDITES, IN A PROLOGUE AND FIVE ACTS. By Ernst Toller. English version by Ashley Dukes. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

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These six lectures, delivered by Professor Phelps before the Dartmouth alumni, deal with Franklin, Fenimore Cooper, Daniel Webster, Lincoln, Hawthorne, Emerson, and Mark Twain.

AMERICAN PROSE MASTERS. By W. C. Brownell. With an introduction by Stuart P. Sherman. (Modern Student's Library, American Division.) New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.

A revised edition of Mr. Brownell's penetrating studies of Cooper, Hawthorne, Emerson, Poe, Lowell, and Henry James.

STUDIES IN PROSE AND VERSE. By Arthur Symons. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50.

A collection of essays on contemporary writers, from Balzac, Merimée and Gautier to Austin Dobson, W. B. Yeats and Stephen Phillips.

HIEROGLYPHICS. By Arthur Machen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

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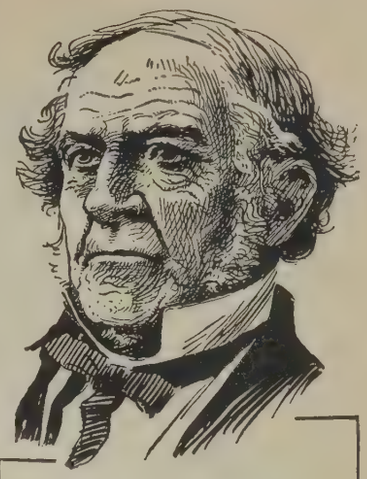

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Trying to Probe the Mystery of Death

(*Continued from page 12*)

which he admits is his *magnum opus*, not only disputes Bacon's contention, but presents—from 4,800 cases representing fifty years of minute investigation—several hundred examples which, to his mind, give strong support to his theory that the survival of human consciousness beyond the grave has become a proved scientific fact. "Before Death" and "After Death" were Flammarion's first two contributions to his trilogy and dealt with death-bed second sight, telepathy, spirit rappings, etc.

Flammarion, known as the Conan Doyle of France, has a scientific background that commands the attention. He is besides a full-fledged member of the spiritualist body, as opposed to their worst enemies, the psychic scientists. The former believe in psychic phenomena as evidencing soul-survival, while the scientists look for the explanation of such manifestations to the unanalyzed properties, chemical and otherwise, of the *living* mind and body

An unusual instance of revisitation, related by a member of the French Institute, is included in the hundred or so examples given by Flammarion in his present volume:

> On the 26th of last June a nun belonging to the order of Dames de la Sainte-Union had been sent to the main convent to help the sister in charge of the kitchen, who was then swamped with work. Before she left, the Mother Superior, who was very ill of cancer, had asked the nun in question to promise to pray for her. The sick woman had died some time during the first days in May. Five or six weeks afterward—that is to say, on the 26th of the following June—this same nun, who was assisting in the washing of clothes, and who had her sleeves rolled up to the elbow, was sent down to the cellar to draw some beer. There, without her having become aware of the presence through any other sense, she saw another nun beside her, and recognized in her the Mother Superior who had died some weeks before. The apparition gave her bare arm a hard pinch, causing her intense pain, and said to her, "Pray, for I'm suffering." All this had taken place in less time than it takes to tell it. The poor sister, terrified, climbed the cellar stairs precipitately and dropped down on a near-by bench more dead than alive.
>
> Those who were washing, finding that she did not return with the beer, went to see what had become of her. They found her on the bench, so agitated that she could hardly tell them that she had been cruelly pinched. She showed them her arm, on which, to the stupefaction of those present, there were discovered five red marks, such as burns make. There were four on one side and a fifth on the other side of her arm, which was broader and deeper. This was the place where the dead woman's thumb had prest. It was as if an iron hand, heated in the fire until it was red, had seized the sister's arm. It was not long before blisters appeared on the parts affected.
>
> They summoned Dr. Toison, the physician of the order, to take care of the wounded woman. After having taken a photograph of the burns, he gave directions as to what must be done to effect a cure. The places healed, leaving, however, five scars which bear witness to the reality of the incident. Dr. Toison, a distinguished practising physician, is a professor of the Faculty of the Lille Charity Clinic. He is also the physician of the order in Denain.
>
> The veracity of the persons who witnessed the occurrence can not be doubted. Was the sister's vision subjective? But the burn was only too objective.
>
> I submit all this to your judgment. Please allow me, dear colleague, to express my esteem, together with my best wishes for the new year.

The stigmata of the five fingers on the nun's arm, Flammarion declares, might be due to auto-suggestion. Undoubtedly, there are a great many persons disappointed in the last of this trilogy on the profound subject of psychic survival. There are those to whom the title, "After Death," suggests a modern view of the same scenes which Dante allegorized in his "Inferno." A dissertation on psychic revelations, however, lends little flavor to the thought. It may be that that portion of human kind nearer the grave than the cradle by natural aging, bends a more credulous ear to the writing which deals so entirely with life in "the beyond."

There is still much to be looked into. But humanity is unprepared for a complete investigation of things. To quote Flammarion:

> With two or three exceptions out of every thousand human beings, we must acknowledge that we are living on a planet of brutes. Our earthly race, far from having reached an age of reason, is hardly more than four or five years old. People are children, unconsciously ferocious; they find amusement in cutting the heads off flies, in making innocent animals suffer; they think that war, which is infamous and the heritage of the beasts, is a divine institution and will endure forever. Yes, it will endure as long as men are fools. Must we, on this account, despair of progress?

Flammarion is not sure the world—that is, a big enough part of it to amount to anything—is ready for his scientific conclusions. He expresses sorrow that he can not see the fruitage of his works before, ere long, he too must pass beyond. The great French scientist has truly written his beliefs into the hearts of many; often his writings savor of more than a personal interest, and altho most of his independent investigations are taken in bad part, he insists on continuing his research in the belief that he is laboring in the cause of general enlightenment and freedom of conscience.

"Whether life be a jest, a bit of sportive humor, whether it be buffoonery, irony, mystification, comedy or drama, farce or tragedy—if those on the other side of death's door know, like John Gay, let us continue to question them."

The Mettle of the English Pasture

(*Continued from page 21*)

hospitable to the adventurous talents that have succeeded it. No "new man" in literatures or art—for *To-Day* cover "art" technically so-called as well as literature—has been missed by his all-embracing enthusiasm, and many a new "Georgian" poet has owed his first recognition to Mr. Jackson's keen eye and critical speaking-trumpet. A selection from the columns of *To-Day* would make the best contemporary history of recent literary and artistic movements that we can think of. Mr. Jackson has also written a volume on Mr. Bernard Shaw which is the best popular introduction to that prophet; but, apart from his work as editor and annunciatory critic, he has exprest himself most personally as an essayist in the direct English tradition. A book of such essays, including, too, critical "introductions" to such writers as Maeterlinck, Chesterton, Wells, and Robert Blatchford, and artists in other fields such as Pavlowa, and Will Rothenstein, the portrait lithographer, was published several years ago under the title of "Romance and Reality," a volume which shows Mr. Jackson in his fullest range. It is to be hoped that this volume will be reprinted, one of these days, for this country.

Meanwhile, unless we are mistaken, Mr. Jackson makes his bow here as an essayist in the present volume of "Occasions."[2] These essays are subdivided, perhaps a little fancifully, into sections entitled "Landmarks," "Prejudices," "Adventures," and "Books." Among the "Landmarks" are included vivid word-pictures of Milan Cathedral, and Marseilles, but perhaps the most entertaining of these is "A Town for Sale," *à propos* the actual putting up to auction, by its feudal lord, of the historic town of Shaftesbury, in (Mr. Llewelyn Powys's) Dorset. Mr. Jackson prints the auctioneer's advertisement in full, and as it is so curious to one's scarce-believing eyes to see, the reader may care to have it to see for himself:

> By the direction of the Right Honorable *Lord Stalbridge*
>
> For Sale by Auction
>
> The Historical Town of
>
> Shaftesbury
>
> Dorset
>
> 800 feet above Sea Level
>
> *The Town of Shaftesbury, with a rent roll of about 4,900, is to be Offered by Auction in one Lot in the early Autumn.*

---

(2) Occasions. By Holbrook Jackson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

The Town occupies a lovely situation and has great possibilities a health resort. The properties comprise Private Houses, Banks, ost Office and principal Shops, Business Premises; the leading Hotels nd Licensed Premises, the Cattle Market; Ground Rents; numerous ottages, fine Building Sites, &c. 800 feet above Sea Level, with magnifi- ent views.

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On which Mr. Jackson comments:

An old English town for sale—why, it is like dealing in flesh and blood. I wonder what the people of Shaftesbury think about it. There is no mention of them—only the rent they pay. Presumably they are going to be thrown in with the houses, shops, banks, and hotels . . . they are a part of the 'lot' to be 'Offered by Auction when the leaves begin to fall from their neighbouring trees and the swallows hold conferences about their pending evacuation of English skies. . . . Who'll buy! Who'll buy! *Now, gentlemen, any advance upon.* . . . But no, let us ring down the curtain. Goodbye, little Shaftesbury—thy peril is greater than I can bear.

But tho Mr. Jackson thus heaves the unavailing sigh for the ld order that changes, he is none the less, in another essay, for Standing by Posterity."

The influence of the future [he says] is insidious and sly, making no fuss, demonstrating little, but pulling, pulling all things, always in the interests of posterity. Nothing we do and nothing that others do to us are unaffected by this prevailing and powerful intrigue. Even any tendency to live unreservedly and wholly in the present, which is the aim of not a few, is curbed and guided by Nature's regard for posterity. . . . Whether we hate or love posterity, work for or against the future, is all one. Posterity will take toll of our little doings in this or any other present time.

The essays on books are in Mr. Jackson's best vein. Who will ot agree with him when he says that, while he can read pretty ell everything in the form of a book, "I could never bring myself o anything approaching enjoyment of an intentionally cheerful ook"? And of reading in general he has this true thing to say: Reading is the most pleasant way of doing nothing, of resting, fine art in a hustling world." We can confidently recommend Ir. Jackson's own book for this salutary purpose. R. L. G.

Mark Twain Stands and Delivers

(*Continued from page 24*)

atisfactorily to myself than by quoting its final sentences. When ou are seventy—

The previous-engagement plea, which in forty years has cost you so many twinges, you can lay aside forever; on this side the grave you will never need it again. If you shrink at the thought of night, and winter, and the late home-coming from the banquet and the lights and the laughter through the deserted streets—a desolation which would not remind you now, as for a generation it did, that your friends are sleeping, and you must creep in a-tiptoe and not disturb them, but would only remind you that you need not tiptoe, you can never disturb them more—if you shrink at thought of these things, you need only reply, "Your invitation honors me, and pleases me because you still keep me in your remembrance, but I am seventy; seventy, and would nestle in the chimney-corner, and smoke my pipe, and read my book, and take my rest, wishing you well in all affection, and that when you in your turn shall arrive at pier No. 70 you may step aboard your waiting ship with a reconciled spirit, and lay your course toward the sinking sun with a "contented heart" (p. 262).

The drama is well represented on Brentano's autumn list. Two plays by Leonid Andreyev are announced, "Samson in Chains" nd "Katerina," both of which are scheduled for production on Broadway. A volume of "Ten Minute Plays" has been compiled and edited by Pierre Loving, and Philip Barry's Harvard prize play, "You and I," is also in preparation. A collection of plays by Rachel Crothers entitled "Mary the Third" rounds out the list. Oliver M. Saylor, author of "The Russian Theater," will contribute a new volume on "Our American Theater" and will also translate and edit an authentic work on "Max Rheinhardt: His Art and Achievement."

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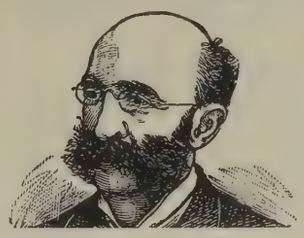

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College Stories Tell of Youth's Rebellions

(*Continued from page 16*)

The freshness and promise which were Peter Warshaw's are not found by the authors of "Town and Gown" in any appreciable quantity, it must be confessed, among the undergraduates who, like Peter, are indigenous to the soil of the Middle West. Kiril Kuldaroff in "The Strangest Serenade" played the violin, read Chinese poetry, and brooded over the vulgarity and mediocrity of American life. But he was a Russian and a musician. Thian Kit Lin, protagonist of "Between the Four Seas," was "an epicure in the matter of a rhythmic line of verse and a beautiful woman." But he was Chinese and a pagan. Andrews, nearly kin to Peter Warshaw in his antecedents, graduated after "Four Years of It!" embittered and frustrate because he had failed in his desire to "make" a fraternity. From the reputable but unheroic aspiration of Ross Boyle in "The First Man," who "hoped some day to live in a bungalow with a wife and children and to be a strong member of the Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs," there is a steady degradation of purpose, through various feminine influences, to the ultimate level of Andy Protheroe, champion "fusser" of the University.

Protheroe's world revolved in an atmosphere of whispers, of shadows and low-slung motor-cars, "of sleek, haughty youths with tiny moustaches, who expected you to kiss them; of languid, sophisticated girls like Dot Ambrose, who kissed coldly and technically—of petting." Protheroe's cynical sex psychology received the endorsement of tacit universal approval: "College is a hard, sordid, practical kind of place, 'nd petting is its substitute for romance." It was also his belief that "*all* of 'em pet."

"The Fusser" exposes Protheroe's technique in approaching his quarry. He took little Sylvia Cole, a freshman, to a vaudeville show because, altho she was not a sorority girl, she looked as if she might be a "good woman." The virtues of a "good woman" are worth recording in the words of this disillusioned young man: "Bashful as the devil, wonderful complexion, kind of a cute, turned-up nose, slim figure, but good legs."

Andy Protheroe's worldliness, his pronounced social presence, his flashing repartee bewildered Sylvia.

"Greetings, and all that old rot."

"Good evening," she answered.

And so it went throughout the evening. After the theater, when Andy's racer slid into the shadows of Sylvia's dormitory, he put his arm around her and called her a "mouse" and "a cute funny rabbit" and kissed her. The girl, stiff with fright, innocently unable to meet the situation, sat frozen, giving no response to indicate pain or pleasure or disgust. And so Andy, nonplused and crestfallen, left her. She was not a "good woman" after all.

Further data on the ways of youths and maidens in coeducational institutions are offered in "A Blind Date," "Girls Who Pet," "The Strangest Serenade," and "The First Man." The last-named story, perhaps because of its penetration to stark fundamentals, its recognition of the urges and frailties to which poor humanity is enslaved, achieves a more wholesome tone than the others. Ross Boyle and Bee Melton, tho seniors, were unimportant to the State University at large. To each other they were partners—"just sort of man-to-man." They talked much about God, and marriage, and sex, and olives, egg-plant and spinach. They took strolls. They danced. Suddenly, quite inexplicably, they became shy, constrained, silent. One night Ross kissed Bee. "Petting might be wrong the way some of them look at it, but we have the right kind of a spirit about it," said Ross in explanation to Bee. Finally they threw aside all restraint.

> It was all vague to Ross Boyle until afterward. He was dazed by the completeness and suddenness of her surrender. He had thought that she would refuse. But she had suddenly dropt all the watchfulness and careful guard of weeks She seemed—strangely—to be stronger in surrender than she had been before in defense.

Again Ross analyzes the situation:

> "I don't think that anything could be wrong—with us," he said, and almost believed it as he saw the response in her eyes. "It's the kind of a spirit you have that counts. Anyway, we love each other so much that we're just the same as married."

They left the place of their assignation in a misting rain, Ross irritated, wondering, the victim of remorse and apprehension, Bee strangely radiant. "Once they stopt under the shelter of a tree in a long kiss and embrace, then went on arm-in-arm down the dimly lit street."

There is a good deal of vivacity in the treatment accorded the faculty of the University, with perhaps a touch of impudence easily comprehensible in young writers who still remember vividly welts received from the academic lash. Dean Fannicot, the assistant dean of the English Department, whose smug consistency and pedagogical frostiness suggest Dr. Thomas Arnold in his less benevolent period, cuts an inglorious figure in "The Faculty and the Creaking Shirt." There is a kind of *fin de siècle* daring in Lynn Montross's "Bass Drums," a bizarre experiment in the communication of a mood. It has to do with the dean of women at the State University, who was hypersensitive upon the subject of sex, and wildly apprehensive of the effects of "close" dancing upon the undergraduate girls.

The uniform level of excellence in the whole book is impressive. The occasional stylistic excesses, the youthful air of disillusionment, the fierceness of the satire, the hard flippancies, merit indulgence. They are, furthermore, interesting because highly significant of the spirit of revolt in which the heirs of America are now surveying their demesne. It is easy, in reading this first book, to believe that Mr. and Mrs. Montross require only the mellowing which time will accomplish for them, to envisage the charm and beauty and vivacity of contemporary life with more completeness, and to achieve for themselves a representative place in the literary procession.

The Extraordinary Novel of a French Boy

(*Continued from page 17*)

particulars from the other novels of the group. As Gus Bofa—one of the most original French novel writers of to-day, and a keen critic too—puts it: "If the publisher had not taken great care to tell us that he is presenting the novel of a boy of seventeen, we could hardly believe it—and this is too bad." Therefore, one must be careful not to generalize the case of "Le Diable au Corps."

Present-day young men are apt to be overconscious of the extraordinary circumstances under which they were born, and to let others feel too much that they are the ones to whom it belongs to reconstruct the world, sometimes even suggesting that wonderful things could be achieved if humankind only were capable of understanding the great plans laid out by the coming generation. This disposition is what they call in France by the curious word "mufflerie." But here one must remember that the French have always been prone to abuse themselves in their books; for this reason one is sometimes inclined to think that novelists or self-analysts would add the "mufflerie" anyway, so as not to convey the idea that they are absurdly naive admirers of themselves.

Any one who wishes to read just one of the recent books mentioned above will perhaps find the one by Louis Léon-Martin ("Le Jeune Homme au Cycle-car") as good as any; it is an attempt at a synthetic picture, with pleasant humor and irony. For strictly individual cases, Léon Werth's "Dix-neuf Ans," and George Oudart's "Ma Jeunesse" would probably be the most worthy of attention.

The Literary Question Box

QUESTIONS

THE purpose of this Department is to develop self-service. Readers will aid each other in tracing and locating elusive literary quips, poetic phrases or lines, popular rimes, aphorisms, ballads, maxims, proverbs, etc. All communications should be written only on one side of the paper, and should be addrest to The Literary Question Box, International Book Review. Replies are printed in the order of their receipt and credit is given to other correspondents in rotation. The space limits imposed on the Department allow the consideration of questions only of wide interest. Such as can be answered direct will be so treated by the Editor on receipt of a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous correspondents.

Atoms of Earth

H. J. W., Buffalo, N. Y.—Can any of your readers tell me who was the author, the title, and where I can get the poem of which I recall only the following lines:

Out of atoms of earth we come,
Back to the atoms of earth we go;
Out of the dark of earth and night,
Back to the glow of realms in light.

Winter of Adversity

Mrs. L. H. C., Bluffton, Ind.—Should like to be informed where the following quotation can be found. "A friend should like a fire be, warm in the winter of adversity."

He Profits Most

L. R. T., Lynch Station, Va.—I will appreciate the information if you will tell me the origin, etc., of the quotation, "He profits most who serveth best."

Man I Thought My Father Was

F. K., Green River, Utah.—Please help me to find the poem which begins something like this:

If I could be as fine a man,
As wise a man, as grand a man,
If I could be as . . .

and ends something like this:

The man I thought my father was,
When I was ten or so.

Who was the author and where can the poem be found?

Generations Yet Unborn

L. E. M., San Jose, Cal.—Will your readers give me information as to the author, location, etc., of a quotation which is approximately as follows:

Heralded unto latest ages
By generations yet unborn.

I Looked Behind

W. S. M., Woodhurst, Minn.—Please inform me who is the author of the following lines:

I looked behind to find my past,
And lo, it had gone before.

To Be a King

E. E. S., Rockford, Mich.—Will you kindly inform me through your Question Box the source of the following quotation?

To be a king is to know oneself, and knowing, have charity; to be one's self amid the storm and stress of life.

This Way Home

A. M., Redlands, Cal.—Can any one tell me where the poem containing the following lines may be found?

By a palm-tree in full bearing, bowing down, bowing down,
To a surf that drove unsparing 'gainst a brown walled town,
Couches in a temple and an oil lamp in a dome,
With a low moon over Egypt, saying, "This way home."

Live at Any Price

Mrs. E. M. S., Creede, Colo.—About thirty-five years ago (I think) I read a poem. It told of a young mother whose infant son was very sick; all hope of his recovery was given up. In her great anxiety she prayed, "Oh, God, let him live at any price." He lived and grew up to be a very wicked man. I would like the poem, and also the name of the author.

Played the Game

J. W. B., Clarksville, Va.—Can you tell me if the following is a correct quotation, and where it can be found:

When the one great scorer
Starts to write against your name
He writes not that you won or lost
But just how you played the game.

Man and the Hour

J. R. S., Selma, Ala.—Can any one tell me who said this, and on what occasion it was first said:

The man and the hour have met.

Oh, My Daughter

L. M., Little Rock, Ark.—Can any of your readers tell me who is the author of the following lines?

Come back, come back, he cried in grief,
Across the stormy water,
And I'll forgive your highland chief,
My daughter, oh, my daughter.

A Guilty Mind

A. B., New York City.—Who is the author of the following lines?

Not sharp revenge, nor hell itself, can find
A fiercer torment than a guilty mind,
Which day and night doth dreadfully accuse,
Condemns the wretch, and still the charge renews.

Also the author of

He is not drunk, who, from the floor,
Can rise again and drink some more;
But he is drunk who prostrate lies,
And cannot drink or cannot rise.

Beauty in Utility

A. A. L., San Francisco, Cal.—Please give names of authors and books where the following quotations may be found:

He had the early wisdom to discern
True beauty in Utility.

Also:

He who changes my mind is greater than he who changes matter.

How Did Ye Die?

A. B. K., Shreveport, La.—Can some reader advise me where I can find the poem entitled "How did ye die?" the first line of which begins:

Oh, troubles a ton, or troubles an ounce.

Also the poem, "Somebody's Mother," which begins:

The woman was old, and worn, and grey,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day.

Lord Lovell

Mrs. H. L. P., Princeton, Ill.—I have the first and last verses of the old song, "Lord Lovell." Could any of your readers supply the remaining verses?

In Days of Old

R. H. S., New Orleans, La.—Can any of your readers tell me the name and author of a poem that appeared as a prelude to the "Three Musketeers":

In days of old, when men were bold,
Swords crossed swords and blood beat high,
When men were men, and life was life.

A Little Pause in Life

C. L. W., Oregon City, Ore.—Can any of your readers tell me the name of the following poem and by whom it was written? I would like to secure the entire poem:

A little pause in life while daylight lingers
Between the sunset and the pale moonrise;
When daily troubles slip from weary fingers
And calm grey shadows veil the aching eyes.

There are several more verses.

ANSWERS

How Many

Mrs. Mae H. Dickerson, Tacoma, Wash.—In reply to "C. D. U.," So. Lancaster, Mass., in the June Book Review: This is a Greek saying, translated as follows: "The Spartans do not ask how many the enemy are, but where they are." Cleomenes (d. 220 B.C.) quoted, or rather parodied, this saying when he said to his countrymen, "It is useless for the Spartans to ask how many their enemies are, but where they are," alluding to the flight of the Achæans near Pallantium. (Plutarch *Lives. Cleomenes IV.*)

Rabbi and His Wife

Helen M. Beidler, Allentown, Pa.—I am sending a copy of the poem asked for by "H. J. E.," Seattle, Wash., in the July issue. The title is "The Rabbi's Jewels," and it was written by Mrs. Lydia H. Siguourney. It may be found in "The Classic and the Beautiful," Volume I.

A version of the above was written by Archbishop Trench and is entitled "The Mother's Jewels." It may be found in Swinton's Fourth Reader."

[The copy made and sent to the Question Box by our correspondent has been forwarded to "H. J. E.," Seattle, Wash. Editor.]

Thanks are due for answers received also from Dorothy Yorger, Washington, D. C.; Gertrude E. Kirk, Albany, N. Y.; Ansel B. Miller, Springs, Pa.; Charlotte Van Cleaf, Raritan, N. J.; James E. Cogan, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. E. C. Schwengeler, Flushing, N. Y.; Bell Scharf Richard, Mobile, Ala.

Slumber Islands

Mrs. L. B. Colborn, Clovis, N. Mex.—Enclosed find reply to the first inquiry of "W. P. F. F.," Franklin, Pa. The poem is entitled "The Slumber Islands." It is by Charles H. Gabriel, and was published about fifteen years ago in "American School Songs," by the Hope Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.; edited by J. H. Kurzenknabe.

[The copy made and sent to the Question Box by our correspondent has been forwarded to "W. P. F. F.," Franklin, Pa. Editor.]

The Frog

Willis Musser, Philadelphia, Pa.—The lines wanted by "S. G. O.," Grove City, Pa., to complete the first stanza of verse requested in your July number are:

Of all the funny things that live
In woodland, marsh or bog,
That fly the air or creep the ground,
The funniest is the frog.

Thanks are due for answers received also from Thomas P. Gore, Edinburg, Tex.; Fanny D. Bulkley, Provo, Utah.

England Groping at the Crossways

(*Continued from page 19*)

mere handfuls of humanity inhabiting dots of islands in far-off seas. Because of these sturdy transplanted growths Mr. Masterman believes the heart of the Empire will still remain in England, even tho Great Britain's material prosperity may in large part disappear, and Europe sink back into the twilight which followed the fall of Rome. If this be England's destiny, he pictures her as a place of tranquil existence, a gentlemen's playground, a country capable of breeding a race of *samurai* devoted to the welfare of the world. The vastness of the dominions involved in such a change, by the way, can be realized in both a historical and a geographical sense by reading Mr. Howard Robinson's exhaustive and satisfying work, "The Development of the British Empire."(4)

Mr. Masterman's chapter on "The Plight of the Middle Class" reveals the fact that the squeeze which is doing that class to death had commenced before the war. This large-professional and small-capital class was the first to volunteer in mass, fought magnificently, lost heavily, but after the Armistice found its lot the hardest of all. Its growing resentment for the ills of shrunken incomes and swollen prices, with the endless physical discomforts involved, is not directed against the upper class, or even against the conscienceless profiteer, but vents itself in impotent hatred upon labor. The labor-unions are accused of nearly every evil that afflicts England, and of their endless strikes and lockouts the professional man asserts he has become the chief victim. Excepting the teacher, the man of this type stands by the Tory Party, which has never done anything for him. Being helpless to change the ruinous course of things, the disappearance of his entire class within the next generation is predicted.

One gathers that the English workman does not return the hatred of the middle class, possibly because it is powerless to do him any harm. But Mr. Masterman, who speaks out of long intimacy with him, declares that he possesses some of the best human qualities, notably "the fundamental virtue of comradeship," and adds: "I do not envy the Englishman who has no pride in the working classes of England." The tastes, social aims and political determinations of these classes will be found to be dealt with in illuminating fashion by this author.

Following this presentation of the three modern estates of the realm—the aristocracy, the middle class and labor, of which labor bids fair to become shortly the uppermost—Mr. Masterman continues with convincing chapters on "The Return of the Abyss," "The Profiteers," "Love of One's Land," "Declining Birth-Rate" and "The Doldrums." His conclusion may be summed up by saying that no happiness or tranquillity is possible for the nation until the spiritual vision denied to England after the war is regained, since there is no certainty that an increase of mechanical invention will not destroy a bewildered and unhappy people. That they may reach the better state, effort should be directed to keep alive the soul of England, by "setting themselves to discover how they can bring mercy and pity, a resolute sense of justice, a purity which is passionate, a love of simplicity and an appreciation of the greatness of human life, into the ways of men."

Another traveler, Mr. Norman Angell, in "If Britain Is to Live,"(5) arrives at the same critical juncture. His route is traced amid the uplands of high political, economic and commercial involvements, and his idea of the way to safety is, as might have been expected, through a purely materialistic, economic internationalism. But apparently the need is more for that other way of life so eloquently and so sympathetically illumined by Mr. Masterman.

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(4) The Development of the British Empire. By Howard Robinson, Ph.D. Illustrated with maps. 475 pages. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50.

(5) If Britain is to Live. By Norman Angell. 175 pages. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

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Dr. Jacoby, the author, is an eminent consulting neurologist
to several hospitals in the city of New York. He is also a member of the New York Academy of Medicine, American Medical Association, American Neurological Association, and the New York Neurological Association.

While every Doctor, Lawyer, and Alienist should have this book,
it also can be read with deep interest by every one who wishes to study the personal peculiarities, susceptibilities, likes, and aversions of men and women with abnormal minds—and the medico-legal aspects of crime.

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Religion and the Young Novelist

(*Continued from page 7*)

a blind following after a successful lead—there has been born a new type, now very familiar to readers of the best sellers: the blasé flapper and the intellectually snooty and morally corrupt (by request) undergraduate male.

It would be hard to say which is the prototype and which the copy, the actual flesh-and-blood young person or the one rampant through the pages of up-to-date fiction. A young maiden, reading of the ways of wild flappers in the big cities, immediately prepares to qualify, and some one observing the habits of the maiden finds material for new flapper stories.

This digression is merely to express an opinion that the terrible flapper is a creation of the composite brain of fervent writers on the scent of what the public wants. She is an epidemic which will probably peter out, like bobbed hair and the "flu." But it is rather a shame for clever writers to distort their pictures of their own generation; for, after all, our daily life is preserved for posterity only in our fiction. There is great consolation, however, in the thought that the first requisite for fiction is fact. And the too awfully exaggerated pictures of present-day manners and customs will not live long enough to prejudice the next generation.

Bliss Perry says that only the true and faithful types in fiction survive, so we may hope for a swift demise for such works as Miss Dorothy Speare's "Dancers in the Dark," Mr. Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise," and his later sensation, "The Beautiful and Damned."

Since all rules must have their proof, I have reserved "Simon Called Peter" for my conspicuous exception. It is not a first novel, but decidedly belongs to the young movement, and Religion is the sum and substance of its plot. Peter, a young chaplain with the English in France, has reached Havre and is confessing his disappointment in the scope allowed chaplains in the army (religious scope, Peter means). Arnold is an older man, also a chaplain and a Scôtchman.

> Peter says: "Look here, it's like this. I remember once on the East coast coming across a stone breakwater, high and dry in a field half a mile from the sea. There was nothing the matter with the breakwater, and it had served admirably for certain purposes—a seat, for instance, or a shady place for a picnic. But it was of no vital use in the world, for the sea had receded and left it there. Not that's just what I feel. I had a religion; I suppose it had its weaknesses and its faults, but most of it was good sound stone, and it had certainly served. But it serves no longer, not because it's damaged, but because the need for it has changed its nature or is no longer there."
>
> Arnold: "The sea is shifty, and if they keep the breakwater in decent repair, it'll come in handy again."
>
> Peter: "But of course that's where illustrations are so little good; you can't press them. And in any case, no engineer who is worth his salt would sit down by his breakwater and smoke a pipe till the sea came in handy again. His job is to go after it."
>
> Arnold: But if the old plan was so good, why not go down to the beach and get on with building operations of the same sort?"
>
> Peter: "You couldn't have put it better. That's exactly what I came here to do. I knew in London that the sea was receding to some extent and I thought there was a jolly good chance to get up with it here. . . . But I can't build on the old plan and it doesn't seem any good. It's as if our engineer found quicksands that wouldn't hold his stone and cross-currents that smashed up all his piles. . . . I mean I thought I knew what would save souls, but I find I can't, because my methods are . . . I don't know, faulty perhaps, out of date maybe, possibly worse, and what's more, the souls don't want my saving. The Lord knows they want something, but what it is, I don't know. Heavens, I remember preaching in the beginning of the war from the text, 'Jesus had compassion on the multitude.' Well I don't feel that He has changed. I am quite sure He still has the compassion, but the multitude doesn't want it. I was wrong about the crowd. It's nothing like what I imagined. The crowd isn't interested in Jesus any more. It doesn't believe in Him. It's a different sort of a crowd altogether from the one He fed."
>
> "I wonder," said Arnold. . . . "Unless I'm mighty mistaken, the engineer you describe would first get down to studying the new conditions as he found them on the beach. He'd find they'd got laws governing them same as the old—different laws maybe, but things you could reckon with if you knew them. I reckon he'd have a look at his timber and his iron and stone and get out his plans. Maybe these days he'd help out with a few tons of high explosive. But if he came from north o' the Tweed, my lad, I should be verra surprized if that foreshore hadn't a breakwater that would do its duty in none so long a while."
>
> Peter: "And if he came from south of the Tweed and found himself in France?"
>
> Arnold: "I reckon he'd get down among the multitude and make a few inquiries. I reckon he wouldn't be in too great a hurry, wouldn't believe all he saw and heard, and he'd know well enough there was nothing wrong with his Master and no change in His compassion—only maybe that he had perhaps misunderstood both a little. I've nothing to tell you except this. Don't fear and don't falter, and wherever you get to, remember that God is there. David is out of date these days, and very likely it wasn't David at all, but I don't know anything truer in the auld Book than yon verse where it says, 'Tho I go down into hell, Thou art there also."

Let us imagine the multitude which Peter found in France to be the great mass of modern fiction. It seems to have outgrown the need of God and the habit of religion. Tho the Great Author of Life seems to be forgotten in the works of His children, it is but a phase—superficial, not fundamental—and when they recover from the first flush of youth and turn toward that vague something which Peter knew they wanted, they will find Him ever waiting for recognition.

Celebrating the Tercentenary of a Famous Book

(*Continued from page 27*)

snatched from him the laurels of popularity and fame. Continuing to tell "how far he did out-shine . . . Marlowe's mighty line," he vouchsafes the well-known biographical information: "Thou hadst small Latine, and lesse Greeke," but—

> Triumph, my Britaine, thou hast one to showe,
> To whom all Scenes [theatrical stages] of Europe owe.
> He was not of an age, but for all time!

This is the eulogy of one of Shakespeare's three greatest contemporaries, one of the giants of our literature. It is a deliberate, albeit enthusiastic, verdict from one who knew him well, and it has become the universal judgment. Let Baconians and other "anti-Stratforders" take heed and ponder. After so momentous a pronouncement the three verse tributes which follow on two separate leaves need not detain us.

Of this Folio, whose contents I have thus outlined, between 500 and 600 copies were printed. They sold for twenty shillings, or one pound of King James's good currency. To-day these original copies cost twenty thousand dollars or more apiece. Within nine years after publication, five hundred or more good Elizabethans or Jacobeans were glad to pay their twenty shillings for a copy; for by 1632 a second edition was demanded, and in that year of increasing turmoil in England the second folio could be bought of Robert Allot "at his shop at the signe of the blacke Beare in Pauls Church-yard." Heminge and Condell had advertised to good purpose. Even more surely did the book advertise itself. And its sale is the more impressive when we recall that it took Ben Jonson's works twenty-five years, from 1616 to 1641, to reach the second edition, and Beaumont and Fletcher's popular plays thirty-two years, from 1647 to 1679, as compared with nine for Shakespeare's.

Of the original copies of the First Folio nearly 200 are known to survive—which is extraordinary evidence of the care with which they have been treasured, considering that many must have perished in the great London fire of 1666. The history of each one has been traced as thoroughly as possible, and each one named, minutely examined, and classed according to its condition. Fourteen only, as explained by Sir Sidney Lee in his "Census of Extant Copies," are still perfect, that is, with the portrait printed, not inlaid, on the title-page, and with all the pages intact and undamaged. About thirty are in good condition, eighty are more or less imperfect judged by the rigid standards of bibliophiles, and the rest unranked. Of this total only three are out-

side of England and America: one in the Royal Library at Berlin, another in the Library of the University of Padua, and the third in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. About seventy, or over one-third, including many of the perfect copies, have been attracted by American wealth to this country. The national capital has two, one owned by the Library of Congress and the other by Mrs. Joseph Leiter. Mr. Folger of New York, in addition to the several he possesses, recently purchased the finest one of all, the Burdett-Coutts copy, for £8,600, the highest amount ever paid for a First Folio. In 1864 this brought £716, which remained for many years the largest price. Other perfect exemplars in this country are the Huth copy, presented by Mr. A. W. Cochran in 1911 to Yale University, and the Duke of Devonshire copy, acquired in 1914 by Mr. Archer Huntington. A good copy, formerly the property of Frederick Locker-Lampson of Rowfant, was bequeathed in 1913 by Harry Elkins Widener to the Harvard Library. The rest, possibly one hundred and twenty in number, remain in England, but they are fast crossing the Atlantic. When Milton spoke of "Thy unvalued book" in his poem "On Shakespeare" in 1630, he meant "invaluable"—contrary to the usual misinterpretation. How invaluable, even in pounds sterling, he could not have dreamed.

But one copy of the First Folio, which might fetch a million, money can not buy. Worn and patched, all "imperfect" as it is, unique and romantic associations make it the most interesting book in the world. Discovered only in this century, the Turbutt Folio is still so little known in America outside a small group of scholars and collectors, that I must outline its story.

This copy was the original which the Stationers' Company sent in accord with an agreement with Sir Thomas Bodley to the library at Oxford now bearing his name. There it was bound in 1624 and fastened to the shelf in the reading-room with a chain several feet in length, as customary with the more valuable books. And there it remained, until the Third Folio of 1663, with seven additional plays, made it supposedly superfluous. It was then sold off, and early in the eighteenth century appeared in the library of Richard Turbutt, Esq., of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire, where it escaped unnoticed until G. M. R. Turbutt brought it forth in the original binding in 1902. Very shortly it was identified as the "copyright" original of the Bodelian Library, whence it was returned through the generous loyalty of Oxford men at a cost of £3000, after an absence of 260 years, and where it now fittingly reposes forever.

Even more intrinsically important than these associations, however, is the evidence disclosed by this volume concerning the wear which it underwent during its forty chained years in the Bodleian. Scrutiny of every page has made possible the construction of a table showing the relative popularity of the various plays. As Sir Thomas Bodley had expressly banned "almanacks, plays," and other trivial books, Shakespeare's quartos were for the most part not allowed on those decorous shelves; so the young—and perhaps some older?—Oxonians must pull down the ponderous Folio if they craved an hour's relief from their Homer and Vergil. That they sought many such hours—and we may be sure with delight—is attested by the thinness and discoloration of certain leaves. The tragedies were the most popular, and the histories the least. Quite the most read was "Romeo and Juliet," and in this the most thumbed, as shown in the illustration, was the second balcony scene of Act II, Scene 5. Next come "Julius Cæsar," "Macbeth," and "Hamlet." "Henry IV," Part I, was the only popular historical play, showing the same wear as "Macbeth." Of the comedies the most popular, "As You Like It" and "The Merry Wives," ranked with "Hamlet."

Such was Oxford's verdict from 1623 to 1663. Of "the great variety of readers" to whom the Folio is dedicated each will form his own. The play's the thing. O most worthy editors, who have unlocked the door to the half of Shakespeare which without you might have closed forever, you have given us, too, the open sesame of appreciation: "Read him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him."

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Knut Hamsun Tells of His Wanderings

(*Continued from page 31*)

particular purpose of studying the works of Hamsun on the ground. It is this fact which gives the present book its exceptional value as a human document; and that in 170 pages Miss Larsen has been able to present the great Norwegian author as he really is, with his entire career and product standing out so as to be readily understood, is not the least important part of her achievement.

It is nearly thirty years since Hamsun's "Pan" appeared in its original Norwegian. The English edition was published a few years ago. American critics in the main pronounced the book a masterpiece, and it is perhaps true that in no other of his writings does Hamsun surpass what he here accomplished as an interpreter of nature. The character of Lieut. Thomas Glahn is unique in literature.

Miss Larsen adds her tribute to "Pan" by declaring that its solitary hunter "is perhaps the most typical Norwegian among the Hamsun heroes, and in him love of nature has deepened into a veritable passion. This book, which followed several novels of city and town life and was written during a summer in Norway after a sojourn abroad, is the first full-toned expression of Hamsun's feeling for nature."

Two of the works here referred to are "Editor Lynge" and "Shallow Soil," the latter available in an English translation. But "Mysteries," published in 1892, immediately preceded these books; and it is in "Mysteries" that Hamsun reveals that peculiar mood which introduces the reader to a world peopled with characters that seem as self-sufficient as if the universe rotated around them for their special edification. The typical traits of the young Hamsun hero are found at their highest in Johan Nagel, the central figure of "Mysteries," a reincarnation, as it were, of the nameless narrator of "Hunger," a few years older, gentler, but no less erratic, and even more sensitive.

And yet the very self-sufficiency of Nagel finds expression in good deeds. Repulsed in his love affairs, he takes infinite pains to find opportunities of giving pleasure to the outcasts of the community without letting them know whence the bounty comes. He has all the sweetness and all the longing for affection which are the leading traits in Hamsun's heroes, but he has also in a superlative degree their unfitness for the common affairs of men.

Miss Larsen's chapter on the Hamsun heroines is a veritable Shakespearean gallery of women, drawn with subtle insight and sympathy. Of them she says:

> Tho infinitely varied in their personalities, they move within their certain limits and have certain traits in common. They are intensely feminine, with the nervous fitfulness and spasmodic capriciousness that go with overwrought sexual sensibilities. Occasionally he carries a woman through this phase of her life into a warm and passionate motherliness, but never into a finer and more complex individual development. All his heroines have in the highest degree the unfathomable lure of sex, but what they are above and beyond this we never learn.

This is an admirable analysis of the composite Hamsun heroine. It reveals on the part of the biographer a keen understanding of thought currents, and furnishes a key to much that transpires between the men and women in the Hamsun gallery of portraits. In "Pan," the character of Edvarda possesses many of the qualities of the typical Hamsun heroine. She is a wayward girl with erotic instincts early awakened and with a flighty imagination which sets her lovers at absurd tasks, and yet there is a certain sweetness and primitive freshness about her that attracts in spite of better judgment. Dagny, in "Mysteries," is superficially a much more attractive young woman than Edvarda. She is the daughter of a clergyman, sweet and blithe. All the village loves her, and we can easily imagine her visiting the sick and befriending the poor. And yet, Dagny is a far more inveterate coquette than Edvarda. While Edvarda was moved by thirst for excitement, and longed rather to be herself subjugated than to subjugate others, Dagny is a deliberate flirt who can not bring herself to release any man once she has him in her power.

There is no question whatever that Knut Hamsun's women are offered as contrasts to his men. His understanding of the feminine heart has come to him through experiences in many lands and under many conditions. His trials and tribulations in America, his serving as street-car conductor in Chicago, as farm-hand in the wheat-fields of the Northwest, as fisherman on the Newfoundland banks, furnished him the material that he has utilized so successfully. It is not so much the contact with woman as her absence from his early life which left him free to form, later, his own pictures of femininity.

The psychology of sex Hamsun appears to fathom with scientific certainty.

Miss Larsen touches on all that Knut Hamsun has produced. "At the Gate of the Kingdom," "The Game of Life," "Dreamers," "The Last Joy," "In the Power of Life," "Children of the Age," "Segelfoss City," "Vendt the Monk," "Queen Tamara," "In Fairyland," "The Wild Chorus," "Brushwood," "Siesta," "Sunset," "Benoni" and "Rosa," like the works already mentioned at greater length, are outstanding productions. The American publishers of Hamsun's books announce that "Benoni" and "Rosa" will soon be available in an English translation.

The success of a translation depends not only on the translator's thorough knowledge of the author's meaning in the original language, but also on his full mastery of the vernacular into which the work is to be rendered. Hamsun has been rather more fortunate than most foreign writers on that score. There are turns of speech, of course, in which the translator has taken a certain license; but in "Wanderers," as in the other Hamsun books, the English, on the whole, is clear and idiomatic. As for Miss Larsen's "Knut Hamsun," it is a book that can be recommended both for its style and for its contents.

With respect to "Victoria," Hamsun's latest book, the love-theme that the author introduces can best be understood as an effect rather than as a cause. Johannes, the miller's son, in his attachment for Victoria, the daughter of a wealthy landowner, is exactly the type that strives unsuccessfully to rise to a higher social level and stumbles continually along the upward road. The reader is not left in doubt for a single moment regarding Victoria's state of mind; she is deeply in love with Johannes, and he, to an irritating degree, appears unable to grasp the true situation.

What, then, is love? Hamsun answers:

> A breeze, whispering in the roses; no, a yellow phosphorescence in the blood. Love was a music hot as hell, which stirs even old men's hearts to dance. It was like the daisy that opens wide to the coming of night, and it was like the anemone that closes at a breath and dies at a touch.
>
> Such a thing was love.
>
> It might ruin a man, raise him up again, and brand him anew; it might love me to-day, you to-morrow, and him to-morrow night, so inconsistent was it. But again it might hold like an unbreakable seal and burn with an unquenchable flame even to the hour of death, for so eternal was it.

It is in passages like these that Hamsun reveals himself the true interpreter of the fundamentals of life. In "Victoria" he has created a love-idyll whose sadness lingers in a way that somehow recalls "Pan," but it is a different story by far that he here has to tell. Married to a man she does not love, freed from him through an accident, Victoria is still not permitted to live on so as to prove her love for Johannes. Her letter to him, written as the shadow of death descends over her, is a human document of the kind that only a Knut Hamsun could conceive. Here speaks the true poet.

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INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

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THE LITERARY DIGEST INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW is published monthly by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. London Office, 134 Salisbury Square. Printed in the United States of America.

Entered as second-class matter November 29, 1922, at the Post-Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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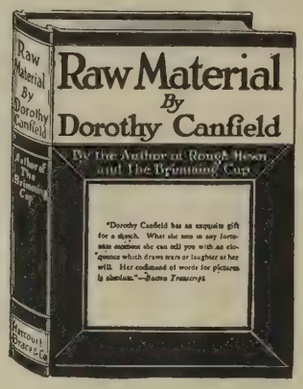

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The Literary Digest
INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

Volume I, No. 10 | New York, September, 1923 | Whole Number 10

Six Novelists Rewrite Mother Goose

By Eve Woodburn Leary

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating some curds and whey;
There came a big spider
And sat down beside her,
Which frightened Miss Muffet away.

I

After the Manner of
JAMES BRANCH CABELL

MANY years ago, in a great castle surrounded by deep woodland, the story goes, there lived a beautiful blonde maiden called Lady Dorothy Muffet. Now one morning this same Lady Dorothy, being bored with life in the castle and her prosaic husband, with no one to make love to her excepting a fat, middle-aged pawn-broker, determined to seek adventure. And Lady Dorothy Muffet, the story goes, strolled down a green lane shaded by murmuring pine trees, praying as she strolled that illusive adventure might overtake her. As she walked along, her shadow followed her closely. Presently, Lady Dorothy Muffet came to a tuffet. Weary and sad, she sat down upon this tuffet, glancing back fearfully to ascertain if the shadow were going to sit also It sat. Thereupon, Lady Dorothy Muffet fell to eating curds and whey, and before she realized it, the sun disappeared and the day darkened into night. Now there was no shadow to watch her. As she strained her eyes into the darkness she discerned presently a thin streak of light. She watched this streak spellbound and beheld coming slowly and determinedly toward her, a huge spider. Now the story goes that Lady Dorothy Muffet was not afraid of spiders. Indeed, this one seemed to hold a strange power over her, and she stept forward eagerly to meet it half-way on its pilgrimage to her. They approached one another expectantly. Just as the spider reached forth its hairy claws to embrace the lovely Lady Dorothy Muffet, she turned quickly and beheld the shadow. Thereupon, the story goes, Lady Dorothy Muffet screamed and fled into the dark recesses of the forest.

LADY DOROTHY MUFFET SCREAMED AND FLED INTO THE DARK RECESSES OF THE FOREST
(*James Branch Cabell*)

II.—*After the Manner of* RING LARDNER

DO YOU remember, Al, that dame I wrote you about, called Muffet? Well, here's the latest about her. It seems she went out for a little walk one afternoon, and parked on a tuffet. Now maybe, Al, you know what the hella tuffet is, but yours truly ain't got no dope on the subject. Anyway, the party what told me the yarn says to me, he says, she parked on a tuffet, kind o' stuck up like as tho all the world ought to know a tuffet when it meets one; so I comes right back at him an' I says, my grandmother used to have tuffets to sit on, but we gotta swell three-piece set ourselves, and the missus and I like it better. But I'm gettin' switched off the main track. It seems, Al, that after Miss Muffet had parked herself on the aforesaid tuffet she commenced to feed her face. And I'll give you three guesses as to what that dame et. You'll think it was a good old-fashioned lunch what folks usually take with them to the country on picnics—thermos bottle filled with coffee, or something else if they got it, an' hard-boiled eggs an' deviled ham sandwiches. But you ain't within a mile o' bein' right, Al. This guy what told me the story said she et curds and whey. I ain't sure just what curds and whey is, but I think it's somethin' like oatmeal an' cream. Anyhow, that's what she et. An' you know, Al, how food attracks bugs in the country. Well, Miss Muffet's lunch didn't prove no acception to this rule, for while she was sittin' there what do you think happened? She'd shooed flies and slapped mosquitoes without battin' a eyelash, Al, but when a big spider come along she says to him, she says, "now for that you'll all get off," and that didn't faze the spider none. His mind ran to his stomach, an' he had his eye on the grub an' kept comin'; an' Miss Muffet, she says to herself, she says, "I'm gonna beat it," an' believe me, Al, she done it. Which all goes to show what cowards women is, to let a little fool thing like a spider scare them away from some good fodder, altho as I said before I ain't never et curds and whey, so maybe it ain't so good

at that, an' maybe the spider was damn good an' welcome to it, as well as a choice seat on the tuffet.

III.—*After the Manner of* A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

ROSALIE MUFFET, lunch under her arm, strolled forth in the warm spring sunshine. Ah, it was good to be away by oneself, away from them all. Especially from father! Not but that father was a wonderful man! He was wonderful! Wonderful! But she loved being alone. She had many things to think of. There was her career. She would have her career, independent of any man. Of all men! Into the forest she strolled, and presently seated herself upon a tuffet to partake of the dainty luncheon which she had brought with her. This luncheon consisted of curds and whey. She might have eaten cornflakes and cream. But she didn't! Instead, she ate curds and whey! Curds and whey! Curds and whey! She liked curds and whey. At the boarding-house she never had curds and whey. Never! She hated the boarding-house. Hated it! Her lunch was nearly finished when she discovered a spider sitting down beside her. A huge spider! Now if there was one thing on earth which Rosalie Muffet hated it was spiders. Next to men, she hated spiders more than anything else on earth. Next to men! How she hated men and spiders! Men and spiders! She watched the spider for a moment, fascinated. If this spider destroyed her, it would end her career also. Her glorious career! No, no, this could not be. She must have her career! She must have her career. She must have it! She could not let a mere spider ruin her career. She would have her career! No spider should cheat her out of it. Better wholly abandon her delicious curds and whey to the greedy, destructive spider, than to lose her career! She hesitated, torn between her desire for food and her desire for a career. Back at the boarding-house she would find no curds and whey. Only prunes! Prunes! But—better prunes than to lose her career. If the spider destroyed her, he destroyed her career! Terrible thought! Horrible thought! Glancing fearfully at the approaching spider, Rosalie Muffet turned and fled from the spot back to the boarding-house and prunes and her career. She must have her career! Prunes!

AN' MISS MUFFET, SHE SAYS TO HERSELF, SHE SAYS: "I'M GONNA BEAT IT"; AN' BELIEVE ME, AL, SHE DONE IT
(*Ring Lardner*)

ROSALIE MUFFET TURNED AND FLED FROM THE SPOT . . . SHE MUST HAVE HER CAREER! PRUNES!
(*A. S M. Hutchinson*)

IV.—*After the Manner of* SINCLAIR LEWIS

CAROL MUFFET could endure it no longer. The cheap little restaurant patronized by cheap, impossible little people, in a village and on a street equally cheap and impossible. To-night she would dine by herself. She would take her dainty lunch far from the bourgeois, far out in the cool freshness of the woods, away from Main Street. She hated the staring eyes of the restaurant, eyes which seemed to look straight through her thin chiffon blouse, the giggling, odious, inane remarks of the diners. They were watching and criticizing her; she was an alien spirit. So she took her lunch and that day avoided the restaurant. What could common people such as those who lived on Main Street know of spirits like Carol Muffet's? When she had reached the woods, she spread out her beautiful lunch-cloth of Oriental design, which she had sent for to the city. Main Street did not possess a lunch-cloth like it. They ran to Madeira and Cluny exclusively. Then Carol Muffet sat down on a tuffet. Main Street would never have chosen a tuffet; rather they would have brought camp chairs, or taken robes from their automobiles. But Carol Muffet preferred the esthetic glory of a tuffet. Presently, she began to eat her lunch of curds and whey. How good it tasted! Main Street insisted upon serving coffee and sandwiches at all afternoon functions, in spite of Carol Muffet's plea for curds and whey; and ice-cream and sponge-cake at their evening parties. If only—if only just once they would serve curds and whey! But her suggestion concerning this had not been received kindly; she felt instinctively that they had laughed at her, ridiculed her in secret, because of her fondness for curds and whey. She had just started to eat this delightful food, when, glancing up, she discovered a huge spider creeping toward her. Resignedly, Carol Muffet deserted her curds and whey to the approaching beast. Thus she had been thwarted all of her life in her desires. Never, never, she told herself bitterly, had she done a single thing which she had wanted to do. She walked slowly, wearily back to Main Street and to the village virus, which she felt in the end must destroy her as it had destroyed the others.

V

After the Manner of
KATHLEEN NORRIS

BUTTERFLY MUFFET determined to have a whole day in the glorious country, away from Fifth Avenue and the fast set, which she felt was rapidly engulfing her. Poor little Butterfly Muffet! Married at eighteen, as yet a mere child, her pretty golden head had been turned by attention and money, her sense of values for the time corrupted by the hard, fast society people with whom she was thrown in constant contact. Now, wearying of them, she determined to seek solitude and repose in God's free, open country. Her large blue eyes shone brightly as she started out; her glorious blonde hair escaped beneath her small, smart hat purchased in Paris; her mouth was sweet and childish, with a slight touch of pathos. She directed the chauffeur to drive her limousine away from the maddening city, and soon found herself in the cool, green country. Jumping out of the car, as happy as a child, for she was little more than that, she came to a tuffet and there seated herself with the dainty lunch which her dear sister had prepared for her. Dear, kind, unselfish Hilary! She had wanted the curds and whey herself, but had gladly resigned them that Butterfly Muffet might be happy. Butterfly sighed and tossed her golden head charmingly as she eagerly ate the curds and whey. Hilary was like that; her greatest pleasure came from sacrifice, doing for others. But Butterfly Muffet must be happy, whatever happened, and curds and whey made her wondrously happy. She had nearly finished eating, when she beheld, close beside her, a huge spider. Butterfly Muffet's dainty pink-and-white hand flew to her rosebud mouth to stifle the little scream which escaped in spite of herself, and, spilling the curds and whey from the golden bowl, purchased in one of the most exclusive shops on Fifth Avenue, she fled the scene of horror in terror, sobs of fear shaking her slender, girlish figure as she ran back to the waiting limousine.

RESIGNEDLY CAROL MUFFET DESERTED HER CURDS AND WHEY TO THE APPROACHING BEAST. THUS HAD SHE BEEN THWARTED ALL HER LIFE OF HER INNERMOST DESIRES
(*Sinclair Lewis*)

VI

After the Manner of
SHERWOOD ANDERSON

NATALIE MUFFET felt that she could no longer endure the routine and burden of her daily life. She had looked with sudden interest into her employer's eyes that day, and she had read there something which disturbed her. She wanted to get away, out into the country. She wanted to escape her

(*Continued on page 12*)

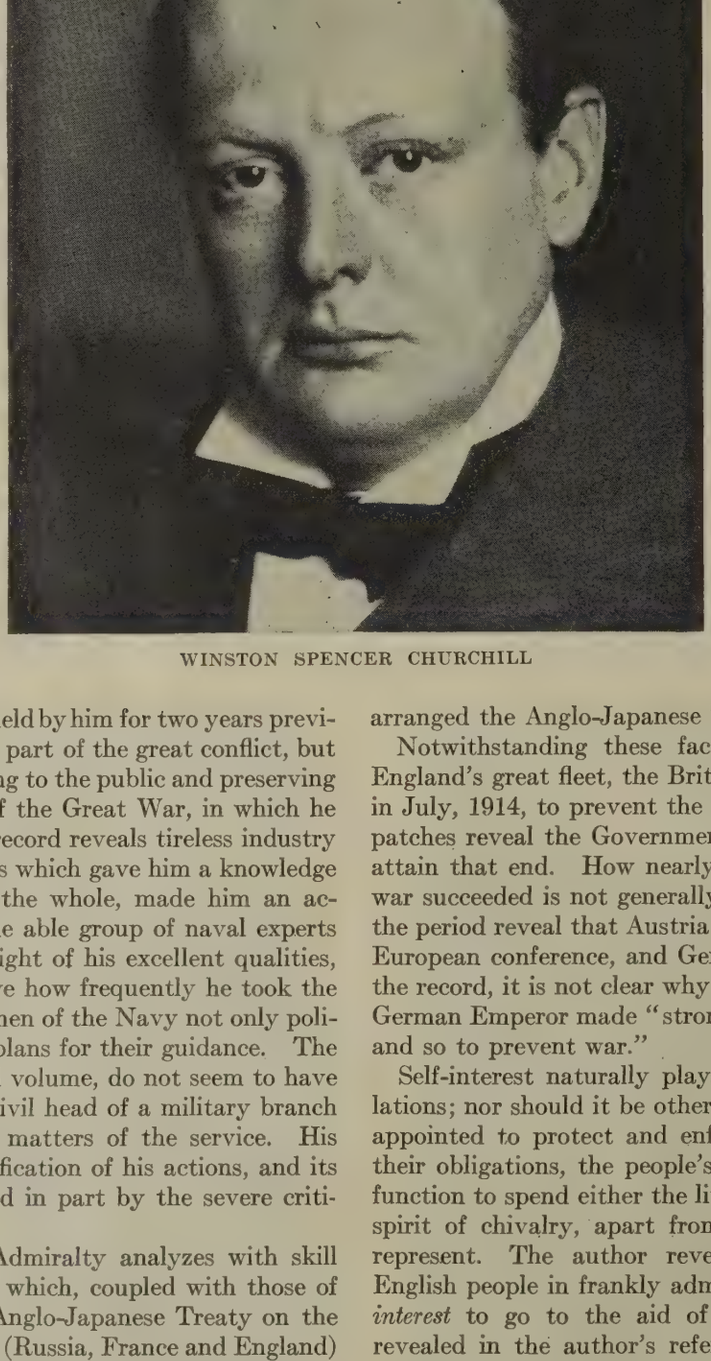
BUTTERFLY MUFFET'S DAINTY HAND FLEW TO HER ROSEBUD MOUTH . . . AND SHE FLED THE SCENE OF HORROR
(*Kathleen Norris*)

NATALIE MUFFET WAS A BRAVE GIRL . . . SHE DID NOT SCREAM BUT CALMLY GATHERED UP HER CLOTHES AND DEPARTED
(*Sherwood Anderson*)

Ruling a Great Navy in Wartime

By Rear-Admiral W. S. Benson, U. S. N.

AMONG the books produced by men prominent in the World War few are as readable and interesting, to the expert and to the layman alike, as "The World Crisis," by Hon. Winston S. Churchill.(1) The author, as First Lord of the British Admiralty, came in daily contact with matters relating to the British fleet, not only as to its physical condition and operations, but also as to policies which controlled its growth and development, resulting in the excellent condition in which it was found in August, 1914. As a member of the British Cabinet, he was kept in contact with the foreign relations of the British Empire, and was thus fully informed in regard to matters going on in the various capitals of Europe, and fully alive to the necessity for preparation, foreshadowed by conditions then prevailing in the diplomatic world.



WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL

His personal qualities and education not only contributed to his qualifications for the responsible post in the British Admiralty held by him for two years previous to the war, and during a large part of the great conflict, but especially qualified him for presenting to the public and preserving for history a valuable view-point of the Great War, in which he played so important a part. The record reveals tireless industry and zeal, and an attention to details which gave him a knowledge of facts and principles which, on the whole, made him an acceptable leader and colleague to the able group of naval experts he gathered around him. In the light of his excellent qualities, it is somewhat surprizing to observe how frequently he took the lead in suggesting to the practical men of the Navy not only policies for their control, but detailed plans for their guidance. The results, as revealed in his published volume, do not seem to have justified marked intrusion by the civil head of a military branch of the government, into technical matters of the service. His book is largely an apologia in justification of his actions, and its publication was no doubt prompted in part by the severe criticisms he very frankly records.

The former First Lord of the Admiralty analyzes with skill Germany's ambitions and policies, which, coupled with those of her Austrian ally, resulted in the Anglo-Japanese Treaty on the one hand and in the Triple Entente (Russia, France and England) on the other; he has made an interesting and substantial contribution to the bibliography on the causes leading up to the war. He frankly concedes that Germany could not have selected a time more acceptable to the Allies as a whole; nor could Germany's methods have been more favorable for inciting concert of action. Had the war resulted from differences between France and Germany, neither the whole-hearted loyalty of the Russian Government, nor the sympathy and zeal of the Russian people could have been depended upon; but, tho not caused by Russia, the war originated on the Russian side of Germany, and not on the French side; it originated, furthermore, under circumstances involving an issue which appealed to the Russian people as well as to their government, viz., the protection of the Balkan Slavs from Austrian aggression. France's zeal was assured, not only by her great peril, but also by a vision of reclaiming her lost provinces; but she nevertheless earnestly sought to prevent the great conflict. He frankly concedes that Britain decided on the definite policy of defensive alliances with other Powers, when Germany developed her naval program and thus challenged British supremacy on the high seas. As a result, she cleared up her differences with France and with Russia, inaugurated secret conferences between French and English naval authorities, and arranged the Anglo-Japanese Treaty.

Notwithstanding these facts and the splendid condition of England's great fleet, the British Foreign Office earnestly strove, in July, 1914, to prevent the conflict; the published original dispatches reveal the Government's sincerity and determination to attain that end. How nearly the English effort to prevent the war succeeded is not generally known; the closing dispatches of the period reveal that Austria finally yielded to the principle of a European conference, and Germany declined it. In the light of the record, it is not clear why the author states (p. 216) that the German Emperor made "strong efforts to bring Austria to reason and so to prevent war."

Self-interest naturally plays a large part in international relations; nor should it be otherwise. Officials of governments are appointed to protect and enforce, consistently with honor and their obligations, the people's rights; it is not their privilege or function to spend either the lives or the wealth of the people in a spirit of chivalry, apart from the *interests* of the people they represent. The author reveals nothing discreditable to the English people in frankly admitting (p. 217) that it was to their *interest* to go to the aid of France. Equal frankness is not revealed in the author's references to the German invasion of Belgium. Too much virtue has been claimed for the English people on the ground that their entry into the war was to protect the sanctity of treaties. Had there been no treaty concerning Belgium, nevertheless Germany's invasion of that country, and of France, would have been, as it was, followed by England's entry into the war; her self-interest demanded it.

Germany's pre-war policies not only resulted in England identifying her interests with those of France, but they repelled Russia in the East; this inevitably resulted from German support of Austria in her aggressions in the Balkans. Furthermore

(1) THE WORLD CRISIS. By Winston S. Churchill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.50.

SURRENDER OF THE U-BOATS IN HARWICH HARBOR AT THE END OF THE WAR

ıer settlement n China, and ıer antagonistic ıttitude to Ja- ɔan with respect o Port Arthur ıt the close of he Russo-Japa- ıese War, put apan with the opposition." As a result, the apanese mili- ary and naval ctivity in the East, during the ar, surpassed, o the author ells us, the ex- ɔectations of England. The honor and loyalty of Japan in observing her reaty obligations can not be questioned, but it is proper to point ut that Japan's *interests* also demanded her zealous participation n the war, for it was clearly to her advantage to eliminate Ger- nany from China.

We are frankly surprized to find in this excellent and serious ook the paragraph of "if's" appearing on page 274, with respect o the escape of the *Goben*. As a result of errors and misunder- tandings, the *Goben* escaped the vigilance of the Mediterranean leet, and was well on her way to the Dardanelles. The author ecords that a chance for her capture still remained, but, "at this uncture the Fates moved a blameless and punctilious Admiralty lerk to declare war on Austria" in advance of the Government's lans! As a result, the pursuing squadron abandoned the pur- uit of the *Goben* and returned to the Adriatic. We think the uthor misinterprets the consequences of the escape of the *Goben*. He very reasonably assumes that it caused Turkey's ntry into the war. Conceding this to be so, the fact *could* have esulted in a great and permanent benefit to Europe, by the ex- ɔulsion of the Turks from Europe; the escape of the *Goben* should ıot, as viewed from the present, bring the lament which the uthor reveals. That which is to be lamented is the course aken by England and France since the war, in their relations with Turkey—a course which has brought the Turk back into Europe, with the assumed arrogance of a victor.

My responsibilities and experience as Director of Naval Operations, U. S. N., for a period immediately preceding and during the whole period of our part in the World War, gives me sympathy for the author in the trials and difficulties he experienced in eliminating errors and inefficiency from the British Naval establishment. So accustomed are we, however, to assume that the great Navy of the British Empire functions with the highest efficiency, that the confessions of the author bring surprize. Reference above to the Admiralty clerk who "declared" war against Austria, in advance of the Government's plans, is an instance. At another point (p. 332), we learn that "owing to a mischance, arising primarily from a default in Admiralty Staff work," an important message failed of delivery; good results were attained, nevertheless, for the German squadron was defeated within the Heligoland Bight (August 28, 1914); the author adds (p. 333): "The Germans knew nothing of our defective staff work and of the risk we had run." It was another case of a daring Admiral (Beatty) striking in the dark, and having fortune and not disaster befall him.

But success did not always offset staff blunders. The sinking of the cruisers *Aboukir*, *Hogue* and *Cressy* in the North Sea (September 22, 1914), was followed by an "inquiry" which found (p. 353) that the exposed and perilous position of these vessels "was attributable to the Admiralty War Staff." The author's fine qualities are revealed in his statement (p. 353) that "this

(*Continued on page 68*)

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ENGLAND'S FLEET OF SUPER-DREADNOUGHTS STEAMING OUT TO SEA IN SINGLE COLUMN, JULY 20TH, 1914

Ibáñez Writes the Romance of His Own Life

By Arthur Livingston

SEVERAL things contribute to make the new novel of Blasco Ibáñez, "The Temptress,"[1] the most interesting thing he has done since the world-wide success of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." In the first place, it is an autobiographical story, covering what, in some respects, are the most exciting five years of a life that has been described, and well described, as the "greatest romance of Blasco Ibáñez."

SEÑOR IBÁÑEZ AND HIS WIFE DRIVING THROUGH NICE

The first trip of Ibáñez to Argentina was, one may say, quite incidental. He was brought there (along with Anatole France) by a lecture agency, which routed him through the country, during the season of 1908 and 1909, as the most distinguished author of Spain. (His own comments on such lectureships in Argentina may be found in certain amusing pages of "The Argonauts." The situation is much the same with famous English authors in the United States. Authors like such invitations because it is good publicity at home; Argentina likes to invite them because it helps to remind Europe that America exists. Ibáñez followed closely on the heels of Enrico Ferri and Guglielmo Ferrero. Meantime the Argentine lectureship has become a permanent institution: nearly every Latin of note passes eventually through the mill: among the latest invitations is that issued to Pirandello.)

The trip was a huge success in every way. Engaged for one month, Ibáñez prolonged his tour to nine, visiting every city and every town of any importance, getting a close view of the whole country, and finding himself at the end what would be called, in terms of European money, a rich man. His personal success was greater still: his eloquence as an orator (he was, in his youth, one of Spain's most doughty soap-boxers), his reputation as a writer, his zest for outdoor life, his sympathetic curiosity about all kinds of things and all kinds of people (he lived with aristocrats in the town, with *gauchos* on the pampas, with Indians in the mountains) made him the idol of the republic. Ibáñez, for his part, was so delighted that for a time he thought seriously of settling in Argentina and taking out his papers of citizenship.

Over the loving-cups that were passed around on the eve of his return to Europe, thoughts were thought and feelings were felt which were to result in one of the most curious episodes known to literary biography: to find a parallel, one must think of the promoting speculations of Honoré de Balzac, add a touch of the misfortunes of Fenimore Cooper, and finish the picture with something of the business integrity and industry of Walter Scott. If that seems too complicated, a simple analogy might be found in the recent news: in Shelby.

"Boosting" is as much a trait of the Antarctic South as of our own American Northwest. And Argentine "boosters" thought they had found in Blasco Ibáñez the one man who could "sell" Argentina to Europe. Bankers, business men, the Government—everybody fell for the idea. And in the end Ibáñez fell for it, too.

Back in Europe in the summer of 1909, Ibáñez set to work on what would be known to Americans as a volume of publicity: "Argentina and its Grandeurs," a colossal, encyclopedic, illustrated volume on the history, manners, customs, natural resources, beauties, potentialities, of the Argentine Republic. Despite the rapidity of its preparation and composition (it was written in six months) and despite its practical purpose (the stimulation of emigration to South America), the book is still authoritative, still standard: it is found in every drawing-room in Europe where Argentinos congregate.

In the spring of 1910, Ibáñez set sail for Buenos Aires again with hopes in his heart that are well described in "The Argonauts" (an epic of emigration), and with plans in his head which may amaze for their audacity, but which bear witness to extraordinary imagination and energy—to that genius, in fact, which the literary critic may not always succeed in discovering in Ibáñez's writings, but which the public of three continents has sensed in them by instinct.

Why attempt to describe his state of mind during that second voyage? It is truly necessary to read or reread "The Argonauts." There Ibáñez takes in, in bird's-eye view, the whole history of American Spain, from the days of Columbus's caravels and of the Conquistadores, to the days of the modern steamship and the Wall Street promoter. He lived in his thoughts and emotions that great and complex experience. He was going to Argentina as "discoverer," as "conqueror," as town-builder, nation-builder, prospector, magnate, all in one. For he had been offered and he had accepted, two grants of land to be developed and colonized (if possible, with Spanish stock) by him.

One grant, of ten thousand acres, was located in tropical Argentina—in Corrientes, on the upper Paraná, near the frontiers of Brazil. The other, of eighty-one square miles, if you please, was at the opposite extreme of everything: it lay in the bleak and frosty valley of the Rio Negro, in lower Patagonia. The first, as the author and his experts figured, could be turned into ready cultivation for oranges and rice, under conditions of life and climate somewhat like those prevailing in Ibáñez's native province in Spain: in fact, he called it New Valencia. The second he destined to his major effort: in the deserts of Patagonia he would make civilization grow. Mindful, partly, of the Quixotic nature of his enterprise, he called his vast estate Cervantes Colony.

Many "colonists" indeed came on from Spain—and, like the first Virginians of John Smith or the first Conquistadores of Columbus in Santo Domingo, they raised the proverbial devil later on, when things were not so easy as they had hoped to find them. But not in the great numbers necessary to found a nation! In the last resort, Ibáñez had to assemble such human material as was available in new lands that suffer rather from

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[1] THE TEMPTRESS. By Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. Translated from the Spanish by Leo Ongley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

labor shortage than from unemployment. The force of several thousand men, women, and children, which he finally got together to forefather Patagonia, surely counted the toughest customers that ever followed a poet, a novelist, and a short-story writer into the wilderness.

From this point on, one might very well read "The Temptress." The story is all there, with minor variations and a more happy ending. Robledo, with all his good intentions, is more or less the author himself (generalized and modified, of course.) Canterac is more or less the German engineer whom Ibáñez had as his foreman on the job. The Marquis de Torre Bianca stands for that general type of nobleman, ruined in Europe and incompetent in the New World, who made up the more agreeable of the author's associates. The "boliche"—the ranch saloon—is an exact copy of the institution that was the best founded of the whole foundation. Pirovani's bungalow, with its European furnishings, is just such a bungalow as Ibáñez made for himself. (Ibáñez is always building and furnishing houses—Malvarosa at the Cabañal, in Valencia, was once as famous as the Villa Fontana Rosa at Menton is now). The story of the construction of the reservoir, and of the irrigation canals from the Rio Negro, is taken from life to the letter. If you ask about the leading character—Elena de Torre Bianca—Ibáñez has concentrated in her all the animosity he came to feel against the hundred or more squabbling females who made life miserable for their husbands during the stormy career of Cervantes Colony, finally getting together to lynch Ibáñez himself one day—a riot which he quelled in the end only with his Winchester.

Now the strange thing is that Ibáñez, as the American phrase goes, almost "put it over." New Valencia for a time actually made money; at any rate, its prospects were so bright that the founder succeeded (with some difficulties, to be sure—difficulties such as those he has described in a recent short story of Argentine finance: "Doctor Pedraza's Family") in raising funds for both his enterprises over a period of four years. It was not till the world-panic of 1913 came on that money stringency in the Argentine was so great that he had to abandon the two colonies. What those four years were like, one may glean, not only from "The Temptress," but from many of the short stories of Ibáñez (the masterpiece, here, in my judgment, is "The Widow's Loan"). Suffice it to say, that he passed them shuttling between New Valencia and Cervantes Colony over an eight days' journey (on horseback, by train, steamer, and automobile) of more than two thousand miles.

It has nothing to do with "The Temptress," but a word may be pardoned on the outcome of this whole adventure. When "The Four Horsemen" made its world-famous success, many stories came out of Germany alleging certain shady matters in connection with Ibáñez's failure; and these stories were repeated in Spain, especially by the German propaganda. They were revived by Mexican propaganda in the United States as a counter-blast to "Mexico in Revolution."

It is true that Ibáñez lost every cent he had, and that other people lost also. However, the affairs of the two colonies were liquidated in due process of insolvency. The large sums of money still due on the author's personal account were paid, first, by the profits of a film based on "Blood and Sand" which he made himself, and distributed himself, in France and Spain; and second, by the royalties of "The Enemies of Women." Ibáñez's slate in Argentina is clean.

"The Temptress," in addition to being an autobiographical novel—a *roman vécu*—is a second step ("The Argonauts" was the first) toward the completion of a series of novels on South American life that would serve to integrate the Spanish world.

This latter idea is quite prominent in minds of Spanish "intellectuals" to-day, and it presents a number of curious complications in emotions and in policies. Taken by and large it amounts to an aspiration for the reconstruction of the Spanish empire, but on a new basis. Spaniards have before them the spectacle of the British empire, through which England has been able to stretch her power around the world in a number of free States (Australia, New Zealand, Canada), each of which is loyal to the racial ideal—the federative principle, in short. Is it too late to achieve something similar for Spain? Twenty-five years ago the question became actual with the Cuban revolution and the war with the United States. It is always present in the perennial fight for Catalonian autonomy. The historical doctrine is that the Madrid bureaucracy destroyed the empire; that the concession of regional independence would remove the animosities that have broken the Spanish world to pieces and leave the field free for all the cultural forces (language, religion, manners and customs) working toward reunion.

It is an "opposition" idea, for the most part, colored by republicanism most of the time, and by anti-clericalism not infrequently. Ibáñez inherited it along with all the baggage of the old-fashioned republican doctrine—before Spanish republicanism, that is, allied itself first with Catalonian syndicalism and more recently with Socialism. The huge "comédie humaine" which he planned was to incarnate in literature the spirit animating the Spanish world as a whole, stressing the common origin and invoking a common destiny for all those nations of Iberian language but of mixed race which are scattered from Punta Arenas to Texas and Southern California.

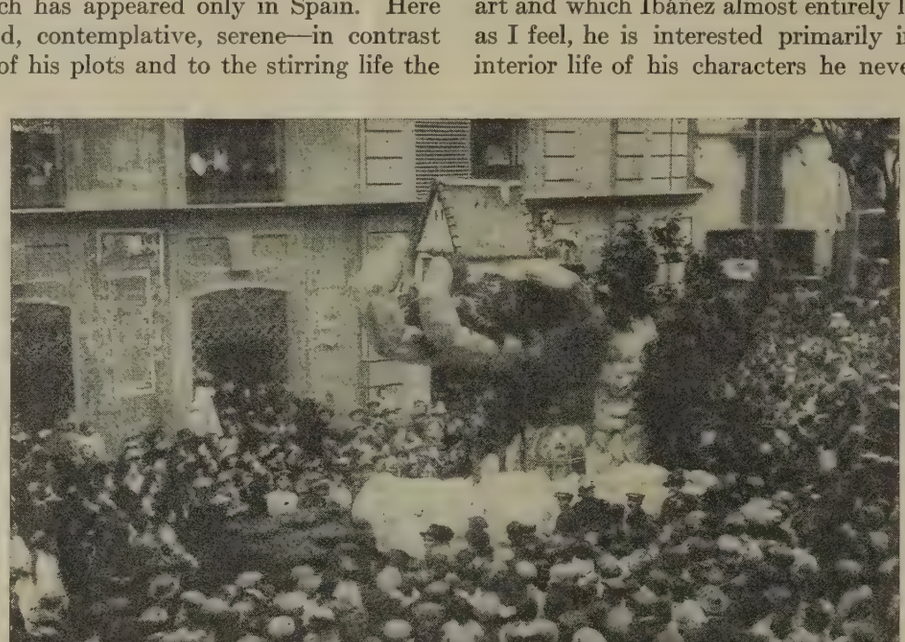
Many things have intervened to modify the character of "The Temptress," as the author conceived of this volume in his original scheme. He is nine years removed from his material, and the latter tends to linger in his mind only in its broader, more universal, outlines. Accidents of life have given him close affiliations with other peoples besides the Spanish—the American, and the French, particularly. The fact is that the Great War, of which Ibáñez was the novelist above all other novelists, transformed him into a man of all the world. First a Valencian, then a Spaniard of Spain, then a Spaniard of the Spanish empire, Blasco Ibáñez became international with "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." The fact is evidenced, if by nothing else, by the persistence with which he is introducing mixed marriages of hero and heroine into all his later stories.

In the character of Robledo in "The Temptress" Ibáñez has placed some of the best virtues of the Spanish type as he sees the latter; but, lest it pass unobserved, I must note, in the same character, another mood which

UNVEILING THE COMMEMORATIVE TABLET ON THE HOUSE IN VALENCIA WHERE IBÁÑEZ WAS BORN

The speaker is the Alcalde, or Mayor, of the city

is also coming to the fore in the things Ibáñez has been writing in these last four years. It is the mood of "Sunset," a short story published in *The Atlantic*, and of "The Old Man of the Promenade," a story which has appeared only in Spain. Here everything is quiet, placid, contemplative, serene—in contrast to the violent movement of his plots and to the stirring life the author himself has led. It is the warrior looking back on the battles of his youth and forward into a future which will not know his presence. Shall we call this "philosophy"? Rather it is a certain wistful memory of hopes unrealized and things gone forever. It is kindliness ripening with the oncoming of age, and gaining mastery at last over the impulses of struggle.



VALENCIA HONORS THE NOVELIST'S BIRTHDAY

The large float represents two novels of Ibáñez, "La Barraca" and "Entre Naranjos"

The leading character of "The Temptress"—Elena de Torre Bianca—is sketched with those lines of heavy contrast, black and white, that are familiar in all the major conceptions of Ibáñez. In "The Temptress" again he amasses great concentration of vital emotions which discharge in fireworks to right and left.

As usual, probably, different temperaments will react differently to the artistic effects produced. Certainly it is just this "bigness"—a bigness so big that not even the most sophisticated can wholly escape its impressiveness—which has earned Ibáñez his success with the so-called "general reader," who likes energy even if it be coarse, and who is fascinated by vast canvases even if they be crude in detail. It is the art of the chromoist and of the cartoonist in the better sense of those terms. It consists in putting figures (they do not need to be worked out in the subtleties—a line or two will do) in an attitude of sentiment, or tragedy, or humor, trusting that the sentimental, or tragic, or humorous mood will be suggested to the reader, tho it has never been fully or deeply experienced by the author himself.

Just here we have the fork in the road where the "intellectual" critic of Ibáñez goes in one direction and the "average reader" in another. The "intellectual," by the tradition of his "intellectuality," insists on a fineness and fullness of execution—as Croce would say, a completeness of intuition—which is the essence of art and which Ibáñez almost entirely lacks. He lacks it, because, as I feel, he is interested primarily in the spectacle of life; the interior life of his characters he never lives, but merely infers, because he sees them, objectively, in this or that attitude. He satisfies himself when he has described those attitudes. He never, to my knowledge, has been so interested in a plot or a situation, no matter how tense, that he has not been willing to drop it for a passage of description. The "intellectual," meantime, sunk in his books, his own observation blunted by reflection, is usually unable to appreciate that in this joy of the eye (which Ibáñez has in common with his great—and now lamented—compatriot, Sorolla), in this naive delight in the external world, we have that spiritual "form," that artistic motive, which does not betray itself in his analysis of human psychology.

We say "intellectuals," but not all "intellectuals" quite. The unison of the anvil chorus is broken always by the famous words that W. D. Howells—an "intellectual"—applied to Blasco Ibáñez in a preface to "The Shadow of the Cathedral": "The first of European novelists outside of Spain, with the advantage of superior youth, freshness of invention and force of characterization. . . . There is no Frenchman, Englishman, or Scandinavian who counts with him."

Personally, I don't like the method of these sentences of Howells'. I do not think that "greatness" is a clear concept or a coherent one. But if I were asked to use it in connection with "The Temptress," I should try to avoid the issue: "The Temptress" is a rapid, a tense, an interesting book by a great man!

Six Novelists Rewrite Mother Goose

(*Continued from page 7*)

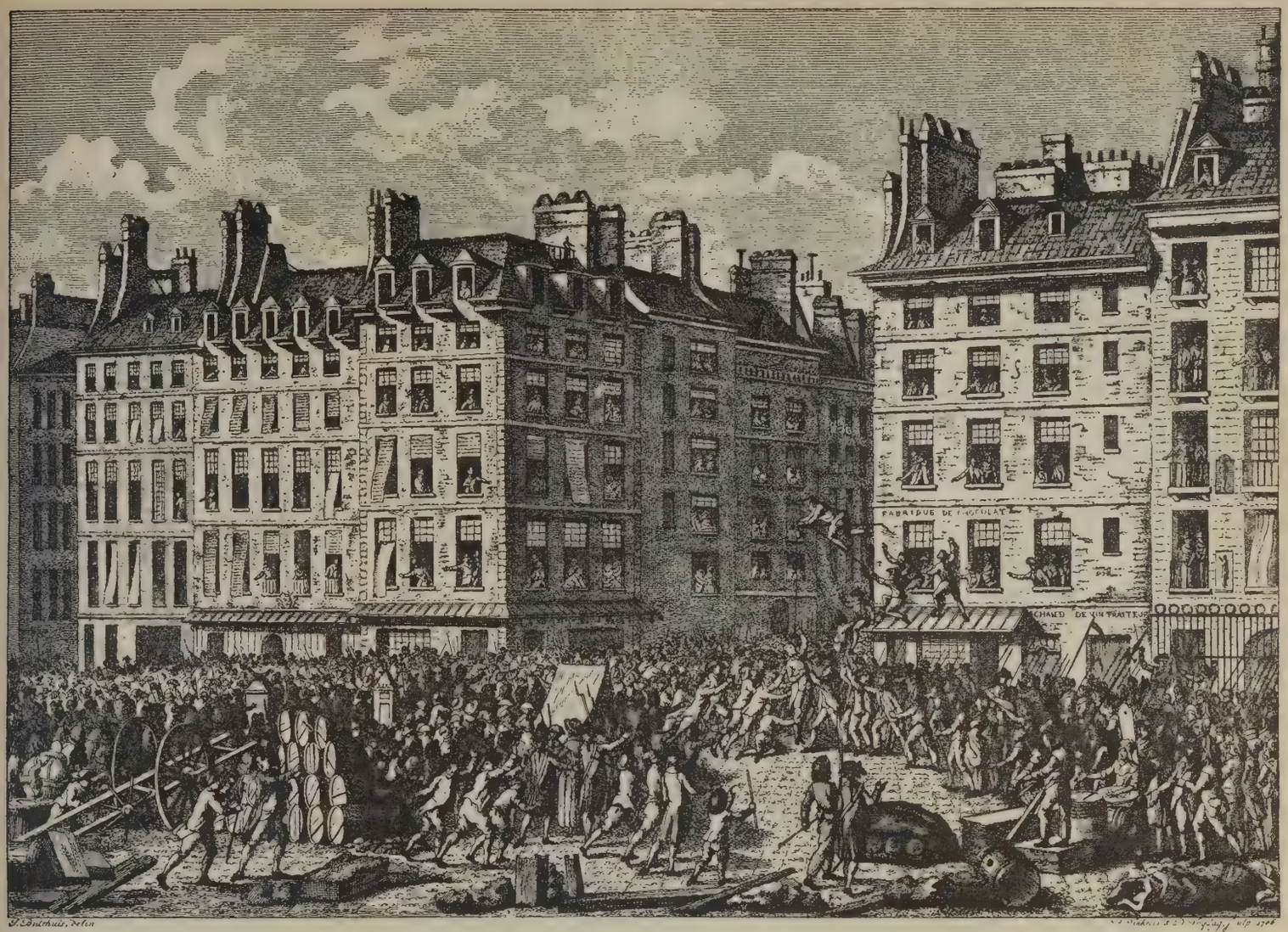
husband, who did not understand her. In the country she could look into her own soul and discover what was there. One thing she knew, she must have a housecleaning; she must clean herself and become pure and sweet and fresh, that she might meet more freely her employer's searching gaze.

Natalie Muffet shuddered as she passed the low, tumbledown houses which lined the railroad track. She could scarcely wait to be out of the dirty little city, commercialized beyond all endurance. Once in the pure woods, she quietly removed all of her clothing. Then she gave a great sigh of relief. Her husband would not have approved of her removing her clothing in this fashion; he would not have understood. He would have thought her mad. Perhaps she was mad.

She sat down on a tuffet and began to eat her curds and whey, which she had carried along with her for a little lunch. And as she ate, she thought of her fat, stupid husband, and their years of matrimony together, and she thought of the clear, searching gaze of her employer. She knew that she could never go back to her old life, living with this fat, stupid husband, who did not understand her, while the eyes of her employer searched her soul.

In the midst of her thoughts, and before she had taken time to replace her clothing, she beheld a spider sitting very close to her. Natalie Muffet was a brave girl, who had known many hardships, so she did not scream, but calmly gathered up her clothes and departed.

Not until she had advanced some way out of the forest did Natalie Muffet remember that she had left the curds and whey for the spider to consume. But this did not matter. She has thrown up the curtains of her soul and looked within. She would go back and look into the eyes of her employer with greater interest.



MOB PSYCHOLOGY IN ACTION DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

The lynching of Foulon in the Place de Grève, Paris, in 1789. (From an old print made in Holland in 1796)

Finding the Weak Spots in Psychoanalysis

By Joseph Collins

PSYCHOANALYSIS, during the last decade, has furnished abundant grist for two large classes of millers: the physicians who have applied it to the treatment of neuroses and psychoses, and the poets and novelists who have made it the gospel from which their literary texts were taken. So whole-heartedly has it been seized upon and so indiscriminately has it been applied by both the doctors and the littérateurs who have embraced its teachings that the readers of books for popular consumption, both scientific and romantic, are now as familiar with the more sensational features of Freudian psychology as with the latest newspaper scandal, and employ the more salient selections of Freudian terminology as glibly as popular slang. It may be said, without prejudice, to have been the favorite fad of the last ten years or more. But every fad has its day, and very recently menacing clouds on the horizon may well lead the observer to ask: Is the day of psychoanalysis already on the wane? Two important signs would seem to indicate that it is.

In the literary world of America and England, particularly England, there has sprung up during the last few years a notable group—among whom are some of the most talented of the younger writers—that may justly be called psychoanalytic novelists. These writers have opened their mills and welcomed without question the Freudian psychology *in toto*, not pausing to separate wheat from chaff, or to suspect that the product acclaimed almost as if it were manna from heaven could possibly contain any chaff. Prominent in this school is the talented British critic and novelist, John Middleton Murry, whose novel, "The Things We Are," an excellent example of the best type of psychoanalytic story, was among the new books of the past year. A reading of this novel would entitle any one to judge that Mr. Murry had—to change the metaphor—swallowed the Freudian psychology whole before he had applied it to the telling of a tale with the skill of a consummate artist. In March of the present year the same Mr. Murry headed a review of C. G. Jung's new book, "Psychological Types; or, The Psychology of Individuation," with the words, "The Tomb of Psychoanalysis," and in a witty article he suggested this epitaph to be carved on the tomb: "Here lies Psycho-Analysis, which may have helped a few to be conscious of their problem, but which helped nobody to solve it." After a brief account of the now classic difference between Freud and Jung, this "last word" from the latter on the subject of psychoanalysis was pronounced a "declaration of bankruptcy," and Mr. Murry exclaimed, "Six-hundred-and-forty mortal pages to tell us that it is all wrong, and not a word of how to put it right." This looks very much like a right-about-face movement, or, to keep to the former figure, it looks as tho Mr. Murry, having unquestioningly swallowed

Freudian psychology, hook, line and sinker, has now with equal unreserve treated it as the whale treated Jonah on the third day.

Physicians are more disposed than littérateurs, both by training and by temperament, to be cautious in their reception or their rejection of any new theory, altho it must be admitted that in the case of psychoanalysis the customary caution seemed often to have given way to enthusiasm. Almost simultaneously with the appearance of Jung's huge volume there has appeared in this country a more modest contribution to the literature of psychoanalysis, written by a follower and admirer of Freud, a competent psychiatrist, who has had extensive experience in the use of this method in the treatment of both civilian and army cases of psychoses and psycho-neuroses.(1) This book is largely devoted to pointing out the principles of Freudian psychology which have not stood the test of actual practise, and to trying to reach a more logical formula for psychoanalysis; that is, one which will not conflict with acknowledged facts of biology, anthropology, psychology, neurology and psychopathology. Dr. McCurdy, in the preface of his book, pays tribute to Freud's imaginative genius, but says that "his theories can not endure as they stand, and the sooner they assume scientific and logical form the more certain is their immortality." He is more hopeful than Mr. Murry. It is, however, altogether possible that these theories may stand as grist for the psychopathological mill while failing as further grist for the literary mill. In any case the question presents itself: In what form will they stand—as "psychoanalysis," or as "dynamic psychology" so altered as to be hardly recognizable by the ardent Freudians of to-day?

In the investigation of the mental processes and in the study of human behavior there are two schools of psychology: the introspectionistic, or consciousness-psychology, and the behavioristic. Introspection is the subjective observation of one's conscious action; behavior, as the word indicates, is the objective observation of the behavior of another subject. A new psychological tendency is trying to bridge these antithetic schools. It is called Dynamic Psychology

Dr. McCurdy's book does not present psychological problems from the dynamist side in opposition to introspectionalists and behaviorists. There is no reference to the book of Professor Woodworth, in which the words "Dynamic Psychology" were first applied, nor any indication of the concept of "drive" introduced by this author. This may be because the author, being a medical psychologist and a Freudian, treats the subject only from the abnormal point of view, or from the standpoint of a psychologist of "reverie." If this is the case such a title as "Problems in Freudian Psychology," or "Problems in Dynamic Psychopathology," would have been more appropriate than the one which the author has chosen. Despite the familiarity of the lay reader with the Freudian psychology, American academic psychologists have never shown any enthusiasm for Freud and his followers, and are rather keen to disclaim responsibility for the exaggerated and extravagant utterances regarding the unconscious which have flooded modern American literature.

To avoid any misinterpretation, it should be stated at this point that Dr. McCurdy's book is not to be included among the extravagant Freudian literature. It is rather an attempt to bring to reason the speculators on Freudian psychology, and as such it is an invaluable contribution to the subject. Its aim is to show the great rôle which the instincts play in the development of human personality and in influencing its behavior.

> Dynamic psychology is a useful term which covers the study of instincts, motives, emotions and imaginative (or "autistic") thinking as opposed to the more static functions of attention, perception, memory and similar conscious logical processes.

The book is divided into four parts. Part I is devoted to a critical analysis of Freud's formulations. In a chapter on dreams the author utters some views which depart from the purely symbolic interpretation of Freud. When he speaks of the stimuli which the dreamer receives during sleep, and when he says that "the incomprehensibility of dreams is largely a matter of the selectivity of memory process by which continuity is established between the imaginary experiences of the night and the real ones of the day," and that the "final remembered dream is only a highly selected fragment, and it attains definiteness only when this selection is complete," he is in accord with previous writers on dreams, particularly Bergson. He disposes of the Narcissistic withdrawal of libido of Freud, but in his examples he is not free from a tendency to symbolize by overdrawn interpretation.

Part II deals with psychoanalysis and suggestion as methods of investigation and treatment of the psychoneuroses and psychoses. The author thinks that these two methods, hypnosis being included in suggestion, are the only fruitful methods ever devised for the treatment of these conditions. Excellent examples are given in which material recovered during hypnosis is compared with material obtained by the free association test.

In Part III the doctrines of two Freudians, Ferenczi and Burrow, are discust, the first in relation to the mental which exists in the infant before recognition of the outer world is complete, and in which bodily sensations predominate; and the second regarding homosexuality and the nature of consciousness in infants.

Part IV is the constructive portion of the book, containing the author's contribution to dynamic psychopathology. It begins with an analysis of Rivers's book, "Instinct and the Unconscious," in which praise is exprest of the author, but criticism of his concept. In the chapters that follow the instincts are classified and described in the light of their pragmatic conception. Dr. McCurdy declares that for a decade he has been dissatisfied with the exclusive importance placed by Freud on the sexual instinct as an explanation of practically all psychopathological phenomena, and expresses his belief in the equal importance of the ego and the social instincts with the sexual. This view, he says, gained support from a study of war neuroses, which demonstrated the importance of both ego and herd reactions. To the three qualities by which Rivers defines instinct, namely, its unreflective nature, its lack of discrimination and its tendency for immediate uncontrolled response, Dr. McCurdy adds two other characteristics: the irrational persistence of instinctive behavior long after its futility is demonstrable, and the emotional factor which is added to many or all instinctive reactions. He defines instinct as "a type of phenomenon which is unreflective, non-discriminative, immediate and uncontrolled in operation, ineradicable and effective." Man's chief weapon for offense or defense, for acquisition or mating, is his intelligence. Abstract thoughts—ideas—are his tools, by means of which he has modified the exhibitions of instinct and transformed them into what we call motives. Motivations are substitutes for instinctive reactions, but in case of emergency the latter appear. As emotions are connected with instincts, the emotionally charged ideas imply the existence of underlying instincts embodied in an *instinct-motivation*. The author has formulated this unit, which represents the Freudian *wish*, and he has chosen the term *instinct-motivation* in place of the simple word motive, because the latter, like *wish*, has a distinctly conscious connotation. All important dynamic elements are unconscious ideas charged with instinctive energy, i. e., unconscious instinct-motivation.

Dr McCurdy denies that instincts have energy in themselves. An instinct only directs energy. By such direction, however, unconscious instinct-motivation must control most of the mental energy of the human organism.

Chapters are devoted to the three groups into which writers on dynamic psychology have classified the instincts, namely, the ego, the sex and the herd groups, and the terse presentation of the subject is among the best features of the book.

In discussing the "inferiority complex" Dr. McCurdy gives a clear picture of the genesis of grandiose delusions and ideas of persecution appearing in response to situation in which the ego or ego-ideal is directly threatened.

(*Continued on page 68*)

(1) PROBLEMS IN DYNAMIC PSYCHOLOGY: A CRITIQUE OF PSYCHOANALYSIS AND SUGGESTED FORMULATIONS. By John T. McCurdy, M. D. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1922.

The Real Story of the Pirate

By Richard Le Gallienne

OF ALL the stock-figures of romance none has taken a stronger hold on the imagination of mankind than the pirate, and tho one might have expected him to have been long since worn threadbare, he is, as a matter of fact, more popular to-day than ever Legally, according to the great English lawyer, Sir Edward Coke, "hostis humani generis," the enemy of the human race, he has for generation after generation been alike the bosom-friend of boyhood and the imaginative escape of the respectable and middle-aged. Neither dime-novels nor "movies" can wither him, nor custom stale. Nor will the most accurate exposures of his ferocity and bestiality banish him from our affections so long as dare-devil courage against all odds, with the sea and ships for its theater, shall appeal to the spirit of adventure, in league too with that instinct of sympathetic lawlessness which survives in the most law-abiding bosom.

BATTLE BETWEEN SPANIARDS AND BUCCANEERS

And certainly Mr. Verrill's appetizing volume of "The Real Story of the Pirate"(1) will not diminish our regard for so favorite a hero. The more "real" his story is made, the more "romantic" he becomes, and the more good reasons we find for sticking by him. For one reason, he is too often found to be so closely related to such legitimate heroes of the sea as, say, Drake and Hawkins, that the difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee is not one on which we feel obliged to insist. The methods of those valorous pioneers of British commerce in the West Indies and the Spanish Main generally had for the Spaniards, at least, all the hall-marks of piracy. The way that "ugly merchant," Sir John Hawkins, had of forcing his commodities, usually a cargo of "lean negroes" ruthlessly kidnaped from Guinea, on reluctant Spanish governors was at least high-handed. His customary ultimatum, as he dropt into some lonely port, in a vessel armed to the teeth, was that either the authorities "give him license to trade, or else stand to their own defense"; and when Drake returned in triumph from one of his immortal forays, laden with Spanish gold, tho Elizabeth herself smiled upon him, there were certain noble gentlemen of her court who looked askance at him as being nothing better than a pirate.

And the early buccaneers, at all events, might be excused from being color-blind to the difference between such laureled heroes and themselves, whose final honors usually took the form of a public elevation at Execution Dock. With no less justice they might claim that their "piracies" were also legitimate "private warfare" on the enemies of their country, for they had their origin, like those other singers of the King of Spain's beard, in the English determination to break up the monopoly in West Indian trade claimed by the Spaniards in right of the Bull of Pope Alexander VI dividing the "New World" between the Spaniards and the Portuguese.

Buccaneers, privateersmen, corsairs, "Brethren of the Coast," free-booters, filibusters, by whatever name they were called, they were all generously tarred with the brush of piracy, and, technically speaking, they could only justly be outlawed as "pirates" proper when they made war on the ships of all nations alike, including their own, and hoisted no other flag but the "Jolly Roger," the skull-and-cross-bones dear to romance. This was done only when they were at the last ditch. Usually they flew either the English or French flags, and pursued their perilous avocation under color of a "license" from some colonial governor, not above accepting a share of their loot for an accommodation which, when they had come to the end of their tether, and their last fight was on against a judge and jury, the only enemy to whom they paid the respect of fear, they might produce as extenuating credentials, and thus, sometimes, save their necks from the hangman's noose.

Under the general name, then, of "pirate," Mr. Verrill classes all varieties of those "sea-artists" who—from the time of such Greek pirates as we read of in the charming old pastoral of "Daphnis and Chloe," to the Chinese lady-pirate Mrs. Lo Hon-cho, who was captured only as late as last October—have the multitudinous seas incarnadined. From his wide reading in fascinating out-of-the-way books on the subject Mr. Verrill has brought together a mass of sanguinary, dramatic material such as has seldom been collected between the covers of one volume. Nor has he exhausted his resources, but, if we are not mistaken, has left over sufficient material to make another no less exciting volume.

Most of the old familiar figures are here, including Pierre le Grand, Dampier, John Davis, L'Ollonais, Morgan, Kidd, "Blackbeard" Teach, Stede Bounet, the two women pirates, Mary Reed and Anne Bonny, the Barbary Corsairs, and many others less known who deservedly have their "place in the story." But how is it that we have no account of Captain Avery, who singed the beard of the Great Mogul, and is supposed to have inspired Defoe's "Life, Adventures and Piracies of Captain Singleton," or of Captain Bartholomew Roberts, in some respects the noblest Roman of them all, brave, generous, and perhaps the nearest approach to the pirate of romance?

The account of Roberts, which can be read in Captain Charles Johnson's "General History of the Pyrates" (1724) by any one fortunate enough to have access to that excessively rare chronicle, is perhaps the most suggestive of all piratical records, richest in picturesque, visualizing detail, and it is a pity that Mr. Verrill did not make drafts on that material, with which, of course, he is

(1) THE REAL STORY OF THE PIRATE. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York. D. Appleton & Co. $2.50.

well acquainted. There we can read how pirates actually talked amongst themselves, we can follow the course of their trials verbatim, with their uncouth, artless speeches of defense, as also their touching speeches of repentance, with occasional dying words of unrepentant defiance on the scaffold. The reader may care to have a glimpse of pirates in council together over the election of a new captain. The occasion is the spirited death of Howel Davis, Roberts's predecessor, and the rival candidates for his vacant place are jocularly distinguished by the title of "Lords":

> On canvassing this Matter, how shatter'd and weak a Condition their Government must be without a Head, since Davis had been remov'd, in the manner beforementioned, my Lord Dennis propos'd, its said, over a Bowl to this Purpose: "That it was not any great Signification who was dignify'd with Title; for really and in Truth, all good Governments had (like theirs) the surpream Power lodged with the Community, who might doubtless defute and revoke as suited Interest or Humour. We are the Original of this Claim (says he) and should a Captain be so sawey as to exceed Prescription at any time,—*why down with Him!* it will be a caution after he is dead to his Successors, of what fatal Consequences any sort of assuming may be. However, it is my Advice, that, while we are sober, we pitch upon a Man of Courage, and skill'd in Navigation, one, who by his Council and Bravery seems best able to defend this Commonwealth, and ward us from the fatal Consequences of Anarchy; and such a one I take Roberts to be. A Fellow! I think, in all Respects, worthy your Esteem and Favour."
>
> This Speech was loudly applauded by all but Lord Sympson, who had secret Expectations himself, but on this Disappointment, grew sullen, and left them, swearing, "he did not care who they chose Captain, so it was not a Papist, for against them he had conceiv'd an irreconcileable Hatred, for that his Father had been a Sufferer in Monmouth's Rebellion." Roberts was accordingly elected, tho' he had not been above six Weeks with them; the Choice was confirm'd both by the Lords and Commoners, and he accepted of the Honour, saying, That since he had dipp'd his Hands in muddy Water, and must be a Pyrate, it was better being a Commander than a common Man.

From this it will be seen that a pirate "commonwealth" was no little of a democracy, and that a certain rough humor marked their councils. Another example of that is found in the following "receipt" given to plundered merchantmen, which they might show to their owners by way of exoneration:

> THIS IS TO CERTIFY whom it doth or may concern, that we *Gentlemen of Fortune*, have received eight Pounds of Gold-Dust, for the Ransom of the *Hardey*, Captain Dittwitt Commander, so that we Discharge the said Ship.
>
> *Witness our Hands, this 13th of Jan., 1721–2.*
>
> BATT. ROBERTS,
> HARRY GLASBY.

Here are a few excerpts from the "Articles" drawn up by Roberts and his brother pirates for the better government of their community:

> Every Man has a Vote in Affairs of Moment; has equal Title to the fresh Provisions, or strong Liquors, at any Time seized, and use them at pleasure, unless a Scarcity make it necessary, for the good of all, to vote a Retrenchment.
>
> Every Man to be called fairly in turn, by List, on Board of Prizes, because, (over and above their proper Share,) they were on these Occasions allowed a Shift of Cloaths; But if they defrauded the Company to the Value of a Dollar, in Plate, Jewels, or Money, Marooning was their Punishment. If the Robbery was only between one another, they contented themselves with slitting the Ears and Nose of him that was Guilty, and set him on Shore, not in an uninhabited Place, but somewhere where he was sure to encounter Hardships.
>
> No Person to Game at Cards or Dice for Money.
>
> The Lights and Candles to be put out at eight o'Clock at Night: If any of the Crew, after that Hour, still remained inclined for Drinking, they were to do it on the open Deck.
>
> To keep their Piece, Pistols, and Cutlash clean, and fit for Service. No Boy or Woman to be allowed amongst them. If any Man were found seducing any of the latter Sex, and carried her to Sea, disguised, he was to suffer Death.
>
> To Desert the Ship, or their Quarters in Battle, was punished with Death, or Marooning.
>
> The Musicians to have Rest on the Sabbath Day, but the other six Days and Nights, none without special Favour.

No mention is made of "divine service" in these rigorous rules for well-behaved pirates, but, as Mr. Verrill brings out on several occasions, the pirate was apt suddenly to develop unexpected religious niceties, and another great Bartholomew, Bartholomew Sharp, referred to by his biographer as "that Sea-Artist and valiant commander," was actually deposed from command, among other reasons, because he had "failed to keep the Sabbath, and had even fought battles and taken prizes on Sunday." But this was only a temporary eclipse in Sharp's brilliant career, and any one who wants to get an idea of piracy at its best, and its most grandiose, should read Mr. Verrill's two chapters on "An Amazing Undertaking," and "What Happened Aboard the *Most Blessed Trinity*." They are too rich in various adventure and picturesque detail for one to do them any justice in a brief review.

On this occasion Sharp commanded a veritable fleet, and among the personnel of his expedition were not only such seasoned pirates of eminence as Peter Harris, Richard Sawkins, Cook, Coxon, Alleston, Row, Mackett, and Bowmans, but there were also men who were scholars in their way as well as pirates, Basil Ringrose the pilot and navigator, Dampier the naturalist and hydrographer, Wafer the surgeon, and Jobson a divinity student. Panama, at that time, had been rebuilt after Morgan's famous raid, and Sharp and his confederates decided to march across the isthmus and attack it once more. Leaving their ships behind, guarded by a handful of men, they landed on the shores of Darien, and, accompanied by friendly Indian guides, set out, 331 strong, on April 5, 1670. Their order of march is interesting: separated into divisions, headed by their several captains, each flying his own colors:

> Sharp commanded one company carrying his well-known banner of red, with its bunch of white and green ribbons; Sawkins displayed his flag of red striped with yellow; Peter Harris, at the head of two companies, flew two green pennants; Alleston and Mackett joined forces with Coxon and carried red flags, while Cook brought up the rear with his red and yellow colors bearing a hand and sword for his device.

THE SPANISH ARMADA DESTROYED BY CAPTAIN MORGAN

Mr. Verrill can testify from personal experience the difficulties and dangers of the ground they had to travel, for it is one of the virtues of his excellent book that it embodies first-hand knowledge of the scenes of most of the adventures he so vividly describes. And, as they marched, in spite of inexpressible hardships,

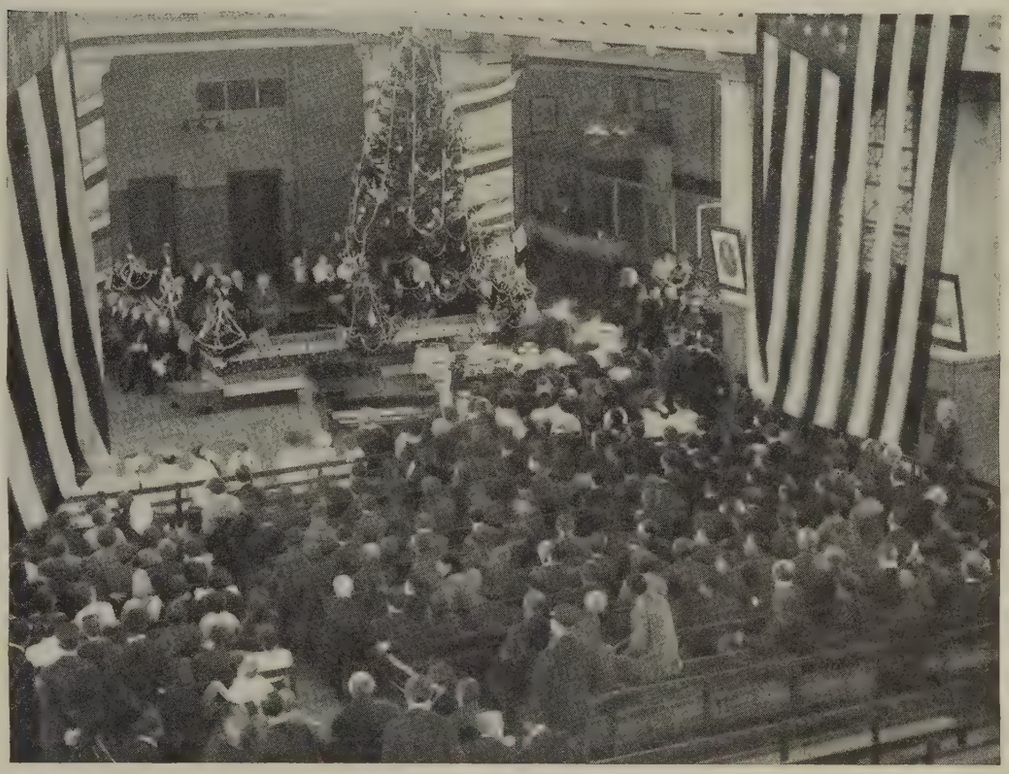
> Dampier religiously kept his journal, secured from dampness in its "jointe of Bambo well stopt with

(*Continued on page 76*)

The Struggles of an Immigrant Author

By Anzia Yezierska

I THOUGHT when the editor asked me to write mostly about myself, telling of my own life, it would be so simple the thing would write itself. And just look at me at my desk! Before me are reams of jumbled pages of madness and inspiration, and I am trying to make a little sense of it all.



A CHRISTMAS-TREE ENTERTAINMENT ON ELLIS ISLAND

Writing is ordinarily the least part of a man. It is all there is of me. I want to write with every pulse of my blood and every breath of my spirit. I want to write waking or dreaming, year in and year out. I burn up in this all-consuming desire my family, my friends, my loves, my clothes, my food, my very life.

And yet the minute my writing gets into print, I hate the sight of it. I have all the patience in the world to do over a page a thousand times. But the moment it gets out of my hand I can't bear to touch it with a pitchfork. The minute a manuscript gets into print it's all dead shells of the past to me.

I remember my mother's ecstatic face when she burst into the house and announced proudly that tho she never had had a chance to learn the alphabet, she could read the names of the streets and she could find her way to the free dispensary without having to be led by us.

"I'm no longer blind," she cried, tossing up her market-basket in a gesture of triumph. "The signs of the streets are like pictures before my eyes. Delancey Street has the black hooks one way, and Essex Street has black hooks the other way." She tore off her blue-checked apron. "I can also be a lady and walk without having to beg people to show me the way."

Something of my mother's wonder was mine when, without knowing the first alphabet of literature, I had discovered that beauty was anywhere a person tries to think out his thoughts. Beauty was no less in the dark basement of a sweat-shop than in the sunny, spacious halls of a palace. So that I, buried alive in the killing blackness of poverty, could wrest the beauty of reality out of my experiences no less than the princess who had the chance to live and love, and whose only worry was which of her adorers she should choose for a husband.

I did not at first think it as clearly as I write it now. In fact, I did not think then at all. I only felt. And it gave me a certain power over the things that weighed over me, merely saying out on paper what I felt about them.

When I saw my first story in print, I felt bigger than Columbus, who discovered the New World. I felt bigger than the man who built the Brooklyn Bridge or the highest skyscraper in New York. I walked the streets, holding the magazine tight in my hands, laughing and crying to myself: "I had an idea and I thought it out. I did it, I did it! I'm not a crazy, I'm not a crazy!"

But the next day all my fiery gladness turned cold. I saw how far from the whole round circle of the idea was my printed story. And I was burning to do the same thing over again from another side, to show it up more.

In my early childhood my people hammered into me defeat, defeat, because that was the way they accepted the crushing weight of life. Life had crusht my mother, so without knowing it she fed defeat with the milk of her bosom into the blood and bone of her children. But this thing that stunted the courage, the initiative, of the other children roused the fighting devils in me.

When yet barely able to speak, I began to think and question the justice of the world around me and to assert my rights.

"Mama," I asked out of a clear sky, "why does Masha Stein have butter on her bread every morning, and why is our bread always hard and dry, and nothing on it?"

"Butter wills itself in you," shrieked my mother, as she thrust the hash of potato peelings in front of me for my noonday meal. "Have you got a father a business-man, a butcher, or a grocer, a bread-giver, like Masha Stein's father? You don't own the dirt under Masha's door-step. You got a father a scholar. He holds himself all day with God; he might as well hang the beggar's bag on his neck and be done with it."

At the time I had no answer. I was too young to voice my revolt against my mother's dark reasoning. But the fact that I did not forget this speech of so many years ago shows how her black pessimism cut against my grain.

I have a much clearer memory of my next rebellion against the thick gloom in which my young years were sunk.

"Mama, what's a birthday?" I cried, bursting into the house in a whirl of excitement. "Becky, the pawnbroker's girl on the block, will have a birthday to-morrow. And she'll get presents for nothing, a cake with candles on it, and a whole lot of grand things from girls for nothing—and she said I must come. Could I have a birthday, too, like she?"

"Wo is to me!" cried my mother, glaring at me with wet, swollen eyes. "A birthday lays in your head? Enjoyments lays in your head?" she continued bitterly. "You want to be glad that you were born into the world? A whole lot you got to be glad about. Wouldn't it be better if you was never born already?"

At the harsh sound of my mother's voice, all my dreams took wing. In rebellion and disappointment, I thrust out my lips with

a trembling between retort and tears. It was as if the devil himself urged my mother thus to avenge herself upon her helpless children for the aches and weariness of her own life. So she went on, like a horse bolting down hill, feeling the pressure of the load behind him.

"What is with you the great joy? That you ain't got a shirt on your back? That you ain't got no shoes on your feet? Why are you with yourself so happy? Is it because the landlord sent the moving bill, and you'll be lying in the street to-morrow, already?"

I gazed at my mother with old, solemn eyes, feeling helplessly sucked into her bitterness and gloom.

"What's a poor man but a living dead one?" she pursued, talking more to herself than to me. "You ought to light a black candle on your birthday. You ought to lie on your face and cry and curse the day you was born!"

Crusht by her tirade, I went out silently. The fairy dream of the approaching birthday had been rudely shattered. Blinded with tears, I sat down on the edge of the gutter in front of our tenement.

"Look, these are the pink candles for the birthday cake!" A poke in the back from Becky startled me. "Aren't they grand? And mama will buy me a French doll, and papa said he'd give me a desk, and my aunt will give me a painting set, and every girl that comes will bring me something different."

"But what's the use?" I sobbed. "I ain't got nothing for no present, and I can't come—and my mother is so mean she got mad and hollered because I only asked her about the birthday, and—" A passionate fit of sobbing drowned my words.

In an instant, Becky had her arms about me. "I want you to come without a present," she said. "I will have a lot of presents anyhow."

Assured of her welcome, I went the next day. But as I opened the door, fear seized me. I paused trembling, holding the knob in my hand, too dazed by the sight before me to make a step. More than the strangeness of the faces awed me. Ordinary home comforts, cushioned chairs, green ferns between white curtains, the bright rugs on the floor, were new and wonderful to me. Timorously I edged my way into the room, so blinded by the shimmering colors of the cakes and fruits and candies that covered the table that I did not see Becky approaching me with outstretched arms.

"Mama, this is that little immigrant girl who never had a birthday," she said, "so I wanted to show her mine."

Becky's father glanced at her all in white, with pink ribbons on her curls, as she stood beside me in my torn rags reeking with the grime of neglect. A shudder of revulsion went through him at the sight of me.

"See what Becky has to mix up with on the block," he whispered to his wife. "For God's sake, give her a nickel, give her some candy, give her anything, but let her run along."

ELLIS ISLAND—SCENE IN BAGGAGE-ROOM

EAST-SIDE STREET SCENE

Street child that I was, my instinct sensed the cold wave of his thought without hearing the exact words. Breaking away from Becky's detaining hand, I made for the door.

"I want to go home! I want to go home!" I sobbed, as I ran out of the room.

Whitman has said, "It is as lucky to die as it is to be born." And I put his thought into my own words, "It is as lucky not to have advantages as it is to have them." I mean that facing my disadvantages—the fears, the discouragements, the sense of inferiority—drove me to fight every inch of the way for things I demanded out of life. And, as a writer, the experience of forcing my way from the bottomest bottom gave me the knowledge of the poor that no well-born writer could possibly have.

I am thinking, for instance, of Victor Hugo and his immortal book, "Les Misérables." It's great literature, but it isn't the dirt and the blood of the poor that I saw and that forced me to write. Or take the American, Jack London. When he wrote about tramps he roused the sense of reality in his readers, because he had been a tramp. But later, when he tried to make stories of the great unwashed of the cities—again this was only literature.

The clear realization that literature is beyond my reach, that I must either be real or nothing, enables me to accept my place as the cobbler who must stick to his last, and gives my work any merit it may have. I stand on solid ground when I write of the poor, the homeless, and the hungry.

By writing out my protests and disillusions, I aired and clarified them. Slowly, I began to understand my unreasoning demands upon America and what America had to offer. I saw that America was a new world in the making, that any one who has something real in him can find a way to contribute himself in this new world. But I saw I had to fight for my chance to give what I had to give, with the same life-and-death earnestness with which a man fights for his bread.

What had I with my empty hands and my hungry heart to give to America? I had my

(*Continued on page 21*)

Choosing the Ten Best Books of This Century

An Interesting Report of Progress

THE editor of the INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW, in the July issue, asked the readers of this magazine to send in lists of the "Ten Best Books of the Century"—the ten books which, in their opinion, were the best published in this or any other country since the year 1900. All the lists thus submitted are to be compiled into a single composite list, and the ten books receiving the largest number of votes will be announced at the end of the contest. Owing to the widespread interest which this symposium has aroused, the last date for the voting has been moved forward a month—to November 15—and the result will be announced in the January issue of the BOOK REVIEW, instead of the December issue, as first intended. That final list of ten, representing the choice, not of professional critics, but of the general book-reading public of the United States as typified in the 110,000 subscribers of the INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW, will naturally be of unique value. It will determine, on a larger scale than has ever before been attempted, the taste and judgment of the book-loving public of the whole country regarding contemporary literary favorites.

The composite list compiled from the ten-vote lists of readers has already reached the surprizing total of one hundred and eight different titles, indicating the wide range of tastes brought into play. Which ten books, among all these candidates already in the ring, will win the necessary majorities and stand at the top of the total returns? Already one senses something of the thrill of a race. Thus far Arnold Bennett's "Old Wives' Tale" and Mr. Hutchinson's "If Winter Comes" seem to be in the lead, but others are pressing closely on their heels, including Butler's "The Way of All Flesh," Galsworthy's "The Forsyte Saga," Rolland's "Jean-Christophe," Wells's "Outline of History," and Mrs. Wharton's "Ethan Frome." Joseph Conrad would be among the leaders but for the fact that his admirers are scattering their votes, thus far naming four of his novels. One list that came in contained a vote for George Meredith's "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," but this title had to be thrown out, as "Richard Feverel" was written in 1859, and the present contest is limited to books published in the twentieth century.

The whole list of one hundred and eight books thus far receiving one or more votes—arranged alphabetically by authors—will be found elsewhere on this page.

Many of the book-lovers whose favorites are in this composite list also availed themselves of the editor's suggestion to give a brief statement of the why and wherefore of their choice. Thus, Mr. Jesse F. Smith, a veteran schoolmaster of Suffield, Connecticut, explains that the

Books Voted for Thus Far

Adams, Henry, "The Education of Henry Adams."
Antin, Mary, "The Promised Land."
Arene, Paul, "The Golden Goat."
Bacheller, Irving, "Eben Holden."
Begbie, Harold, "Twice-Born Men."
Beveridge, Albert J., "Life of John Marshall."
Bennett, Arnold, "Plays" and "The Old Wives' Tale."
Brooks, Rupert, "Collected Poems."
Butler, Samuel, "The Way of All Flesh."
Cabell, James B., "Cream of the Jest" and "Jurgen."
Caine, Hall, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me."
Cather, Willa, "My Antonia" and "One of Ours."
Charnwood, Lord, "Abraham Lincoln."
Chesterton, G. K., "The Innocence of Father Brown."
Churchill, Winston, "The Crisis."
Connor, Ralph, "The Man from Glengarry."
Conrad, Joseph, "The Nigger of the Narcissus," "Nostromo," "The Secret Agent," and "Victory."
Coulevain, Pierre de, "On the Branch."
D'Annunzio, Gabriele, "The Flame."
Dewey, John, "Human Nature and Conduct."
Dixon, Thomas, "The Man in Gray."
Dos Passos, John, "Three Soldiers."
Dreiser, Theodore, "The Genius"
Duncan, Norman, "Dr. Luke of the Labrador."
Encyclopedia Britannica, Twelfth Edition.
Exline, Frank, "Politics."
Faure, Elie, "History of Art."
France, Anatole, "Penguin Island."
Galsworthy, John, "The Forsyte Saga" and "Plays."
Gentile, Giovanni, "Reform of Education."
Gissing, George, "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft."
Glasgow, Ellen, "The Deliverance."
Gordon, S. D., "Quiet Talks on Prayer."
Grahame, Kenneth, "The Wind in the Willows."
Grayson, David (Ray Stannard Baker), "Adventures in Friendship."
Haldeman-Julius, Emanuel, "Dust"
Hamsun, Knut, "Growth of the Soil."
Hardy, Thomas, "The Dynasts."
Harrison, Henry S., "Queed."
Hearn, Lafcadio, "Interpretations of Literature."
Hémon, Louis, "Maria Chapdelaine."
Hendrick, Burton J., "Life and Letters of Walter H. Page."
Hergesheimer, Joseph, "The Three Black Pennys."
Hutchinson, A. S. M., "If Winter Comes."
Ibáñez, Vicente Blasco, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."
James, William, "Varieties of Religious Experience."
Kaye-Smith, Sheila, "Joanna Godden."
Kennedy, Charles R., "The Servant in the House."
Kester, Vaughn, "The Prodigal Judge."
Kipling, Rudyard, "Inclusive Verse."
Lane, E., "Nancy Stair."
Lewis, Sinclair, "Babbitt" and "Main Street."
Locke, W. J., "The Beloved Vagabond."
London, Jack, "Before Adam."
McFee, William, "Casuals of the Sea."
Maeterlinck, Maurice, "The Bluebird."
Masefield, John, "Poems" and "Philip the King and Other Poems."
Maugham, W. Somerset, "Of Human Bondage."
Maxwell, W. B., "In Cotton Wool" and "Spinster of this Parish."
Mencke, H. L., "Prejudice."
Merwin and Webster, "Calumet K."
Mitchell, S. Weir, "Doctor and Patient."
Morley, Christopher, "Where the Blue Begins."
O'Brien, Frederick, "White Shadows in the South Seas."
O. Henry, "The Four Million."
Onions, Oliver, "In Accordance with the Evidence" (with the rest of that trilogy).
Oppenheim, E. P., "Peter Ruff and the Double Four."
Papini, Giovanni, "Life of Christ."
Pelley, William Dudley, "The Fog."
Quick, Herbert, "Vandemark's Folly."
Robinson, James Harvey, "The Mind in the Making."
Rolland, Romain, "Jean-Christophe."
Rostand, Edmund, "Chantecler."
Russell, Bertrand, "Why Men Fight."
Schofield, Alfred T., "The Unconscious Mind."
Service, Robert W., "The Spell of the Yukon."
Shaw, George Bernard, "Androcles and the Lion" and "Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant."
Simonds, Frank H., "History of the World War."
Slosson, Edwin, "Creative Chemistry."
Spearman, Frank H., "Whispering Smith."
Stephens, "The Crock of Gold."
Strachey, Lytton, "Queen Victoria."
Thayer, William Roscoe, "Life of John Hay" and "Theodore Roosevelt."
Van Dyke, Henry, "Companionable Books"
Van Loon, Hendrik, "The Story of Mankind."
Wagner, Charles, "The Simple Life."
Walpole, Hugh, "The Gods and Mr. Perrin."
Ward, M. A., "The Case of Richard Meynell."
Washington, Booker T., "Up from Slavery."
Wasserman, Jacob, "The World's Illusion."
Wells, H. G., "Tono-Bungay" and "Outline of History."
Wharton, Edith, "Ethan Frome."
White, William Allen, "A Certain Rich Man."
Wilson, Harry Leon, "Merton of the Movies."
Wister, Owen, "The Virginian."
Wright, Harold Bell, "The Shepherd of the Hills."

best work of Kipling, Barrie, Hardy, Ralph Connor and Joseph Conrad, in his opinion, was done before 1900, and for that reason he has omitted them. He has sent in two lists: one of books he has himself read and enjoyed, the other of books whose acquaintance he has made through reviews and extracts, and whose influence he recognizes in the work of other writers. "My judgment," he says, "tells me that these books should be included in such a list, yet I can not offer them as my favorites." Both lists have been accepted for the purposes of the contest. Mr. Smith says elsewhere in his letter:

> I am glad to cooperate in your attempt to obtain a ten-book list that will represent the average reader. The lists herewith submitted should represent the average taste. I am in no sense a literary critic. My name will not be found in "Who's Who." But from a child I have been a reader and lover of books. I was born in 1870 and was brought up on the great Victorians. No writers in English can possibly usurp the place now occupied in my mind by Tennyson, Browning, Hawthorne, Thackeray, Dickens and Eliot.

This feeling of loyalty to the great ones of the past crops up in many of the letters, and at least one contributor, Mr. Raymond P. Jacobs, of New York City, suggests canvassing the general public for its opinion of the ten most enjoyable books of all time, giving his own selection in such a case. That list, of course, could not be entered for the contest, but it is interesting to note here that the ten he chose were Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," Hugo's "Les Misérables," Dickens's "A Tale of Two Cities" and "Oliver Twist," Scott's "Ivanhoe," Lamb's "Essays of Elia," "The Three Musketeers" of Dumas, the "Don Quixote" of Cervantes, Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn," and Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

Elizabeth Nichols Case, of Hartford, Connecticut, has confined her choice entirely to fiction, as she found it absolutely impossible to make a list unless she set some arbitrary bounds; this has compelled her to leave out—with some regret—the plays of Eugene O'Neill, Granville Barker and John Galsworthy, with Arthur Machen's "Far Off Things" and the poems of John Masefield and others. She continues:

> Oliver Onions' utterly unappreciated and superb sequence of novels ["In Accordance with the Evidence," "The Debit Account," and "The Story of Louie"], all dealing with the same incidents from differing points of view, I have included as one work, as it really is. Mr. Chesterton's book of detective stories, "The Innocence of Father Brown," is included in this list because one of the stories, "The Hammer of God," is, in my opinion, one of the supreme short stories of all literature; none of the others in the collection remotely approach it. Finally, I have listed only books written in English, as I am not sufficiently familiar with Continental or other foreign literature of recent days to form a judgment of it.

On the other hand, the only fiction in the list submitted by Mr. Kenneth Rede of Baltimore consists of Conrad's "Nostromo," Galsworthy's "The Forsyte Saga," and Rolland's "Jean-Christophe." His list is dominated by personalities, because he believes the last twenty years to have been so dominated. Thus, he leads off with four biographies—Hendrick's "Life and Letters of Walter H. Page," Beveridge's "Life of John Marshall," Strachey's "Queen Victoria," and Papini's "Life of Christ." He has chosen these "because they are not only stylistically admirable but are also penetrating studies of great personalities and crucial eras in the world's history." Of three other items on his list Mr. Rede remarks:

> "The Dynasts" is the rebirth of the Greek spirit in English letters, a play that Shakespeare would have understood. The Masefield volume [Philip the King, and Other Poems] is the essence, the soul, of the greatest poet of the twentieth century; should all the rest be swept away, a very great poet would still live here. "Interpretations of Literature" is included for the beauty and the sanity with which Hearn interprets familiar things, making them seem new and strangely beautiful.

A carefully commentated list from Mary Gillis Skee of Portland, Oregon, leads off with the thirty-two-volume set of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," twelfth edition—her first choice for "desert island" reading! Mrs. Skee declares that Kipling *must* be included, and she does it by selecting his "Inclusive Verse, 1885–1918," which contains "enough written since 1900 to make it of this century," and which, she thinks, is "the most representative verse of the period." She also confidently makes a place for Conrad, choosing his "Victory," and regretfully rejecting "Lord Jim," because "most of that was undoubtedly produced during the last century." She chooses "Penguin Island" from Anatole France's works, adding: "I have a personal preference for 'The Gods Are Athirst,' undoubtedly the foremost novel ever written about the French Revolutionary period, but am uncertain as to when it was written." Other comments of hers are as follows:

> You can't make up a representative list of books, for it is impossible for the most indefatigable bookworm to read all of the worthwhile books that are published. A good instance of this is shown in my inclusion of Paul Arenes' "The Golden Goat." I picked it up on a bargain table, had never heard of it, and have met only one person who has read it. It is charming. It deserves all the praise which has been given to Hémon's "Maria Chapdelaine," which is, to my mind, a much inferior book. But one hears much of "Maria" and nothing of the "Goat."
>
> Romain Rolland's "Jean-Christophe" is not only a splendidly written study, but a most able translation. We owe Gilbert Cannan a vote of thanks for his very able work.
>
> Edmond Rostand's play, "Chantecler," which so adds to the gaiety of nations, goes on this list because of its delicacy of expression, its charm, its "Frenchiness."
>
> James Branch Cabell's "The Cream of the Jest" goes on the list because Cabell made all there was in it out of his theme. A book of permanent quality, splendid in style, and written in exquisite taste.
>
> Arnold Bennett's "The Old Wives' Tale" is included for its subtlety—for the sake of Bennett's marvelous style.
>
> George Bernard Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion" is on my list because Shaw wrote it, because it is the most amusing play I have ever seen or read, and because, altho it is nearly ten years since my first reading of it, the original shock and delight of the first impression remain. I don't include the "Preface." Shaw's prefaces and notes always bore me.

"Since it is a foregone conclusion that no list, however conscientiously made, can in any sense be considered universal," Kathleen Reynolds of La Salle, New York, blithely discards all sense of responsibility and submits the ten books that she likes best, with her reasons for liking them. She heads her list with Charles Wagner's "The Simple Life," because "one could search far and long without finding so potent a cure for a distorted sense of values." Next comes Edwin Slosson's "Creative Chemistry," of which she says: "With laughter for a catalytic agent, Dr. Slosson will convert the most indifferent into ardent chemists. His figures are unforgetable, his accuracy unimpeachable, and his style masterly." Dr. Van Dyke's "Companionable Books" is included because it is "Van Dyke at his best." Alfred T. Schofield's "The Unconscious Mind" and James Harvey Robinson's "The Mind in the Making" also are on Miss Reynolds's list.

> Tho there are portions of "The Unconscious Mind" [she says] that are slightly beyond the comprehension of the layman, the theories stated, with the fascinating records of the cases to illustrate them, read like fiction of the highest grade, and have the additional advantage of being absolutely authentic. It is the sort of book that one desires to have always at hand.
>
> "The Mind in the Making" is one of the most delightfully logical X-rays ever directed on the human mind. A chapter—you will not be equal to more than that at a sitting—leaves you with the same sense of mental exhilaration that a cold shower imparts to the body.

If a reader cares for a leisurely communion with one of the greatest, kindliest, most cultured men who ever lived, says this same enthusiast, he will need nothing more than an introduction to S. Weir Mitchell's "Doctor and Patient." She likes Mr. Wells's "Outline of History" because Mr. Wells is blest with opinions of his own and is not loath to wander down the side-paths of history. She finds his book "stimulating—if only to argument." Knut Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil" has a charm which she thinks must lie in its oddity of style, or "perhaps in the uncompromising truth of its pictures." Pierre de Coulevain's novel, "On the Branch," is chosen because it is "suggestive more

than a little of one of the masters—Goethe, perhaps—and rich in passages that cry aloud to be transcribed into one's Thought Book." Finally, Gabriele D'Annunzio's "The Flame" gets into the list, tho "a trifle verbose," because Miss Reynolds regards it as "one of the most exquisitely accurate portrayals ever penned."

These extracts from some of the letters thus far received may serve to indicate the nation-wide interest in the literary plebiscite now under way and the intelligent character of the comment with which readers of this magazine are able to justify their choice of favorites. From now on to November 15, when the last votes must be on the editor's desk, there will be an increasing flood of similar lists and comments, and, so far as the limits of space permit, they will be reproduced in issues of the magazine up to and including that of January, in which the winning ten titles will be announced.

It is not easy to recall the titles of all the books, or even of all the great books, that one has read in the space of nearly a quarter of a century. As an aid and reminder, and purely by way of suggestion to laggard memories, the INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW has obtained from various literary experts a more or less complete catalog—omitting titles already given—of possible candidates for the suffrages of book-lovers. Following is a portion of this list of possibilities—all twentieth-century books. By glancing over it many readers may be reminded of half-forgotten favorites that loom larger in real value even than some of these most talked of at the present time:

CANDIDATES FOR BOOK-LOVERS' VOTES

Angell, Norman, "The Great Illusion."
Atherton, Gertrude, "The Conqueror."
Belloc, Hilaire, "The Path to Rome."
Blunt, William Scawen, "My Diaries."
Bonsels, Waldemar, "The Adventures of Maya the Bee."
Burnett, Frances Hodgson, "The Secret Garden."
Bunin, Ivan, "The Gentleman from San Francisco."
Cambridge History of American Literature.
Cambridge History of English Literature.
Cannan, Gilbert, "Annette and Bennett" and "Round the Corner."
Chambers, Robert W., "Cardigan."
Conkling, Hilda, "Poems by a Little Girl."
Conrad, Joseph, "Youth."
Deland, Margaret, "The Iron Woman" and "The Vehement Flame."
Dell, Floyd, "The Moon Calf."
Dennis, Geoffrey, "Mary Lee."
Dunsany, Lord, "Plays."
Drinkwater, John, "Outline of Literature and Art."
Dostoievsky, "Crime and Punishment."
Einstein, Albert, "Theory of Relativity."
Fenellosa, Ernest F., "Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art."
Freud, Sigmund, "Psychopathica Sexualis."
Garnett, Davis, "Lady into Fox."
Gregory, Lady, "Plays."
Guedalla, Philip, "The Second Empire."
Haeckel, Ernst, "The Riddle of the Universe."
Hichens, Robert, "The Garden of Allah."
Hergesheimer, Joseph, "San Cristobal de la Habana" and "Java Head."
Hamsun, Knut, "Hunger."
Hudson, W. H., "Green Mansions."
James, William, "Psychology."
Jensen, Johannes V., "The Long Journey."
Kennedy, Charles Rann, "The Servant in the House."
Lawrence, D. H., "Sons and Lovers" and "The Captain's Doll."
Lofting, Hugh, "The Story of Dr. Dolittle."
Lynd, Robert, "Essays."
Machen, Arthur, "The Hill of Dreams."
Mencken, Henry L., "The American Language."
Mansfield, Katherine, "The Garden Party."
Milne, A. A., "Plays."
Montessori, Dr. Maria, "The Montessori Method of Scientific Pedagogy."
Nexo, Alexander, "Pelle the Conqueror."
Noyes, Alfred, "Collected Poems."
Ouspensky, "Tertium Organum."
Paine, Albert Bigelow, "Mark Twain: A Biography."
Peary, Robert E., "The North Pole: Its Discovery in 1909."
Quiller-Couch, Sir Arthur, "Essays."
Sadleir, Michael, "Desolate Splendor."
Schreiner, Olive, "Woman and Labor."
Seymour, Beatrice Kean, "Intrusion."
Shaw, G. Bernard, "Plays for Puritans."
Strachey, Lytton, "Eminent Victorians."
Strachey, John St. Loe, "The Adventure of Living."
Tarkington, Booth, "The Turmoil."
Twain, Mark, "The Mysterious Stranger" and "The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg."
Thomson, "Outline of Science."
Tallentyre, S. G., "The Life of Voltaire."
Wilson, Woodrow, "History of the American People."
Van Vechten, Carl, "Peter Whiffle."
Verga, Giovanni, "Maestro Don Gesualdo."

[*Another instalment of this list will be published next month.*

The Struggles of an Immigrant Author

(*Continued from page 18*)

hunger, my homelessness, my dumbness, my blind searchings and gropings for what I knew not. I had to give to America my aching ignorance, my burning desire for knowledge. I had to give to America the dirt and the ugliness of my black life of poverty and my all-consuming passion for beauty.

I find that in no other country has the newcomer such a *direct* chance to come to the front and become a partner in the making of the country. Not where you come from, but what is in you and what you are, counts in America.

In no other country is there such healthy rebellion, such vital discontent, as there is among the poor in America. And the discontent of the poor is in proportion to how well off they are. The poor people demand more of America than they ever dared to demand of their homeland, because America is brimming over with riches enough for everybody.

Life in America is a swift, sharp adventure. In the old countries things are more or less settled. In America the soil is young, and the people are young blossoming shoots of a new-grown civilization.

The writers of Europe can only be stylists, because life and traditions are fixt with them. In America life is yet unexplored, and lived new by each newcomer. And that is why America is such virgin stuff for the novelist.

Fiction is a mirror of life as it is being lived at the moment. And the moments are more static in Europe than in America. I admit that art is not so highly developed in America as in Europe, because art is a decoration, and America is a young country too turbulent with life to take time to decorate itself.

I, who used to be the most violent rebel of an immigrant, now find myself the most ardent defender of America. I see every flaw of America perhaps more clearly than ever before. I know the ruthless commercialism of our big cities, the grabbing greed of landlords since the war, making the thought of home almost impossible to the poor. I know that the gospel of success which rules in America hurts itself, because failure and defeat have revelations for humanity's deeper growth, to which success is deaf and dumb and blind.

I know how often the artists, the makers of beauty in America, are driven to the wall by the merciless extortion of those who sell the means of existence. But I know, too, that those of the artists who survive are vitalized by the killing things which had failed to kill them. America has no place for the dawdling, soft-spined, make-believe artists that swarm the Paris cafés.

There's no going back to the Old World for any one who has breathed the invigorating air of America. I return to America with the new realization that in no other country would a nobody from nowhere—one of the millions of lonely immigrants that pour through Ellis Island—a dumb thing with nothing but hunger and desire—get the chance to become articulate that America has given me.

The Literary Digest

INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

PUBLISHED BY FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY

ADAM W. WAGNALLS, PRES.; WILFRED J FUNK, VICE-PRES.;
ROBERT J. CUDDIHY, TREAS.; WILLIAM NEISEL, SEC'Y

354-360 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

SEPTEMBER, 1923

The New Realism

SOME thirty years ago "realism" was the literary fad of the hour. The term is a vague one, subject to various interpretations, and is frequently, by implication, given specific meanings that are scarcely warranted by strict dictionary definitions. But thirty years or more ago one of those periodical fluctuations of the popular taste in things literary demanded a change in the reigning dynasties of fiction and poetry, and as Dickens and Thackeray had been the undisputed idols for almost a generation. the edict went forth for their overthrow and for the recognition in their stead of a school of writers to whom "sentimentalism," exaggeration, didacticism—the principal crimes that Dickens and Thackeray were found guilty of in those days—should be anathema. In support of this change in literary fashions Mr. Howells wrote some of his most brilliant essays, proclaiming as the true standardbearers of a sane and rejuvenated fiction those masters of the realistic school who were to be found especially in the Russia of that day, and, in a lesser degree, in France and Spain. England just then was guilty of Kipling, a rising luminary, as it happened. But in the past, somewhat shadowed by distance, it is true, England had produced Richardson, Fielding, Jane Austen, it was beginning to recognize, altho furtively, George Moore; and it was rapidly recovering from that most prolific of realists, who enjoyed an amazing popularity all through the Dickens régime, Anthony Trollope. And for Trollope Mr. Howells evinced a particular fondness that did much, undoubtedly, to keep his name alive among those readers who were in danger of forgetting the painstaking chronicler of Barset.

THE memory of these comparatively far-off matters is revived to-day by the republication, in the Oxford series of "World's Classics," of a posthumous book with a curious history, Anthony Trollope's "An Autobiography." In 1883, within a year of its author's death, the fame of Trollope was undimmed through any falling off of that steady and wide-spread popularity he had enjoyed throughout his literary career. But the idol his admirers had made of him was shattered in most astoundingly quick order by the appearance of this disillusioning volume. His followers, it seems, could accept eagerly, and in an ever-lengthening stream of volumes, Trollope's plain-spoken, unadorned realism, so long as it was applied to fiction; but when it came to a humdrum, truth-telling account of the author's own life, when he described, for instance, in as matter-of-fact terms as one would use in outlining a bill of sale, how he wrote his books, he and all his works were scornfully held to have forfeited all claim to popular interest—and the ban has continued, in spite of the protests of Mr. Howells and other sincere Trollopians, practically down to the present day. Even before the reappearance of this ill-fated biography, however, there were certain indications that the flair for Trollope, or at least for his brand of fiction, was in the ascendent. Not only did the Barchester Novels find their way into various Libraries of the Classics, but other and much less widely known works of his were gradually making good their claim to be considered in the same category. And now this revealing "Autobiography" will assuredly be read not only without the distaste that formerly greeted it, but, on the contrary, with all the zest that the typical twentieth-century reader is accustomed to display toward the book that promises to lay bare the inner mechanism, the actual prose that used to be regarded—with something of awe and the savor of mystery—as the imagined poetry of authorship.

THIS reawakened interest in these well-nigh forgotten novels of the Victorian period is significant not so much of a rehabilitation of Trollope at this particular time as of the growing recognition of the value of realism in fiction. But it is a new realism, a realism that can cheerfully endure seeing the puncturing of the romantic myth that once enveloped authorship (it is wofully punctured in Trollope's "Autobiography"), and that can look on with equanimity while other colorful traditions share a like fate. The amazing vogue of books of psychology, taken in this connection, is further indication of the special tendency that this realism is developing with us. Unfortunately, in the hands of more than one novelist of to-day, the leaning toward realism plus psychology—or perhaps psychoanalysis would be a better term in this connection—does not always produce a savory compound. So much is this the case that a "realistic novel" has come to mean a novel that concerns itself with one side of human nature to the neglect of every other side, and thus treats the reader to a story that, far from being characterized by scrupulous truth-telling, merely gives a distorted, warped view of life.

ONE scarcely needs specify the would-be "realistic" novels that have recently erred in this fashion. As a matter of fact, more than one of them has achieved a certain kind of notoriety that is as far from being genuine literary fame as the poles are distant from each other. Curiously enough, this brand of fiction is given to truth-telling, but it deals in half-truths only, and the result impresses one with the fact, discoverable here as elsewhere, that a half-truth is almost worse than no truth at all. For all their protestations to the contrary, these novelists, as Edwin Markham says of them in an article in last month's *Current History*, "are not really true to life. They do not give the whole of life; for the whole contains not only these realistic facts but also the ideal which sheds the light of eternity upon these facts. The ideal is that which completes the real, shows its higher meanings and possibilities. Therefore a naked realism is not true to life; it leaves out the most important reality."

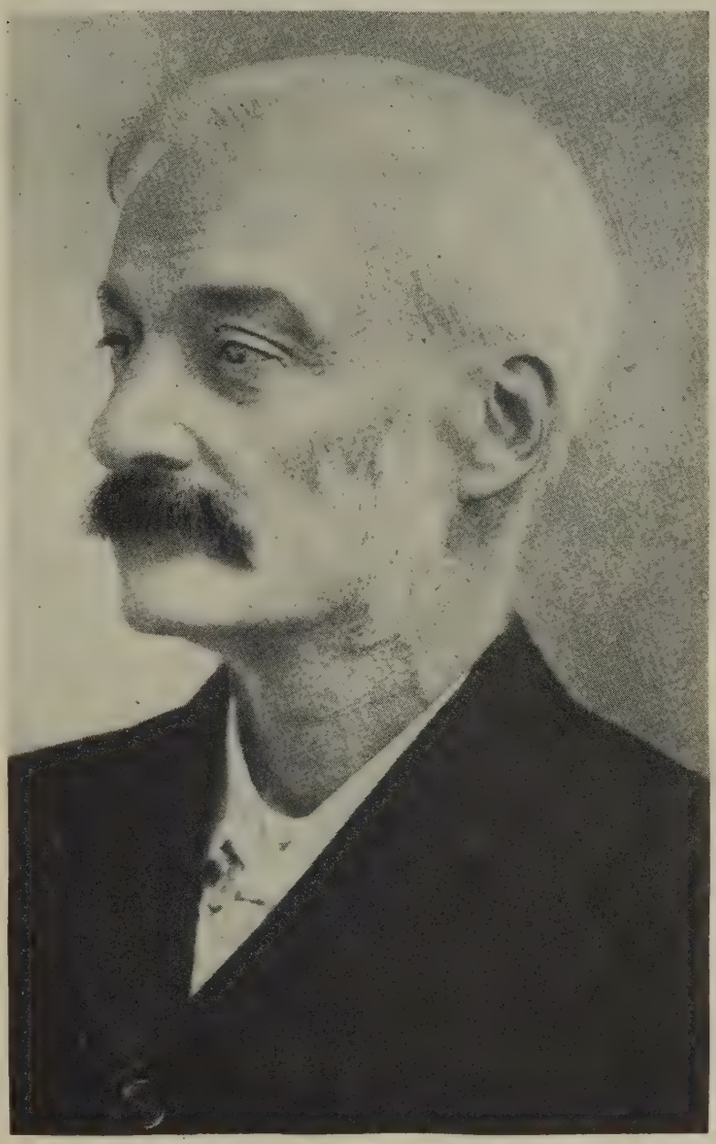
THE fondness for the depiction of abnormality, for throwing pathological treatises into the form and language of fiction, is only one symptom—and that an untoward one—of the return to realism in literature. Critical and popular taste will undoubtedly succeed in diverting this "decadent tendency" for extremes to the more healthful and profitable fields that await it. The novel-reading world is scarcely in a frame of mind that would make the resurgence of pure Victorianism palatable. But the mood for genuine realism, the realism without the unsavory implications that the methods of certain authors have attached to the term, grows apace—and with the successful and sane employment of recent discoveries in psychology and allied sciences, linked with a sincere passion for giving whole and not half truths, the realistic novel that is developing should be far truer to life, more fully rounded, than was possible even to the great Russians or to so sincere and honest a craftsman as Anthony Trollope.

CLIFFORD SMYTH.

Adventures with Andrew Lang

By Clayton Hamilton

IT WAS not till 1910 that I had the privilege of meeting Andrew Lang; but, tho by that time the "brindled hair" had paled to grayish white, he had not lost a single interest in life. He still revealed his lifelong boyish zest in the enjoyment of such matters as cameos or cricket, ghosts or golf, fairy-tales or fly-fishing, Homer or the Maid of France. I have never met a noted author who seemed so little like a scholar or a man of letters. He wore his learning lightly, like a suit of old and comfortable clothes; and, as for writing, he considered that a trade, like carpentry or stone-carving—a craft to be plied with diligence and self-respect, but hardly to be prattled about outside of working hours. To use a word that he himself has poetized, he hated "bosh" of any kind; and he had no patience with even the most harmless hints of literary affectation. A friend of his with a nose for dates, having noted that Andrew Lang had been a student at Oxford at the time when Matthew Arnold was delivering at the university his famous series of lectures "On Translating Homer," once said to him that it must have been a great privilege for a future translator of the Odyssey to listen, in a formative, impressionable period, to the high priest of Hellenic culture: to which Mr. Lang replied succinctly, "Never heard him. Undergraduates didn't have to go."



ANDREW LANG

Altho the fact is otherwise, I may say with truth that I was introduced to Mr. Lang by Robert Louis Stevenson. I had settled down in London, that season, in order to prepare my biographic sketch-book, "On the Trail of Stevenson," under the admonitory eyes of Sir Sidney Colvin and Mr. Edmund Gosse; and, naturally, I sought the counsel of the sage of Marloes Road. Also, I had recently contributed to "Longmans' English Classics," for the use of pupils in high-schools and academies, an edition of "Treasure Island," equipped with a biographical and critical introduction and an appendix of technical and explanatory notes. I had committed this crime because the editor had asked me and the publishers had paid me; but I ran the risk of being thought a pedant when I handed a copy of the little volume to Mr. Lang on the occasion of my first visit to his house in Kensington. His sense of humor, however, bade him spare the rod; and, instead of treating me to an excoriation, he wrote a full-page article for the next issue of the *Illustrated London News* on "Treasure Island as a Text Book"—a charming essay which was both wise and witty and was cleverly contrived to be complimentary as well as chaffing.

To me the most interesting point of this adventure was the fact that, tho I had handed him the book at dinner-time and had not left him till later in the evening, he must have sent his article to press the very next morning. Throughout his life, he was an ever ready writer. He contributed a constant stream of copy to many dailies, weeklies, fortnightlies, monthlies, and quarterlies—his range of topics being as wide as his variety and versatility of mood; yet, rapid as his composition must have been, his information was always accurate, his scholarship impeccable, and the least and lightest of his journalistic efforts was all but lifted into literature by the fluency and ease of his expression. His congregated essays might be described by that great phrase which Montaigne applied to another kind of crowd—"diverse and undulating—*ondoyant et divers.*"

Because of the ease and grace of his literary style, I was astonished to discover that these qualities were emphatically absent from his conversation. He was almost inarticulate in talk. He rarely spoke in sentences: instead, he would growl and grumble, like an amiable house-dog, and then bark out his meaning in sudden, disconnected words and phrases. He was so utterly devoid of form and manner in his speech that, until you grew to know him, you ran a risk of thinking him devoid of "good form" and "good manners." Instead of asking you to have a cigaret and holding a match for you, he would say, "Cigarets. Over there," waving a hand toward a distant table, and a moment later would ejaculate, "Matches. Mantelpiece." He would wander rather aimlessly around the room, his tall, long-boned, lax-jointed figure somewhat loosely clad in tweeds; and, as he came to a pause and leaned upon the mantel, it might suddenly occur to him that you looked uncomfortable standing up. Then he would shout, "Chair!" as if it were a military command and would point a long finger at some hospitable piece of furniture.

But tho it was difficult to get him talking on any topic and to hope for a continuance that should be at all copious and fluent, I soon learned that I should have no difficulty in getting from him any specific information that I was actually seeking. He had few, if any, reticences and no evasions. He talked in shorthand, giving the essential nouns and verbs and omitting all the customary trimmings; but, precisely for this reason, you knew exactly what he meant. He never used language as a means of concealing thought: he would never have made a diplomat.

For instance, when I asked him to recall his very first meeting with Robert Louis Stevenson and to tell me if he had shared the

experience, reported by so many other people, of being captivated at first sight by the extraordinary charm of Stevenson's personality, he astonished me by answering as follows: "Didn't like him at all. Long cape, long hair, long hands. Looked like another esthete Colvin had discovered. Never could stand esthetes. Didn't like him at all." It is, of course, unnecessary to remind the reader that Stevenson and Lang soon developed an intimate friendship which lasted for a lifetime; and that, tho Stevenson quarreled bitterly with Henley and occasionally had a tiff with Gosse and a misunderstanding with Colvin, there was never even a momentary interruption of his affectionate relations with Lang. Looking backward over that long intimacy, almost anybody else than Mr. Lang would have persuaded himself to believe that he must have liked Stevenson at first sight, or would at least have taken pains to give me that impression, since he knew that I would quote him in my book on R. L. S. Not so Andrew Lang. He hated "bosh"; and told the truth, succinctly and emphatically.

His handwriting was not at all suggestive of his literary style, but it was curiously suggestive of his inchoate, non-literary speech. It was almost utterly illegible, and must have been the despair of copyists and printers. Any one who is familiar with the perfect penmanship of Austin Dobson must marvel how a rival poet could have written the dainty "Ballades in Blue China" in so cramped and crabbed a chirography. The French phrase, "*pattes de mouche*," comes aptly to the point; for a note from Mr. Lang looked as if a fly had dipped its feet in ink and sprawled carelessly over the paper. When he asked you to luncheon, you had to hunt up one of his old friends, to seek advice as to whether the invitation were for Tuesday or for Thursday.

One day, when we were lunching at the Oxford and Cambridge Club, Mr. Lang told me that there was an exhibition of cameos at Christie's, preparatory to an auction sale, and suggested that we step over and take a look at them. I had always been a big-game hunter in the arts; cathedrals were my specialty: and, since I knew nothing of cameos, I naturally welcomed this opportunity to learn something about them from an expert. But, when we got to Christie's, Mr. Lang bent his tall figure like a jack-knife at the waist, sprawled over the glass cases, and peered near-sightedly at the exhibits, only a dozen inches from his nose. "Nothing here," he grumbled. "Nothing at all. Never is anything. Don't know why I came. Waste of time. My time. Your time. Shouldn't have brought you. Nothing—nothing at all." And, before I had had an opportunity to look into a single case, he marched me summarily away.

Yet this was a man who, whenever he took his pen in hand, was accustomed to discourse most eloquent music. He was familiar with a dozen languages and more than a dozen literatures; he had mastered every literary medium except the drama; and he wrote with clarity and charm in every literary mood. His "place" in literature is not yet fixt; and it will be very difficult to fix, because he did so many different things and did them all so astonishingly well. He must ultimately be estimated as a scholar, a translator, a critic, a historian, a biographer, a teller of tales, a journalist, an artist in *belles-lettres*, a serious poet, a clever writer of *vers de société*. Yet, to hear him talk, one would have thought at times that golf and cricket were his only hobbies.

The occasion for these random reminiscences is the publication by Longmans, Green and Co.—the publishing house which Andrew Lang long served as literary advisor—of a definitive edition of his Poetical Works(1) in four volumes, edited by Mrs. Lang. This edition is limited to 1,075 copies. It is handsomely printed and bound; and each volume contains, as a frontispiece, a portrait of the author. Until this collected edition came to my desk, I had not realized that Andrew Lang had written nearly a thousand pages of poetry; and I doubt if he himself had any adequate idea that he had been so voluminous in verse. Mrs. Lang, in her brief preface, speaks of the difficulty of discovering and collecting many of the poems which the author had himself forgotten.

> You never knew where to have him [she says] or to look for him. He might publish one set of verses in a sporting paper on Friday, and another set in an organ of wholly opposite views on Saturday; the political opinions they represented were nothing to him as long as he was allowed to express himself on a cricket match or a ghost or the rare edition of a book. He would write letters in verse, break the monotony of a constitutional along a dreary road with a torrent of nonsense rhymes—even his dreams would sometimes bring forth melodious lines.

In none of his conversations with me did Mr. Lang ever mention any of his poems; and I never questioned him about them, because I had a feeling that he would probably dismiss the subject with an almost gruff abruptness. He has said of his own verses,

> They were scribbled in sketch-books and fly-books,
> In lectures, on lochs, by the seas;
> And wherefore do people who *buy* books
> Go purchasing *these?*

And again:

> No, the Muse has gone away,
> Does not haunt me much to-day.
> Everything she had to say
> Has been said!
> 'Twas not much at any time
> She could hitch into a rhyme,
> Never was the Muse sublime
> Who has fled!
> * * * *
> She, whatever way she went,
> Friendly was and innocent,
> Little need the bard repent
> Of her lay;
> Of the babble and the rhyme,
> And the imitative chime
> That amused him on a time—
> Now he's gray.

These utterances, of course, must be discounted by a due consideration of the professional modesty of the minor poet; but, really and truly, I do not think that Mr. Lang held a high opinion of his own poetic efforts. For one thing, most of his professional attention was devoted to his far more copious, and fundamentally more important, works in prose; and for another thing, he lived in a great age of English poetry and must have felt himself hopelessly overshadowed by the giants of the time. Nowadays, when some young person has published one or two slender volumes of passable verse, he is hailed as a genius by the tub-thumpers of the younger generation; but it was not so easy to acquire a noisy notoriety as a poet in a period when each new aspirant was pitted against such mighty masters as Tennyson and Browning and Arnold and Rossetti and Swinburne.

Yet a careful rereading of the thousand pages of Lang's poetry will lead to the opinion that, thus far, it has been underestimated. His verse, of course, was always excellent: he was one of those artists who learned their trade before the tub-thumpers made it fashionable to write carelessly or badly. His range of subjects was astonishingly wide; and his versatility of mood was equally remarkable. According to their subject-matter, and also according to their mood, his productions in verse may be divided into two classes—his serious poems and his *vers de société*. It is, of course, as a writer of familiar verse that he is most noted, and undoubtedly with justice; for, in this vein, he has fewer rivals, and none that overshadow him. He must, I think, be ranked below Austin Dobson, who is, to my mind, the finest artist in *vers de société* who has yet adorned the English language; but I should place him above Locker-Lampson and on a level with Oliver Wendell Holmes. Together with Dobson, Lang was mainly responsible for the delicate accomplishment of domesticating in English literature those fixt forms of old French verse which had recently been revived in their original language by Theodore de

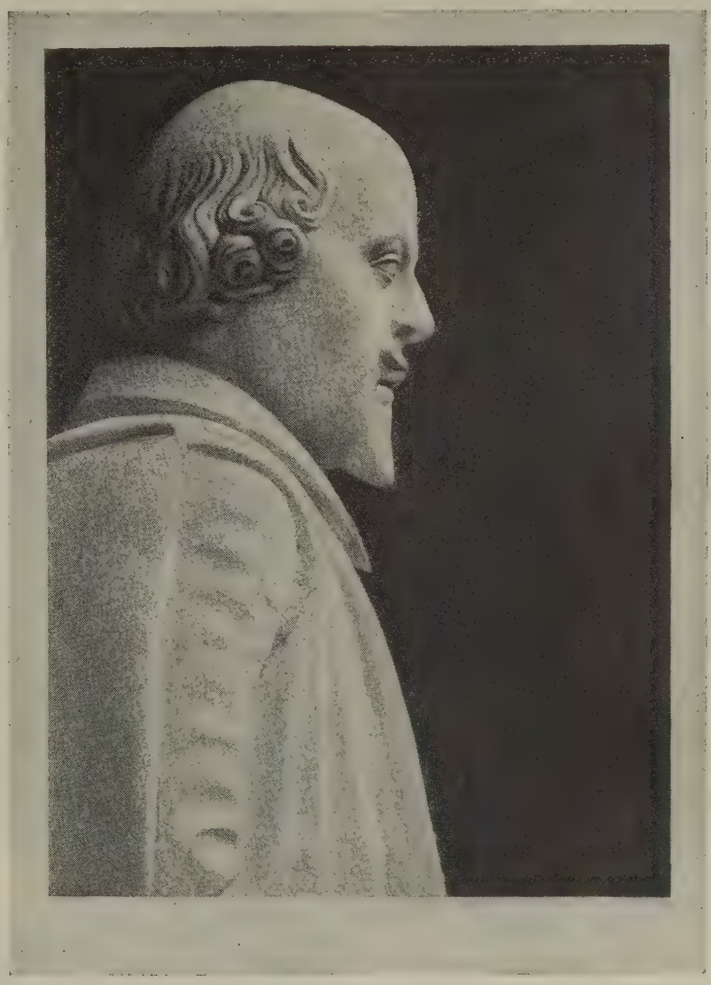
(*Continued on page 79*)

(1) The Poetical Works of Andrew Lang. Edited by Mrs. Lang. In Four Volumes. 249, 262, 227, and 231 pages. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.: 1923. $14.00 net. Edition limited to 1,075 copies.

Unriddling the Riddles of Shakespeare's Life

By Ashley H. Thorndike

THIS is the season of year when many American pilgrims wend their way to Stratford-on-Avon to worship at the shrine of the greatest of poets. They will find an excellent guide to their devotions in the new "Life of William Shakespeare" by Professor Joseph Quincy Adams of Cornell University, itself another of the many tributes paid by American scholarship to the memory of the master of our language.(1) In spite of the growing diffusion of democratic, socialistic, and futuristic ideas, there is little evidence that the world is losing any of its admiration for the great men of the past. Our American democracy shows no abatement in its worship for the two chief gods of its idolatry, Lincoln and Shakespeare, both of whom are almost sacrosanct against the cavils and revolts of our daring and youthful iconoclasts. The most riotous radical will pause a moment in his rush for reform in order to gratify his curiosity about this Elizabethan poet who died three hundred and seven years ago. Those sterner realists who despair of our present civilization may now and then appear a little scornful of ancient poetry, but we know that they will take their children to Stratford and gaze reverently at the relics.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Profile of the portrait bust, from the monument in the Stratford Church, erected shortly after the poet's death.

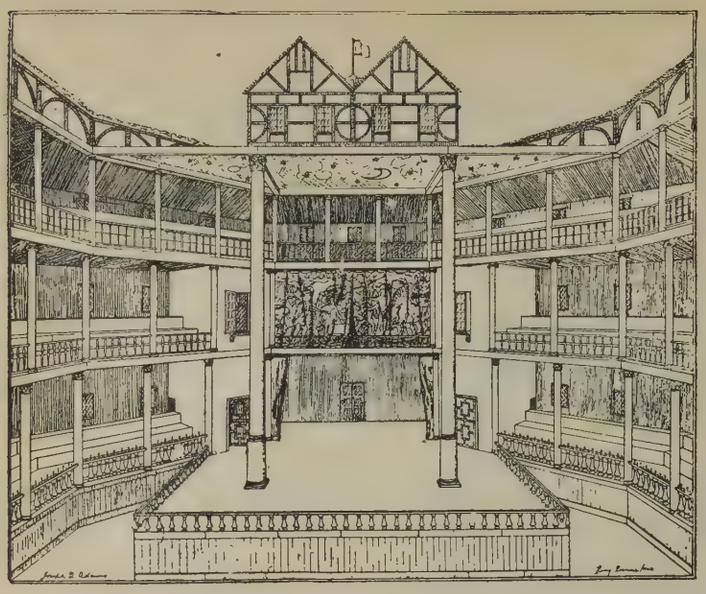
One rather curious element of hero-worship is the intense interest excited in the birthplace, childhood, and youth of the hero. There seems to be something very appealing in the mental pictures of the great man prattling on his mother's knee, or trudging to school, or playing truant, or making love. The pilgrim to Stratford finds little there to remind him of the poet's triumphal career in the London theater, but he finds his fancy stirred by the birthplace, by the very room in which the poet was born (unless, alas, as is possible, that room was used for storing wool), by the streets where he played, the paths across the fields which he must have trod while courting Anne Hathaway, by the old house (much restored) where she lived; by Charlecote, where Shakespeare may have stolen a deer; by the castles of Warwick and Kenilworth, where the youthful genius may have dreamed of royalty and battle and pageant. Professor Adams shares the pilgrim's interest in the boyhood of Shakespeare, and devotes nearly one hundred pages of his volume to the first twenty years or more of his life that were spent in Stratford.

From the registry of Shakespeare's baptism, April 26, 1564, until the appearance of "Greenes Groatsworth of Witte" in 1592, with its jealous reference to Shakespeare both as an actor and a dramatist, we have very little documentary evidence of the life of the poet. There are various records about his father, which show that John Shakespeare prospered for a time, became bailiff or mayor, and then fell into financial difficulties. There is the entry in the registry of the Bishop of Worcester on November 28, 1582, showing that two residents of Stratford gave bond to secure the bishop in licensing of William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway. There is the record, less than six months later, of the baptism of Susanna, daughter of William Shakespeare, and in February, 1585, the record of the baptism of his two other children, the twins, Hamnet and Judith. Nothing more is surely known on documentary evidence of the first twenty-eight years of the poet's life. Whatever else we know or imagine is based on inference or tradition.

Even the few documents have been variously interpreted and sharply debated. The hurried marriage of the boy of eighteen to the woman of twenty-six, without consent of his parents, has seemed to some to invite explanation or justification. Mr. J. W. Gray in his "Shakespeare's Marriage" (1905) undertook this task with much thoroughness and learning, and, according to Professor Adams, "has completely freed the poet from many false surmises injurious to his reputation." Professor Adams records at length Mr. Gray's elaborate arguments, which involve identifying our William Shakespeare with a person of the same name who received from the Bishop of Worcester a license to marry on November 27, and the Anna Whately of Temple Grafton whom he was licensed to marry with our Anne Hathaway of Shottery. This is going it a bit strong, but Mr. Gray is very ingenious and the pilgrims to Stratford should be eager to share Professor Adams's faith that the poet was exemplary in his courtship and happy in his married life.

The deer-stealing tradition, which Sir Sidney Lee accepts, Professor Adams rejects, tho not without some regret. He realizes that this would cast no great blemish on Shakespeare's reputation, and that indeed deer-stealing might be regarded as a "gentleman-like" sport and "laudable pastime"; but he finds that the story as told by the poet's first biographer, Nicholas Rowe, will not bear close scrutiny. The story—variously told—does not impress one by its accuracy; there was no deer-park at Charlecote in Shakespeare's time, and the pun on Sir Thomas Lucy's name does not necessarily identify that gentleman with Justice Shallow. Nevertheless, many passages in the plays do indicate that the dramatist had a wide and exact knowledge of venery and other sports, as D. H. Madden has shown in his delightful "Diary of

(1) A Life of William Shakespeare. By Joseph Quincy Adams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.



CONJECTURAL RECONSTRUCTION OF THE INTERIOR OF THE GLOBE THEATER

The curtains to the rear stage are open; the curtains to the upper stage are closed; the "music rooms," occupied by the playhouse orchestra, are represented as above the upper stage; the "painted heavens," over the stage are adorned with stars, moon, and clouds; the "huts" are supported by the columns resting on the stage.

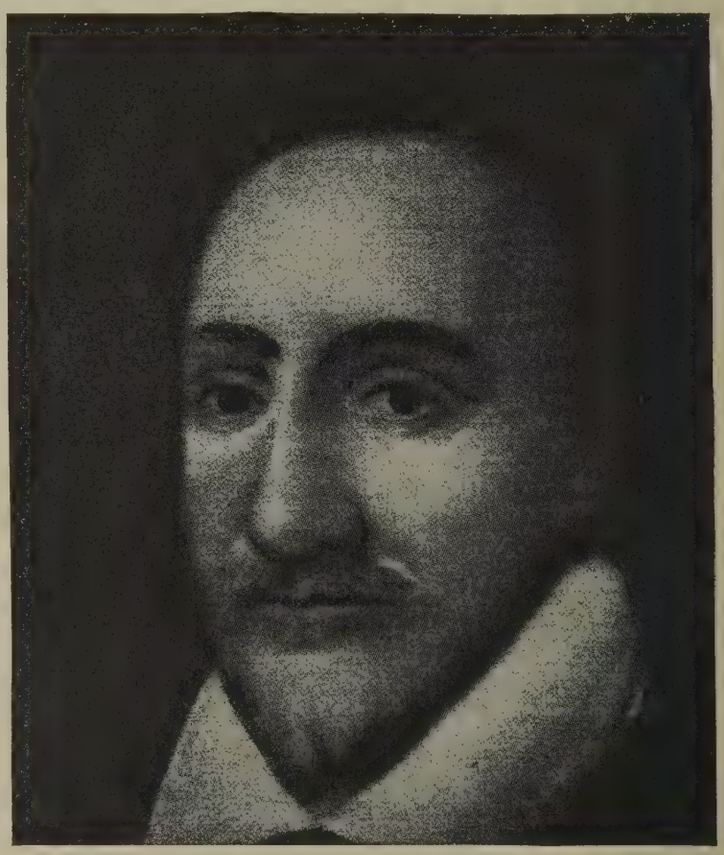
Master Silence"; so it does seem a pity not to let him steal a deer or two.

What is a biographer to do with the poet in his early twenties? At twenty-one he was married and the father of three children, but without any regular occupation so far as we know, and his father was reduced to poverty. It is seven years more before we hear of him in London. Professor Adams, this time agreeing with Sir Sidney Lee, accepts the tradition that he was a schoolmaster. This rests on a statement to Aubrey by William Beeston, whose father had been a fellow actor with Shakespeare, that the poet "had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country." If less romantic than deer-stealing, this occupation seems rather better than that of an apprentice to a butcher or an organizer of a labor union of boys who held horses at the theaters, employments also provided by tradition. Indeed, I am inclined to agree with the biographer "that far too little attention has been paid to this assertion of Beeston." The ancient profession of schoolmaster, tho not quite innocuous, has never been regarded as disgraceful, and it seems a very fitting occupation for one whom Professor Adams styles "a dignified head of a family." But the biographer's enthusiasm for teaching as a training for a subsequent career as a man of letters leads him to surmise that the poet stuck to it for five years, "mastering the elements of grammar and composition, acquiring a thorough grounding in the best of Latin culture—Ovid, Cicero, Horace, Vergil, Terence, Plautus, Seneca." With all respect for my own profession, I confess that five years of school-teaching seems a little too much to impose upon Shakespeare.

We have noted that Professor Adams is very successful in keeping Shakespeare out of mischief. He does not even mention, so far as I have noted, that naughty story which the lawyer Manningham recorded in his diary on March 13, 1602. The story is nothing, but it is one piece of gossip that we know was told in London of the dramatist during the height of his career, and it is not likely to be forgotten. Quite properly, our biographer will not countenance the Davenant scandal. Yet he records and accepts that wicked story of John Ward, vicar of Stratford fifty years after the poet's death, that as the result of a merry meeting with Drayton and Jonson, "Shakespeare, it seems, drank too hard, for he died of a feavour there contracted." I admit that we can not class the poet as a prohibitionist; his plays may be censured for their descriptions of merry meetings and hard drinking and for their lack of praise of the virtues of ice-water and grape-juice; we may even admit that Shakespeare in his cups was probably more interesting than Shakespeare as a schoolmaster, and still hold to our faith that he had too much sense to drink himself to death. One might condone some blemishes on his reputation made when a boy of eighteen, or even later in the excitements of theatrical life, but how can a biographer excuse gross overindulgence in a man of fifty-one and the chief householder of Stratford? The story lacks probability. It was told by a clergyman given to exaggeration; and Shakespeare was a very ill man for a month before he died.

It must not be inferred that the biography is concerned mainly with doubtful tradition and gossip. For the twenty-four years after Greene's pamphlet until the poet's death there is an abundance of well authenticated material. This was first presented in satisfactory form by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps in the "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare," brought to its final form in the edition of 1887. Since that date there have been some important additions to our information on Shakespeare's personal affairs, and very large additions to our knowledge of the Elizabethan environment in which he lived and worked. The researches of scholars have made it possible to fill in the background for Shakespeare's portrait. The two large volumes entitled "Shakespeare's England," published through the collaboration of English scholars in 1916, afford a notable survey of the poet's environment. Many books have contributed to our knowledge of the Elizabethan theaters, companies, actors and dramatists. Sir Sidney Lee, when in 1916 he came to revise his Life of Shakespeare, first published eighteen years earlier, doubled the size of the volume by filling in this theatrical and social background.

Professor Adams gives due credit to these standard biographies of Halliwell-Phillipps and Sir Sidney Lee, and for his part avows a less ambitious purpose, a clear narrative of the poet's career in the light of recent scholarship. He writes with sanity. He does not attempt to say who Mr. W. H. was, and he does not mention Mary Fitton. He does not speculate on Shakespeare's religion and he spares us a discussion of Baconian aberrations. His knowledge of the theatrical and social activities of the Elizabethan period is extensive and is revealed in happy illustration and quotation as well as detailed argument and discussion. Naturally, he



RICHARD BURBAGE

Reproduced by permission from a painting in the Dulwich Picture Gallery. Photo by Emery Walker, Ltd.

BEN: IOHNSON II. * VERA EFFIGIES DOCTISSIMI POETARVM ANGLORVM
Ro: Vaughan fecit.
Ionsoni typus, ecce: qui furoris. Antistes sacer, Enthei, Camenis, Vindex Ingeny recens Sepulti, Antiquæ reparator vnus artis,
Defuncta Patrer Eruditionis, Et Scenæ veteris novator audax. Nec falcx minus, aut minus politus Cui solus similis, Figura, vivet.
O could there be an art found out that might Produce his shape soe lively as to Write. Ab: Holl:
Are to be sould in Poyes head alley at the white horse by Geo: Humble.

BEN JONSON

pays special attention to matters of recent discovery or dispute, to the uninteresting Mountjoys, with whom the poet lodged for a time, to the interesting bibliographical researches of A. W. Pollard and others, and to the dubious identification of a part of the manuscript of the old play "Sir Thomas More" as in Shakespeare's handwriting. Of the three manuscript pages—one whole scene—supposed to have been Shakespeare's contribution to the betterment of that play, Mr. Adams writes as follows:

> The scene was long ago attributed to Shakespeare by critics on purely literary grounds, and recently this attribution has been ably championed by Sir Edward Maunde Thompson on paleographical grounds. Taking advantage of the new signatures of the poet discovered by Professor Wallace, Sir Edward has shown that the scene is probably in the autograph of Shakespeare—a conclusion that has since then been strengthened by scholars in various ways. Sir Edward writes:
>
> "These three pages, written in the ordinary English cursive script of the Elizabethan period, are obviously the autograph composition of the writer, and not a mere transcript by a copyist. The nature of the first-hand corrections is sufficient proof of this. It is also obvious that the writer was a careless contributor. It has been remarked by Dr. Greg that he shows no respect for, perhaps no knowledge of, the play on which he was at work. In a haphazard fashion he distributes speeches and exclamations among the insurgents, and sometimes he merely attaches the word 'other,' instead of the actual name of a character, to a speech, leaving it to the reviser to put things straight. In one passage, which he has partially altered, he leaves two and a half lines so confused that the reviser has found no way out of the difficulty but to strike them out and substitute a half-line of his own. All these liberties would suggest that the writer was one who held a high place among his fellow contributors to the piecing-out of the play, and that they recognized his superior talent just as much as later critics have done."

The biographer does not permit his desire for a connected and integrated narrative to lead him to rash assertion or dogmatism. The interpretation and inferences where one might raise questions are qualified by a "probably" or "possibly," or by a modal auxiliary. Tho he frankly draws his own inferences, he as frankly indicates their uncertainty. Unquestionably, this necessity for conjecture and qualification is a great drawback in writing biography. It is easy to fill in the background, but when we try to draw the portrait, we lack the material. There is so much that is uncertain, so many things that are possible; so few, especially of a personal and intimate sort, that are both important and sure. It is possible to collect the materials and supply the outlines of a biography as did Halliwell-Phillipps, or to make a veritable encyclopedia as did Sir Sidney Lee in his latest edition. When a biographer attempts the less definite and more precarious task of composing a clear and connected narrative, he must take the known data of Shakespeare's life and drape them about with conjecture, surmise, social and theatrical history. The student will recognize that adjectives and description are drapery for some bare record, and that the melodramatic career of the "hireling," who played seven parts in "Hamlet" and stole nearly as many plays, rests on a few bibliographical conjectures; but in spite of all efforts for unity and color, the total result is likely to impress the pilgrim to Stratford as a summary of research rather than as a real life.

Professor Adams ends his book with the announcement of the publication of the Folio—"With the appearance of this complete and authoritative volume from the hands of Shakespeare's actor-friends, the biography of the poet naturally closes." One might say, rather, "the biography of the poet really begins." For, after all, it is not in Stratford, in the birthplace, in the lawsuits, or in the old gossip, but in the plays that we find the genius whom we worship. The facts of the biography do not, to be sure, contradict the impressions that we receive from the plays, but they do not greatly illuminate them. It is the Folio, the collection of plays, whose tercentenary we celebrate this year, which directs and inspires all biography. It is in homage to the tercentenary that Professor Adams has completed this new Life, distinguished by both scholarship and clarity, by accuracy in detail and devotion to the memory of Shakespeare.

THE FIRST GLOBE THEATER

From Visscher's "View of London," published in 1616, but representing the city as it was several years earlier.

On the Sin of Being an American

By Maurice Francis Egan

PERHAPS in the course of time a novelist will be judged by his peers—a jury of his peers—and the professional critic will not be permitted to have anything to do with the case when the novel is not actually a criticism of life. Mr. D. H. Lawrence's new book (1) is not a novel, and it has none of the brilliant qualities of expression which make some of his novels endurable in spite of their perversity. It is a criticism of a life of which Mr. Lawrence knows nothing. It is as bigoted and superficial as it is perverse. It is likewise funny, but not amusing. It is a book full of humor because the author is so serious; in fact, a modern Delphic oracle, with the most amazing contortions.

If Mr. Lawrence were really an Englishman, mentally or temperamentally; if "the Holy Ghost," which he says inspires him, were really an English Holy Ghost—there used to be a German Holy Ghost—it would be easier to review his book. There would be some "chaw" in it, as the old sailor said of honest English roast beef. But mentally and temperamentally Mr. Lawrence seems to be something of a hybrid. It is difficult to do justice to a quasi-philosophical, perversely mystical utterance such as his, which forces an interest that is impersonal and at the same time reveals a longing for something absolute.

If a committee for the judgment of novels could be formed, Mr. Leonard Merrick and Mr. Paul Bourget ought to be of that jury. "Thanks," says the heroine in Merrick's "The Worldlings"; "can't you assume that buns are distinguished, too? We have a passion for buns; we are constant to them, even in the summer; and if they were only the type of something we should be happier."

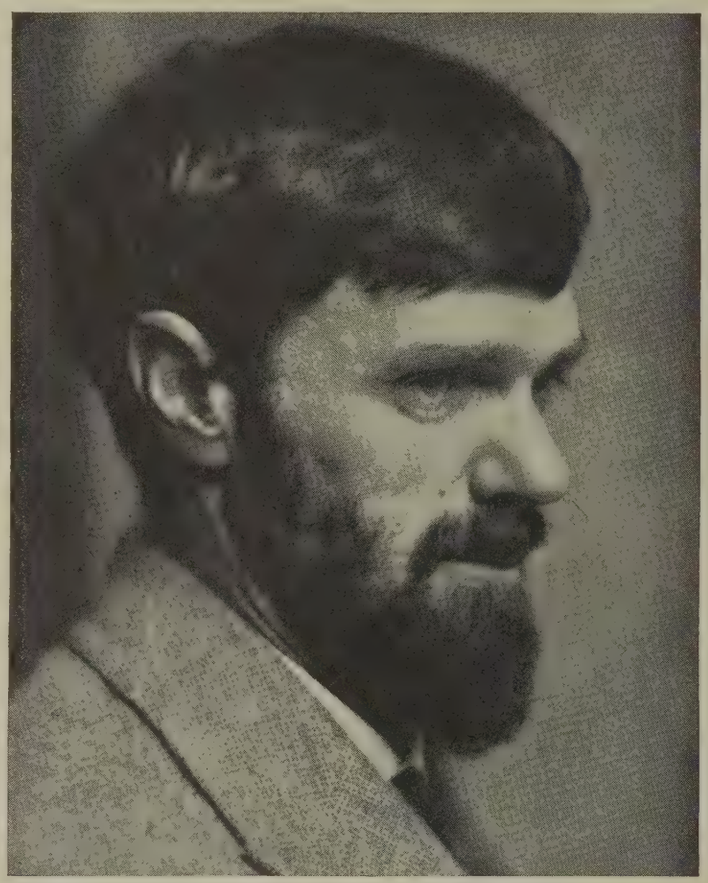


Photo by Nickolas Muray

D. H. LAWRENCE

Similarly, Mr. Lawrence is happy only when he can find, even in buns, phallic symbols. In some passages, too, one finds a similarity in his theses to Paul Bourget's aristocratic conviction: "The Revolution tried to base society on the individual, and nature insists that it be based on the family. When I understood this law, I understood the nobility." Mr. Lawrence, according to himself, is a noble; he is Superior. He is not pretty, he says; he is not rich; he comes from the lower middle class, and he is badly educated. As he has a fondness for French and Italian and Spanish tags—"quien sabe?" for example—he might have used the phrase "mal elevé"; but he is Superior. Let us hear him:

> Listen to the States asserting: "The hour has struck! Americans shall be American. The U. S. A. is now grown up artistically. It is time we ceased to hang onto the skirts of Europe, or to behave like schoolboys let loose from European schoolmasters——"

All right, Americans, let's see you set about it. Go on then, let the precious cat out of the bag. If you're sure he's in.

> Et interrogatum est ab omnibus:
> "Ubi est ille Toad-in-the-Hole?"
> Et iteratum est ab omnibus:
> "Non est inventus!"

Is he or isn't he *inventus?* . . . Go on, show us him. Because all that is visible to the naked European eye, in America, is a sort of recreant European. We want to see this missing link of the next era.

"The European eye!" What does Mr. Lawrence know about "the European eye"? He probably thinks that "I Promessi Sposi" is unread in Italy because D'Annunzio is still writing. He names the American "classics" which the New Americans and "the world" regard as "children's" books. He has discovered that they "merge," just as Whitman "merges." What "merge" means may be left to the analytical Dr. Collins. All that we know is that there is a law against "mergers." When Mr. Lawrence writes of "merging," he thinks of the Russian and American literature—the literature of the "old people, Hawthorne, Poe, Dana, Melville, Whitman." He does not know that there are no "old people" in art. He rubs a dirty thumb over these "old people," and rediscovers them; with the aid of "It"—a god surrounded by other gods—and of his Holy Ghost. He begins by assuming that Benjamin Franklin was typically American.

> What an American is [he says], Old Daddy Franklin will tell you. He'll rig him up for you, the pattern American. Oh, Franklin was the first downright American. He knew what he was about, the sharp little man. He set up the first dummy American. At the beginning of his career this cunning little Benjamin drew up for himself a creed that should "satisfy the professors of every religion, but shock none." Now wasn't that a real American thing to do?

Mr. Lawrence's estimate of Franklin is—to use one of those exotic phrases of which he is so fond—*à rire.* In the first place, "Poor Richard," *Le bonhomme Richard,* is not an American classic; it is a French classic. Franklin was more French than American. When all France was extolling "Poor Richard's" gospel of common sense, and crowning Franklin as one of its own—witness the French engravings of that time—the Americans, who did not hate kings as kings, but wanted their own way, were saying very unpleasant things about him. He was dishonest, they said; he adored kings. And when one considers the vagaries of Congress in his flowering time, one can well understand why he admired a limited monarchy and determined once to live in England. As to France, it was his other home.

Mr. Lawrence does not seem to know that Franklin's only "classic," as far as Americans go, is his admirable "Autobiog-

(1) STUDIES IN CLASSIC AMERICAN LITERATURE. By D. H. Lawrence. 8vo, 264 pp. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $3.

raphy." But Mr. Lawrence, in his usual horse-fly manner, fastens upon Franklin's recommendation to use "venery" very seldom. He does not seem to have read Franklin's advice to the young man in search of a mistress or the famous Polly letter, both of which the American spirit of the time condemned. What joy they would have given Mr. Lawrence!

The typical American, who was a Puritan at heart, disapproved of Franklin's sexual derelictions. But English society graciously condoned them. As for the Court of France, the "natural impulses," etc. No, Franklin was French in everything, except his incapability of keeping his papers in order. Mr. Lawrence admires his genius, but he does not like him. Mr. Lawrence opposes his own definition of "chastity" to that of the utilitarian, deistic, epicurean Franklin:

> Follow your passional impulse, if it be answered in the other being; but never have any motive in mind, neither off-spring nor health nor even pleasure, nor even service. Only know that "venery" is of the great gods. An offering-up of yourself to the very great gods, the dark ones, and nothing else.

Shall the filing clerk put this under "merge" or "venery"?

The United States of America owes much to Franklin; but he was neither the "economic father" of that country, nor did he wrest the money necessary from the French Court; he understood the French, and he was of them.

> Either we are materialistic instruments, like Benjamin [writes Mr. Lawrence], or we move in the gesture of creation, from our deepest self, usually unconscious. We are only the actors, we are never wholly the authors of our own deeds or works. IT is the author, the unknown inside us or outside us. The best we can do is to try to hold ourselves in unison with the deeps which are inside us. And the worst we can do is to try to have things our own way, when we run counter to IT, and in the long run get our knuckles rapped for our presumption.

He goes on:

> America, unless the people in America assert themselves too much in opposition to the inner gods, should be the new thing. The new thing is the death of the old. But you can't cut the throat of an epoch. You've got to steal the life from it through several centuries.

Hector de Crèvecœur's "Letters from an American Farmer" is put down on Mr. Lawrence's list as another "classic" of America. It is not even read in schools; and Crèvecœur was always a Frenchman.

The chapters on Fenimore Cooper's romances are funny and interesting. This superior man of the world makes the cultivated Cooper assume that Monsignori are Cardinals, and French ladies, who would be unveiled to meet Cardinals, "cocottes." His disquisition on the ghosts of the massacred and spoliated Indians that threaten us everywhere in this country—the spirits of places—is almost Rosicrucian! "The goblins will get us, if we don't watch out." The Indians are watching us from their unhappy hunting-grounds. Mr. Lawrence says so. They are hovering over Chicago especially; Cooperstown "on Lake Otsego" may be exempt; the idealizer of the Red Man lived there; Pittsburgh they hate. This was the cause of the look of doom in Abraham Lincoln's eyes, and it is the cause of the haunted look in most American eyes; it is probably the reason, too, why Americans work "only with their nerves." (Mr. Lawrence has never heard them playing golf with their mouths!)

The Indians, the live Indians, are vindictive, too. They wait. They hate the white man. They have savage memories. They come of a family that kills! Mr. Lawrence might well read the statistics of what the hard-working Indians are doing agriculturally. But when a man owns a Holy Ghost, he does not need to read anything!

The position of Hawthorne, Poe, and Whitman is fixt in the literature of their country and of the cultivated world, which is plainly not "the world" of which Mr. Lawrence writes so often. Melville is coming into his own. He has always held his own among Americans who, to use Mr. Lawrence's plastic verb, "know" He has some beautiful and comprehending passages on Melville. The Lawrence Holy Ghost has moments of good taste, exquisite analysis, and understanding.

Hawthorne, "a blue-eyed darling," as Mr. Lawrence calls him (why is it that a man who is not handsome will envy another's good looks?), forces the reluctant respect of the author. Hawthorne is a liar, he says, except when he uses "the art-form." "It" and the Holy Ghost will not let the art-forms lie. He touches up Hester, the woman of the scarlet letter:

> She had in her nature a rich, voluptuous, oriental characteristic—a taste for the gorgeously beautiful. This is Hester. This is American. But she repressed her nature in the above direction. She would not even allow herself the luxury of laboring at fine, delicate stitching. Only she dressed her little sin-child Pearl vividly, and the scarlet letter was gorgeously embroidered. Her Hecate and Astarte insignia.
>
> "A voluptuous, oriental characteristic—" That lies waiting in American women. It is probable that the Mormons are the forerunners of the coming real America. It is probable that men will have more than one wife, in the coming America. That you will have again a half-oriental womanhood, and a polygamy.
>
> The grey nurse, Hester. The Hecate, the hell-cat. The slowly-evolving voluptuous female of the new era, with a whole new submissiveness to the dark, phallic principle.

Why was Hester American? Her blood and traditions were of the British Puritans. She might have been of Cromwell's company. If American women are "undersexed," why threaten them with the future of ladies of the harem?

If Mr. Lawrence draws his phallic thumb over Hawthorne's pages of delight and sadness and knowledge, he signets Poe with the ring of Nero. Only a pathologist could interpret his analysis of "Legeia." It is Poe's own love-story, he tells us. Poe's young wife played the part of Legeia, we are told—"a vulture of passion!"

Poe lived in very American surroundings, if Richmond, with its English traditions, had not neutralized them somewhat; but he owed little to England, except his mastery of a noble speech. "The Cask of Amontillado" might have been written by an Italian—just as "Hamlet" might have been written by a Dane. Great art is universal.

Mr. Lawrence, writing epileptically, is a poor judge when he underrates Poe's style. He does not realize that there is such a thing in the effect of art as pure delight—and this delight he destroys. Of Poe:

> Doomed he was. He died wanting more love, and love killed him. A ghastly disease, love. Poe telling us of his disease: trying to make his disease fair and attractive. Even succeeding.
>
> Which is the inevitable falseness, duplicity of art, American Art in particular.

We come to Whitman, whom Mr. Lawrence admires. The use of the dirty finger becomes easier here. And he pounces at once on the line:

> I am he that aches with amorous love.

This admiration for the genius of Whitman is not always in the right place for those who knew him, but it is genuine. To those who know how carefully this shrewd man of genius hoarded the gifts of his admirers, to build a tomb for himself, this paragraph has a touch of irony:

> "In my Father's house are many mansions."
>
> "No," said Whitman. "Keep out of mansions. A mansion may be heaven on earth, but you might as well be dead. Strictly avoid mansions. The soul is herself when she is going on foot down the open road."

Whitman was unhappily, we are told, guilty of the American fault of permitting himself to be influenced by Christian ideas of sympathy; but, nevertheless, he was "the first of American saviors."

> He didn't follow his Sympathy. Try as he might, he kept on automatically interpreting it as Love, as Charity. Merging!

In Orphic utterance, Mr. Lawrence tells "the world" that the mysterious sin against the Holy Ghost is to be an American!

A Literary Beachcomber in the South Seas

By Henry E. Armstrong

IN 1908 appeared a book, "The Confessions of a Beachcomber,"(1) which told the story of the life of a settler, a man of education and parts, on an island off the coast of tropical North Queensland. Like Alexander Selkirk, he was monarch of all he surveyed, his right there was none to dispute. The owner of Dunk Island—named by its discoverer, Captain Cook, after his patron George Montague Dunk, Earl of Sandwich—or Coonanglebah, as the aborigines called it, was an unprofessional beachcomber. He was not to be confounded with the raffish crew, the human jetsam of the surf-line in the South Pacific. E. J. Banfield of Dunk Island did indeed loaf and invite his soul, but only in the intervals of the tasks of a gentleman proprietor and the recreations of a naturalist. Banfield was domestic, unlike the beachcomber of fiction. When he was prospecting for an island to live on he had no idea of imitating the exile of Juan Fernandez. He held with Cowper:

> Grant me still a friend
> in my retreat,
> Whom I may whisper,
> Solitude is sweet.

THE BEACHCOMBER LOOKS ANXIOUSLY FOR A SAIL

From "The Confessions of a Beachcomber," by E. J. Banfield. (T. Fisher Unwin)

Having selected Coonanglebah as the most delectable abiding-place of the North Queensland archipelago, he sent for Mrs. Banfield. That was in 1898. About the first of June of the present year the helmsman of the coasting steamer *Innisfail* descried a woman on the beach waving a white scarf, as if in distress. It was Mrs. Banfield. The gentleman proprietor had died after a residence of twenty-five years in his tropical retreat. Mrs. Banfield was alone on the island, and she sadly wanted help and sympathy. The captain of the *Innisfail* came off in a boat, and, like an honest sailor, proved to be a friend in need. The ship's carpenter made a coffin, and the captain, with his men grouped about him, read the burial service. Banfield was seventy when he died.

Besides "The Confessions of a Beachcomber" Banfield produced two other books, "My Tropic Isle" and "Tropic Days."(2) They are the intimate talk of a philosopher who found his solitary domain sufficient to his spiritual if not entirely to his material needs. Contact with the mainland was necessary to supply some of the wants of the proprietor and his life partner, and a small coasting steamer, dropping anchor in Brammoo Bay, brought live-stock, seeds, tools, and indispensable household articles and supplies that could not be fashioned or produced on the tropical island. The Banfields were never oppress by raiment. What they wore was light and brief, mostly of cotton. A picture of the philosopher on the beach, beside a white flag on a pole to signal the coasting steamer, shows him to be clad in trousers at half-mast and a loose outer garment that was not a coat. He confessed to a "three-garment costume." In one of his books he has a chapter on the "Tyranny of Clothes":

> What matters it that London decrees a crease down the trouser legs if that garment is but of well-bleached dungaree? The spotless shirt, how paltry a detail when a light singlet is the only wear? Of what trifling worth dapper boots to feet made leathery by contact with the clean, crisp oatmeal-colored sand!

The extraordinary thing is that a man who called himself a beachcomber and sought exile on a jungle island, his estate by purchase from the North Queensland government, could live to the end an active intellectual and physical life. But Banfield was no ordinary man. All through his books you will find evidences of culture. He was a rapt student of literature, meditating upon what he read. He must have had a well-chosen library, judging from the felicity of his quotations. He was free to add to it, for his mail came periodically, by arrangement with the post-office and the coasting steamer. To froward spirits in a world of shackling conventions it may seem unworthy of a modern Selkirk to compromise with civilization by deriving letters, magazines and books from a social system he had escaped. But what could be more delightful than to be in the world and yet not of it, under the coconut palms, with the surf of the Pacific sounding a lullaby on shining sands, the birds of one's island sanctuary singing their madrigals and the wing of the seabird flashing in the foam on the reef? To Banfield in the silences at the other end of the world the Great War must have seemed incredible, cataclysmic, but with what a thrill of the soul must the exiled son of England have opened his mail-bag, put ashore by the *Innisfail*, to learn the last phase of the titanic struggle that was rocking Europe to its foundations! Too old for service, the philosopher could only wait and hope. It must have been a curious thought that if the German prevailed even Coonanglebah would not be safe for Banfield and his wife.

How did Banfield come to settle upon the island that Cook discovered and no man wanted, black or white? He says somewhere:

> Frankly it must be admitted that the idea of retiring to an island was not spontaneous. It was evolved from a sentimental regard for the welfare of bird and plant life. . . . So it was resolved, as other phases of island life matured, that one of the first ordinances to be proclaimed would be that forbidding interference with birds. That ordinance prevails. Our sea-girt hermitage is a sanctuary for all manner of birds, save those of murderous and cannibalistic instincts.

There is something whimsical in the idea of the lord of Coon-

(1) THE CONFESSIONS OF A BEACHCOMBER. By E. J. Banfield. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

(2) TROPIC DAYS. By E. J. Banfield. New York: Brentano's.

anglebah making his own laws for the protection of good birds and the execution of bad birds, and enforcing them. A regal ring there is in "our sea-girt hermitage." But one also learns that Banfield came to the island for his health, after exploring the little archipelago off the North Queensland coast and selecting his paradise. "Here," he says, "was virgin country, twenty miles from the nearest port, sad and neglected Cardwell, cut off from the mainland by more than two miles of estranging ocean, and yet lying in the track of small coastal steamers—here all our pet theories might serenely develop." He arrived a sick man, and in his first night on the beach he was racked with fears that he might die there, so spent and disconsolate was he. But with the rising of the sun there was a transformation.

> The first morning of the new life. The cloudless sky, the clear air, the shining sea, the green folded slopes of Tam O'Shanter Point opposite (on the mainland), the cleanness of the sand, the sweet odors from the eucalyptus and the dew-laden grass, the luminous purple of the islands to the southeast; the range of mountains to the west, and our own fair tract—awaiting and inviting, and all the mystery of petted illusion about to be solved.

Banfield plunged into the sea and emerged master of his fate. He was soon rhapsodizing about Coonanglebah: "This isle of dreams, of quietude and happiness, this fretless scene, this plot of the Garden of Eden." Of the little archipelago it was the largest island, eight miles in circumference. A ridge ran through it with a peak of 870 feet. The jungle in places came down to the sea. The buttressed face of the peak looked down on Brammoo Bay, half a mile from horn to horn and gazing across the surges to Australia. At high water the surf met the primitive bush, "fragrant, clean and undefiled." Four creeks flowed down from the ridge, and there was always fresh water even in the driest season—the average number of days when it rained was more than a hundred in a year. But in the tropics the sun comes out between showers and hangs the plant-life with jewels. There was a coral garden of kaleidoscopic colors, teeming with brilliant and curious fish when the limpid sea-water submerged it. The beach-loving calophyllums yielded "a profuse but tender fragrance reminiscent of English meadow-sweet." The white cedar was the lilac's rival in perfume. Aromatic was the pandanus palm, the swamp mahogany had a "honeyed excellence" in season, the cockatoo apple an "over-rich cloyness." Strong and spicy were the native ginger, nutmeg, quandong, bean-tree, kirri-cue, and the koie-yan with its white flowers and snowy fruits. Far off on the waters Coonanglebah diffused its aromas, intoxicating to the exile, who wrote:

> Many a time, home-returning at night—when the black contours of the island loomed up in the distance against the pure tropic sky tremulous with myriads of unsullied stars—has its tepid fragrance drifted across the water as a salutation and greeting. It has long been a fancy of mine that the island has a distinctive odor, soft and pliant, rich and vigorous.

Four and a half acres of the island were cleared, and in the shade of the palms a bungalow rose. This beachcomber, who was forty-five years of age when he turned his back on civilization to live the untrammeled life, did not have a lazy bone in his body, altho he was a dreamer. He felled trees, squared them, raised and mortised them with the help of such laborers, mainly black, as he could coax across the strait. "A good portion of the house," he was able to say, "represents the work of my own unaccustomed hands." In a few months from the burning of the brush the land was yielding crops, and in course of time the proprietor could say:

> We have orange trees (two varieties) just coming into bearing, and from which profits are expected; pineapples (two varieties), papaws, coffee (Arabica), custard apples, sour sop, Jack-fruit, pomegranate, the litchee, and mangoes in plenty. Sweet potatoes are always in successive cultivation, also pumpkins and melons, and an occasional crop of maize. Bananas represent a staple food. We have had fair crops of English potatoes, and have grown strawberries of fine flavor, tho of deficient size, among the banana plants. Parsley, mint, and all "the vulgar herbs" grow freely.

Banfield introduced bees into his paradise, but ceased to be an apiarist when two of his wild birds, the Australian bee-eater and the white-rumped wood-swallow, regaled themselves on his bees. He had either to give up the bees or to execute the marauders. Having created a bird-sanctuary, he dispensed with the bees. Another industry he gave himself up to with fresh enthusiasm: a "dairy" was started. Pictures of his cows show them to be sleek and comely, altho they had a tropical home. He brought poultry across the sea-channel. Two horses were added to his plantation. Of dogs—he fancied terriers—there was always a pair. The cool season was a "generous half of the year." Summer's heat was tempered by breezes from every quarter. Sleep came quickly and was sound after days of zestful labor. As evening fell there was a dash into the surf, followed by a bath in the fresh-water creek. Banfield had no idle moments. When he was not busy about his plantation he roamed the woods, studying the flora and fauna. There was nothing stirring on the island that he did not learn to know intimately. Of the birds he made a census, and his notes about them remind us of White of Selborne. He fearlessly went everywhere in the jungle, and in one of his chapters there is the hair-raising story of an encounter with a great snake in a ravine. Except for an occasional reptile, all living things on the island were harmless. The largest four-footed creature was the ant-eater or echidna, which resembled the English hedgehog. There was an eternal feud between the "horrific array of prickles" and Banfield's dogs. They learned to seize the animal by his "long tubular nose" and avoid the arrows he loosed. Among the birds of Coonanglebah were larks, thrushes, flycatchers, swallows, cuckoos, orioles, starlings, kingfishers, cockatoos, pigeons, quail, ibises, herons, besides sea-eagles, falcons, kites, and kestrels. He listed upward of 200 varieties, and was host to all. Of the break-of-day orchestra he wrote:

> As the dawn hastens a subdued fugue of chirps and whistles, soft and continuous and quite distinct from the cheerful individual notes and calls with which the glare is greeted, completes a circle of sounds. Wheresoever he stands the listener is in the center of ripples of melody which blend with the silence almost as speedily as the half lights flee before the pompous rays of the imperial sun.

NATIVES OF COONANGLEBAH ISLAND AND THEIR PALM-LEAF DWELLING

From "The Confessions of a Beachcomber," by E. J. Banfield. (T. Fisher Unwin)

The day came when the Queensland government legalized the beachcomber's sanctuary. A proclamation was issued forbidding the shooting of birds on Coonanglebah and two neighboring groups of islands. "Is there not excuse in

From a photograph by "Ishmael"

A WHOLE HOUSE TO LET, AND NO COAL BILL TO PAY

From "Tropic Days," by E. J. Banfield. (Brentano's)

this flattery," he said, "for just a little vainglory?" In Banfield's books you will find that he could appreciate what the island yielded him for his table, especially the choice things he drew from the sea. Hear him dilate upon the meat of the echinus, shaped like a tennis ball "stuck full of long slender needles":

> The flavor! Ah, the flavor! It surpasses the delectable oyster. It hath more of the savor and piquancy of the ocean. It clingeth to the palate and purgeth it of grosser tastes. It recalleth the clean and marvelous creature, whose life has been spent in cool coral grottoes, among limestone and the salty essences of the pure and sparkling sea, and if you be wise and devout and grateful, you forthwith give praise for the enjoyment of a new and rare sensation.

Could Charles Lamb himself have been more inspired?

Of the flesh of the tropical sea-cow, the dugong, he says that in the soup-bowl it "surpasses turtle in flavor and delicacy and would fatten a skeleton." Of fruits he praises the papaw: "It is so clean, it conveys a delicate perception of milk, sweet not florid, soft, soothing, and singularly persuasive." With the banana the papaw, we are told, makes a perfect diet for man. Beachcombers who scorn labor will see the point. Lafcadio Hearn has given us the full repertoire of the musical insects of Japan. Banfield has a chapter on the melodious frogs of Coonanglebah. He assembles an orchestra and describes its overture as "a merry, unreflective, chirrupy strain, gay as 'The Fishermen's Chorus'":

> The motive is taken up nearer among the cocoanuts, and is in full swing in the pools below the terrace. There the sound passes on through the wattles and bloodwoods to the narrow tea-tree swamp lined with dwarf bamboos and dies in the distance.

The sympathy of this dweller in the tropics, who knows nothing of melancholy in his solitude, extends to the butterflies and the minutest insects. How gloriously he and W. H. Hudson would have got on together, for one was as sensitive to the divine in nature as the other! Of the aborigines, a dwindling race, he has many delightful sketches. His humor lights up the characters of his faithful Tom and George and their "gins" or better halves. Nelly, one of Tom's wives, was maid-of-all-work when she could be induced to come to the bungalow and stay a while. When the new tenants arrived to take possession "Nelly would glide into the jungle like a frightened snake and hide for days. She was wild and suspicious, uncleanly, uncouth." But under the sympathetic eye of Mrs. Banfield Nelly learned to light the fire, to knead the bread, make the porridge and coffee, feed the fowls, wash the dishes and clothes, and scrub the floors. Nelly was happiest on Sunday, her day off, when she paraded in a new dress, "with the smoke curling from her ornamental pipe beneath a hat which in variety of tints shamed the sunset sky." If these relics of the Stone Age, as Banfield called the few natives that presented themselves at the plantation, were faithful servitors to the proprietor and his wife, their reward was a kindly paternalism that humanized them in their savage state and opened new worlds of perception and fancy. As for Banfield, he never tired of his paradise nor desired to return to conventional civilization, altho he was sometimes in touch with it when, at long intervals, he visited friends at Geraldton, the nearest port on the mainland. On his island he sometimes lost count of the days and recovered his reckoning when the little coasting steamer put into Brammoo Bay. There is a passage in one of his books that expresses the sincerity of his contentment:

> How oft is the confession that the fullest moments of life are achieved when I roam the beaches with little more in the way of raiment than sunburn and naught in hand save the leaves of some strange, sand-loving plant. Then is it that the individual is magnified. The sun salutes. The wind fans. The sea sighs a love melody. The caressing sand takes print of my foot alone. All the world might be mine, for none is present to dispute my possession. The sailless sea smiles in ripples, and strews its verge with treasures for my acceptance. The sky's purity enriches my soul. Shall I not joy therein?

Banfield felt that he must justify himself for retiring in his prime to a backwater of the world and a jungle isle that was no more than a pin-point in the Pacific. On the title page of "The Confessions of a Beachcomber" you will find Thoreau's counsel to independence: "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears." Also there was Longfellow's brave urging: "Trust in yourself and what the world calls your illusions." He abounds, like Hazlitt, in quotations. Banfield was one of those sons of England who keep up their ethical standards in the wilderness and are true to themselves. He left three delightful books and notes of the flora and fauna of tropical Queensland that have a special value.

A WIND-TORMENTED FIG-TREE NEAR THE AUTHOR'S HOME

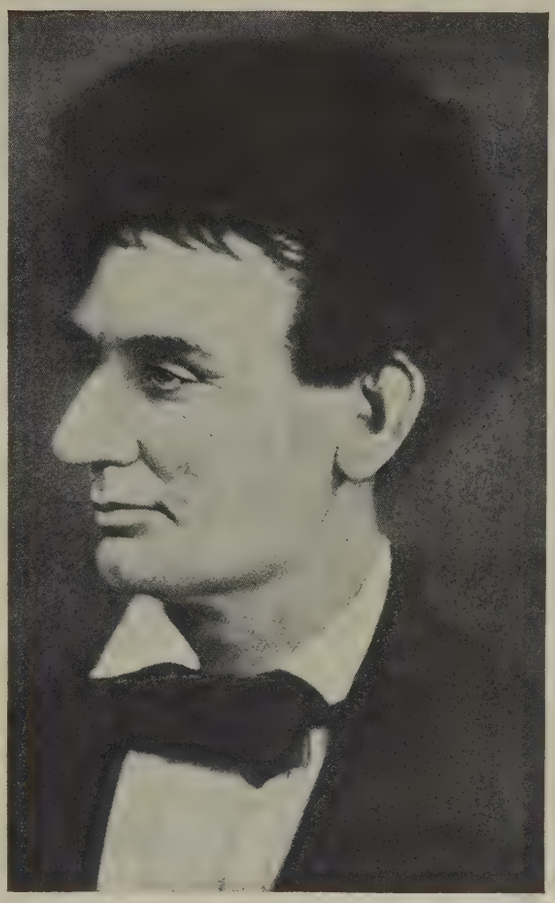
From "Tropic Days," by E. J. Banfield. (Brentano's)

Lincoln as His Partner Knew Him

By Albert J. Beveridge

SO NOBLE were the spiritual heights to which Lincoln finally rose, so tender and all-embracing his human sympathies, so broad his vision, so accurate his common sense, so cautious yet so daring was he, that it is well-nigh impossible to grasp the magnitude and complexity of his character. The career of this astonishing personage interests everybody, and from widely different points of view.

All concede that Lincoln was the foremost humanist the race has produced; many think that he was the world's ablest statesman; some consider him to have been a great orator; others see in him a military genius; several believe him to have been unequaled as a lawyer —and so on; and there are those who look upon him as the commanding figure through whose life and activities the institutional interpretation of America, for his flaming and dramatic period, may best be made. It is this last-named point of view that most interests me. Still, it can not be gainsaid that there is an increasing curiosity about Lincoln's personal life—his origin, environments, habits, associations and the like. To those of this state of mind, Mr. Weik's book, "The Real Lincoln," (1) will prove most entertaining, albeit somewhat surprizing.



LINCOLN IN 1856

I do not, at the moment, recall another case in history where, immediately after the death of a great personage, the facts of his personal life were collected so carefully, thoroughly and impartially by a lifelong friend and intimate professional associate, as the facts about Lincoln were gathered by William H. Herndon. Almost from boyhood Herndon had been an idolater of Lincoln; and for seventeen years the two men were partners in the practise of the law. So Herndon saw more of Lincoln and heard more from Lincoln's lips than any other human being, excepting only Lincoln's wife.

Almost at once after the assassination, Herndon began to collect material relating to his hero. He wrote to everybody who ever knew Lincoln or his parents—everything about Lincoln is covered up to 1860. Herndon's industry and persistence in this are astonishing; and, while a man of little academic training, he shows that nature had given him the distinctively scholar's mind. In his letters he asked questions upon every conceivable point. For instance, what variety of trees were in the Indiana forest where Lincoln's boyhood was spent? Was there underbrush, and if so, was it thick or scanty? What animals abounded, what fruits grew in the woods, what food did the settlers eat, and how was it prepared? What songs did they sing, religious, political and general? What clothes did they wear, and how were the materials made? What was the stature, color of eyes and hair, complexion, probable weight, manners, habits, speech and disposition of everybody—of Thomas Lincoln, of Nancy Hanks, of Ann Rutledge, of Menter Graham, of James McNamar, of Mary Owen, and so on, from the beginning to the end?

Some questions were not answered clearly, and Herndon wrote again and again, until the smallest detail was made plain. Often, as in the case of Sarah Rickard, he would have to write several times before he got any answer at all. But he stuck to it. Most of those who had known Lincoln as boy and young man had scattered far and wide over the United States: No matter, Herndon traced them. Those whom he could reach personally, he interviewed, and immediately wrote out notes of what they said. I have read in the original manuscript these transcripts; they show on their face that they were written by a trained lawyer, skilled in the taking of depositions and the making of notes of statements by witnesses. I have read, too, the original letters to Herndon in answer to his inquiries, and also Herndon's own letters about Lincoln, as well as his entire manuscript on the subject. Everywhere it is obvious that Herndon is intent on telling the truth himself and on getting the truth from those who could give personal, first-hand information.

Moreover, Herndon personally visited every foot of ground that Lincoln ever trod. He went to Kentucky, to Indiana; and he had been to New Salem many times when Lincoln lived there, and afterward. More than once he had gone with Lincoln in his circuit riding; and he knew intimately the lawyers and judges with whom Lincoln spent all his professional life outside the office of Lincoln & Herndon, where, of course, the junior partner was in closer contact with his senior than anybody else possibly could have been.

Herndon was forty-seven years of age when Lincoln was murdered. For fourteen years after that event, he kept up his Lincoln researches, delivering several lectures on phases of Lincoln's life, practising law and keeping up a large general correspondence.

Perhaps it is not unworthy of note that it was to Herndon, and not to Lincoln, that, for years before his nomination for the Presidency, such men as Parker, Sumner, Seward, Phillips, Greeley and Garrison wrote. To be sure, the youthful and ardent Herndon always began the correspondence; yet, even so, it was to him and not to his partner that these brilliant men, molders of the public opinion of the time, looked for reports of conditions in Illinois. It is extremely curious that, judging from their letters to Herndon, these leaders seemed not to have realized that Lincoln amounted to anything during that period.

In 1879 Herndon met Jesse W. Weik of Greencastle, an alumnus of Asbury College, now DePauw University. Young Weik, then only twenty-two years of age, was already obsessed of Lincoln, and this passion—for it amounted to that—to learn everything about Lincoln grew with the years and became the one overmastering purpose of his life. Everybody in Greencastle knew about it; and Weik well-nigh got the reputation of being a crank

(1) THE REAL LINCOLN. By Jesse W. Weik. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $4.

on Lincoln. In 1882, when Herndon was in his sixty-fifth year, young Weik, who was then in government service in the Pension Bureau at Washington, was assigned to field-work with headquarters at Springfield, Ill. There he spent all of his time not taken up by his official duties, with Herndon, and in Lincoln research work. Thus came the close association of Herndon the aging lawyer and Weik the youthful student, both Lincoln enthusiasts of an ardent type.

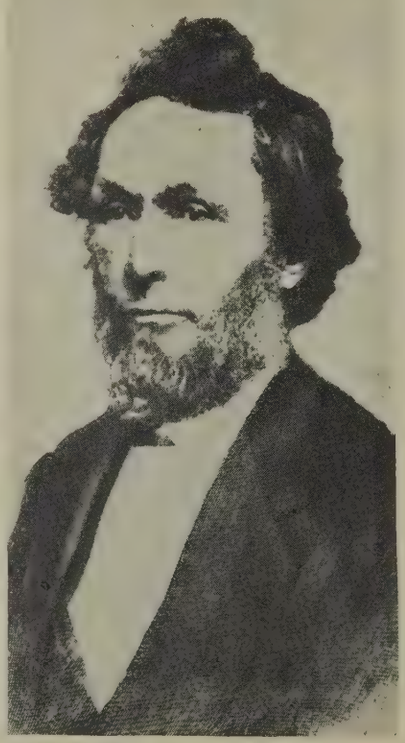
LINCOLN HOME, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

Young Weik soon gave up government service and devoted himself exclusively to continuing with Herndon—under the direction of the older man—the work which Herndon had been doing since the spring of 1865. With all the data which Herndon had accumulated to guide him, and with the benefit of Herndon's suggestions, Weik again went to all the places Herndon had visited twenty years earlier, as well as many other places—and went again and again. Most of the lawyers, judges and other people who knew Lincoln were still living, many of them not yet old men and women. Weik met all of them; and after Herndon's death continued his acquaintance and correspondence with them.

From the Herndon-Weik connection, finally, came the biography of Lincoln bearing their names as authors, Weik doing the writing and Herndon furnishing most of the material. Because this book related what Lincoln had told his partner about the parentage of Lincoln's mother, revealed Lincoln's early religious views and gave some account of Lincoln's domestic infelicity, the biography was furiously assailed. All the batteries of the Mid-Victorians poured the hot-shot of their pseudo-moralities into the offending volumes. Indeed, years before the publication of the Herndon-Weik biography, the assault on Herndon had begun because he had furnished Ward Lamon with most of the material for Lamon's ill-starred "Life of Lincoln," which, altho parts of it had been deleted for a price, still, even in its mutilated form, contained intimations that aroused the fury of the immaculates. A few preachers, of a type now happily extinct, were particularly hard on the hapless and astonished old gentleman.

Three decades passed, and at last, with all the Herndon collection and all the material which Weik himself had toilsomely and patiently gathered, Weik wrote the volume before me and properly gave to it the title "The Real Lincoln." Since so much of it rests on the Herndon data, and since Herndon has been so roundly abused for so long a time, it becomes necessary to inquire into the credibility of that badly maligned man.

In the first place, no motive whatever can be found for Herndon's lying about Lincoln. He and Joshua F. Speed were Lincoln's closest friends, if Lincoln can be said to have had any intimate personal friends at all. Yet, if Lincoln never said it, only satanic hatred and diabolical ingenuity could have invented and published what Herndon tells that Lincoln did say about the paternity of his mother.



WILLIAM H. HERNDON

One can not help noticing that whereas Lincoln's two former law partnerships—one with Stuart and one with Logan—were comparatively brief, his partnership with Herndon lasted five times as long as either of the other two. Indeed, the Lincoln-Herndon partnership continued until Lincoln was elected to the Presidency. Even after that event the partnership was not broken; and Lincoln himself directed that the sign "Lincoln & Herndon, Lawyers," should be kept hanging, Lincoln declaring that when his term of office was completed, he would come back to Springfield and again practise law with Herndon for his partner. Moreover, in Herndon's exceedingly intimate letters to Weik, his anxiety is almost amusingly manifested, that the exact truth shall be told. "Give all the facts. . . To cheat the public judgment is a high crime," writes Herndon to his young associate. Or again: "Stick to God's naked truth," he admonishes Weik. And still again, speaking of certain writers who had changed the language of Lincoln's speeches and letters: "Let us write and put things just as Lincoln wrote and put things, never dodging."

Herndon warns Weik to be wary of Dennis Hanks: "He is a blow—exaggerator—not a wilful liar. What he says about anything must be taken with much allowance." He thus instructs young Weik what to do when making a trip of investigation to Southern Indiana, Kentucky and other places: "Get a description of *Old Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks inside and outside—top side and bottom side*—size, height—color of eyes, skin, hair—conduct, behavior, etc., etc." Herndon had gotten this information himself, long before; but he wants to be sure—if wrong, he wishes to be set right.

In an uncommonly familiar letter to Weik, Herndon apologizes for his meticulous care for accuracy: "I am 'sorter' insane on the question of telling the truth," he confides to Weik. Even after the immaculates had bruised his gray head so terribly that Herndon's spirit was well-nigh broken, and he was at last willing to leave out of a new edition of the Herndon-Weik biography certain facts, he writes his collaborator: "We need not *lie*. Let us be true as far as we go, but . . . let us bow to the inevitable. If the people will not take the truth—'God's naked truth'—let the crime rest on them and not on our heads." Three months before this pathetic letter, he had written Weik that he contemplated burning his notes and letters rather than lie or suppress. "I have but two plans in view," Herndon tells Weik; "one is to burn up my Lincoln records . . . or to write the exact truth."

So vital to a knowledge of Lincoln is the credibility of Herndon, that I have given some attention to it. Aside from the fact that he was mayor of Springfield, deputy clerk of the Supreme Court of Illinois for three years, City

Attorney, and, finally, Bank Commissioner of Illinois for a long time—in all of which offices he gave satisfactory service—is the further fact of Herndon's repute for truthfulness among those who knew him. W. C. Whitney, one of Lincoln's closest associates at the bar and on the circuit, grew quite furious at a magazine writer who had tried to discredit Herndon. I have become so imprest with the necessity of investigating the credibility of Herndon that I have made inquiries of those still living who knew him intimately and are familiar with the repute he bore for truthfulness and accuracy. For example, in response to my inquiry on this point Hon. Hardin W. Masters, who knew Herndon from the time Masters was a boy, Herndon then being a frequent visitor at the Masters house, and who knew Herndon intimately from 1873 until Herndon's death twenty years later, writes me:

> He (Herndon) was a plain-spoken man of firm and clear convictions; a very widely read man, who had also lived much; and he had been a part of great events, while his intimacy with Lincoln lent to his personality, interest and distinction. Above everything, he was a man of scrupulous integrity, of independent and self-reliant character. . . . He was convivial and kindly and cared more for a free life and for the truth implied in living as he chose, than for money or public honors. With so much said about him, I am glad to testify that he was a trustworthy man in his report of a fact; for I believe he loved the truth as some men love riches.
>
> He was devoted to Lincoln; but his observing and philosophical mind prevented him from deifying Lincoln. He knew Lincoln well, and those things about Lincoln which have been blurred or hushed up in the interest of Lincoln's apotheosis were, to Herndon, as the mole on Lincoln's cheek making Lincoln nearer to humanity and not farther from the greatness that he (Herndon) saw in him. I knew Mr. Herndon to be absolutely truthful and trustworthy; and I never heard his veracity questioned until . . . writers began to attack the authenticity of his statements as to Lincoln's religion, early life, marriage and matters of that kind. . . .
>
> You are at liberty to use this letter in any way you choose; for I consider it a privilege to be called upon to speak in behalf of a man whom I trusted and admired as I did William H. Herndon.

That readers of books may more easily place Hardin W. Masters, who wrote this letter to me, it should perhaps be said that he is the father of Edgar Lee Masters, author of "Spoon River Anthology"; and lawyers will better understand who this Herndon witness is by knowing that Thomas J. Masters, of the Springfield Bar, is one of his sons. The reputation of Mr. Masters himself for truthfulness and honor is as fine as for ability and courage. And the testimony of Hardin W. Masters is supported by that of all others who have spoken or written to me about Herndon.

Seemingly, all this is a far cry from Mr. Weik's notable volume on Lincoln, which I am reviewing; yet it is indispensable that the reader shall have some knowledge of Herndon's credibility in view of the beatings administered to that luckless man by the old-time prunes-and-prisms critics and their successors, who insist on the perfection of the great.

But, in addition to the Herndon data, upon which Mr. Weik's book is largely based, the author uses a large amount of material which he, himself, has been gathering for many years, all of which is first-hand information; and nobody ever has accused or ever will accuse Jesse W. Weik of untruthfulness, unworthy motives, or, above all, animosity toward Lincoln. I can give testimony on these points myself, for I have known Mr. Weik since my college days in Greencastle, Indiana. Nobody ever questioned his veracity, and his lifelong adoration of Lincoln has in it something of fanaticism; yet the truthfulness of the man would not permit the perversion or suppression of any fact in what he writes about his idol. Mr. Weik learned his lesson in accuracy from the bitter castigation of his friend Herndon, and so he makes sure of his authority for every statement. In most cases he had his informants write out what they had to say; in others, Weik himself made extensive notes at the time; in still others, original letters are quoted.

Mr. Weik did almost as much corresponding about Lincoln as did Herndon himself, if not more; and many of the letters he received are most illuminating. I have read all of them in the original manuscript. These, together with the large number of Herndon's letters to Weik and the extensive Herndon manuscript, constitute material of unusual value; while some of the letters, notably those of Horace White to Weik, are good examples of literary and scholarly criticism.

From all these data and suggestions Mr. Weik produced his "Real Lincoln." The result is a genuine source-book. As such it is as valuable as it is interesting—and it is most engaging from the first page to the last. For instance, can anything be more thrilling and unexpected than to learn that Lincoln was anxious as to the loyalty of General Scott? Weik got that story directly from General Thomas S. Mather, whom Weik "knew well." Or take the story of Lincoln's instruction to John W. Bunn as to how to get votes for the office of city treasurer—Mr. Bunn tells this himself.

No ampler revelation has been made of the uncensoriousness of Lincoln's character than is made by the fact that in spite of Herndon's constant drinking, often to excess according to Herndon's own account, Lincoln never rebuked his partner for his intemperance, never admonished Herndon to stop or moderate his bad habit, never even alluded to the subject directly or indirectly, excepting once only, just before leaving Springfield for Washington; the partners were alone in their office for the last time, and Lincoln asked his partner, "How many times have you been drunk?" and apologized beforehand for making the inquiry.

Weik relates this from one of Herndon's letters to him. It is only one example of many where Herndon testifies against himself. This, by the way, is a good example of Herndon's truthfulness and utter freedom from hypocrisy. It never occurred to him that something might reflect upon himself or put a whip into the hands of his enemies—he never thought of defending himself or denying a truthful charge against him. His attitude was: "Why, yes, it's true"; or, "Here's something unpleasant about myself—sorry, of course, but here it is; put it down if necessary to the narrative."

It is disturbing to learn of Lincoln's indifference to runaway slaves, his languid interest, if any, in the Colonization Society at Springfield; and a little shocking to be reminded again of the well-known Matson case, where Lincoln accepted employment from the alleged owner of slaves who sought to return his human property to Kentucky. Not that any of this is surprizing to the student of political conditions in Illinois, to which reference always must be made when attempting to explain Lincoln's conduct, while in Illinois, on any political subject. During that period Lincoln found it necessary to be careful in the extreme. Only flashes of daring, now and then, reveal the burning soul whose fires were otherwise well concealed. The Lincoln of Springfield and the Illinois circuit showed but little of the Lincoln of the Gettysburg Address and the immortal Second Inaugural.

Mr Weik briefly summarizes the Enlow and other legends about Lincoln's paternity, and rejects them. He quotes Herndon's celebrated account of Lincoln's statement to Herndon about Lincoln's mother, connects it with other well-known circumstances, and accepts it as Rhodes, Lord Charnwood and other historians and biographers have done. With kindly gentleness, Mr. Weik briefly disposes of the book by Mrs. Caroline Hanks Hitchcock on the paternity of Nancy Hanks. He points out that if the Nancy Hanks about whom Mrs. Hitchcock writes was the same Nancy Hanks who was the mother of Lincoln, she was only fourteen years old when she married Thomas Lincoln, whereas the mother of Abraham Lincoln was twenty-three years old when she married Thomas Lincoln. Also Mr. Weik reminds us that "it happens that there were numerous Nancy Hankses in Kentucky in those days."

Of course, all this is of little importance, since nobody longer insists that the marital regularity of *all* ancestors is indispensable to the goodness and greatness of descendants. We are grateful for Abraham Lincoln, regardless of such things. Beside the heights of statesmanship and moral grandeur achieved by him, and unapproached by any other merely human character, the

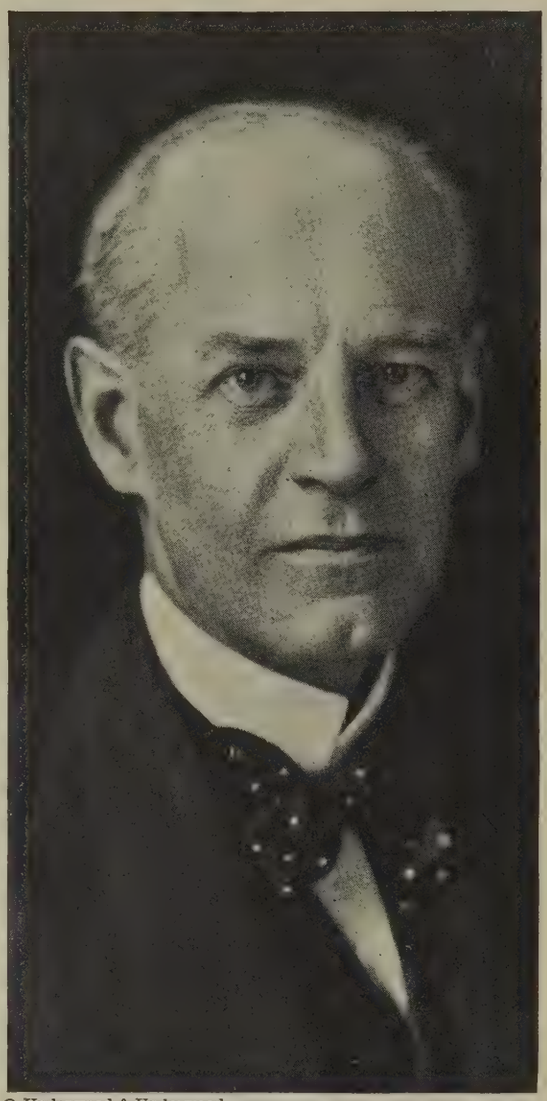
(*Continued on page 51*)

The Novelist Who Never Wrote a Potboiler

By William Lyon Phelps

THE Manaton Edition of the Works of John Galsworthy,[1] so named from the place where he lives in Devon, is limited to 750 sets for America; and we have the assurance that new volumes will be added to the series as fast as the author sees fit to compose them. In the Manaton Edition, the art of the publisher is as conspicuous as the art of the writer; the frame is worthy of the portrait. This is often called a mechanical age, wherein machinery triumphs over individuality; yet the element of art, which implies taste, personality, choice, selection, and many other things, more and more penetrates into and even dominates mechanical processes. Compare the old-fashioned photograph, whether the ordinary "*carte de visite*" or the more sensational and costly "cabinet" size, which sometimes ran to six dollars a dozen, with the present "artistic" result of the camera, which is as expensive as a painting, and decidedly better. For the first impression made on candid eyes by the average portrait-in-oils is its unlikeness to the person whom it was intended to resemble.

These Manaton volumes are beautiful books. Tall, well built, light on their feet, they are at once substantial and graceful. The paper is dull, as all paper in books should be, the type big and clear. If you like Galsworthy—and who does not?—I counsel you to buy this set before the opportunity fades.



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SIR JOHN GALSWORTHY

The separate prefaces for these novels, stories and plays were written after he had reread and in some instances revised his productions. He has contemplated his work anew after the lapse of years and tried no judge it impartially, and to tell us honestly what he now thinks. These prefaces are of high value; they are intimate, confessional talks with the reader, in which the talker has somehow hit upon just the right tone between humility and conceit. Without ever taking himself too seriously, he thoroughly believes in his own work; the stories and plays are written by an artist, the prefaces by an English gentleman.

Some of the names of persons to whom Mr. Galsworthy inscribes these books reveal his admirations. Dedications read "To Constance Garnett, in gratitude for her translation of Turgenev's works." "To J. M. Barrie." "To Thomas Hardy." "To Gilbert Murray." "To W. H. Hudson, for love of 'The Purple Land' and all his other books." One may reasonably envy these, not only for their own literary distinction, but for being the objects of the affectionate admiration of so excellent an artist and so sincere a man. In the preface to "Beyond," he tells us:

> There are three great dead writers to whom I owe, beyond all others, inspiration and training:—the Russians—Turgenev and Tolstoy; and the Frenchman—De Maupassant. Twenty years have gone since I finished an intensive study of these masters, but, taking them up again, I do not find that they have aged or lost any of their respective charm, truth and poignancy.

It is a good test of any writer to return to him and see whether added maturity in the reader has changed the first estimate. Many of the authors we used to enjoy give us no pleasure now; but, altho I am no artist, I find that the three mentioned by Galsworthy affected and affect me as they do him. I am particularly glad to read his tribute to Turgenev, for I should find it disquieting if so fine an artist as Galsworthy did not admire the finest artist in his field:

> The poetic art of his novels is unequalled so far by any other novelist. Its singular balance and elusive strength; its economy, ease, and utter lack of pose or self-consciousness; its creative reality, essential wisdom, philosophic breadth and tolerance, combine to give it an unique position in world-fiction. Turgenev was a perfect master of form, atmosphere, and concise character-drawing. . . . And it is still to Turgenev that one must assign credit for influencing British fiction more deeply than any other foreign writer.

He goes on to say that altho Turgenev inspired him more than the Frenchman, "I learned more from De Maupassant." The reason for this is clear. Galsworthy has never imitated any one, but it would be easier to imitate the Frenchman than the Russian, just as it is easier to imitate Ben Jonson than Shakespeare. Guy de Maupassant was a marvelous technician and therefore a fine teacher; Turgenev was an inspired genius. He could inspire his fellow craftsmen, but instead of helping them, he was their despair. The secret of his art died with him; but as Flaubert was the private tutor of De Maupassant, so the latter has had many pupils.

There is another difference between Turgenev and Guy de Maupassant, which is worth emphasizing. Because of the former's reserve, innate decency and infallible taste, he is read to-day only by those who admire truth and beauty; there are no camp-followers in his army. But Guy de Maupassant, because of his sex-obsession, has (outside of France, anyhow) as a majority of his readers those who are unfit to read any work of art. Translations of his works are often advertised as "unexpurgated." He ought to be read only by those who are capable of understanding him and appreciating the precision and force of his method; but the fact is otherwise. It is as tho some fine painting were pawed by dirty hands and looked at with a snigger. Such will invariably be the reward of those, no matter how fine their technique, who appeal to the senses rather than the mind. It is akin to demagogery in speech.

[1] The Works of John Galsworthy. Manaton Edition. Each volume with a frontispiece and a new preface. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

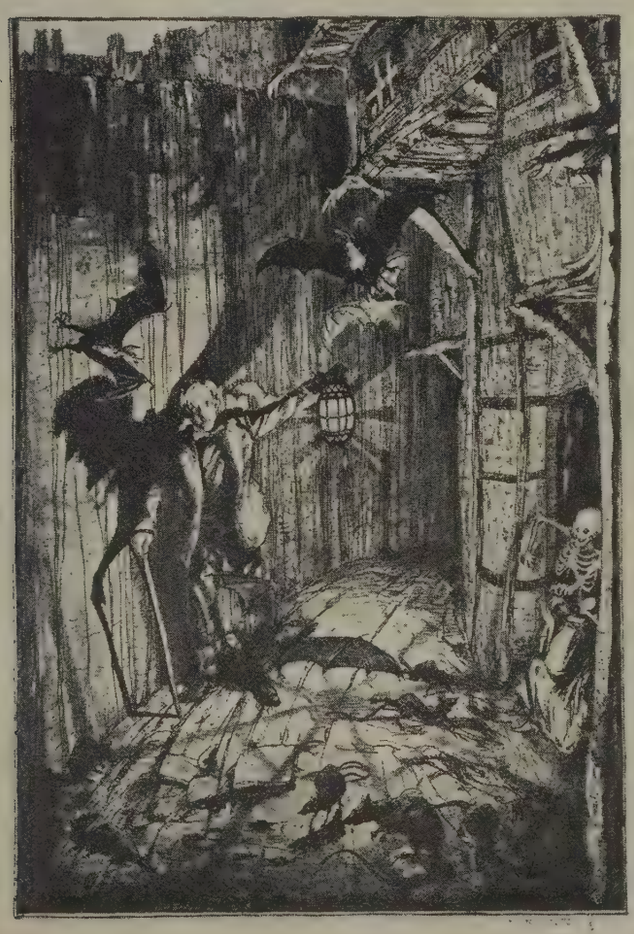
Mr. Galsworthy is frank enough to mention his favorite children. "This writer, certainly, confesses to having favorites, and of his novels so far he likes best: The Forsyte Series, 'The Country House,' 'Fraternity,' 'The Dark Flower,' and 'Five Tales.'" I should like to see "The Patrician" included, for, after "The Forsyte Saga," I put it first.

In the admirable preface to "The Forsyte Saga," the author says that the title is used with a "suitable irony." That is a good phrase, and expresses both the inner meaning of much of Galsworthy's work and the reason for its excellence. There was early in his career a danger that he might become more satirist than artist. I used to think that the title of one of his first productions, "The Island Pharisees," might well stand for that of his complete works. Nothing perhaps is finer in his development than the ripening of his talent. Satire is raw; truth is ripe. The indignation that inspired his early books has gradually changed into that tolerance and charity that ought to accompany growth, whether one be an artist or not. It is clear without his telling us that his attitude toward Soames changed as he proceeded in his study of the Forsyte family. His irony became "suitable."

It is interesting that many have written him letters claiming that their own families were the originals of the Forsytes. These could hardly have been intelligent correspondents. It is a sign of the parochial mind to insist on identifications. There are unfortunately thousands of readers who, if a novelist portrays an unhappy marriage, "wonder what his wife is like." The *argumentum ad hominem* has never been pushed so hard in court as by the readers of novels and plays. I do not know how many persons I have heard asking about Ibsen's wife. I believe that somebody had the temerity to put the direct question, and he replied, "She suits me exactly."

With reference to the vexed question of subjectivity and objectivity, Galsworthy, in common with most high-grade writers, believes that while novels and plays should not be propaganda,

Wingstone, Manaton



A Novelist's Allegory

they should reveal the flavor of the author's personality, so that you could not mistake his books for those written by some one else. Or, as I heard Hauptmann put it, "Any one who reads six or seven of my plays ought to know what kind of a man I am." Mr. Galsworthy says, in one of the most interesting of these prefaces—that to "Villa Rubein": "A work of fiction should carry the hall-mark of its author as surely as a Goya, a Daumier, a Velasquez, and a Mathew Maris should be the unmistakable creations of those masters." In other words, he believes that truth in art is never detached from the writer's personality; his readers, even in the most objective novels, will see life colored by the temperament of the author. True enough.

I am glad that the Manaton Edition leads off with "The Forsyte Saga," undoubtedly the best of Galsworthy's books. It is a kind of epic, with an addition of irony ordinarily fatal to the epic form. It is an epic, because it portrays on a vast scale the struggle between Property and Beauty. I sincerely hope this book will live. It constitutes a record of British social and commercial life before the Great War; as "Jean-Christophe" is a record of the intellectual life on the Continent before the same catastrophe. In this English chronicle, the history of a family is given with scrupulous honesty of purpose, and the individuals are brilliantly alive. It has the fidelity to detail which keeps Trollope from oblivion, but it has something more, something that corresponds in philosophy to the *Ding an sich*, a central, impelling force. It is well worth while to compare with "The Forsyte Saga," Kathleen Norris's "Certain People of Importance." That is a clever novel, and displays both skill and industry; the large family and the fortunes of its separate members never get away from the author's control. But at heart it lacks the vital force, the life-giving impulse that one feels all the way through "The Forsyte Saga," and which glows in the memory. The difference between these two books, so similar externally, is

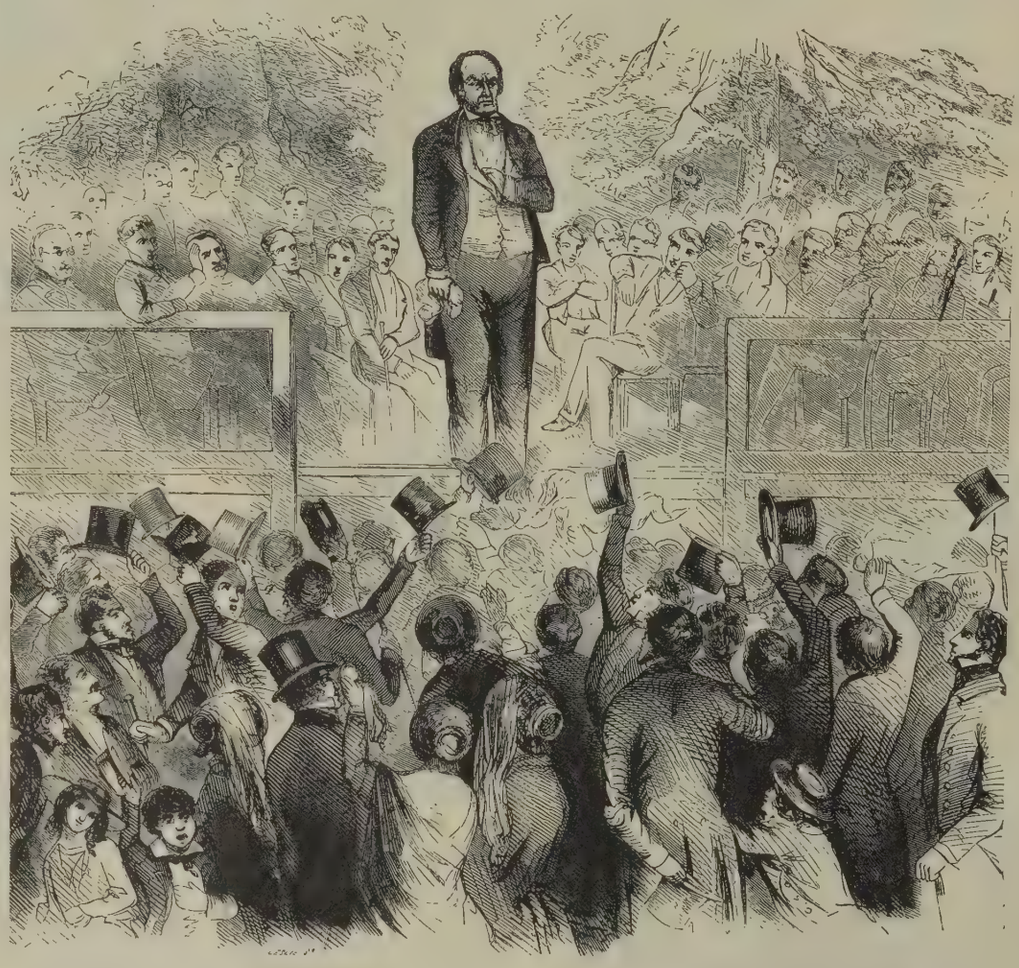
(*Continued on page 53*)

Getting at the Secret of Webster's Art

By Brander Matthews

MR. RINGWALT is well known to all teachers of argumentation and to all trainers of college debating teams as the author of two useful handbooks, "Briefs on Public Questions" and "Briefs for Debate on Political, Economic and Social Problems." Both of these admirably planned and excellently executed manuals were prepared when Mr. Ringwalt was teaching argumentation at Columbia University a dozen or a score of years ago; and at that time he also made ready to write a third book on the proper method of making a brief. But he put aside this work when he was called to the bar and when he began to practise law. Now, in his maturity, he has found leisure to write the book he had started in his youth;[1] and in his preface he confides to us his belief that the volume has not suffered from the delay.

> In the interval [so he says] I have had the opportunity to test—and to forget—a good deal that I was once teaching; and to learn a good deal that one learns only by experience, by making arguments and observing how others make them. This will explain why the book differs, as I think it does in some respects, from others on the same subject.



DANIEL WEBSTER ADDRESSES A THRONG OF ADMIRERS ON BOSTON COMMON
From an old print in Gleason's Pictorial Drawing Room Companion

A conscientious reviewer always considers carefully what an author tells us in his preface about his aim and purpose; and he keeps this information in mind as he examines the book. My own reading of what Mr. Ringwalt has written makes me think that his book is a much better book than it would have been had he finished it when it was first determined upon. It is much better because he now sees more clearly than ever before the importance of brief-making, not merely to debaters or to lawyers, but to all who are called upon to speak in public—and perhaps even to all who have occasion to present their views in writing. That is to say, this modest manual has a far wider appeal (and therefore a broader utility) than its author claims for it. It has its lesson, not only for the controversialist, for the man with a message, and for the advocate of a cause, but for the historian, for the essayist, for the correspondent, for the reporter, and for the engineer making a report.

I make no doubt that there will be not a few readers of this review who will ask themselves just what sort of a thing a brief may be. They may (or may not) know that a trial-lawyer is expected to "speak from his brief" and that he is often allowed to "file his brief with the court." And they will wonder how this lawyer's tool can be of any benefit to those who do not belong to the legal profession. It is for these readers that Mr. Ringwalt supplies a definition which I quote in full, partly for what it contains, and partly because it exemplifies the simplicity and the clarity of its author's style:

> A brief may be nearly anything the maker chooses it to be. It may be the detailed statement of a case, many pages in length, such as counsel hand to courts, or it may be only a few roughly correlated headings set down on a single sheet of paper. It may be prepared for the benefit of the writer himself, to assist him to analyze and arrange his own thought, or it may be addrest to the mind of another. It may be the synopsis of a longer work already written, or it may be the outline of something that is to follow. It may be argumentative, or it may be expository, it may contain evidence and illustrative matter, or it may not.
>
> Nevertheless, most briefs, whatever their purpose or design, have certain like characteristics. They are, as a rule, short or brief statements of their subjects; they contain nothing not vitally essential to the relation of thought; they are phrased as lucidly as possible; and they have little rhetorical embellishment.

In other words, the brief is closely akin to what we playwrights call a scenario. It is the sturdy skeleton which sustains the body. It is the solid and closely knit steel-frame which supports the lofty skyscraper and without which that towering edifice could not lift its head aloft. Deprived of the aid of a brief, facts and thoughts can not be organized and made effective. The brief is the plan of the whole, reduced to its essential elements.

The brief has been a very present help in time of need to many who did not put pen to paper but developed their outline only in their heads, all unconscious that they were so doing. But Mr.

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[1] BRIEF DRAWING. By Ralph Curtis Ringwalt. 214 pp. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Ringwalt, in his earlier chapters, makes plain the many advantages there are in conscious brief-making, in taking stock of the material to be used, in organizing it deliberately, in putting it into shape so that it shall be most persuasive when it is presented to the ear of the hearer or the eye of the reader. The framework must not be obtruded on the attention of the hearer, for a man does not bare his skeleton that all the world may see it—he leaves that to the tortoise; but he can not exist without his bones, even if he keeps them out of sight.

Many years ago the late Dr. Lyman Abbott, himself one of the most delightful of speakers, wrote a letter of advice to a novice in speech-making. There is one passage in this letter which is as useful to the writer of a magazine-paper as it is to a stump-speaker. Dr. Abbott advised that any one intending to address an audience should take five successive steps:

> 1. What is the object of this speech? What end is it to serve? What verdict is it to win? What result is it to accomplish?
>
> 2. Central thought. What thought lodged in the mind of an auditor will be accomplish this result?
>
> 3. Analysis of this central thought into three or four propositions, the enforcement and illustration of which will serve to fasten in the minds of the hearers the central thought and so to secure the desired result.
>
> 4. Some illustrations or concrete statements of each one of these separate propositions.
>
> 5. These four points firmly fixt in the mind; then an endeavor to win assent from an individual.

Dr. Abbott's third and fourth points can best be done with pen in hand; and that is brief-making. I wish that Dr. Abbott and Mr. Ringwalt had drawn attention to the advantage a speaker or a writer often finds in following the example of the old-school preachers who began with "firstly," "secondly," "thirdly" and so on to "lastly." My own experience in public speaking has taught me that even if the men of old may have abused this method, it is not to be despised, for if an address is to take longer than five or ten minutes, the speaker is helped in holding the attention of his listeners if he says that there are three ways in which the subject can be considered, or that there are four points that he proposes to make; then if he lets his hearers know when he has finished with the first and is about to take up the second, they recognize that he knows where he is going and they can calculate his rate of progress. An audience is a strange creature; it assembles to listen; but it is glad to be assured as it listens that it won't have to listen too long. So it is sometimes advisable not only to find the three or four propositions that Dr. Abbott called for, but to enumerate them before elaborating each in its turn.

The scope of Mr. Ringwalt's book can best be shown by a selection from his chapter-headings. After defining the brief and declaring its value, Mr. Ringwalt explains the methods of gathering material and of taking and classifying notes; and these chapters are as useful to the writer as to the speaker. Next he considers the topic of the speech and its successive propositions, just as Dr. Abbott had done. Then, after a chapter on the audience to whom the speech is to be addrest, he deals with proof and with evidence. Finally, he analyzes the elements of a brief, with its introduction, its argument and its concluding appeal, supplying as an example of method a twenty-page brief for the affirmative on the assertion that "Congress may legislate under the Fourteenth Amendment to punish lynching."

What Mr. Ringwalt has to say in each of his successive chapters is practical; it is the result of his own experience as a teacher and as a lawyer; and it is to be recommended for study to all who may be moved to "improve the occasion," as the old phrase had it.

If Mr. Ringwalt's monitions were to be obeyed by those overabundant talkers who are always ready to get up and say something without having taken the trouble to find something to say, the average of after-dinner oratory would be enhanced and we should be spared the pain of having to listen to the rambling chatter of those easy-going speakers whose remarks are often half an hour "passing a given point"—and who not infrequently leave the point out. That man is lucky who has not had to suffer while a bumptious talker is talking at random in the vain hope of happening upon something that he wants to say.

A really successful speech, after dinner or at any other time, can come into being only when the speaker has something that he really wants to say, that he wants to say at that moment to that audience, and that this audience then wants to hear from him. The prosperity of a speech lies in the ears of those who hear it; and every speech must be adjusted to those who are to listen to it. An address may be excellent in purpose and in plan, but it will fail unless it hits the taste of the particular audience to which it is to be delivered. Mark Twain insisted that the famous speech which he made in Boston about Emerson and Longfellow and Holmes, and to which these worthies listened in chilly silence—Mark insisted that this was a good speech. In itself, it may have been; but it was a bad speech for that group of Bostonian listeners.

Perhaps the most important, as it is the most novel, of Mr. Ringwalt's chapters is that on the audience, in which he discusses the characteristics of an audience and dwells on the necessity of analyzing its constituent elements as to their interest in the subject, their knowledge of it, and their convictions about it. We can easily grant that an engineer who had prepared plans for an important undertaking might be called upon three times in one week to explain his plans, first to the board of directors of the company about to embark on the undertaking, second to the legislative committee which had to grant the necessary franchise, and thirdly to a convention of engineers interested in hearing about all the latest projects in their special field. And if this engineer had familiarized himself with the principles expounded in this chapter by Mr. Ringwalt, he would not deliver the same address to these three disparate assemblages; he would make three separate briefs, presenting his material in each ease in accord with his perception of the interest, the knowledge and the convictions of each of the three groups.

Two passages from this illuminating chapter of Mr. Ringwalt's will serve to show the commingled imagination and common sense with which he has pointed out the necessity of adjusting a speech to the special audience:

> Unlike most works of imagination, which are created to appeal to whom they may, the brief has a purpose; it is designed to convince, and to convince a definite audience. If a brief be submitted in a lawsuit which is decided contrary to the writer's contention, it is immaterial to say that it was a good piece of work, and another court would have adopted its view. The purpose of the brief was to convince that court. (P. 56.)

> The failure of much argument is due to the fact that the essential convictions (of the listeners) are derived not by analysis but by presumption. An argument exists, therefore it is stated. But when an engineer is confronted by an obstruction, he does not use any tool in his equipment. First, he makes a careful examination to determine the nature of the obstruction. If it be solid rock, he employs a steam-drill; if earth, a shovel. Yet on the same topic the convictions of one audience may differ as much from another as earth from rock. (P. 67.)

These two passages alone may serve to show why Mr. Ringwalt's book on "Brief Drawing" is of practical value to craftsmen as widely different as the essayist and the engineer.

From a Portrait by James Montgomery Flagg

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A Study of the New Henry Ford

By Edwin L. Shuman

ACCORDING to a recent interview in *Collier's Weekly*, Henry Ford "can not imagine" himself as "a candidate for anything"; but the same interview contains a platform of eight planks outlining some of the principles that he would try to act upon if he were President. Mr. Ford is keeping the politicians guessing, but meanwhile a well-defined Presidential "boom" on his behalf goes on growing in the West and South, a development which has led the Brooklyn *Eagle* to send a staff-correspondent to Detroit to write ten articles on the new American Sphinx. This correspondent finds most of the population of that region to be firmly of the opinion that Henry Ford, maker of automobiles and richest man in the world, is a candidate for the Presidency, and has been ever since 1916. Even in the self-denying interview in *Collier's* the manufacturer admits that if a war threatened and the nation "wanted some person who could do things and do them quick," he might be persuaded to go and live in the White House. And now comes a book in which he is quoted as making this startling statement, which may be taken as an elaboration of what he said in the *Collier's* article:

HENRY FORD (AT RIGHT) AND HIS BIOGRAPHER, ALLAN L. BENSON

> There is going to be another world war, anyway, and the United States should get into it at the beginning and clean them all up.

The book in question is Mr. Allan L. Benson's "The New Henry Ford,"[1] a book whose author—the Socialist nominee for the Presidency in 1916—recently spent a whole winter in daily contact with Henry Ford with the avowed purpose of getting at the real personality of the man. Mr. Benson's attitude is pretty much that of an amateur photographer toward some notable who has consented to let himself be "snapt"; he is friendly, but not to the extent of suppressing the defects of his subject. The militaristic utterance, above quoted—from the lips of the man who went in the famous peace-ship to stop the World War—is one of the blemishes which Mr. Benson puts into the picture. It will be found in the frank and penetrating chapter on "Ford and the Presidency."

Mr. Benson has succeeded in getting closer to Henry Ford than any one else who has written about him, and his portrait is the most complete we have yet had. His book seems to confirm the *Eagle* correspondent's suspicion of a Presidential bee by discovering a "new" Henry Ford, one whose ambitions are no longer typified even by his five-dollars-a-day minimum wage and his profit-sharing plan. To make his employees happy—and his cars good—is now not enough; he wants to make the nation and the world happier—by reducing disorder and waste. Says his biographer:

> Mr. Ford sees the world in great disorder, and his passion of passions is to set it right. A river that is rolling its way to the sea without working is to Mr Ford a river in disorder, and he longs to put it in order by making it work. He is positively pained at the spectacle of enough water-power going to waste to "run the United States," as he expresses it, including heating, cooking and lighting. He feels as might a good housewife if she were to see a neighbor wasting food, gas and coal while her hungry children were shivering in the darkness. . . . He would put the world to rights by harnessing its natural forces and cutting off its parasites.

After looking over the whole field of this man's activities, however, Mr Benson has come to the conclusion that future generations will honor Ford most, not because he acquired a billion dollars by paying better wages and selling good automobiles for less than any one else, not because of his ability as a business organizer, nor yet because he took the first great steps (at Muscle Shoals or on the Mississippi), to stop the waste of water-power; but because he revolutionized agriculture. Mr. Benson hazards the opinion that in another twenty years the farming methods we have always known "will seem as primitive as Daniel Boone—and all because of what Ford has done, is doing, and will do." He is inclined to accept at its face value Mr. Ford's declaration that a whole year's work on a farm should not take more than twenty-five days, and that the other three hundred and forty days, except Sundays, should be devoted to earning money in village industries. The tractor, of course, is to take the place of horses and furnish the power for all sorts of farm work, while the motor-car is to carry the farmer to his village factory. Mr. Ford actually runs a nine-thousand-acre farm on these lines, harvesting three thousand acres of wheat in four days, doing the plowing for the next year in five and a half days, and cleaning up the whole year's farm work in twenty-one days; but these facts will hardly convince the practical farmer that the millennium is at hand. It is interesting, nevertheless, to read Ford's plans for bringing it about—by abolishing all animals and all fences on Eastern farms, making synthetic milk, and otherwise doing away with the old drudgeries.

But it is not so much Henry Ford the dreamer as Henry Ford the business genius that one finds in Mr. Benson's pages. Ford's passion for machinery was already in evidence in his boyhood, when his father was trying to make a farmer of him, and when he spent all his spare time fixing clocks and watches for neighbors, far and near. He asked and got no pay—the fun of doing the work was pay enough—and he became so popular as a

---

[1] THE NEW HENRY FORD. By Allan L. Benson. Illustrated. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. $2.00.

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clock-mender that his father finally forbade him to go out nights to do free work, believing he needed that time to rest. Mr. Ford himself continues the story thus:

> I couldn't quit, so I used to go to my room at nine o'clock at night and wait until I thought my father had gone to sleep. Then I used to creep out of the house, go to the barn, saddle a horse, and ride away—sometimes many miles—to a place where I knew there was a watch or a clock to repair. Many a time I did not get home until three o'clock in the morning. Yes, I always worked on the farm the next day, just the same. The loss of sleep did not seem to hurt me any.

One night, so the story goes, a small bridge which the boy and horse, outward bound, had passed in safety, was washed away, and when they were returning, long after midnight, William Ford's best horse and eldest son tumbled into the stream and were in imminent danger of broken legs, if not of death by drowning, but Fate brought them through, wet but unhurt.

Mr. Benson defines young Ford as "a normal boy—plus; a normal boy to whom was added an entirely abnormal thirst for mechanical knowledge." The same passion moved him when, at the age of sixteen, he ran away to Detroit, took a job in a machine shop at $2.50 a week, rented a room for $3.50 a week, and made up the deficit by working four hours every evening for a jeweler at $2 a week. Money meant nothing to him then beyond its power to enable him to work out the ideas in his busy brain, and it means nothing more to him to-day, tho he has more of it than anybody ever had before in the history of the world. In his twentieth and twenty-first years, after he had built a steam-tractor that ran forty feet and stopt, he spent the whole of each winter toiling at white heat to perfect that horseless plow. It was the same after he married. One Sunday afternoon in 1889 he drew for Mrs. Ford—on the back of a sheet of music—his idea of a "mechanical buggy," and in the little workshop on his farm he soon afterward began to build his first automobile, tho the word "automobile" had not yet been made. As the gasoline engine had not yet been invented, he came up against inevitable failure, but cheerfully went to work as night-engineer for the Detroit Edison Company at $135 a month to accumulate capital for the next attempt. And after he got sight of a gasoline engine in a bottling plant he began spending his nights again—often till three or four in the morning—working on a "horseless buggy" to be run by the new power. After two years and a half on this new phase, Ford completed his first gasoline car in 1893.

> The car was finished at three o'clock in the morning. Mr. Ford at once took it out for a spin. He did not spin very far—just to the end of the street.
>
> I asked him if it was true that he could not turn around.
>
> He put on a very sheepish smile. "Yes, I could turn," he replied, "but I could not back up. I had to get out and lift the rear end around."
>
> But the car would run, and that was the main thing. . . . He had made a relatively high-speed gasoline engine that would drive a light buggy twenty-five or thirty miles an hour. But an automobile that could not be backed up had no commercial value.
>
> Ford took another two years to think, and in 1895 began a new car. . . .
>
> "The idea of human beings in a hurry always seemed a little absurd to me," he once remarked, "considering the fact that there is an eternity behind us and ahead of us. It was nearly twelve years from the time that I built my first car before I put one on the market."

When Ford's new gasoline car was tried out in 1898 it proved that it could be reversed and could travel. His father advised him to stick to his $135 job, but he decided it was time to cut loose and put all his time on his automobile. And after one false start he got the Ford Motor Company to going in 1901, and, at the mature age of thirty-eight, started the greatest financial success the world has ever known. Mr. Benson sketches this success in a few lightning strokes, thus:

> Miss V. R. Couzens, school teacher, sister of James Couzens, put in $100 and drew out $355,000. She would have put in $200 except for the fact that her father cautioned her not to risk more than half her savings.
>
> James Couzens put in $900 of actual cash and $1,500 in notes and drew out $39,500,000.
>
> Henry Ford put in himself and his car and is now the sole owner of industries that he told me he could capitalize and sell for a billion dollars.

Alex Y. Malcomson, whose funeral Mr. Ford attended while the present review was being written, furnished the first $7,000 of capital, and he and Ford together owned fifty-one per cent. of the $100,000 stock. But he soon became dissatisfied and sold out to Ford for $175,000, thus unwittingly throwing away a fortune of $250,000,000. The original list of stockholders is given in full by Mr. Benson, with the sums they sold out for, and a chapter on "Inside Ford Facts" reveals the figures of nineteen marvelous years that brought to the Ford Motor Company almost three billion dollars in cash. Up to January 1, 1922, this gold mine had produced in clear profits the amazing sum of $432,443,888.47.

How was it done? What is the magic secret that has made Henry Ford's income $8 a second, or $505 a minute, or $30,304 an hour for every eight-hour working day? Mr. Benson undertakes to answer these questions. For many months he had free access not only to Ford's factories but also to Ford's mental processes, and he sets forth the man's business methods as an essential part of his character. One secret of Ford's success, it appears, is his faith in high wages for his employees and in low prices for his product. This, however, is only a single item in the business philosophy which is analyzed in Mr. Benson's pages.

Mr. Ford's ingrained distrust of Wall Street furnishes the dramatic action in "The Year We Went Broke," a chapter telling how the manufacturer met the crisis of 1921, when he had only twenty millions with which to pay debts of fifty-eight millions, and when he fooled the bankers, who thought that at last he would have to come to them for a loan. He not only weathered the storm without borrowing, but also ended that year with a record-breaking profit of nearly seventy-six millions. It is an instance of what Mr. Benson means when he likens Ford's mind to a pair of ice-tongs, whose clutch is produced by and proportioned to the weight of the ice. The harder he is fought, the more determined he becomes. Thus Ford is still determined to get Muscle Shoals. Regarding his purchase of the Lincoln motor plant, Mr. Benson expresses the belief that he paid three millions more than the receiver's price because Mrs. Ford wanted him to rescue the Lelands—an interpretation by no means universally accepted. Of the peace-ship expedition in 1914 the author says:

> Ford sent the ship because some well-meaning women asked him to do so. They had faith but no money. Ford had more money, but not so much faith. So much was at stake that he was willing to take a chance. The whole trip cost him considerably less than a million dollars.
>
> "I thought," said Ford, "that if what I was asked to do should result only in shortening the war by a single day it would be worth a good deal more than it would cost. The war was killing 10,000 men a day. But I lost interest in the expedition before we were half-way across the ocean. I was told things by a man on the ship that so fitted in with things I already knew that I realized we were on a hopeless journey. I was convinced that the international banking group caused the war and that no others had power to end it. I believe this to-day more firmly than ever."

Ever since that expedition the name of Ford has buzzed around political conventions, and to-day its connection with the Presidency has become sufficient to cause Mr. Benson to add a chapter on that subject. He can hardly be called a Ford booster, for he finds a "mulish streak" in his hero's nature, and is far from indorsing all his ideas, notably those regarding the Jews and those on war; but he spikes the guns of the enemies who say Ford is ignorant or illiterate. Ford may declare that "history is bunk," or may make remarks such as "I don't like to read books; they muss up my mind"; but Mr. Benson finds in him a strong, original, creative mind, working largely through intuition like a woman's, and an increasing determination to turn his wealth to work upon some vast enterprise of national betterment.

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> The greatest problem before the human race is to break the mania to overeat. Any doctor will tell you that this mania is the source of nearly all the ills from which mortals suffer. Overfat and underfat are mere details in this larger question covered by my new psychology of eating.
>
> What I have tried to do is the Herculean job of curing that seemingly irrepressible urge to overeat by opposing to it a powerful mental counterlure; by proving physiologically that men and women can have *infinitely more pleasure* if they will eat wisely, *with the nose as well as the mouth.*

We have all heard of the man who breathes his soup instead of eating it, but this isn't Mr. Finck's idea at all. In his chapter, "Linked Pleasures Long-Drawn Out," he tells exactly what he does mean by using the nose in eating. In an earlier book he has already enlarged on the subject (Food and Flavor), but in this one he shows how closely it is joined to the necessity for eating less if you are not to continue overnourished, that is to say, overfat.

Taste is not the chief means for detecting flavor in food; it is, in fact, comparatively unimportant. Taste tells you the difference between salt and sweet, sour and bitter. All the other flavors are differentiated by the nose. Not in breathing in as when you detect fragrances, but in breathing out, while chewing the mouthful, chewing it slowly. Eat slowly, breathe out through the nose while eating, and you will eat half what you do now with greater pleasure than you have at present and with a marvelous effect upon your girth. That is the gist of that particular chapter. Of the enthusiasm with which Mr. Finck expresses this discovery of his, how delightfully he dilates upon the epicurean satisfactions coming to any one who will eat in this manner, we will but hint. The chapter must be read as it stands, in all its epic rapture. The subject is returned to many times in the book, since it is the root of the whole business, and the secret by means of which the first great step toward control of your girth will be assured.

It is generally conceded that most of us do eat too much, that we "dig our grave with our teeth." Mr. Finck says there are two dominant reasons for this. One is the fact that we bolt our food, and therefore eat twice or three times as much of it as we need, the other is that we eat too little food containing mineral salts or vitamins, and that in the effort of our body to get enough of these to sustain life we pack away a huge overweight of fattening foods. His book is practically devoted to curing these two evils, and he certainly makes out an excellent case for his argument.

But there is many a side-issue in the business of keeping fit—and keeping fit is the opposite of keeping fat—and these, too, are fully explained. There is the air-cure, for instance. Become, Mr. Finck urges, an oxygen glutton. Eat air, he tells you.

> Too lazy to breathe properly, that's what most fat people are. They use only a third of their lung capacity, or a quarter, or a tenth. Oxygen is all around them in unlimited quantities, free to inhale *ad libitum*, yet from sheer indolence and ignorance most persons starve themselves—take in only a minimum of this miracle worker. The ignorance of most mortals regarding things they do every minute of their lives is amazing and often lamentable.

First-rate advice as to how to breathe properly follows; and

(1) GIRTH CONTROL. By Henry T. Finck. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A FEW INFORMAL NOTES ON NEW

GOOD BOOKS

(Published in Late August and Early September)

We have more than our usual amount of enthusiasm (and that's saying a good deal) when we talk about the books on the Fall list, now numbering over 40 titles. Here space permits us to only mention the most recent ones and those chosen particularly for the readers of the Literary Digest International Book Review.

YOU doubtless know that **THEODORE DREISER** is now exclusively a Boni & Liveright author, and that all of his works, both past and present, will have our imprint. **"THE GENIUS,"** a new and complete edition unabridged from the original plates is waiting for you. In the opinion of many critics this story of an artist and his love life is **THEODORE DREISER'S** most important work.

An old friend of Dreiser's is a new friend of ours, for **THE NUPTIAL FLIGHT,** by **EDGAR LEE MASTERS,** is the first book by the distinguished author of Spoon River Anthology we have been privileged to publish. Others will follow. It is a novel of American life seen through three generations as reflected in the marriages and loves of an original pioneer family, its children and grandchildren. A continuous picture of our native civilization.

On the other hand, **HOLIDAY, WALDO FRANK'S** new novel, is one single day of Southern Drama. A day reflecting contentment—quiet village life—the beauty of understanding between a white girl and a negro youth—sudden suspicion, and finally the storm of accumulated tragedy.

STRENUOUS AMERICANS by **ROY F. DIBBLE** brings together a strange combination of bed fellows: Admiral Dewey, Jesse James, Mark Hanna, Frances Willard, P. T. Barnum, James J. Hill and Brigham Young, and yet, as Mr. Dibble explains: "They were all examples of American ideals of celebrity." *Really brilliant biography.*
(Publication date Sept. 14th)

What a contrast is **BEN HECHT,** the ultimate sophisticate whose jeweled words form innumerable patterns at his bidding. Now it is a mystery tale, **THE FLORENTINE DAGGER,** where with shivering, fascinated joy you will meet a nervous cavalier, the woman of the hidden eyes and Floria, the lady of the dagger,—the dagger that glistened against the moon—you will collide with the tantalizing corpse. Ye Gods! Ben Hecht has trodden ghostly roads.

If you survive **THE FLORENTINE DAGGER** we have a real wild west story with plenty of straight two-handed shooting, cowboys, bandits, and old time saloon gambling episodes, to say nothing of a lovely girl and a plot that includes every sort of adventure in little known portions of Arizona and New Mexico. **LEM ALLEN** is not only chuck full of life, but brimming over with laughter. **W. P. LAWSON** has created an original figure for the unconventional setting of the pioneer West.

Certainly one of the most delightful of our new books—one that causes repeated smiles if not chuckles of appreciation—is the brilliantly witty novel **THE SACRIFICIAL GOAT** by **ERNITA LASCELLES,** written around the character of one Moreby. The dialogue will suggest Shaw to so many International Book Review readers that we beg you not to ask us if Moreby is the great G. B. S. Perhaps he is, perhaps he is not. *(Publication date Sept. 14th)*

A PREFACE TO LIFE by **EDWIN JUSTUS MAYER**—a preface that is an afterword, an autobiography, which is a beginning. It is a "human document," not of sentimentality but of tough mental fibre, the story of a young man who, going to work at fifteen, offers at twenty-five a record of life ranging from Harlem to Hollywood and back to New York. It is even more eventful in the realm of personal heaven and hell that here become the origin of great creation. *(Publication date Sept. 14th)*

A MORE FORMAL GLIMPSE OF WHAT IS TO COME

The Story of the Bible — Hendrik W. Van Loon

Author of the Story of Mankind

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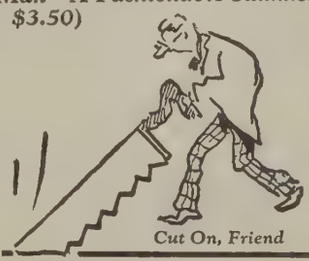
The Color of a Great City — Theodore Dreiser

Here are 38 poetic studies of the New York that flourished between 1900 and 1914 illuminated by 38 interpretive drawings by C. B. Falls, the distinguished illustrator. A few of the chapter titles will suggest the charm, music and madness of this great human panoramic study. *When the Sails are Furled—The Sandwich Man—A Fashionable Summer Resort—The Love Affairs of Little Italy, etc., etc.* *(Publication date Sept. 15th. $3.50)*

DON JUAN — Ludwig Lewisohn

Here the author of **UP STREAM** has written a novel that is impassioned and moving. This Don Juan risks and loses a perfectly good reputation between Washington Square and 59th Street, N.Y., for something he discovers to be peculiarly in his keeping—the honor of his heart. Family and friends want to save him. He wants to save himself: hence the difficulties.
(Publication date Oct. 5th. $2.00)



Cut On, Friend

HAUNCH, PAUNCH & JOWL

is the story of an immigrant boy who rose from gangster to be the judge of a high court. Though an autobiography, it has all the thrills of a screen melodrama. Here is a man's unveiling, as vivid and cruel as ofttimes life itself.
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not only reduction in weight is promised, but better health therewith. Lungs thoroughly exercised will burn up extra fat in you, but they will vivify every organ of the body besides. To help you breathe thoroughly and to augment your well-being and assist in your growing slimness Mr. Finck recommends outdoor exercise, especially walking and swimming. He admits that there aren't many swimming-holes left along Broadway, and that it may be inconvenient for many to manage the swimming, but there is no such excuse for walking. Walk you can and walk you should, and walk briskly and perspiringly.

Mr. Finck has one chapter headed "Eat Anything You Like." But don't be too happy over this. For he says almost at once that "it happens, unfortunately, that what fat persons like most are the specially fattening foods." However, he does not forbid these foods; he merely asks you to eat sparingly of them. "You may eat anything you like, provided you eat wisely and not too much of certain things." And he quotes Dr. Kellogg, of Battle Creek fame, in saying that "digestion and nutrition are best when at least a small quantity of fat is taken with your daily food." Further along he tells us: "It is positively wicked to forbid milk and cheese, with their fabulous wealth of food salts, especially lime; . . . for the same reason potatoes, cereals and raisins should not be avoided."

The point to be remembered is that you ought not to eat more than eight ounces a day of these foods, nor more than one ounce of actual fat, such as butter, bacon or olive oil. You can count on losing fifteen pounds a month if you adhere to that rule. If you feel hungry because you are not eating as much of fat or sweet or starchy foods as you have been accustomed to eating, eat twice or three times the amount of fruit and vegetables and salads you have been taking in. And there you are!

There is one other and most important consideration, and that is the state of the alimentary canal. You must have roughage. A large part of the book is given over to this subject, and one who reads Mr. Finck carefully will be imprest by the soundness of his findings and the extreme good sense of his recommendations in the matter. He has personal experience to draw from, as well as observation, both his own and that of experts on the health of the body. One of the valuable things in his book, by the way, is the frequency with which he quotes from authorities and the freedom with which he gives the titles and the publishers of other books on health feeding and reducing. The chapter, "Bran and Blueberries," takes up this question minutely. Read it alone, and you would get an amount of information that might cure most of the bodily ills that plague you.

Mr. Finck is continually exploding errors as he pursues his lively way. Many think that lemon and orange and grapefruit juice produce acid stomach; on the contrary, these juices are transformed into alkalies as soon as they reach the stomach, and are the best possible antidote to acidosis. *Only*, don't eat them with sugar! Then the notion that fruit is bad to eat at night—all wrong. Fruit is good any time, and your health will be tremendously improved as soon as you learn to eat much more of it than you do now—*only*, be sure it is thoroughly ripe and not over-ripe.

Sleep, again. Fat people should get their full share of sleep, Mr. Finck tells us. It is the same with those who are too thin. But emphasis is placed on the fact that being either too fat or too thin is an abnormal condition and that the same general rules apply to both faults. Those who are too thin can merely indulge with greater freedom in the fat-producing foods. The rest of the régime is identical.

It is to be hoped that the American public *in toto* will learn by heart Mr. Finck's chapter, "Your Worst Enemy—Sugar." That is one of the many really great chapters in the book.

One could go on quoting from and remarking upon pretty much every page of the volume, but the point really is to get people to see that it is a book they must not be without. It has so much sound advice and information on the business of keeping well, quite aside from whether or not you require to reduce your weight or to add to it, that it assumes the place of a household necessity. Mr. Finck is thoroughly up to date in his knowledge. Most of us are fearfully careless of our health. The sense of hygiene is rudimentary with almost all. The essentials for good health—and perfect weight is included in that condition—are simple, but imperative. Most of them lie in your own power; indeed, unless you practise them no doctor can really do you much good. A book like this puts them all clearly before you, with their reasons for being important. You may not care to eat the breakfasts Mr. Finck advises, but he does not insist on that. With the information he gives you as to foods and their works, you can make your own menus; he urges you to do so, in fact. He tells you plainly that if you allow fat to grow upon you you are cutting your life short by twenty years, and he makes it clear that will-power is all you need to alter your state.

The book is absorbing reading, it is written with the snap and charm that inhere to all of Mr. Finck's writing; one can truly say that there isn't a dull page in it. The recipes given in one of the appendices for the delicious cooking of a number of vegetable dishes will be highly approved by any connoisseur of good eating. And the very complete index adds effectively to the immediate availability of the volume's contents. There have been plenty of books on fat and food, but among them all this one shines with a peculiar excellence; it makes no assaults upon the general health in teaching you how to reduce weight; on the contrary, it helps your physical condition—and it asks no impossible asceticism. It tells you how to enjoy eating more than you have done yet; it insists that you should eat plenty, but choose wisely. It is the work of an enthusiast, certainly, but that does not prevent it from being eminently sensible and thoroughly well-balanced.

Impressions of a Juryman

AFTER eighteen years' experience on New York juries, Robert Stewart Sutliffe has written "Impressions of an Average Juryman," embodying his observations of many hundreds of men with whom he has served. The average intelligence in the jury room, he states frankly, is not as high as it would be if jury service were not shirked by "the better educated and better fitted class who are unwilling to make the sacrifices involved in this great and necessary civic duty." He defines the average jury as "A lot of men picked from the poll-lists, who have not enough political pull to get off, or who are out of a job and want to pick up three dollars a day." Nevertheless, he finds that, on the whole, juries weigh the evidence intelligently and bring in fair verdicts, and the 114 pages of his book, touching all phases of the subject, furnish many shrewd or amusing illustrations to that effect.

Mr. Sutliffe shows how quickly the average jury penetrates bluff or insincerity, whether in lawyers or in witnesses. Two young women who fainted repeatedly in the witness stand did not get the verdict which their clever acting was expected to produce. The witness who tries anything artificial is only fooling himself. The lawyer who invariably asks the witness, in cross-examination, "Have you talked with any one about this case?" is wasting his ammunition. The jury understands the insincerity of the question, says the author, and if the witness is at all honest in his manner, no matter how confused he may be, he will get a fair deal. The author's chief indictment is against the dirty, unventilated and uncomfortable retiring-rooms in which the city or the State compels jurymen to do their work. "The greatest brain in the world," he says, "would fail to function 100 per cent. if it were confined to some of our courtrooms a few days and then subjected to the smoke cure of a retiring-room, with twelve men smoking everything from a jimmy pipe to a bad cigaret, and the door and window closed." There is sound sense and keen observation in this little book. The author is Treasurer and Historian of the Seventy-first Regiment, New York National Guard.

IMPRESSIONS OF AN AVERAGE JURYMAN. By Robert Stewart Sutliffe. Published by Herbert H. Foster, New York.

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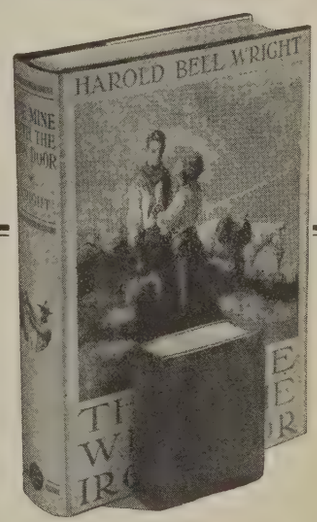


This illustration shows the comparative sizes of the first book issued by the House of Appleton—*Crumbs from the Master's Table*—of which only a few thousands were sold and a modern novel—*The Mine with the Iron Door*—the sales of which probably will pass the million mark.

D. Appleton & Company will be glad to send, without charge, a booklet containing the history of the House of Appleton with portraits of authors and numerous other illustrations.

New Books for Boys and Girls

THERE is not much pleasure to be had in reading or in writing about poorly written, pointless books. But when one book after another proves to reach a high mark of excellence and interest the pleasure in announcing the good news is great.

"The Book of the Stars for Young People," by William Tyler Olcott,(1) lives up to its lofty title. It is an engrossing book, a beautifully written book, and one which has within it an alluring supply of ancient and mythological legends closely affiliated with star-history. On the title-page is a brief quotation from Carlyle: "Why did no one teach me the constellations when I was a child?" It is difficult not to offer a quite belated sympathy to Carlyle. As it is, I can not refrain from thinking that perhaps some of Carlyle's bitterness came because, as a child, he was not only kept in ignorance of the constellations, but did not have a book such as this to read.

Mr. Olcott has made his book very comprehensive. In addition to the folk-lore and legends which had their birth in the stars, there are descriptions of the stars, suggestions as to when to see them best, and where to look for them, with facts regarding their shapes, brightness and size. There are clear diagrams as well as copies of many famous pictures, and the book is written with skilful clarity, so that the one least wise in the ways of the stars may read and enjoy it. Its easy narrative runs on in this manner:

> When you go out of doors on a clear night, when the moon is not shining, you see the sky dotted with gleaming points of light. . . . Some are as brilliant as the brightest jewels, while others are so dim and faint we can scarcely see them. They are scattered all over the sky like little pin-pricks in a great black curtain through which we see the gleam of a beautiful land of golden light beyond.

Can you stay indoors on a starry night after that—or this?

> Many of you, I feel sure, have watched the clouds in the summer time as they drifted slowly across the blue sky, for all the world like huge white birds or boats. Borne along by the gentle breezes, they lazily sailed along, and as you gazed at them you saw their edges form to your fancy quaint and curious faces and figures and animals, strange and well-known, and possibly you saw in the changing folds of the fleecy clouds the towers, and domes, and minarets of mighty cities.
>
> It is not remarkable, therefore, that the shepherds of old, peering upward, should have traced star-pictures on the wonderful curtain of the night and that they should fancy that they saw huge giants and monsters in the starry skies. Presently they began to make up tales concerning the stars and in time each star and group of stars had an interesting story for them.

THEY ALL MET TOGETHER, FROM TIME TO TIME, AROUND THE CAMP FIRE

From "When the Camp Fire Burns," by John Hubert Cornyn (Little, Brown)

And don't you want to recognize the Pleiades after this description?

> The charm and witchery of these twinkling timorous stars have come down to us through the ages, and even in this later day, when men seldom raise their eyes to behold the beauty that the night skies reveal, the Pleiades fascinate and delight all who behold them.

There is always the thrill of potential discovery in star-gazing, for some parts of the sky are "famous as marking the place where many brilliant new stars have appeared. . . . Perhaps you, too, will win fame as the discoverer of a Nova. Who knows?" A remarkable book, of infinite value and great fascination.

"When the Camp Fire Burns," by John Hubert Cornyn,(2) is vastly superior to its title. A camp fire's charms are many, but so much has been written about camp fires and around camp fires that the title means absolutely nothing. It might be any kind of a book. But the minute you begin the book and hear of the story-telling group, the French half-breed, the Indian chief, Iagoo the great Indian story-teller and the Indian doctor, gathered about the wigwam fire in the Canadian woods, who told their tales to the few white people listening, your interest becomes keen. At once you are introduced to Glooskap, who smokes his pipe and sends Indian summer and a warm haze over the valley. You see him put on his white doeskin moccasins.

> Ornamented were they with the colored quills of the porcupine, and on them were wrought the secret symbols that work great magic. When he wore these magic moccasins he could outrun the winds; could cross great rivers without fording them; could leap from mountain peak to mountain peak. Far to the Northland journeyed Glooskap, by the fiery light streaming forth from the magic tepee of the Maker-of-light.

So it is he who controls the winds, and, for all his smoking and his pipe, he is kept rushingly active attending to the most important business of the alternate arrival of summer and winter. Here, too, is to be found the explanation of why the animals do not talk, and why the dog comes nearer to understanding man than any of the others. There lurks, I think, in all of us, something of a craving at times for a life more primitive and less

(*Continued on page 52*)

(1) THE BOOK OF THE STARS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By William Tyler Olcott. Illustrated. 396 pages. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.00.

(2) WHEN THE CAMP FIRE BURNS. By John Hubert Cornyn. Illustrated by George Varian. 223 pages. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

Lincoln as His Partner Knew Him

(*Continued from page 35*)

Nancy Hanks controversy is insignificant—even contemptible. Why all this pother? No ancestry can dim—or brighten—the august splendor of Abraham Lincoln.

Mr. Weik tells what was in the campaign note-book that Lincoln carried in the Douglas debate, and prints in facsimile two pages of it; and another fascinating facsimile is that of a page of Lincoln's self-made arithmetic. The best account that has yet appeared of Lincoln's marriage is the narrative of that event in this entertaining volume. It is curious that Lincoln did not ask his father or step-mother to the wedding, tho they lived at no great distance; nor does it appear that his parents ever visited him in Springfield after he was married.

Mr. Weik gives specific instances of Lincoln's marital difficulties, and the authority for each of them. Indeed, he quotes the exact statements that witnesses made to him personally. It is this care in giving the source of his information that makes this unhappy narrative so impressive. One finds it hard to doubt such clear-cut and positive statements of observers who had no motive for misrepresentation, no axe of any kind to grind.

Much new and interesting material as to Lincoln the lawyer is given; and again Mr. Weik is careful to state his authority, doing a great deal of quoting. However, this part of the book is less complete than could be wished. The two valuable books on this phase of Lincoln's career, one by Mr. Frederick Trevor Hill and one by Mr. John F. Richards, are more comprehensive. Indeed, Mr. Richards's book, "Lincoln, the Lawyer-Statesman," gives a complete list of all the cases of record in which Lincoln's name appears as attorney or of counsel. But Mr. Weik's narrative contains intimate and personal facts about Lincoln as a practitioner not to be found elsewhere; and these are indispensable to an understanding of Lincoln. In this respect Mr. Weik's book is invaluable to those who wish to know the man as he appeared to his associates at the bar—how he acted, how he talked, what clothes he wore, what food he ate, his manners, amusements, habits and the like.

Lincoln's loathing for small talk; his desire for polite "society," yet his awe of it; his well-known melancholy—these are, of course, set forth. The bitter gloom of the man won the sympathy of most who beheld it, altho one could wish that Lincoln had kept to himself his black despair. During his Springfield career, his abysmal sadness, his curious and prolonged fits of unhappiness, were purely personal, it appears. This is not so astonishing; but it is, perhaps, a little strange that so reticent a man should have made public show of his misery.

We are relieved to find that Mr. Weik's book is not another "interpretation," except as facts interpret that astounding and contradictory character. We have had more than enough of "interpretations"—more than enough of "psychological" biography and history. Such analyses of human beings are sheer guess-work. Let us have the facts and nothing but the facts—they are the real interpreters of character and conduct, the only genuine spokesmen of truth. And it is facts that Mr. Weik gives us, albeit many of those facts are not attractive to those who demand the impossible and unveracious. In short, here is a source-book on Lincoln, and, as such, a book to be welcomed.

Some criticism might be ventured as to the arrangement of the narrative. The facts are not well regimented and made to march in unbroken procession. This, of course, is a matter of artistry, not substance. Also, the index is inadequate. But, after all, these defects do not materially detract from the historical worth of the data presented.

It will be interesting to observe how the public receives this unusual volume. It may be important to know whether the stupefying spell has lifted from the American mind, a spell which for many years made us intolerant of any truth that seemed inconsistent with what we were taught to believe were beautiful "ideals," no matter if those so-called ideals were largely artificial and woven by a holier-than-thou imagination.

THE BOOKS YOUR FRIENDS ARE -:- READING -:- -:-

Have you noticed how many of them are McBride publications? Here are a few recent novels that will appeal to them and to you.

NOW READY

¶ The Eagle's Shadow

By James Branch Cabell

She said "damn"—did Margaret; said it twice in fact, and wasn't a bit ashamed of herself. That was in the year 1904, when young Mr. James Branch Cabell's first novel appeared. Immediately a storm arose: nineteen letters were written to—and published in—The New York *Times*, protesting against Mr. Cabell's foul slander upon American womanhood.

In this revised edition of Mr. Cabell's first novel the fair Margaret still says "damn"—and does other things less reprehensible but very amusing. The book is a charming trifle, with, however, more than a hint of the wit and urbanity and the ironic humor of Cabell's later books.

With an introduction by Edwin Bjorkman, and an "appendix about morals," containing the famous letters of protest. $2 net. Postage extra.

¶ Barnabé and His Whale

By René Thévenin

Translated from the French by Ben Ray Redman

What is one to say of a book in which the principal characters are a vagabond, a professor of paleontology, a beautiful seamstress in distress, a baby hippopotamus, a band of villainous apaches, and sundry other curious creatures—never forgetting the whale? We do not pretend to be able to describe it, and there is no other book to which it can be compared. But here, for those who appreciate the most delicate burlesque (and for no others) is—why, in fact, Barnabe and His Whale. $2 net. Postage extra.

Apparently Elmer Davis' rollicking yarn of Mark O'Rell and his attempt to recapture the spirit of old times is going to continue to grow in popularity throughout the fall. It's now in its fourth large printing and will soon go to press again. One reason for its popularity is that it is a splendid book to read aloud: Another is that even if you can't read it to your friends, you are certain to recommend it to them.

Times Have Changed

By Elmer Davis

$2.00

READY SHORTLY

The novel on which is based Norma Talmadge's famous screen-drama

¶ Ashes of Vengeance

By H. B. Somerville

A glowing romance of the old days in France, of the age-old feud between the houses of Vrieac and La Roche, and of how, out of bondage, came a great love.

Ashes of Vengeance is a tale that will take you out of the present into a more spacious day, when men loved and hated fiercely and life was ever dangerous but ever zestful. It is a book filled with romantic adventures in the best tradition, and with a love-story which will ensnare your own emotions.

As a screen drama—one of the most elaborate ever filmed—it has already thrilled and delighted thousands of spectators. Here, in its original form, as a novel, it will enthrall every one who responds to the books of Sabatini, Farnol and the masters of romance of the past. $2 net. Postage extra.

Ask your bookseller to tell you of the Ashes of Vengeance prize contest.

Our fall list contains new books by James Branch Cabell, Robert Nathan, Norman Douglas, Hilaire Belloc, Burton Rascoe, Maurice Level, Isabel Ostrander and many others. Send for a copy of our fall announcement.

Robert M. McBride & Company

Publishers 7 West 16th St. New York

New Books for Boys and Girls

(*Continued from page 50*)

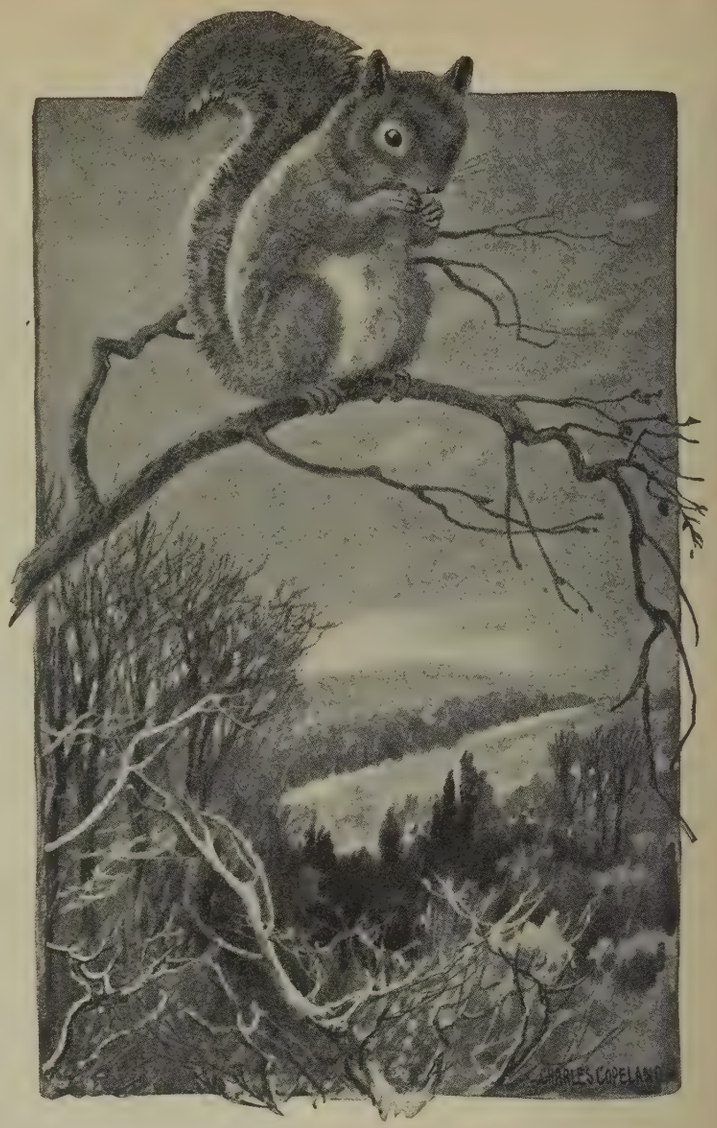
conventionalized. So it is, perhaps, that a book of Indian tales meets a rather silent tho keenly responsive chord in each of its readers—particularly when the tales are told, as these are, with the spirit and the magic of the great woods behind them.

"The Way of the Wild," by Clarence Hawkes,(3) is a collection of animal stories, all of which are accurate and true. It makes them the more interesting. I am reminded of a keeper in the New York Zoological Gardens who protested vigorously against nature-faking in children's stories. "It is so unnecessary," he said. "Not a writer could make up things more interesting than animals do." Here are stories of humor, such as "The Crow Convention" and "What Puzzled the Robins," and simple episodes of dramatic consequence to the birds or animals. There is the muskrat, among those who take precautions against the hard winter. He makes a house of roots and plants and builds it in larger proportions than his summer needs require, but when winter comes he eats his spare rooms and by springtime he has barely more than a one-room cottage left. The author writes enthusiastically about his animal-people and makes them all worth knowing.

"Sandy Oorang," an Airedale dog, has been permitted to tell his own story, tho Horace Lytle(4) translates it into our language for us. Sandy's life was too interesting for him to have kept it to himself. He is to be congratulated both on his powers as a story-teller and on his choice of a translator. There are other stories in the book, entertainingly told, but Sandy is the best of all.

"Ten Minutes by the Clock, and Three Other Children's Plays for Outdoor and Indoor Production," by Alice C. D. Riley,(5) are gay and sprightly, tho Louise Ayres Garnett's "Three to Make Ready" are more perfectly rounded.

"Captain Pluck," by Isla May Mullins,(6) is the story of a boy whose parents, at his birth, prayed that he might become a preacher, and whose own prayers were answered at the conclusion of the story. It is a book which would make a good Sunday-school prize. Children never read the books they receive as Sunday-school prizes.



I DISCOVERED ANOTHER RED SQUIRREL

From "The Way of the Wild," by Clarence Hawkes. (Jacobs & Co.)

Four serials now running in the *St. Nicholas Magazine* are to be published this autumn by the Century Company. "The Last Parrakeet," by George Inness Hartley, is the story of a hunt by two boys for a rare species of Carolina parrakeet. While searching they meet alligators, egrets, bears and panthers, and, as may be gathered, adventures. "A Continental Dollar," by Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe, is a vividly written story of the time of General Washington. "Tranquillity House," by Augusta Huiell Seaman, is just beginning to get under way serially. Mrs. Seaman is one of the few successful writers of girls' stories; she understands girls, a quite obviously essential requirement. "Nid and Nod," by Ralph Henry Barbour, is a boys' story, but it was a young girl who happened to be discussing it with me the other day, and who told me it was her favorite. "I can hardly wait for the magazine to come, and I am so happy when it does — and then have a dreadful time waiting for another whole month to pass," was what she replied when I asked her why it was she liked it best. All these stories move swiftly and are well written.

On the whole, the children's book-news this time is very good.

MARY GRAHAM BONNER.

RIVAL MONARCHS OF MOOSE LAKES

From "Sandy Oorang and Other Stories," by Horace Lytle. (R. F. Fenno & Co.)

(3) THE WAY OF THE WILD. By Clarence Hawkes. With an Introduction by Ernest Thompson Seton. Illustrated by Charles Copeland. 280 pages. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.

(4) SANDY OORANG. By Horace Lytle. Illustrated. 257 pages. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.75.

(5) TEN MINUTES BY THE CLOCK, AND THREE OTHER PLAYS FOR OUTDOOR AND INDOOR PRODUCTION. By Alice C D. Riley. With an Introduction and General Notes on Production by Cora Mel Patten. 216 pages. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50

(6) CAPTAIN PLUCK. By Isla May Mullins. 235 pages. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

The Novelist Who Never Wrote a Potboiler

(*Continued from page 37*)

particularly interesting, because it suggests a difference between American and British contemporary literature.

Truth lies partly in the sense of proportion. A reason why Galsworthy is one of the leaders of modern literature is because he has above everything else the sense of balance. He has been called a radical and a socialist, but he is neither; he has no more faith in political parties than in the church. He particularly dislikes the Reactionary because of the complacency that so often accompanies that attitude. But, altho he has repeatedly attacked the patrician element in social and political life, his success as an artist is owing largely to the fact that he is himself so thoroughly patrician. He has in his blood centuries of good breeding, and his formal education was precisely that of the English gentleman. Now add to the high-bred Englishman's love of moderation and reserve the creative impulse, and you get the right combination to interpret life. "The Forsyte Saga" in the field of the novel, "Strife" and "The Pigeon" in the field of drama, are particularly characteristic of Galsworthy. There we taste what he wants us to taste in all his works, his particular "flavor."

There is the same difference between Wells and Galsworthy that separates Wells from a writer I know, who said to me, "Wells dislikes humanity, but thinks it can be improved; I love humanity, but think it is unimprovable." I suppose he meant that the average man will go on lying, cursing, drinking, drabbing, but he is lovable for all that.

Galsworthy endeavors to root two things out of his mind: prejudice and dogma. He is nearer his ideal than most writers, but has never attained. The only novelist who was apparently completely devoid of this mental furniture was Turgenev, and he was unique in that as in so many other ways. That Galsworthy is prejudiced against the priesthood is clear enough in "Saint's Progress," and is unconsciously revealed in a curious sentence to be found in the defensive preface to "The Dark Flower": "Moralists, preachers, judges, business men, are all essential advocates of the status quo." How long is it since Galsworthy went to church? If there is one thing of which Christianity and its soldiers are not advocates, it is the status quo. The status quo is irreconcilable with Christian teaching. If ministers are advocates of the status quo, why should they preach?

So much for prejudice. Now for dogma. In the preface to "Five Tales," he writes: "In spring, in early autumn, too, who does not feel himself haunted, looking upon sky and fields, rocks, trees, and moorlands—haunted by the Spirit of Nature, tho he knows there is no such thing, and that what he is haunted by is, in truth, some emanation of his own longings?" How does he *know* there is no such thing? There can be no knowledge without verification.

Still, Galsworthy is freer from prejudice and dogma than most novelists. Indeed, it is curious that with such burning, passionate sympathy for the poor, for the downtrodden, and for all victims of social and legal injustice, a sympathy quite as warm as that of Dickens, he should contrive to retain so fine a poise. It is once more largely owing to his English birth and education; it is the residuum of Harrow and Oxford, the unmistakable mark of the patrician. Furthermore, in Galsworthy, emotional is matched with intellectual power. This double endowment was his; he learned the technique of the novel and the drama by hard work.

To-day he stands by common consent in the front row of living novelists and dramatists; he has never written a potboiler; he is a free man and in the plenitude of his powers. It is possible that in the future he will produce something that will carry his fame to an even higher altitude. Whatever he chooses to write will be worth the world's attention. For he is a student of life, clear-sighted, sympathetic, honest. And his temperament has just that tang of "suitable irony" which gives to his books a saline preservative.

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When Business is at Odds with Matrimony

By Louise Maunsell Field

THE modern business woman, efficient, energetic, independent and self-supporting, is an individual whom many of our more or less popular novelists would seem, in the familiar phrase, to view with alarm. "This Freedom" purported to reveal the direful effects of a mother's professional preoccupations upon her youthful progeny; the point of view of "Bread,"(1) is somewhat different.

CHARLES G. NORRIS

Briefly stated, these would seem to be Mr. Norris's two principal arguments: First, that only fear of starvation can be safely relied upon to hold a woman securely within the bonds of matrimony; if she has supported herself once, and knows that she is capable of supporting herself again, she will not work hard enough to make her marriage a success—which, to judge from the illustration Mr. Norris gives us in the case of Martin and Jeannette, would seem to imply a willingness to make all the sacrifices and endure all the discomforts. Aware that she can if necessary feed, clothe and house herself by her own efforts, a woman becomes critical; moreover, "her mind is distorted by having known what it means to be financially her own mistress." The author's second argument is that there isn't much for women in business anyway, since at the best they are never anything like as well paid as men are, and prettiness has more to do with getting and keeping a job than the ability to do the work. "The more faded a woman becomes, the less she is wanted around an office."

All of which Mr. Norris illustrates, or perhaps it would be more nearly accurate to say, professes to illustrate, by the life-history of Jeannette Sturgis. When we first meet her she is a girl of about eighteen, living with her younger sister and her widowed mother, a hard-working, underpaid little music teacher, in a flat in the West Nineties. Capable, energetic, ambitious and very handsome, Jeannette presently tires of living on her mother and her mother's meager earnings, and insists upon going to work. After a course in a business school she gets a place in a publishing house. A love affair intervenes, but presently she goes to work in another publishing house, becoming its president's private secretary. Then she meets Martin Devlin, handsome, good-humored, persistent and persuasive. He falls in love with her, and tho she is reluctant to give up her job, she is very much in love with him, and eventually they are married.

Martin Devlin is apparently intended to be a fair specimen of the average man; he has the qualities which make for easy popularity, but he is selfish and self-centered, inconsiderate, narrow-minded, unintelligent, dogmatic, weak, untruthful and unreliable. Jeannette, naturally thrifty, and with the wage-earning woman's appreciation of the value of money, struggles to get and to keep out of debt; but Martin is a spendthrift and a gambler. He makes promises, and breaks them. In the effort to pay off what they owe, she makes sacrifices "cleaning, cooking, washing dishes, denying herself clothes and even trips to the city to see her mother," only to learn that Martin has lied to her, broken his promise to give up a certain expensive pleasure, and later, that he has lost so much at poker that he is unable to pay more than a portion of the rent. Then, after various other things have happened, Jeannette's old job is offered her again; thereupon Martin "forced her then and there to choose between the job and himself." She chooses the job, and many readers will feel that she thereby showed excellent sense.

Up to this point the novel is convincing, and the characters and situations well developed. Jeannette herself is likable and human; her hard-working little mother wins one's affections, and it is a pleasure to read of her naïve delight in the "good times" Jeannette was presently able to give her. Martin and his very commonplace friends, the "bunch" at Cohasset Beach Jeannette thought so cheap, the offices in which she worked—all these are pictured with photographic accuracy. Slow in movement, with a superabundance of detail, the book nevertheless succeeds in holding the reader's interest fairly well. Following closely the fortunes of one character, it escapes the scrappiness of "Brass," and it is also better written. If Mr. Norris's style still lacks distinction, it has at any rate greatly improved. Moreover, he has been wise enough to remain strictly within the limits of the class he understands and can portray.

But with the opening of the third of the three "Books" into which the novel is divided, deterioration sets in. Now the time has come when Mr. Norris attempts to demonstrate that Jeannette is all wrong, has been wrong from the beginning. And in this attempt verisimilitude and probability go by the board, while the author's hand is continually in evidence, manipulating characters and events. Martin's success, social and financial, is altogether unconvincing; so is Jeannette's behavior. And tho it is possible that an executive who within a few years had doubled the profits of an important department could not command more than $50 a week, solely because of her sex, it seems doubtful. And in spite of the very trite contrast drawn at the end between the dinner at Martin's house, well cooked and served by a white-capped maid, and Jeannette's return to her "walk-up," poor food and the companionship of the cat, one still feels that she was better off than she could ever have been as the wife of such an unspeakable cad as Martin Devlin proved himself by that last despicable act which even he felt it necessary to excuse, tho the only excuse he could find was that it had enabled him to obtain what he wanted. But the values of the book are almost all material.

Contrasted with Jeannette is gentle Alice, her sister, who married

(1) BREAD. By Charles G. Norris. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

a weakling, had five children and a long, sordid struggle, but at the last was much envied by the business woman. It is Alice's daughter Etta who toward the end gives Jeannette a chance to voice her conclusions. Etta cries. "I want to make my own way in the world, and not be obliged to stick around home until a man with enough money comes along and asks me to marry! . . . There's no reason why I shouldn't help out at home." To which Jeannette, or rather the author, responds that financial independence is a dangerous thing, and that "waiting within the shelter of her own home for the man she'll some day come to love and who will love her is the best and wisest course for a girl to follow."

This view-point is still further elaborated later on; Jeannette declares that "the country is being deprived of homes and children because of this great invasion of women into business," tho she concedes that when they are over thirty, women might be allowed employment in certain restricted lines. But she never suggests that wealthy parents should disown their daughters after marriage in order to make them financially dependent on their husbands, nor does she ever seem to perceive that the marriage which holds fast only, or principally, because it is the wife's sole means of keeping a roof over her head is a pretty sordid affair.

This book, intended as a protest against women in business, is in truth an arraignment of men in general, at which many women, women who have had self-sacrificing fathers, devoted husbands or loyal sons, will feel inclined to protest, and to protest bitterly. Practically to declare that a man must depend mainly on his wife's financial need to prevent her from leaving him is being decidedly severe on the man.

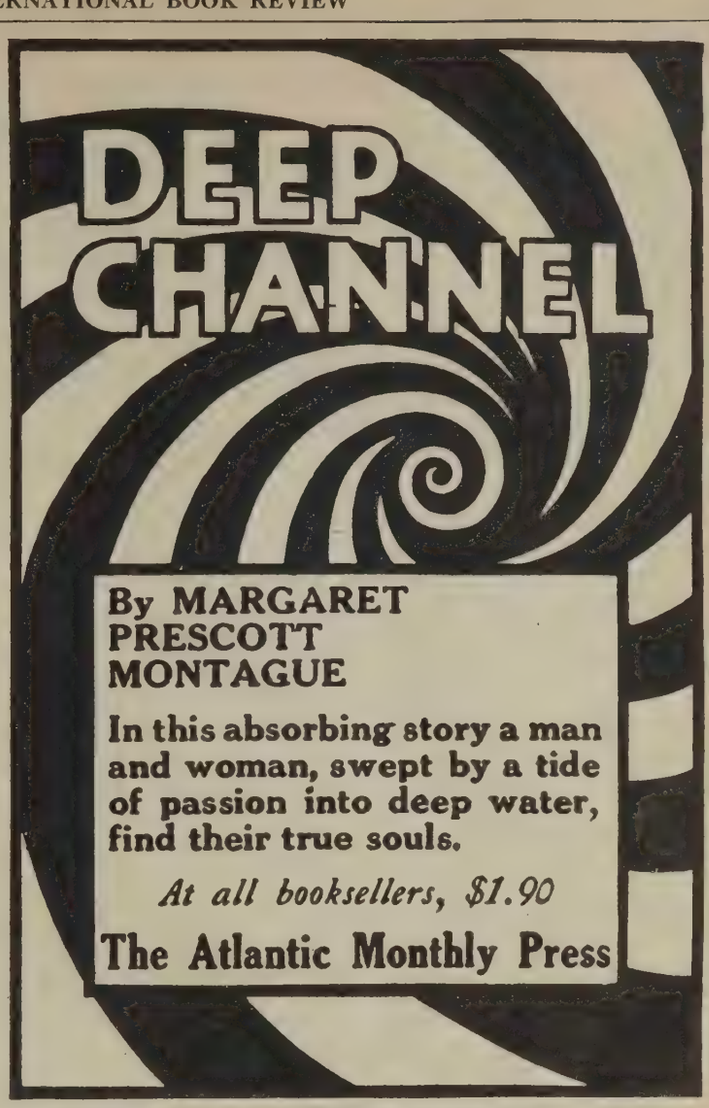
Martin was fifth-rate; it was his selfishness that wrecked his marriage, not the fact that Jeannette was capable of self-support; his broken promises were what prevented the birth of the child, to prepare properly for whose coming Jeannette was willing to sacrifice so much. Incontestably, the fact that she has money of her own, or can earn enough for herself, has made many a woman less inclined to snatch at the first chance of matrimony offered, enabled many a woman to free herself from an obnoxious tie. But what sort of a marriage is it—and that there are many such marriages no one can deny—which is to the wife merely, or in fact to any extent, a means of earning her "Bread"?

The Phrase-Maker's Art

PHRASE-MAKING is the life-blood of literary artistry. Professor Carew, realizing that this important subject has never received adequate attention in our country, has prepared a text-book on "The Art of Phrasing in English Composition," which should be useful alike to the high-school student and to the general public.

His method is to give a systematic grouping to phrases and turns of expression met with in current literature, and to analyze these and formulate a few simple rules from them, by means of which the student can master the most vivid phrase-forms and achieve variety in modes of expression. Thus there are chapters on Noun Phrases, Adjective Phrases, Verb Phrases, with all their varieties and with an abundance of good examples. Especially happy is the manner in which Mr. Carew has brought out the added power that lies in a skilful use of the abstract noun with a preposition, instead of the common adjectival form; e. g., "swayed by caprice" instead of "capricious," or "athrob with life" instead of "alive." Composition exercises have been inserted to meet class-room requirements. Even a cursory reading of the book will enrich the vocabulary of any serious student of literary expression.

THE ART OF PHRASING IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION. By Paul T. Carew, Ph.D., LL.D., Associate Professor of English Literature, Fordham University. Boston: The Stratford Co. $1.90.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V. The House of Appleton

IN HIS "Fifty Years Among Authors, Books and Publishers"—that ponderous volume of publishing recollections brought out nearly forty years ago—J. C. Derby said that the firm of D. Appleton & Co. "stands without a rival in America and probably in the world, in the variety and entirety of its publications."

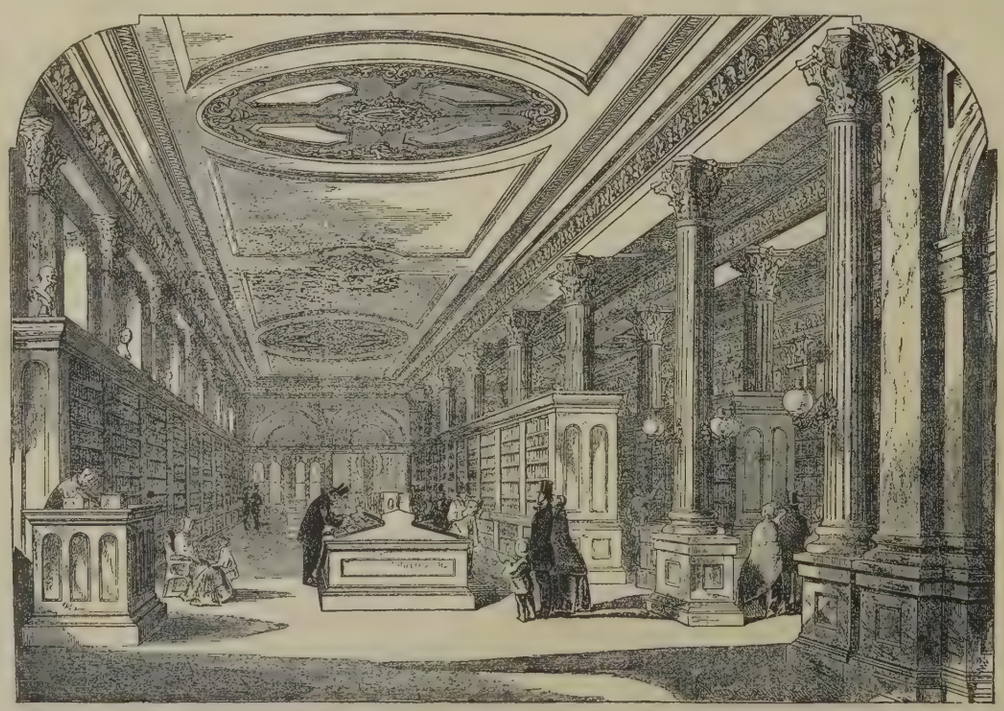
There is no doubt that the Appletons have long enjoyed a front-rank prestige in the publishing business, not only because of the volume of their output, but because of the quality and timeliness of their publications. An Appleton book—if we view it in the light of its predecessors—enjoys an *a priori* distinction. There is behind it a tradition of editorial judgment which has ripened on such conspicuous triumphs as General Sherman's Memoirs; the Autobiography of William H. Seward, Secretary of State in Lincoln's Cabinet; Disraeli's novel, "Lothair," and—"David Harum." The publication of the last-named book was, by the way, one of those fortunate ventures that sometimes meet with unexpected rewards. When Edward N. Westcott (how many people could recall offhand the author's name?) submitted his manuscript to the Appletons he was on the verge of despair. The pages were worn and thumb-marked: the book had been rejected by practically every other publisher. But the Appletons were quick to perceive its remarkable qualities, and after the author had made some changes and eliminations which were suggested, it was decided to publish the novel. Westcott, however, had been seriously ill, and he died before his book made its appearance. The success of "David Harum" was sensational, and led to the sale of more than a million copies.

Daniel Appleton began his career as a dry-goods merchant. His association with publishing was, in the beginning, purely incidental, in that he established a book-department in his general store after he had removed to New York from Boston in 1825. Under the supervision of his young son, William H. Appleton, the book-business was confined at first to the importation of books from England. So ably did young Appleton do his job that before long this department overshadowed the rest of the business, and Mr. Appleton senior decided to discontinue the dry-goods and devote the energies of the firm to the sale of books. The business was removed to Beekman Street, and in 1831 the first Appleton book was published.

It was a modest little volume, no larger than a pocket prayer-book, called "Crumbs from the Master's Table," but in its well timed appeal to the religious spirit of the period it quickly took hold. Encouraged by this first success, another little book, "Gospel Seeds," was printed; and in 1832, the year during which the Asiatic cholera raged so fearfully throughout the country, a third book, "The Refuge in Time of Plague and Pestilence," made its appearance. This was also a religious tract, treating of spiritual rather than physical affliction, and tho at first its title may have misled some, it succeeded nevertheless, and enjoyed an enormous sale.

The few publishing houses which existed in this country in the early part of the last century all found themselves confronted with the distressing problem of securing authors whom the public would read. As far as American authors were concerned, the task was well-nigh hopeless. There were not enough good ones to go around. The alternative to dwindling into unimportance, or to going out of business altogether, lay in the foreign market. Daniel Appleton recognized this, and he entrusted his son with the delicate and responsible job of boarding the British literary lions. Young William Appleton, at the mature age of twenty-one, embarked for London. There he met Byron, Thackeray, Tom Moore, and others whose books he made arrangements to import, besides buying up, on his own responsibility, an entire edition of a very expensive work called "The Book of Beauty," which subsequently was sold at a good profit in America. The results of this trip, in fact, tided the firm over a dubious period and placed it in a position to expand its activities with the fruitful years which followed.

There is scarcely any large publishing house of worth which has not a strong list of educational text-books. Good text-books are a lucrative enterprise, for their market in the schools and colleges is a large and definite one, and their sale, when once established, far outlasts that of the average work of fiction. Early in their history the Appletons made a brilliant essay into this field with Webster's Spelling Book. This book, which may be said to have been instrumental in making the United States the most literate of nations, sold, for many years, more than a million copies a year. The total sale is said to have been in excess of 40,000,000 copies.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE PRINCIPAL SALESROOM OF D. APPLETON & CO.'S BOOKSTORE, 346 AND 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, A HALF A CENTURY AGO

In various ways the Appletons have shown a genius for sensing the public's needs and tastes. They were highly successful with their religious publications at a time when religious sentiment ruled men's thoughts and emotions. And then, when science forced a controversy on the hitherto accepted teachings of religion, the house of Appleton was among the first to make the work of the great scientists accessible to the public.

It was largely through the efforts of Professor E. L. Youmans, the scientist, that D. Appleton & Co. succeeded in capturing the works of such great pioneers of thought as Charles Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Thomas Huxley, John Tyndall, W. E. H. Lecky and many of their contemporaries. Professor Youmans made many trips abroad to arrange with these men for the publication of their writings in America, and it was he who later conceived the idea of the International Scientific Library, which, under the Appleton imprint, contained the best work of practically every important scientific thinker of the day.

During the period of reconstruction following the Civil War the Appletons applied their activities to procuring the reminiscences of the great men who had participated, one way or another, in the struggle. They published William H. Seward's Autobiography, and another book of his, "Travels Around the World," which netted its author more than $50,000 in royalties, and which, according to J. C. Derby, "is believed to have had a larger sale than any other travel-book ever published." Then Jefferson Davis's "History of the Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" was published; also Admiral Porter's Reminiscences. But the most notable achievement of that day was the publication of General Sherman's Memoirs, which, because of its author's prominence, was secured only after vigorous competition.

George Bancroft's "History of the United States from the Earliest Times to the Formation of the Constitution" was the forerunner of several historical works of primary importance which were brought out by the Appletons. There was Lecky's famous "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," and his histories of rationalism and of European morals; Baron de Meneval's "Memoirs of Napoleon," and Buckle's "History of Civilization in England." Then, in 1881, came the publication of the first volume of John Bach McMaster's "A History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War," a work that eventually comprised eight volumes and took thirty-two years to complete. It has since been numbered among the great historical writings of all time.

The pioneering enterprise of the Appletons led them into the field of medical text-books. They published Sir William Osler's "Principles and Practice of Medicine," and the "Diseases of Infancy and Childhood," by the well-known authority, Dr. L. Emmett Holt. This latter volume was followed by Dr. Holt's little manual for mothers, "The Care and Feeding of Children."

In more recent times the Appleton list has included some of the most popular novelists in England and America. There are, for instance, Robert W. Chambers, Joseph C. Lincoln, David Graham Phillips, Edith Wharton, Josephine Daskam Bacon, Emerson Hough, Zona Gale, George Moore, Hall Caine, E. Temple Thurston, and J. C. Snaith, not to mention that most stupendous of best sellers, Harold Bell Wright.

The Appleton business is divided into six departments, each complete in itself, and ranging from a spelling book to a cyclopedia. These departments are: Educational, Medical, Spanish, Subscription, Music, and General Trade.

Probably the most notable Appleton publications during the War Period were Brand Whitlock's "Belgium," "The Memoirs of the Empress Eugénie," and J. C. Snaith's novel, "The Undefeated." Edith Wharton's "The Age of Innocence" and Zona Gale's "Miss Lulu Bett" both won Pulitzer Prizes the same year—the former as fiction and the latter as a play. And now, as a matter of particular interest, the Appletons announce that the novel which Brand Whitlock began in the summer of 1914, and which was interrupted by the outbreak of the war, has at last been completed and will be published in the fall under the title of "J. Hardin & Son."

The Hawthornden Prize, which is awarded annually in England to that book which is considered to be the most important of the year in imaginative literature, has been awarded to David Garnett's "Lady into Fox," published here by Knopf.

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In This Month's Fiction Library

The Late Mattia Pascal

"IL FU MATTIA PASCAL," published in Italian in 1904, and translated into French and German, caused Pirandello to be known in Europe as a great novelist as well as a great dramatist. Only now translated into English by Arthur Livingston, it will undoubtedly add greatly to the author's fame in America. Tho written nearly twenty years ago, it is considered representative of what "new Italy" is doing to-day in literature, and places Pirandello with the younger generation.

As for plot, there is one which sounds absurd when recounted in bare details, but, as Pirandello points out in his new preface, life is absurd. He adds, "Life, despite its brazen absurdities, little and big, has the invaluable privilege of dispensing with that idiotic verisimilitude to which Art believes itself in duty bound to defer." Yet this story of a man who dies twice and yet lives, told in a vivacious style that never appears quite serious, seems to be truth, for the underlying idea is true, just as Mattia Pascal seems a real person, for he feels, thinks and acts according to the ways of human beings.

The desire to lead a completely new life, cut off from our present one, comes to many of us, and to Mattia Pascal comes the opportunity of doing so, when to the world who knew him Mattia Pascal dies. "Freedom! Liberty!" he cries as he becomes Adriano Meis. His soul soars; he considers himself a lucky dog. He is a new man, free of an unfortunate marriage, of past poverty, of disagreeable relatives; and any difficulties are "little inconveniences incident to good fortune." He invents a reasonable and not easily disproved past and parentage; he changes his looks as much as possible to begin with, and at the same time he says to himself: "One thing I'll be mighty careful of. I'll make certain to preserve this freedom of mine above all else. I'll seek out paths that are ever level and new, and never shall my liberty become sodden with troubles."

But from the first small cloud, when he can not buy a dog because of the difficulties of taking out a license and paying a tax, "Freedom" begins to shrink about him. He travels over Italy, but always alone, keeping to himself. Having no papers to prove identity, he can not get employment. So he goes to Rome, where he is unknown, and settles down to a quiet existence, making a new circle of acquaintances—but a circle small because of fear. Constantly on guard, restless, he leads a circumscribed life. He does not, however, realize to the full the prison he lives in, bound to his other self, until he loves and is loved, yet knows he is not free. Adriano Meis can not go on living, deprived of the privileges and joys of a free man; he who was Mattia Pascal must still be Mattia Pascal. He does not spend much time in philosophizing, but there is much human philosophy in the pages of his story. And he pauses between two existences to say: "What a crazy notion! The idea of supposing I could ever live apart from my original personality! . . . 'Freedom! Freedom!' So I had said—thinking of it as a liberation from all that had been! Freedom! Bah!"

Yet Adriano Meis, too, has lived—we can not escape from any part of our existence. There is a subtle contrast between the two existences, and especially between the two loves. The Romilda whom he had, and the Adriana whom he came near to having—there is some comment here the author does not make, but leaves for the reader to feel.

Tho the story is local, and the characters and situations strongly Italian, the theme is universal. The characters are analyzed with keen psychology, yet there is a laugh with every thrust, a laugh not at but with humanity; an understanding of the desires and almost hopeless struggles of men and women. The gaiety of the style is the gaiety of one who sees below the surface of things, and feels the world's sadness, yet smiles brightly, tho perhaps a little bitterly. Pirandello has been called a pessimist and he has been called a humorist, but he is both and more—he is an observer with a cynical intellect and a gentle, kindly heart.

ELIZABETH STEAD TABER.

THE LATE MATTIA PASCAL. By Luigi Pirandello. Translated by Arthur Livingston. 321 pages. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Seven for a Secret

MARY WEBB'S "Seven for a Secret" is simple enough, the story of a man's love for a woman who does not know till too late that she loves him in return, and of the results of this discovery in herself. And simple is its setting in the wild, dark moors that lie between "the dimpled land of England and the gaunt purple heights of Wales—half in Faery and half out of it." But the book is a beautiful book, with a noble beauty, a high quality. For Mrs. Webb feels the fineness and greatness of human life. To her the forces that sway men and women, bending them toward good or evil, the call that leads one man to the sacrifice and another to destruction, the impulses of passion, of curiosity, of adventure, are things to wonder at and to approach with awe.

The book is dominated by the clean strength and courage, the generous soul and simple but understanding spirit of Robert Rideout, the young cowman-shepherd of Dysgwlfas Farm. Mrs. Webb has done a difficult thing in the making of this young man, with his poet's heart, his essential loneliness of spirit, his superb devotion to the woman he loves, his deep-set sense of humor and delightful attraction. She has shown him handsome and yet kept him a man, a thing not often achieved by a woman; she has made him noble and avoided the faintest hint of priggishness, a thing still rarer. She has had an equal success with Gillian, the girl Robert loves, for, tho we are clearly shown all her littleness, we feel her fascination, her love of life, her essential wholesomeness and purity. Gillian is adorable, and the more so because she is so faulty, so unreasonable, so keen to grasp all that life can offer, even to force the offer when it proves reluctant. It is the love between these two that makes the warp of the story. No easy love. Robert is unconscious of it till long after it has filled his heart. As for Gillian, she wants naught of love and marriage. She is set toward great achievements. She has a voice, golden and delicious, and with this she intends to subdue the world.

It was to Robert alone that she confided her desires, if not her actual plans. And Robert listened, doubted, but said nothing. Or he told her one of his poems, made as he strode the moors or sat in his cottage of an evening.

> I took my little harp in hand,
> I wandered up and down the land,
> Up and down a many years.
> But howsoever far I'd roam,
> I couldna find the smiles and tears
> Of whome.
> And every quiet evenfall
> I'd hear a call,
> Like creatures crying in their pain,
> Come whome again!

Fortunately Mrs. Webb has given many of these exquisite songs of Robert's—many of them made to Gillian, but not told to her. For Gillian, caught by that life of which she demanded so much, wanders far from Robert and his singing.

Mrs. Webb shows how Gillian, blinded by self and the desire to get rather than to give, fails to see the deep-flowing stream of Robert's love and is fascinated by the common allure of Ralph's lustful passion for her. Ralph has come fresh to the country, and comes rich and good-looking, to buy the old inn and set up there with his two servants, a strange broken little maid called Ruth, who is dumb, and a sardonic old man, Fringal, a creature whose evil soul seems to show through his bent body. There is a mystery about the three of them, and Gillian is too sensitive not to feel the menace they exhale, but Ralph's headlong love-making sets her afire and hurries her the more because of the unguessed love in her heart for Robert. So Robert stands by and sees the woman he loves married to the wrong man, believing she loves that man. For she has told him so, and that was the second step in her understanding of what love is. For she saw in Robert's face that should she say that Ralph had made her stay unwillingly that night at the inn, Robert would kill him—and then Robert would have to die. From this point the book takes a more tragic way, tho it is not a tragedy.

Up to the very last chapter the book maintains its level, and even, in one scene between Robert and Gillian, rises above it. But that last chapter is in the nature of a makeshift, and you read it almost with a gasp of astonishment. In it Mrs. Webb suddenly drops her book with a gesture of what looks like petulance. She ends it before the end has come, hurriedly and carelessly. The evil-doers are packed off in one direction and the good herded in another. Loose ends are gathered and twisted into an untidy knot. Bad as this chapter is, it has its flashes of poetry, because Mrs. Webb can not entirely withhold beauty from anything she does. But it is an unforgivable bit in a book of so great a sincerity and so overpowering a conviction that one has the right to expect it to touch perfection at the close.

My advice is to leave that last chapter unread—all, at any rate, save the final paragraph. And to give good and hearty thanks for a book that plunges you into the deep, clear waters of life, and that reveals, if not the secret that can never be told, at least the beauty that shrouds that secret and the mystery in which it moves.

H. H.

Seven for a Secret. By Mary Webb. New York: George H. Doran Co

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Kai-Lung's Golden Hours

HILAIRE BELLOC, in his preface to "Kai-Lung's Golden Hours," speaks with a heartfelt enthusiasm of the joy yielded by perfection, of the delight in the "finished thing." He adds: "Unconstructed writing is at once worthless and ephemeral: and nearly the whole of our modern English writing is unconstructed." In the earlier book by Ernest Bramah, to give the author his pen-name, this end was reached, and it is again reached in the new book, written some twenty years later. Here too we find a particular effect of humor by the use of a foreign convention, the Chinese convention, in the English tongue, a certain effect of philosophy, and at the same time a certain completed interest of fiction, of a short epic. The books are two parts of one tale, tho the two stories they tell are quite different and do not depend upon each other. But both have the same magic, the same atmosphere and the same romance. Both too are written in a style so golden and harmonious that it seems a pity Chinese and English are not more frequently welded together, the marriage turning out so felicitously in this case. Turn anywhere and you find such passages as the following.

> So far Kiau-Sun had sung only of things that men knew dimly through a web of time, but the melody of his voice and the valors of the deeds he told had held their minds. Now he began skilfully to intertwine among the narration scenes and doings that were near to all—of the coming of Spring across the mountains that surround the capital; sunrise on the great lagoon, with the splash of oars and the cormorants in flight; the Festival of Boats and of Lanterns, their daily task, and the reward each saw beyond. Finally he spoke quite definitely of the homes awaiting their return, the mulberry tree about the gate, the fire then burning on the hearth, the pictures on the walls, the ancestral tablets, and the voices calling each.

There is a distinct pleasure in reading such a passage, and of such passages the book is made. They do not halt the narrative, which flows strong and splendid, like a river in spring, presenting an endless succession of figures and incidents, each clearly drawn and filled with vitality. Kai-Lung is a youth of the most engaging, while the exquisite Golden Mouse, whom he loves, and who helps him through a series of deadly perils by her wit and her good counsel, is a person whom to know is to love.

The tale is written in the form of the Arabian Nights. That is to say, Kai-Lung, caught and held by his enemy, the implacable and despicable Ming-Shu, contrives day by day to put off the fatal consummation by the telling of stories, stories that are not only full of wonder and enchantment, but of a shrewd and telling wisdom and a keen insight into the motives and inspirations of the human heart. Kai-Lung is a wanderer, a teller of tales to the people, who in the pursuit of his harmless calling falls prisoner to the evil Ming, but not before the Golden Mouse has had time to see him and to love him. He of course loves her, but it is a long while before they tell each other of their mutual passion.

The enjoyment of the book, however, does not depend upon the story it tells, or rather the many stories. It is in the effect of enchantment it gives, and which never wavers. You are constantly chuckling at the apt hits, the neat retorts, the sly yet kindly pricks to human weaknesses and vanities, and you are also completely mastered by the spell of the book. It leads you surely and securely into the life it presents, and keeps you there, all the more certainly because the problems and the ideals are the same, after all, as those you know in the environment that is your own.

Mr. Belloc tells us that he has not only given the first of the Kai-Lung books, "The Wallet of Kai-Lung," to many different friends, but that he has himself read the volume more often than he can remember. It is a book that, he says, one incorporates into oneself, rather than reads.

There will probably be many who do not care for Kai-Lung and his adventures, and to whom the delightful humor and fantasy in which these are swathed will not be apparent. This must necessarily be so with any work of art so individual and original as the book Bramah has written. This very fact will witness on the other side, however. Those who love it will also be numerous, and they will love it mightily. There are not likely to be half measures in the matter. Neither of the two factions will have patience the one with the other on the subject. But those who do love it can afford to be generous. For them there is so great a delight in the book, so delicious an enjoyment of its peculiar charm, that they can pity those who can not find these things. All I expect to do is to indicate to those who will find in it an equal interest that the book awaits them and that it will repay them in far greater measure than I am by any means able to express.

H. H.

Kai-Lung's Golden Hours. By Ernest Bramah. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Mr. Podd

MR. FREEMAN TILDEN has the right idea. The reformers and the faddists should be marooned on an uninhabited island and left there to inflict their theories and schemes upon each other. In Mr. Tilden's novel, "Mr. Podd," however, the passengers on Mr. Podd's ship, *The Future*, had no desire to be marooned on a tropical or any other island. What they wanted to do was to tour the world and help Mr. Podd spread the gospel of the International Commonwealth and the Brotherhood of the Nations. But Mr. Tilden willed it otherwise, and in fiction the author's will is law. A mutiny on the high seas was the means of placing the passengers where, for the purposes of the story, it was necessary that they should be.

The little group thus suddenly thrown upon its own resources consisted of fourteen persons. Besides Mr. Podd, the leader of

the expedition, there were a dozen assorted reformers, including a walking delegate of a carpenters' union, a physician who was a food faddist, a clergyman whose views were so broad that no one religion could contain them, a free-verse poetess, a lady who had views on the bringing up of children and who had brought her little boy along as a sample, a girl who was no better than she should be but who was willing to help make the world a better place to live in, a half-witted young man—and Julius Pickbill. No novel is complete without a beautiful heroine, and that explains the presence of Mr. Podd's daughter, Willa. Then there was Mr. Neale, the leader's secretary, and Mr. Waddick, an anti-Poddist of the most virulent type, who had been inadvertently shanghaied into joining the party. The fourteenth member of the island community was Captain Rumble, master of *The Future*, who had been left behind because his mutinous crew feared that he might be a disturbing influence on board ship.

Having thus set his stage and selected his cast, Mr. Tilden proceeds to unfold his farce-comedy. It is decided from the very beginning that the island shall be a true commonwealth, a model in miniature of that ideal state in which Mr. Podd hopes one day to see the whole world included. All property is to be held in common, and each one is to do his or her share of the work. So much for theory. In practise it is Julius Pickbill who does the work, with some assistance from Mr. Waddick and the captain, but none from any of the reformers. There are difficulties, too, about the common property. There are complications enough of various sorts to provide plenty of comedy, and there is a very satisfactory little love story. "Mr. Podd" is neither a great satire nor a great novel, but it is a very entertaining yarn.

Mr. Podd. By Freeman Tilden. 288 pages. New York: The Macmillan Co.

A Group of Light Novels

HAROLD BRIGHOUSE rightly calls "The Wrong Shadow" an amusing comedy, and the comedy is largely concerned with Mr. Bassett's conscience and Miss Evelow's indecision. It seems a pity to lessen the story's charm by telling more than that. There is, however, besides the delightfully humorous Mr. Bassett and the attractive lady, another excellently drawn character who should be mentioned, one Mr. Herbert Wyler. These have in common, besides a sense of humor, the patent-medicine business; and that business is responsible for the shadow, whose adroit recurrence, accentuated by Mr. Bassett's conscience, is the best thing in the book. The principal defect of the story is its undue length, produced by a rather cumbersome amount of philosophizing between speeches; this seems oftener to retard the action than to explain the motives under Mr. Bassett's consideration. The writing, however, is good throughout. At times the conversations are most apt and entertaining. There is practically no description in the book. One seldom sees so complete a lack of it. It would be restful occasionally to get away from the perpetual dialog and obtain a clearer idea of where all this talking is taking place.

"I—I—I—" is the unfortunate keynote of "The Débutante." A conceited and supercilious ego is the heroine's, restless and bored, but for all that sufficiently amused to continue the "butterfly" life she leads. One constantly has to remind oneself that inadequate views and immature pondering are to be expected from a débutante. However, one can speak with enthusiasm of her ideals, even tho these shade toward sentimentality at times. And the war broadens the débutante considerably. It does not make her democratic or less conventional, but it heightens her earnestness and makes her think less shallowly. She no longer promises every attractive man she meets that she will marry him, just to amuse herself and cheer him up. The book is chiefly taken up with various flirtations, which all end depressingly for the man involved. The débutante, having managed all interviews with a view to the ultimate proposal, retreats quickly, and innocently explains that she had no idea she was being taken seriously. This grows tiresome for the reader when even the war fails to improve the débutante very much in that respect. The best one can

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say of the book is that it presents a true picture of that sort of girl, and that her diary has a likable freshness and spontaneity.

"The Return of Frank Clamart" is a detective story which has the distinction of presenting a new, untried plot. This is something of an achievement. Many are the dope addicts whom we have tracked through previous fiction, but never before have we been faced with a drug syndicate having a supply-base on a seacoast and an excellent airplane service. Frank Clamart, a reformed criminal, returns to cope with this drug ring; and one wishes that Shane Emmett, the newspaper cartoonist, could be kept in the background while Clamart is at work. The author seems to have made a mistake in letting this secondary figure carry the plot as much as the hero. The writing also is not above the average. In spite of these defects, however, the scenes succeed in leaving an impression, and the interest and excitement are well sustained.

There is a hectic, artificial excitement about Arthur Stringer's "The Gun Runner" which leaves one dissatisfied. Some of this dissatisfaction, perhaps, might have been spared to the reader if the characters had been more fully rounded out before the plot sweeps them off to the frantic wireless operations in mid-ocean. It may have been necessary to make the captain so unwilling to cooperate and the hero so slow to see the drift of the plot, but at least this has a trying effect on the reader's patience. The plot itself does not convince. The thing that saves the story is the courage of the wireless operator and his companion. These work against almost insurmountable obstacles, and nothing daunts them. Unfortunately, like the rest of the story, they fail to make the reader believe quite fully in their reality.

The Wrong Shadow. By Harold Brighouse. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

The Débutante. By Edna Walker Malcoskey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Return of Frank Clamart. By Henry C. Rowland. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Gun Runner. By Arthur Stringer. Frontispiece by W. B. King. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Lady into Fox

SUPPOSE you went out walking with your wife, and right before your eyes she turned into a small red fox. In real life you would have to notify the officials of Bronx Park, or try conscious suggestion, or call in the medical authorities. It is a vulpine predicament devoutly not to be wished. Yet this sort of thing is likely to happen at any time, not in real life, but in a fable wrought in the shape and accent of life, and yet requiring a willing suspension of disbelief. In a fable the characters accept supernaturalism with the utmost seriousness, and rarely call in either the medical authorities or the marines.

In Mr. David Garnett's exquisite "Lady into Fox" Mr. Tebrick is out walking near his vicarage with his young wife. Suddenly she turns into a small red fox; but she preserves for a long time the emotions rather than the appearance of her very human self. Mr. Tebrick shoots his two dogs, dismisses the servants, and settles down to a curious partnership with his fox. For a number of weeks he treats her as if she were his wife. He reads to her from "Clarissa Harlowe" (calculated to weary even a fox), plays the "Song without Words" on the pianoforte, serves her delicate food. Alas! The metamorphosis grows upon the wife; and she becomes a true fox. She eats a rabbit raw, digs holes and hides, runs off to the woods and returns with a litter which Mr. Tebrick, good soul, brings up with the most scrupulous solicitude. At last she is hunted to his arms by dogs and men, and there killed.

Mr Garnett has achieved a miracle of distinction. The grotesque pitfalls and obvious absurdities of his fable he has escaped by some infallible instinct of style and content. He admits the supernaturalism of his story, makes no effort to rouse vulgar thrills, writes in the grave and beautiful prose of the eighteenth century. In the whole course of his narrative he makes not one blunder, not a single mischance. He has written a little masterpiece of perfect art, for which ordinary praise seems almost an impertinence, so exemplary is this curious and distinguished fable.

Lady into Fox. By David Garnett. 97 pages. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

The Island God Forgot

ALL the thrills that the most ardent movie fan could possibly desire are to be found between the covers of "The Island God Forgot." There is a hunt for hidden treasure, a storm at sea, mutiny, the marooning of five persons on an uncharted island where they live like the Swiss Family Robinson, only not quite so harmoniously; a raid by Malay pirates, another storm with a daring aviator battling for his life, the rescue of a beautiful maiden from a fate worse than death, and a wedding-bell finish. No need to write a scenario. It's all in the book. All that is necessary is to assemble the cast, charter a schooner and find a tropical island. The story will film itself. As for the cast, there is a lovely dual rôle for the star, and for the rest of the company there are some fine character parts, including a Yankee skipper, a villainous Irish second mate, a cabin boy, a mysterious passenger and a bold adventuress.

The Island God Forgot. By Charles B. Stilson and Charles Beahan. 319 pages. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Dust of Desire

THE theme of Margaret Peterson's novel is set forth in the concluding paragraph, where the author says:

"For you can not tarnish Love. Pure gold it comes from God; pure gold it must go back—tho often in its journeyings through life men strive to maim and smirch it. And to those who really love, Love's presence shines through all their days as a thread of gold will shine through dull glass beads."

The scene of the story is in Africa, and the characters are members of a little colony of English officials and planters, a beautiful dancing girl from Lahore, a group of Indian conspirators and native Africans. Maureen Simpson is the wife of an English physician whom she has ceased to love. He has made the mistake of taking her love for granted and of leaving her too much to herself while he seeks the companionship of other men. Gerald Kenyon sees Maureen and is attracted by her as he has been by so many others, but this time it is not the passing fancy of an idle moment. It is something bigger and deeper than he has ever felt before. She, too, is drawn to him in spite of herself.

While this little drama is being enacted, the Indian conspirators, aided by their ally, the dancing girl, are busily engaged in fomenting a native uprising to rid the country of the hated white people. This comes at a time when the affairs of Kenyon and Mrs. Simpson are at a crisis, and when it is over, their problems are solved in a manner that neither of them could possibly have foreseen. Whether a man who has lived as Gerald Kenyon did could ever be worthy of the love of a good woman like Maureen Simpson is a question which the reader will have to decide for himself.

Dust of Desire. By Margaret Peterson. 312 pages. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

The Miracle

IT IS a tale of a small parish on the West coast of Ireland that E. Temple Thurston tells in "The Miracle," a parish of simple fisher-folk and farmers who still cling to the old belief that there is an unseen world of fairies who sometimes intervene in the affairs of men. These invisible beings are spoken of as They. It is They who are responsible when the crops fail, when the milk turns sour overnight, or when sickness comes without any apparent cause. And when Mary Kirwan disappears a few weeks

before she is to be married to Joe Fennel, the fisherman, it is They who have taken her. Her father believes it, perhaps her mother too, tho no one can know what is going on in her mind. She is a silent woman whose eyes see more than her tongue will tell. Joe Fennel believes it and knows in his heart that it is useless to search for Mary, but he searches just the same. When he finds her lying unconscious and utterly exhausted after her long wandering in the hills, he believes that she has been restored to him by a miracle. And Mary lets him and the others keep their belief, for to tell the truth would bring disgrace not only upon herself but upon another.

But They do not willingly give back those who have once been in Their power, and those who do come back are never quite the same as they were before. Mary is shunned by all except her husband. He is as superstitious as any of them, but his love for Mary is greater than his fear. And so the tale moves on to its inevitable, tragic ending.

The story is told quite simply and with only a few characters. Around these the author has woven a tale of love and sin and expiation, of fear and hate and superstition, a story so well constructed that it would be difficult to subtract a word from it without marring the effect.

THE MIRACLE. By E. Temple Thurston. 338 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Three Black Bags

MARION POLK ANGELOTTI'S "Three Black Bags" is a mystery story in which the author plays fair with the reader. All the cards are on the table. The clues are there for any one to see, and yet the mystery remains a mystery until the very end. It is a war story, or, to be precise, a story of the American Army of Occupation in Germany, and the time is immediately after the Armistice. Six persons enter the same compartment of a train about to leave Paris for Trèves. Three of these persons carry black bags, all exactly alike. Before the train starts, the owner of one of these bags is arrested for traveling on papers which do not belong to him. A few hours later one of the other occupants of the compartment is murdered. The compartment is in darkness at the time, and no one has seen the blow struck, but it is obvious that one of the four remaining travelers must be the murderer. Three of these are officers on their way to join the Army of Occupation, and the fourth is a Red Cross girl. There is no Sherlock Holmes on board to solve the mystery.

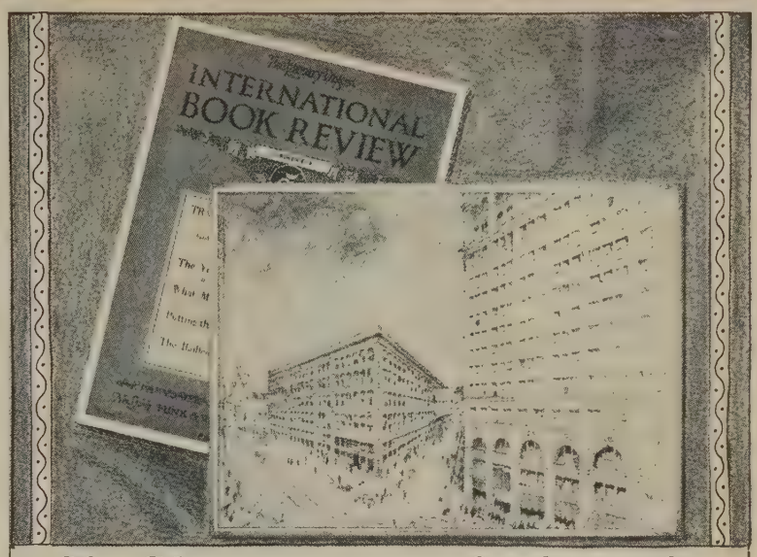
This is but the beginning of a series of happenings which carry the reader on from page to page up to a thrilling climax. There are German spies, cruel, remorseless and fiendishly clever, and there are American officers and doughboys who are all that soldiers should be. There are beautiful women, too, and of course there is romance. The three black bags play an important part in the development of the plot. One of them belongs to the Red Cross girl, and another to Colonel Ramsay, who tells the story. In the end, the mystery is solved, and two brave hearts beat as one. And that is the way all stories should end.

THREE BLACK BAGS. By Marion Polk Angellotti. 375 pages. New York: The Century Company.

Two Shall Be Born

AT LAST we know who started the war and why. Count Florian Zuleski did it that Poland might be free. This interesting bit of information is not to be found in any of the blue, green, yellow or red books, nor yet in the Memoirs of those who took leading parts in the titanic struggle, but is conveyed to a waiting world exclusively through the medium of Marie Conway Oemler's novel, "Two Shall Be Born."

The Count was a scholar, a patriot and, most of all, a conspirator. He conceived the brilliant idea that the only way to



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8vo, Cloth, 455 pages, $1.60; $1.72 post-paid.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY Publishers 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York

free Poland was to cause her enemies to destroy each other. To that end he schemed and plotted for many years in his crumbling castle in Courland. A fitting abode for the head of a great conspiracy was this old castle, with its secret panels and underground passages, through which came members of the mysterious Brotherhood to visit their chief and bring him information on which he might base his plans. Besides the Count, the castle housed only three other persons, his daughter Marya Jadwiga, a faithful retainer named Wenceslaus, and one servant who was deaf and dumb, an affliction which made her all the more valuable, since she could neither hear nor tell.

Just how Count Zuleski went about to bring on the war is not fully explained, but the gist of his plan seems to have been to betray Russia to Germany and Germany to Russia, giving to each nation information which would enable it to destroy the other. But, after all, it does not matter so much whether Count Zuleski had the war all planned out in advance or not. What really matters is that Marya Jadwiga came to New York and met Kelly the cop. What happened after that is of far greater importance than the fate of Poland or Russia or Germany could possibly be. At any rate Marya Jadwiga and Brian Kelly thought so.

TWO SHALL BE BORN. By Marie Conway Oemler. 411 pages. New York: The Century Company.

The Optimist

SUCH optimism as that of Canon Morchard in "The Optimist," Mr. E. M. Delafield's novel of English clerical life, is no doubt a great comfort to its possessor, but it must be a dreadful bore to those who are compelled to listen to such homilies as it inspires. For the Canon is a compelling personality. When he talks—and there are few times when he does not—there is nothing for his hearers to do but to listen, or at least to pretend to listen. Not many are bold enough to disagree with him openly. In his own household, there are none.

As a small boy, Owen Quentillian is left in the care of Canon Morchard when his parents go back to India. They die not long afterward, and the boy is brought up as a member of the Morchard family. There are three daughters and a son at home. An older boy is away at school. All the children, including Owen, are afraid of the Canon, not because he is a household tyrant, but because of the high standard of moral rectitude which he, by sheer will-power and force of character, imposes upon them.

Years later Owen Quentillian, now a man of twenty-seven preparing to resume a literary career which has been interrupted by the war, comes back to visit the Morchards. He finds conditions practically unchanged. All the children, with the exception of the eldest son, who is now in the Army, are still at home. The Canon is still the dominating figure in the family. His will is law, and no one ventures to oppose him. Adrian, the youngest, chafes under the restraint, but does not dare to assert himself.

But such a state of affairs can not continue indefinitely. The time comes when a stronger force than Canon Morchard's will is brought to bear upon certain members of his household. That force is love. Home ties are broken up. Three members of the Canon's family leave him, and only the eldest daughter, Lucilla, remains. But the Canon is still an optimist. His deep and abiding religious faith will not let him believe otherwise than that God has ordered all things for the best. In that faith he lives and dies.

Canon Morchard is a fine, commanding figure of a churchman, but it does seem as if the author might have left out some of his talk. Like many people in real life who are loved and respected for the uprightness of their characters and the unswerving rectitude of their lives, he is very tiring to the auditory nerves.

THE OPTIMIST. By E. M. Delafield. 297 pages. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Books Talked About in Literary Europe

THE French Academy has awarded its grand prize for literature this year to M. François Porché and its grand prize for fiction to M. Alphonse de Châteaubriant, and both awards are highly approved in the world of letters. M. Porché is the author of several poetic dramas rich in fantasy and grace of thought, including "La Jeune Fille aux joues roses" and "Le Chevalier de Colomb." M. Châteaubriant has written two novels—"M. des Lourdines," which took the Goncourt prize in 1911, and "La Brière" (Paris: Grasset), which has brought to the author the highest honors of the Academy. "La Brière" takes its name from an island amid the marshes at the mouth of the Loire, and the story depicts the life of that island's isolated and rugged inhabitants, who wrest a precarious livelihood from the peat-bogs, the fishing-banks, and the meager marsh-pastures. These people, proud and fiercely exclusive in their ignorance and misery, demand only to be let alone. They will have nothing to do with the State, or even with the neighboring peasants. Thus when the daughter of Aoustin obstinately insists on marrying a farmer from the neighboring uplands, there ensues a long struggle with her stern father, who can not tolerate a base outsider at his fireside; and by the end of the book's 400 pages the poor girl has sounded the depths of a tragedy as moving as that of "Faust." The style is declared by French critics to be rich, alive, full of sap, scornful of artifice, but admirably adapted to make this one of the most powerful of romantic novels.

A correspondent calls attention to the fact that Johannes V. Jensen, author of "The Long Journey," is not a Norwegian, as inadvertently stated in this magazine last month, but "a Dane of the Danes—a Jutlander"—and that his books are published in Copenhagen by Gyldendal, who has offices both in Copenhagen and Christiania. The same correspondent, Miss Karoline M. Knudsen of Newtonville, Massachusetts, also says:

> "Christofer Columbus" is not the last volume of the "Journey" to appear, altho it belongs last (at present) for proper development of the theme. The last of the series published is "Cimbrernes Tog," which belongs about midway. Jensen himself says that he wrote this to bring in the important Gothic period, so vital to the development of civilization in the Occident. . . .
>
> In 1923 appeared "Æstetik og Udvikling." This contains the *plot* of the series, which appears as a foreword to the first volume of the English version, "Fire and Ice" (New York: Knopf). It also contains Jensen's own analysis of the "Journey" and his explanations as to his methods and reasons for using what seems to many a too-fantastic writer's license. Jensen tells us frankly that he has not aimed at absolute historical accuracy, but at the spirit which binds different ages and epochs together.
>
> Just as the Italian and Dutch painters in all reverence used models of their own types (and time) for their Saviours and Madonnas, so Jensen has used the Scandinavian as a model, not as a photograph. Indeed, were he not so devoted to the memory of his grandfather, one would almost wonder if he were not sticking his tongue in his cheek when he tells us that his grandfather was his model for Quetzalcoatl!

Those who have seen the "robots" or manufactured human beings in Carel Capek's curious and thought-provoking play, "R. U. R.," will be interested in learning something about this Czecho-Slovak genius's latest romance, "Tovarna na Absolutno" ("The Manufacture of the Absolute"). It is the story of an engineer who invents a machine that releases not only the atomic energy but also the godly essence of the Absolute contained in all matter. The disconcerting effects of this Absolute when it begins to flood the world are the theme of the grotesque novel. The man in the street prophesies and performs miracles, but the economic system is undermined by the glut of products turned out by the inexhaustible motive power of atomic energy. Wholesale godliness leads to a vast religious war, which lasts from 1944 to 1953, and in the end the world is in a worse state than before. The moral seems to be, "The world will be a bad place as long as man won't believe in man," but a reviewer in the London *Times Literary Supplement* remarks that it is decidedly obscured by the many technical defects of the book. (Brno: Polygrafie Publishing Co.)

Ray Stannard Baker's "Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement" continues to make a deepening impression on Europe. Its three large volumes have now been translated into German by Kurt Thesing (Verlag von Paul List, Leipzig), and the first issue of the new Hamburg monthly, *Europäische Gespräche*, contains an excellent review of it from the pen of the editor, Professor A. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy of the University of Hamburg. After sketching the documentary riches of the book Dr. Bartholdy devotes the rest of his article to the Peace Conference and President Wilson's inability to shape the treaty according to American ideals. He continues:

> Mr. Baker lays most the blame for President Wilson's failure upon the fearful shock that the latter experienced, immediately upon coming over to Europe, when he learned of the secret treaties of the Allies and their cynical selfishness. . . . President Wilson might well feel lonesome in Paris, even if his unfortunate temperament had not kept him away from the fruitful exchange of ideas around the council table. But the greatest tragedy lies in this—and Baker naturally can not see it—that all these European and Asiatic and Colonial politicians thought they saw in the American policy itself the strongest reasons for believing that the President was as insincere as themselves and would be as absolutely devoted to national egoism as they. . . . America's conscience was burdened with the Philippines. . . . What finally gave the European diplomats the victory over Wilson, however, was not their unscrupulous skill and the innocent simplicity of the President, but their entirely correct feeling that Wilson no longer had his own people behind him—that if it came to a conflict between the League of Nations idea and national sovereignty, the United States would be the last to be willing to sacrifice even the smallest part of its sovereignty for the best of peace leagues.

The German critic thinks that Mr. Baker's "one-sided" devotion to Wilson and American ideals constitutes the book's greatest value—that the fierce conflict of intellects and wills at Paris could be described truly only by a partizan who was absolutely devoted to truth as he saw it.

Germany is able to smile in spite of the mark's demise, as evidenced by Franz Blei's book, "Das grosse Bestiarium der modernen Literatur" (Berlin: Ernst Rowohlt), a dictionary of modern European writers under the guise of beasts, in the style of the bestiaries of the Middle Ages. Tho the humor is forced at times, the reviewers find much witty and acute criticism in the book. Most of the writers treated are German, but French, Italian and English are there, too. Mr. Chesterton, for instance, is described as an animal that never uses its legs, at least in public, but always walks on its head. "In this he has acquired wonderful skill, which he delights to exhibit in church, to the terror of the faithful." This is said to be a fair specimen of Herr Blei's humor. From a short collection of literary jokes at the end of the book a London critic quotes this, ascribed to Arthur Schnitzler: "Some one once asked him how he had enjoyed himself at a certain social function. 'If I had not been there myself,' he replied, 'I should have been terribly bored.'"

A Close-up of Books and Authors

PRESIDENT HARDING'S last words, according to newspaper reports, were: "That's good! Go on; read some more." These words referred to a magazine article by Samuel G. Blythe, which Mrs. Harding was reading to the President a moment before he died. It was an estimate of the President's personality and administration, and bore the title, "A Calm Review of a Calm Man." It has just been brought out in book form by the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.

Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, whose latest novel, "The Temptress," is just published by Duttons, is to make an extended tour of the world, spending a great deal of time in China, Japan and India. He will arrive in New York in October and does not expect to return to Spain until the spring of 1924.

Soviet Russia is pirating the works of foreign authors. In the absence of copyright treaties, neither author nor publisher has any redress. Doubleday, Page & Co. have learned that a book of selected tales from O. Henry was recently published in Moscow in an edition of 10,000 copies. This was no more than enough to supply the demand in Moscow itself, which absorbed the entire edition before any of the books could be shipped to the provinces.

Photographed by Peder Bruguiere, San Francisco

A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF GERTRUDE ATHERTON

John G. Neihardt has been appointed Professor of Poetry at the University of Nebraska. He will be in residence at the university about four weeks of each year and will lecture to advanced students in literature. The rest of his time will be devoted to writing and to lecture tours. He expects to visit the Eastern States in November in the course of a transcontinental reading tour. "The Song of Hugh Glass," "The Song of Three Friends," "The Splendid Wayfaring," and other volumes of Mr. Neihardt's poems are published by Macmillan.

The Indian leader, Gandhi, is serving a six-year sentence in jail, but the non-cooperation or civil disobedience movement which he inaugurated still goes on. The writings of Gandhi, in the form of articles contributed by him to the weekly paper *Young India*, which he conducted in Ahmadabad from 1919 to 1922, have been gathered into a volume of 1200 pages and will be published by B. W. Huebsch in the fall. Gandhi's theories and teachings are fully set forth in these articles, and the story of his people's struggle for national integrity is told in detail. The book will bear the title "Young India," from the name of the paper in which its contents first appeared.

"Children of Loneliness" is the title of a new collection of short stories by Anzia Yezierska, which Funk & Wagnalls will publish in September. Her first book, "Hungry Hearts," created a sensation when it was published a few years ago, and it has since been translated into several languages and dramatized for the motion-picture screen. Edward J. O'Brien thought so highly of her work that he dedicated his "Best Short Stories of 1920" to her. Readers of the INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW will remember Miss Yezierska's article in the March number entitled "An Immigrant Among the Editors," in which she told of the beginning of her literary career. Another from her pen appears in the present issue.

What is said to be one of the liveliest and most stimulating religious discussions of recent years is Charlotte Perkins Gilman's "His Religion and Hers," which the Century Company will publish this fall. A part of the material in the book has already appeared in the *Century Magazine*. Mrs. Gilman is an ardent feminist, and, according to advance notices, she has much to say about "the mereness of man in contrast to his large claims as lord of the universe."

Mrs. Gorgas, the widow of former Surgeon-General William Crawford Gorgas, is collaborating with Mr. Burton J. Hendrick in the preparation of a biography of her husband. On account of the vast amount of material concerning the life and labors of the great surgeon, the work is progressing slowly, but Doubleday, Page & Co. hope to be able to publish the book in the coming year.

From Appletons comes the interesting news that Zona Gale's novel, "Faint Perfume," is to be published in revised Braille type for the blind.

Among the volumes listed for September publication by the University of Chicago Press are "Italian Folk Tales and Folk Songs," by F. A. G. Cowper; "American Authors of To-day," by Percy Holmes Boynton, and "Social Origins of Christianity," by Shirley Jackson Case.

A book of interest to singers is "Hygiene of the Voice," by Irving Wilson Voorhees, announced for publication in September by Macmillan. Dr. Voorhees has a large medical practise among singers in New York and is adviser to members of the Metropolitan, Chicago, and Century Opera companies.

Harvey Fergusson, whose novel of Washington life, "Capitol Hill," was published by Knopf, has known Washington since 1912, when his father, then Member of Congress from New Mexico, secured for him a job in the folding-room of the House Office Building, where the printed speeches of Congressmen are folded and mailed. In the evenings he attended law school, but the law school gave him a pain in the head, and the folding-room gave him a pain in the back, so he resigned from both and became a reporter on a local paper. A year later he was in the press gallery representing a Western daily Still later he went to work for a newspaper syndicate dealing in feature stories about the Government. In gathering material for this work he interviewed public servants in all departments of the Government and added considerably to his already extensive knowledge of official life in Washington, the life he has pictured in his novel.

José Rizal, the Filipino patriot, poet, novelist, painter, sculptor and educator, is the subject of a book by Charles Edward Russell and E. B. Rodriguez, entitled "The Hero of the Philippines," which the Century Company will publish in the fall. Rizal's novel, "Noli Me Tangere," exposed the cruelty and corruption of the Spanish rule in the Philippines, and the author was executed as a traitor. A patriotic poem which he wrote the night before his execution is a Filipino classic.

Book advertising was raised to a higher plane when Grant Overton wrote and Doran published "When Winter Comes to Main Street" early last fall. Mr. Overton has just finished another book of a similar nature, to be called "American Night's Entertainment," but while the earlier volume contained critical and biographical notes concerning only those authors whose books bear the Doran imprint, the new one covers a wider field, including authors whose books are published by Doran, Appleton, Scribner and Doubleday-Page. The book will be brought out by all four publishers simultaneously, and it is announced that the first edition will be not less than 50,000 copies. It will be even more handsomely bound and illustrated than its predecessor.

A new translation by Theodore Burton of Adelbert von Chamisso's "The Wonderful History of Peter Schlemihl" is announced for early publication by Huebsch. The book will be illustrated with silhouettes by Mr. Burton.

Senator Beveridge, who has been spending the summer in England, will return in September and expects to begin work immediately on his life of Lincoln. As the news comes from Houghton Mifflin Co., it is to be presumed that they will be the publishers.

In selecting the books to be published in Boni & Liveright's new "Red and Green Mystery and Detective Series," Carolyn Wells has the deciding vote. Her approval has so far been given to three stories, the first of which to be published is "The Girl in the Fog," by Joseph Gollomb.

Carl Sandburg's "Rootabaga Stories," published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., is to be translated into French by Leon Bazagalette and published in Paris.

Leopold Auer, among whose pupils are many violinists of international fame, has written his memoirs, and they are to be published by Stokes in September under the title, "My Long Life in Music." As Professor Auer has known practically all the great musicians of his day and many other interesting people as well, he should have many worth-while reminiscences to relate.

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Ruling a Great Navy in Wartime

(*Continued from page 9*)

criticism was just," and that the finding should stand. In explanation, he says (p. 349): "It was no part of my duty to deal with the routine movements of the fleet and its squadrons, but only to exercise a general supervision." This volume reveals, however, that this concept, which is the only safe guide for a civilian at the head of a great navy, was honored by the author in its breach as well as in its observance.

The disaster to Admiral Craddock off the coast of Chile (November, 1914) was likewise charged to the staff by the "official historian," whom the author frankly and freely quotes, and who criticized the staff both for dividing the available forces in southern waters into two inadequate squadrons; and also because staff telegrams lacked explicitness. On the first criticism we make no comment; and as for the second, it is sufficient to quote the author himself, who says (p. 461): "No doubt here and there the wording of naval messages had not been sufficiently precise, and this fault ran through much of the naval staff work in those early days."

It is a pleasure to turn from these errors and their resulting misfortunes to the splendid victory at the Falkland Islands (December, 1914), and to the part the author had in that victory. Immediately after the disaster to Admiral Craddock in the Pacific, the Admiralty withdrew two dreadnoughts, the *Invincible* and the *Inflexible*, from the Grand Fleet in the North Sea, to strengthen the South American fleet and thus protect the trade-route between Rio and Europe. Before leaving for this service they were sent to the Devonport dockyard for repairs, and the superintendent promptly reported that "the earliest possible date for completion of *Invincible* and *Inflexible* is midnight, 13th November." Churchill, on his own initiative, immediately and imperatively ordered that they sail on November 11, and that the superintendent of the dockyard would be held responsible for their dispatch "in a thoroughly efficient condition." Two days were thus saved through the zeal of the civilian chief; note their value: These vessels arrived at Falkland Islands on December 7, 1914, the *next morning* the German fleet, which had destroyed the Craddock squadron, appeared there, and met its destruction from the twelve-inch guns of these two vessels. Had the dockyard date prevailed they would, of course, have arrived too late, and a second disaster in South America would have befallen the British.

Throughout his book, the author reveals his keen interest in the military problems of the English Army on the Continent, and thus reflects his earlier training in the Army. On his visit to Antwerp to encourage the Belgian Government, and if possible postpone, if not prevent, the capitulation of Antwerp, his military training prompted him to telegraph his resignation as First Lord of the Admiralty, with the view of his taking charge of the British Army in the Antwerp sector; but his resignation was declined. His value as a member of the British Cabinet must have been substantially augmented by his experience both in the Army and Navy, especially in solving problems of coordination between the two branches of the service.

The former First Lord of the Admiralty has been generous in his recognition of ability and efficiency among his co-workers in the Admiralty; even of those with whose views he could not sympathize. Altho, because of their conflict of views, he was unable to retain Sir Arthur Wilson as First Sea Lord, he pays him a high tribute professionally, and personally he says of him (p. 79):

> He was without any exception the most selfless man I have ever met or even read of. He wanted nothing, and he feared nothing—absolutely nothing. . . . To step from a great office into absolute retirement, to return from retirement to the pinnacle of naval power, were transitions which produced no change in the beat of that constant heart. Everything was duty. It was not merely that nothing else mattered—there was nothing else.

The author has also been magnanimous in his references to the enemy—perhaps too much so. We feel, however, that generous comments by the English concerning their former German enemies, tho of course in the main sincere, are not wholly the product of magnanimity of spirit. In a measure they are prompted, we fear, tho unconsciously, of course, by the apparent present policy of England, in part for commercial reasons, now to conciliate Germany; even at the expense, many have felt and claimed, of the vital interests of France, and of the rights of her former ally under the Treaty of Versailles.

Time and space forbid comments on all aspects of the author's excellent book deserving notice. We have omitted all reference to the disaster at the Dardanelles, for he evidently intends discussing that campaign at greater length in a second volume which is promised.

Whether the author contributed anything of value in a technical sense to the effectiveness of the British Navy seems in doubt in the light of the severe criticisms he has received from his fellow countrymen, many of which he has been ingenuous enough to record in his own volume. Recognition, however, can not and should not be withheld for much excellent work, including the introduction of the principle of a "General Staff" into the Admiralty. He also impresses on the personnel of the Admiralty the importance of the individual having vision, and the capacity to place the various elements of the service in their proper perspective, and not to be content with being a mere technical part of a great machine. He says:

> When I went to the Admiralty I found that there was no moment in the career and training of a naval officer when he was obliged to read a single book about naval war or pass even the most rudimentary examination in naval history. The Royal Navy had made no important contribution to naval literature. The standard work on Sea Power was written by an American Admiral.

In closing, I, as an officer of the United States Navy, gratefully acknowledge this tribute to Admiral Mahan, U. S. N., for his excellent work, "The Influence of Sea Power on History," to which the author obviously refers.

It is hoped that every American will read this book, not only because of the insight it gives into European diplomacy and international dealings generally, but because it may enable the American reader to imbibe some of that splendid love of country which so strongly dominates the writer.

Finding the Weak Spots in Psychoanalysis

(*Continued from page 14*)

Before passing to the sex-instinct, the author states that unconscious sex-motivations which are exclusively unconscious in normal life and are most potent in the production of pathological mental states all have a larger ego-element than is present in conscious sexuality. He considers puberty "the period during which the individual becomes conscious of his or her sex and sexual destiny," and makes a discrimination between physiological and psychological puberty, pointing out the danger incurred when the two do not coincide in their development.

The author displays the tendency common to all Freudians to overemphasize the sex-instincts in young children, and he overdraws the concept of repression by reading into the behavior of children the instincts of adults.

In the consideration of the herd-instincts, it is pointed out that this group differs from the ego and sex instincts because herd-life is an adaptation found only in certain species or genera, and because herd-instinct is highly modifiable in reaction-type by stimuli from the society in which the individual lives.

The last chapter discusses the cooperation and conflicts of instincts, and a clear differentiation is made between alternation of attention and true instinctive conflict. Literature is full of erroneous examples of instinctive conflicts which, in reality, are only alternation of attention. A good example is given of instinctive conflict arising between the hunger-stimulus (ego) and the desire to be honest (herd), which can be solved only by the

repression of one desire or the other, and which, if the stimulus should be prolonged, would lead either to insensitiveness to hunger stimuli or to criminality. In regard to the conflict between the sex-instincts and the herd-instincts the author concludes that neither ego nor sex tendencies in pure form are necessarily subject to repression, but that it is the combination of the two which is taboo. This is the most important of all conflicts, and from it the formation of unconscious cravings for the pleasure-giving aspects of sex results.

The next most important conflict is between ego and herd groups. Abnormal mental reactions are produced by this conflict only when the ego is constitutionally preponderant or when special circumstances call forth an ego response. Abnormal behavior and temporary neuroses and psychoses are the results of such manifestations.

On the whole Dr. McCurdy's book is a valuable contribution, and some of the points brought forward in the analysis of instincts should alone suffice to place the author among the "iron-age" Freudians. All students of abnormal behavior will find the book well worth reading.

The Invisible Gods

MISS WYATT has crowded into "The Invisible Gods" enough material for half a dozen full-length novels. She has undertaken in this book to depict the whole sweep of certain broad currents of the nation's life in the Middle West during the period when those currents were merging into the present epoch; and she has tried to do it by means of a family history and a medley of action and retrospection. The extremely large number of characters introduced, the varied form and complicated design, give the novel an air of sweeping impressiveness that seems to minimize the importance of any particular figure for the pictorial effect of the whole. Such a method, however, has its penalties. Tho the book is long, the compression made necessary by the number of characters is responsible for the wan and pulseless air of unreality that is part of every portrait in the book. The reader's attention is directed from group to group and from one point of interest to another, with the inevitable result of a fading sense of reality.

The novel deals with three generations of one family—the Marshfields of Chicago—a well-populated clan with enough variety of character and mental distinction to form the basis of a complete American Comédie Humaine. There is a general, a doctor, a judge, a wanderer, a writer and a rake, supplying the group with diversity of vocations as well as numbers. The opening chapter is a scene in which the family gathers along the Drive in Chicago to unveil a statue of its first notable, General Marshfield. The general's sons are there, the judge, the wanderer, and another who is a sort of reformed Don Juan. Add to this Hancock, the small son of the family's black sheep; the judge's wife and children, their aunt and a few others, and one has an idea of the author's crowded canvas. Interesting and numerous complications and relationships develop. Three episodes occupy the major portion of the book: the careers of Hancock and of the two children of Judge Marshfield, Maisie and Joe. There is a long tale of blind striving, misery, and in the end—disillusionment.

The author's large plan and purpose are seen and felt throughout this novel, and even the most grudging critic must honor her courage in attempting so vast a canvas; but one closes the book with a feeling that Miss Wyatt has not quite succeeded—that her great picture is somewhat lacking in focus. To enable the characters to emerge from their rather chaotic background, they would require much more elbow room—enough of it to escape those sudden transitions and retrospective accounts which weaken the story and give it an air of unreality. Despite its weaknesses, however, "The Invisible Gods" is a notable achievement.

THE INVISIBLE GODS. By Edith Franklin Wyatt. 432 pages. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.

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SHELTON OF TIBET. By Flora Beal Shelton (Mrs. A. L. Shelton). Illustrated. New York: George H. Doran Co.

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ESCAPADE. By Evelyn Scott. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $3.

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ALFRED LYTTELTON: AN ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE. By Edith Lyttelton. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.

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Ten spicy essays on American plays and films, with twelve other skits on various phases of modern life.

THE ROAD AWAY FROM REVOLUTION. By Woodrow Wilson. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. 50 cents.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE. By Elinor Glyn. Auburn, New York: The Author's Press.

Mrs. Glyn holds that the purpose of love in the Creator's scheme is not only to insure the continuance of the race, but also to bring a touch of heavenly happiness into human existence and to uplift the soul of man.

SHEPHERD'S CROWNS: A VOLUME OF ESSAYS. By Pamela Grey (Lady Grey of Fallodon). New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

A group of essays on subjects drawn from nature and literature—by the wife of England's former Foreign Minister.

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THE NEWSPAPER AND THE HISTORIAN. By Lucy Maynard Salmon. New York: Oxford University Press. $7.50.

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THE CAUSES AND CHARACTER OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By H. E Egerton. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.85.

The author's conclusion is that the fundamental cause of the Revolutionary War lay in the differing political and social ideals of the two peoples.

PARTIES AND PARTY LEADERS. By Anson Daniel Morse. With an introduction by Dwight Whitney Morrow. Boston: Marshall Jones Co. $2.50.

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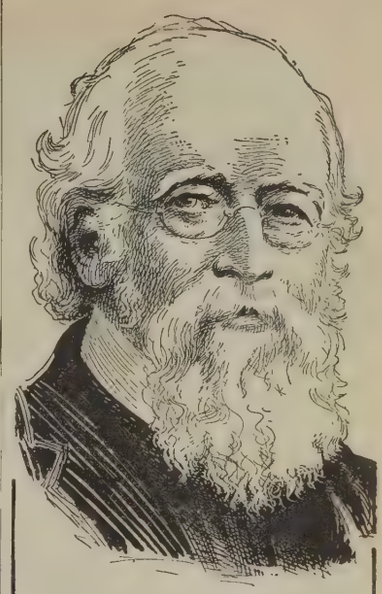

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(*Continued from page 73*)

most interesting of places for the would-be traveler. New edition, revised and enlarged to meet the demand of the post-war tourist.

NORWEGIAN TOWNS AND PEOPLE: VISTAS IN THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN. By Robert Medill. Illustrated. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. $1.50.

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RIDER'S BERMUDA: A GUIDE-BOOK FOR TRAVELERS. Compiled under the general editorship of Fremont Rider, by Dr. Frederic Taber Cooper. With maps. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.90.

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RIDER'S NEW YORK CITY: A GUIDE-BOOK FOR TRAVELERS. Compiled under the general editorship of Fremont Rider, by Frederic Taber Cooper and others. Second Edition. Maps. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $4.50.

An astonishing mass of well-arranged and well-indexed information about New York City is compacted into the 670 pages of this guide-book.

TRAVELS AND SKETCHES. Translated from the Danish of Frederik Poulsen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

A keen observer's impressions of the Near East, of student life in Germany, of Polish manners, of the Danish peasantry, and of the opening years of a young girl's life.

THE ADVENTURES OF HAJJI BABA OF ISPAHAN. By James Morier. Edited with introduction and notes by C. W. Steward. New York: Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

A quaint fiction-and-travel book about Persia, written a century and a half ago by an English diplomat, and still treasured both for its interest as a romance and for its truthful portrayal of Persian manners.

BY CAMEL AND CAR TO THE PEACOCK THRONE. By E. Alexander Powell. Illustrated. New York: The Century Co. $3.

Narrative of a highly adventurous journey from the Mediterranean to the Caspian, with sidelights on the politics and peoples of the Near East.

JOYS OF THE ROAD: A LITTLE ANTHOLOGY IN PRAISE OF WALKING. Compiled by Waldo R. Browne. Boston: *The Atlantic Monthly* Press. 75 cents.

A compact little book of good things about outdoor life, culled from the writings of Bliss Carmen, Hazlitt, Stevenson, Burroughs and others.

SEA-TRACKS OF THE SPEEJACKS ROUND THE WORLD. By Dale Collins. Illustrated. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $5.

The story of the thirty-thousand-mile voyage of Mr. A. Y. Gowen around the world in a motor boat—written by a member of the party.

A DASH THROUGH EUROPE. By Edmund G. Gress. New York: Oswald Publishing Co. $2.50.

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IRISH SPORT OF YESTERDAY. By Major A. W. Long. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $4.50.

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SAILOR TOWN DAYS. By C. Fox Smith. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.

This is a book about ships and sailors and the byways of seaport towns the world over—from the Port of London to the China coast.

CHINA TO-DAY THROUGH CHINESE EYES. By Dr. T. T. Lew, Prof. Hu Shih, Prof. Y. Y. Tsu, Dr. Cheng Ching Yi. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25.

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An attempt to harmonize religion and science, not by making religion

(*Continued on page 79*)

The Real Story of the Pirate

(*Continued from page 16*)

> wax at the two ends," and Basil Ringrose jotted down the events of each day as regularly as though keeping his ship's log, while Wager used his skill in curing fever and insect stings, and Jobson entertained his weary comrades by reading passages from his precious Greek Testament.

Having reached the Pacific coast, they captured some very small vessels, two "piraquas" and five canoes, and pushed on to Panama. The canoes outdistanced the piraquas, and when on April 23, they came in front of Panama, the five canoes, containing but thirty-six men, found themselves face to face with a large Spanish fleet at anchor, consisting of "five great ships, three pretty big barks or little men-of-war, and all cleared for action." Incredible as it seems, this array did not in the least daunt them, and one of the piraquas having come up, a total of sixty-eight men, in their small craft, set out to fight the Spanish fleet with its crews amounting to two hundred and seventy-eight. The account of the fight must be read in Mr. Verrill's pages. It is an amazing story, unmatched by that of the Spanish Armada, or any other sea-fight in history. By noon

> the entire fleet was theirs. With less than one hundred men, in small boats and canoes, armed only with cutlasses, pistols and muskets, they had defeated nearly three hundred Spaniards and had captured eight vessels, while their total losses were but eighteen men killed and twenty-two wounded. It was the most marvellous battle, the most signal victory ever known, and the whole affair, which had commenced about sunrise, was all over by noon.

The captured war-ships were disappointing from the point of view of booty, but the pirates soon made up for this by other captures, one vessel providing loot to the extent of "2,000 jars of wine, fifty casks of gunpowder, and fifty-one thousand pieces of eight." This was but one "prize." Then, off the little island of Taboga, having amassed a variety of treasure, they opened a brisk market with their Spanish enemies, nothing loth, who bought back "goods stolen by the pirates from the Spaniards' own ships and even buying back the captured slaves at two hundred pieces of eight each." Among the captured vessels was the *Most Blessed Trinity*, a large ship which was now refitted for the most remarkable pirate trip on record; this, however, we must leave the reader to follow for himself in Mr. Verrill's spirited narrative.

Davis and his associates were a finer stripe of pirate than a man like the more famous Morgan, whose due is rather infamy than fame. Courage was as much a part of them as their breath, and for men in so rough a trade they were merciful and even generous. Morgan, on the other hand, was cruel for cruelty's sake, and his courage was not above suspicion, while his great wealth and subsequent knighthood were largely due to his cheating his crews out of their fair share of the common plunder. Even the melodramatic ruffian "Blackbeard" Teach compares favorably with him. Berserker courage was certainly his, and Mr. Verrill's account of his death gives one a lurid idea of the terrible amount of "punishment" such men could take, and still go on fighting. Here is the picture of his last fight with the young officer Maynard, who had gone out in a British man-of-war to "get" him:

> Then, as he parried a terrific blow, Maynard's sword snapped at the hilt. With a shout of triumph Teach swung his cutlass, but the lieutenant slipped aside, the blow fell short and merely sliced off some of his fingers. At the same instant, one of Maynard's men leaped forward and brought his sword down on Blackbeard's neck, nearly severing it. Holding his head in place with one hand, Blackbeard whirled about and cut the sailor down with a single blow. Then, kicking off his shoes to prevent slipping in the pools of blood upon the planks, streaming with gore, Blackbeard backed against the bulwarks roaring like a mad bull, shouting defiance. As the lieutenant and his men closed in upon the wounded pirate, Teach drew his pistol, cocked it and aimed at Maynard's breast. But before a man could cut him down, even before he could pull the trigger, the pistol fell clattering from his hand, his knees gave way and he sank back lifeless to the deck. He had been wounded in twenty-five places, five where bullets had passed through his body, and he was almost hacked to pieces.

Among his effects was found a curious diary, from which Mr. Verrill should have quoted one of the most graphic bits of writing to be found in pirate literature:

> Such a day—rum all out; our company sober;—a damned confusion amongst us! Rogues a-plotting—great talk of separation—so I look sharp for a prize. Took one with a great deal of liquor aboard; so kept the company drunk, damned drunk, then all things went well again.

We know not whether there is more of this diary in existence, but, if there is, such a document should be rescued for the gaiety of nations. However, this extract alone gives one a quite Shakespearean glimpse into the roaring lives of these Orsons of the sea. To fight like devils, to fill their pockets with gold, and then spend it in a glory of mad revelry under the quiet tropic stars, such was the life of these "Brethren of the Coast," these adventurers "in picory"; and, for their quieter moods, such hours as those pictured by Kingsley in "The Last Buccaneer":

> Oh, sweet it was in Aves to hear the landward breeze,
> A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees,
> With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to the roar
> Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never touched the shore.

Whose Body?

THE plot of Dorothy L. Sayres's mystery novel, "Whose Body?" is ingenious. The nude body of a man wearing a gold pince-nez is found in the bath room of a London apartment. The tenant of the apartment declares that he has never seen the man before and has not the slightest idea of how the body got there. On the same morning that the body is discovered, it is learned that Sir Reuben Levy, an eminent Jewish financier, has disappeared. Appearances indicate that he had gone to bed as usual, but that some time during the night he had gone, or had been taken away, leaving all his clothing behind. The police jump to the conclusion that the body found in the bath is that of the financier.

Mr. Thipps, the tenant of the apartment, is arrested, and Lord Peter Wimsey, an amateur investigator of crime, undertakes to prove his innocence. Mr. Parker of Scotland Yard is detailed to find what has become of Sir Reuben Levy. When it has been proved that the body in the bath is not that of Sir Reuben, it seems that there is no connection between the two cases, but you never can tell in detective stories. If you could, there would be no fun in reading them.

The conflict between Lord Peter's feelings as a sportsman and his duty as a detective makes his position rather difficult. As a sportsman he is inclined to give the criminal a chance, while as a detective it is his duty to see that justice is done. But Lord Peter is clever enough to solve even this difficulty, and he does so to his own satisfaction, if not to the criminal's. It is a very entertaining mystery yarn.

WHOSE BODY? By Dorothy L. Sayres. 278 pages. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.

Justice for Old Salem

To the Editor of the International Book Review:

IN Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's review of "Memories of Hawthorne," in your August number, appears that ancient slander on old Salem, when he says Hawthorne's "ancestry included one magistrate who burned witches." This is a historical misstatement which simply will not down. It deserves to be denied as often and as extensively as made. No person accused of witchcraft was ever burned at Salem, or indeed, for that matter, in any American colony, unless by savage Indians.

Fortunately for our ancestors, their court records have been preserved, and establish beyond a doubt that the unfortunate individuals accused as witches were indicted by grand juries under the English law, given legal trials in open court, found guilty by juries, and the sentence executed by the legal method of hanging, with the single exception of

Giles Cory, who, refusing to plead, was prest to death by weights in following an old English custom. In England, Scotland, Germany, France, Spain and Italy "witches" were burned, but not one in America.

Tamaqua, Pa., August 3, 1923. WILLIAM H. WOODWELL.

Concerning W. H. Hudson's Family

To the Editor of the International Book Review:

THE May number of your magazine contains an article by William Lyon Phelps on "The Mystery and Charm of W. H. Hudson." In this article are found several inaccurate statements which members of the Hudson family would like to see corrected.

Quoting from another writer, Professor Phelps says: "It was quite evident that Mr. Hudson's father was more or less *shiftless.*" An entirely unfounded idea.

Daniel Hudson, the father of William Henry Hudson, was born in Massachusetts. The mother, Miss Caroline Kimble—not Kimball—was born in Maine, not New Hampshire. After their marriage Mr. Hudson went South, seeking a more congenial climate, which he found in the province of Buenos Aires, Argentina. There he purchased an *estancia*, "Los Veinteycinco Ombues." Mrs. Hudson joined him soon afterward. On that *estancia* all their children were born except the youngest daughter, Mary Ellen, who was born at Ensenada, where Mr. Hudson lived for several years, returning afterward to the *estancia.*

Six children constituted the family: Daniel, who became a sheep farmer on his native pampas; Louisa, a professional teacher; Edwin, who, after obtaining his diploma as a civil engineer in the States, returned to his native country, practising his profession in Cordova; William Henry, the writer, who went to England, seeking health; Albert Merriam, professor of languages, preacher and editor; Mary Ellen, who married a Scotchman residing in Buenos Aires.

I think that all the children would have resented strongly the idea that their father or any member of the family was "shiftless." Great financiers or mere hoarders of money they were not; but each cared for his own generously. The name of Hudson was the synonym of honesty and unsullied integrity, while every person in need was their *neighbor.* Daniel Hudson, senior, might be termed a "composite" man. The rugged hills of his native New England were typical of his unyielding rectitude. The wide pampas, where he lived, symbolized the broad character of his nature. His greatest fault, if fault it was, lay in his firm belief in the goodness of every one around him, a fact that his dishonest partner made use of to rob him of many hard-earned dollars. Unsullied honor and integrity was the heritage bequeathed to his children.

Grace and beauty and intellectual superiority came from their mother, who was a lady of ability in every respect. She was a writer of no mean merit, altho she never wrote for publication. This part of her mantle, perhaps, fell more particularly upon William Henry. Albert also received a goodly share, while her lovely Christian spirit filled him completely. His life was devoted to Christian service. The highest in the land respected him, while the poor in their lowly cabins blest the name of Don Alberto.

In that humble home in Ensenada, William Henry Hudson passed his boyhood days. Appreciative descriptions of it are found in his book, "Far Away and Long Ago." Owing to the primitive conditions of the country at that period, no good schools were found very near. A resident teacher supplied that need. The environments were ideal. They had all outdoors for a playground. Every nook and corner of the old house in Argentina was filled with the best of New England literature, along with a goodly sprinkling of English books, especially those of Dickens and Shakespeare. Both body and mind were well nourished. The best among the American residents in the city of Buenos Aires—ministers, teachers, the choicest of friends—gathered there during the summer months. The customary salutation of the hostess, "You are as welcome as the flowers in May," was as sincere as beautiful. Thus, social entertainment of a high order was provided for the family. Only people of unsullied character were invited to the home. This was the wise mother's way of keeping her home-life pure; no wonder that her children rose up to call her blessed!

William Henry Hudson had a father and mother of unsurpassed merit. The blue blood in his veins came from an unsullied source. While all friends admired Mr. Hudson's writings, especially his descriptions of nature, many have regretted the fact that the mind and eye that appreciated the created objects so well, failed entirely to recognize the hand of the Creator. I never saw either William Henry or Edwin, but for many years was intimately associated with the other brothers and sisters, therefore know of whom I am writing.

(MRS.) JULIA G. HUDSON.

Grand Blanc, Mich., July 18, 1923.

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The Literary Question Box

QUESTIONS

THE purpose of this Department is to develop self-service. Readers will aid each other in tracing and locating elusive literary quips, poetic phrases or lines, popular rimes, aphorisms, ballads, maxims, proverbs, etc. All communications should be written only on one side of the paper, and should be addrest to The Literary Question Box, International Book Review. Replies are printed in the order of their receipt and credit is given to other correspondents in rotation. The space limits imposed on the Department allow the consideration of questions only of wide interest. Such as can be answered direct will be so treated by the Editor on receipt of a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous correspondents.

As the Easterners Say

B E. M., Poseyville, Ind.—Is the following a complete poem? Who is the author? Where can I find it, or the poem of which it is a part?

I say to you as the Easterners say,
May the love of Allah attend your way.
Wherever you stay, wherever you go,
May the beautiful palms of Allah grow.

Through the days of labor and the nights of rest,
May the grace of Allah make you blest.
And I touch my heart, as the Easterners do—
May the peace of Allah abide with you.

For Eternity

A. McF., Ridgeville, Ind.—I shall be glad to learn the name of the author, the title of the poem, and where it can be found, of these lines:

As the life, the face shall be,
For we all are painting portraits
For eternity.

Wind

K. B., Minneapolis, Minn.—A year or more ago there appeared in one of the monthly magazines a very beautiful verse by Hildegarde Hawthorne, entitled "Wind." I have tried to locate this poem without success and shall be grateful if you can tell me where it can be found.

A Palm in the Burning East

W. B. D., Jr., Calcutta, India.—I have recently come across the following in a book I have been reading:

. . . like Heine, who talks of a pine on a snowclad northern hill, dreaming of a palm in the burning East

I have a faint recollection of a poem on that subject, but I can not place it. I would appreciate any aid in helping me locate this poem.

We Keep One Watch

T. W. N., Central Valley, N. Y.—I should very much like to know the author and source of the following lines:

We keep one watch for one same face
To rise in some short sacred place.

I am inclined to think it is from Swinburne, but am not sure.

Our Mortal Birth

E. L. T., Sparta, Tenn.—The following lines were quoted to me in 1887. I shall appreciate the name of the author and where they may be found:

Cheered by the thought that at our mortal birth,
For some wise reason beyond reason's ken,
We are put out to nurse on this strange earth,
Until death comes and takes us home again.

Cathella

A. J. M., Toledo, Ohio.—Will some reader who has access to a file of *Graham's Magazine* kindly favor me with the complete song of which the following are the first two lines:

Wilt go with me, Cathella,
The morn is all aglow.

I should like, also, the author's name, and the date of publication.

Like Great Black Oxen

Mrs. M. C. McL., Tecumseh, Neb.—Can any of your readers please tell me where I may find the following quotation:

The years like great black oxen tread the earth, and God the Herdsman goads them from behind.

One of Us Two

Miss A. M. F., Trenton, N. J.—A poem, "One of Us Two," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, I think, has been eluding me for several months. I would be greatly appreciative if you would be kind enough to send me a copy. I may be mistaken in the author, for I have searched her works through for this poem, but I am quite sure of the title. I think the last line says "May God have pity on that one."

Some Fireless Cave

O. W. A., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Several years ago—ten or more—I read a poem in one of the newspapers, I believe. I have no idea who the author is or how much literary merit it possesses, but it evidently is trying to picture conditions at the very dawn of prehistoric culture. The following lines, quoted from memory, may possibly be recognizable:

Far in the depths of some fireless cave
When the sun . . .
And the moon hung red o'er the river bed
We mumbled the bones of the slain.

Can you tell me the author's name, and where the complete poem can be found?

Citizen Soldier No. 257

C. P. McK., Marlow, Okla.—In the latter part of 1917 or the early part of 1918, some one wrote a poem entitled, I think, "Citizen Soldier No. 257," and it was published on the front page of some magazine. Could you furnish me with a copy of this? It describes the battle-fields of France, and I think starts with this: "They tell me, who have come back from over there."

A Thinker of His Own

W. F. H., Owensboro, Ky.—Some years ago a campaign orator quoted some verses the refrain or motif of which was, "The man that has a thinker of his own." I should like very much to find these verses, which I have never seen in print or heard except on that occasion.

ANSWERS

Barbarism

JOS. A. WALLACE, Berkley, Va. —"C. W. L.," Kingman, Kans., will find quotation asked for in the May number, in Byron's "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," 4th Canto, Verse 108.

Oh, My Daughter

Helen La Gorce Streeter, Washington, D. C.—I am happy to be able to answer the inquiry of "L. M.," Little Rock, Ark., in your August number. It is by Thomas Campbell, and is entitled "Lord Ullin's Daughter." I am enclosing the complete poem and also a brief sketch of Campbell.

[The copy made and sent to the Question Box by our correspondent has been forwarded to "L. M.," Little Rock, Ark. Editor.]

Thanks are due for answers received also from Editha W. Johnston, Ottawa, Can.; F. Nellie MacDonald, Canton, Ill.; M. D. Barns, Wilmington, Ohio; Anne E. Kinzer, Westminster, Md.; Miss Norah A. Fuller, Greenville, Mich.; John E. P. Mitchell, New Albany, Ind.; John H. Hineman, Rector, Ark.; Theodore H. Kenworth, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. J. J. O'Hara, Janesville, Minn.; Marion E. Vosburgh, Voorheesville, N. Y.; Dorothy H. Horst, Wilkinsburg, Pa.; Sybil F. Snyder, Wilmington, Dela.; D. Webster Baker, York, Pa.; Mary E. Hussey, Barnstable, Mass.; Jennie E. Sloyer, Tatamy, Pa.; John Travers, Media, Pa.; Miss Ronayne V. Huff, New York; Jos. S Birch, Oxford, Ind.

How Did Ye Die?

Isabelle Thomson, Sheffield Mass.—In reply to the inquiry o "A. B. K.," Shreveport, La.; Th poem can be found in "Hear Throbs" (Chapple Publishing Co. Boston, Mass.). It is written b Edmund Vance Cooke. I am en closing copy of poem.

[The copy made and sent to th Question Box by our correspondent has been forwarded to "A. B. K.," Shreveport, La. Editor.]

Thanks are due for answers re ceived also from Jos. T. Burgard Greenville, S. C.; J. C. Austin, Pin Bush, N. Y.

Somebody's Mother

Clare L. MacDonald, Newark Ohio.—I am sending a copy of th poem, "Somebody's Mother," re quested in the August number b "A. B. K.," Shreveport, La. It i found as an anonymous contribu tion in "Perfect Jewels," printed i 1888 by Mills, Dodge and Pomery Adrian, Mich. It may be found also in "Treasures from the Poetic World," another collection printed a few years earlier. [This likewis has been forwarded to "A. B. K."

Thanks are due also for answer received from Robert C. Hammock Bonham, Texas.

Statement of Being

Mrs. F. A. Baldwin, Grand Rapids, Mich.—In answer to "W S. V.," Anaheim, Cal., in the July issue of the Book Review, the poem was written by Joel B. Daw, o Beloit, Wis. The lines were first published in the *Banner of Light*, a spiritualist or metaphysical journal (since suspended), in the year 1899.

Requiem of Winter's Snows

Emilie Hansen Taylor, Milwaukee, Wis.—The lines "F. N. R.," Columbus, Ind., is seeking, I found in a book of etchings by Earl H. Reed, entitled "The Voices of the Dunes." The lines are called "November."

Friend Wha Can Tell Us

James Elder Harris, Sask.—In answer to "W. G. M.," Mayville, N. J., regarding the authorship of the lines, I am sending the poem and the account of the authorship, as far as I have been able to find out. [The copy made and sent to the Question Box by our correspondent has been forwarded to "W. G. M.," Mayville, N. J. Editor.]

A Little Pause in Life

M. D. Barns, Wilmington, Ohio. —The poem requested by "C. L. W.," Oregon City, Oregon, was published in "The Fireside Encyclopædia of Poetry," by Henry T. Coates, in 1895, marked "author

unknown." The name of the poem is "Between the Lights." I am enclosing a typewritten copy of the complete poem.

[The copy made and sent to the Question Box by our correspondent has been forwarded to " C. L. W.," Oregon City, Oregon. EDITOR.]

Lord Lovell

W. R. ROBERTS, Norristown, Pa.—Enclosed is copy of the poem "Lord Lovell" asked for by "Mrs. H. L. P.," Princeton, Ill. The author is unknown. [The copy made and sent to the Question Box by our correspondent has been forwarded to "Mrs. H. L. P.," Princeton, Ill. EDITOR.] Thanks are due for answers received also from K. R. Simons, Ridgewood, N. J.; Beatrice N Weibel, Methuen, Mass.; Louise Prince Freeman, Marlboro, Mass.

He Profits Most

E. A. SKILTON, Phila., Pa.—In your August number there is a request from "L. R. T.," Lynch Station, Va., who wants to know the origin of the phrase, "He profits most who serveth best." I do not know the origin of the phrase, but I do know that in "Sheldon's Business Course," Arthur F. Sheldon stated, "He profits most who serves best." I believe these books were published about 1908 or 1910, by the Area Publishing Company of Chicago.

Man I Thought My Father Was

MISS LORETTO MCGILL, Haymarket, Va.—The poem to which "F. K.," Green River, Utah, refers is entitled "An Ideal." It is by Berton Braley, in his book of ballads, "Things as They Were," published by G. H. Doran Co., New York City, in 1916. Enclosed you will find the poem in its original form. [The copy made and sent to the Question Box by our correspondent has been forwarded to "F. K.," Green River, Utah. EDITOR.]

Important Books of the Month

(*Continued from page 75*)

scientific, but by making science religious.

GREEK RELIGIOUS THOUGHT FROM HOMER TO THE AGE OF ALEXANDER. By F. M. Cornford. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

A compilation of extracts from old Greek authors, intended to let the reader see what the Greeks thought about the world, the gods and the nature and destiny of the soul.

THE EFFECTIVE EVANGELIST. By Rev. Lionel B. Fletcher. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

This book by a famous Australian evangelist insists strongly on the inexhaustible possibilities of consecrated faith and of specially directed effort.

THE CONSTRUCTIVE REVOLUTION OF JESUS: A STUDY OF SOME OF HIS SOCIAL ATTITUDES. By Samuel Dickey. New York: George H Doran Co. $1.60.

A study of how Jesus regarded contemporary standards and sanctions, and how he resolved the conflicting loyalties of his day in the fields of politics, morality, ritual, patriotism and economics.

Science

THE LIFE OF THE SCORPION. By J. Henri Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos and Bernard Miall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.

Fourteenth and last volume of the translation of Fabre's "Souvenirs entomologiques," containing the fruits of his life-work as an observer of insects.

PHYSIOTHERAPY TECHNIC: A MANUAL OF APPLIED PHYSICS. By C. M. Sampson, M.D. St. Louis: C. V. Mosby Co. $6.50.

A book of practical methods of physiotherapy, including those used in the war reconstruction hospitals, and dedicated to the thousands of physicians who were converted at that time "from a state of therapeutic pessimism to one of optimism."

MEMOIRS: WITH A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT MALARIA PROBLEM AND ITS SOLUTION. By Ronald Ross. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $9.

The discoverer of malaria infection by the mosquito here gives for the first time the full and complete story of his epoch-making labors.

DUCTLESS AND OTHER GLANDS: A POPULAR ACCOUNT OF THEIR NATURE AND FUNCTIONS. By Fred E. Wynne. New York. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

A brief description, in simple language, of the results of recent research into the functions of the ductless glands and the application of this knowledge to the cure of diseases.

NATURE'S CRAFTSMEN. By Inez N. McFee. Illustrated. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $1.75.

Wonders of the insect world told in the form of stories that will interest young and old alike.

MOTHER NATURE: A STUDY OF ANIMAL LIFE AND DEATH. By William J. Long. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. $3.

A nature-book of a new kind, in which the author undertakes to refute the Darwinian theory of universal conflict for a survival of the fittest.

A NEW THEORY OF EVOLUTION. By William E. Mann. Published by the author. Norfolk, Mass. 50 cents.

The author's new theory is based on the belief that force has intelligence. It is wide enough to take in such phases of modern life as prohibition, socialism, hypnotism, the treatment of criminals, and the world's peace problem.

Adventures with Andrew Lang

(*Continued from page 24*)

Banville; and, in one of these forms, the ballade, Lang was even more adroit and versatile than Dobson. I have always liked especially his "Ballade of Old Plays," which was inspired by an early edition of the works of Molière.

Yet tho critics find it easier to praise the deftness and delicacy, the cleverness and wit of Lang's lighter pieces, his serious poems are by no means inconsiderable. He has a vein of lyric tenderness which is profoundly touching; and every now and then, in some brief poem, he attains an authentic note of grandeur. I should not rank him quite so high as Henley; for it has always seemed to me that that perverse and angry-mooded genius, tho a minor poet, was a great one: but there is no denying that Lang achieved true poetry in such lyrics as the following:

Who wins his love shall lose her,
  Who loses her shall gain,
For still the spirit woos her,
  A soul without a stain;
And memory still pursues her
  With longings not in vain!

He loses her who gains her,
  Who watches day by day
The dust of time that stains her,
  The griefs that leave her gray—
The flesh that yet enchains her
  Whose grace hath passed away!

Oh, happier he who gains not
  The love some seem to gain:
The joy that custom stains not
  Shall still with him remain;
The loveliness that wanes not,
  The love that ne'er can wane.

In dreams she grows not older
  The lands of dreams among;
Tho all the world wax colder,
  Tho all the songs be sung,
In dreams doth he behold her
  Still fair and kind and young.

Lang's only failure is the long narrative poem, in six books, entitled "Helen of Troy"; and this failure is merely comparative. A more epic mood in the general design and a greater dramatic tensity in the passages of individual conflict seemed to be predicated by the Homeric subject-matter; but Lang has told the tale in an idyllic manner, as if Morris were spinning out the narrative and Tennyson were touching it up, at intervals, with some eloquent and ringing lines.

Every poet, major or minor, has his masterpiece; and, if Andrew Lang had written nothing else, he would have lived in literature by fourteen lines alone—his sonnet on "The Odyssey." I can not imagine any editor, a thousand years from now, selecting an anthology of English poetry and leaving out this sonnet. It seems to me a perfect poem, and I have reserved it until now, so that this little tribute of remembrance to Andrew Lang, the poet and the man, may come to a close with that glorious last line ringing in the reader's ears:

THE ODYSSEY

As one that for a weary space has lain
  Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine,
  In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
  Where the Ægean isle forgets the main,
And only the low lutes of love complain,
  And only shadows of wan lovers pine;
  As such an one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips, and the large air again—
So gladly, from the songs of modern speech
  Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
    Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers;
    And, through the music of the languid hours,
They hear like ocean on a western beach
  The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

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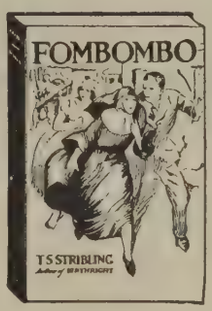

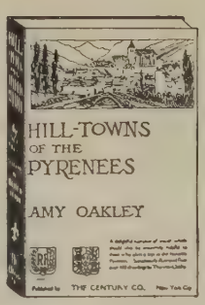

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INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

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THE LITERARY DIGEST INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW is published monthly by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. London Office, 134 Salisbury Square. Printed in the United States of America.

Entered as second-class matter November 29, 1922, at the Post-Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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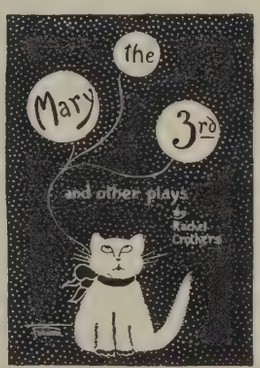

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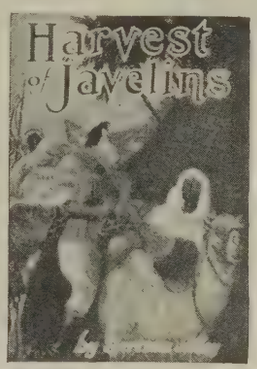

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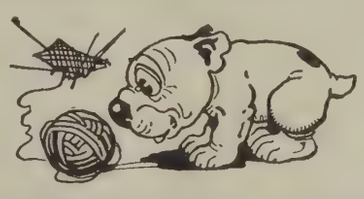

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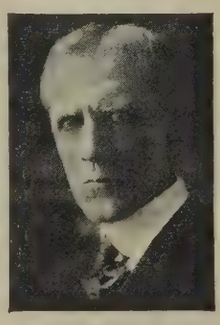

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The Literary Digest
INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

Volume I, No. 11 | New York, October, 1923 | Whole Number 11

This Autumn's Book-Avalanche

By Percy A. Hutchison

HAD I invited myself I should have had no one but myself to blame. But it was Mr. and Mrs. Gentle Reader who had invited me, nay, more, had compelled me to come out to spend the week-end with them at the Swiss chalet they had erected on the side of their American mountain. Hence, it was their fault. Persons are supposed to know the "weather" of their locality, and Mr. and Mrs. Gentle Reader knew that the avalanche was coming—they confessed as much to me later; they confessed that for a month or more there had been rumblings of the earth, that the barometer had fallen steadily (or else it had gone up steadily, I'm not sure which), and that there had been strange swirlings and sworlings of the air. Being forewarned, they should have forewarned me.

"THE AVALANCHE WAS COMING!"

"But why should we?" they asked, when I took them to task. "As a critic, it was your business to be here when a catastrophe of this kind occurred."

We had been sitting around the study table. Mr. and Mrs. Gentle Reader were deep in old books—one was Dante and the other George Eliot. For my own part, I was willing simply to sit and watch them. For did not somebody, only a few weeks ago, prove in one of the magazines, that "The Gentle Reader" was extinct, as extinct as the ichthyosaurus, when here he was, with Mrs. Gentle Reader, one immersed in the Italian Renaissance, the other in the Victorian era? I was reflecting on how good it is to have an old book, was becoming sentimental over the matter—and then came the catastrophe.

I can't say that I am entirely clear as to just what happened,

it took place all so suddenly. But first of all came a terrific roar. The sound came from the mountain on the side of which the chalet clung. The house seemed to sway. I had the feeling that it was moving. It *did* move! The lights were dashed out. Then, as I was hurled from my chair as something large and heavy hit behind the ears, I heard my host give a feeble scream. The walls crashed in, and I was buried under the débris. I felt that I was about to die, but I was blissfully resigned, as I remembered all the good deeds I had done during my life. Then somewhere a little glow of light appeared, and presently I realized that it was an electric torch in the hands of Mr. Gentle Reader. I came to the conclusion that I was not going to die after all. Then, as my host crawled a little nearer to me over the shattered walls of the chalet and the heaps of what I had taken to be débris, I saw what it was that had engulfed us—books!

"I did not know," I found myself saying feebly, "I did not guess that there were so many books in the world."

"There were nearly as many last spring." It was Mrs. Gentle Reader who spoke. "Only they came then as a freshet." She was going on monotonously. "A freshet in the spring, an avalanche in the fall. We no sooner get the house snugly fastened to the wall with the set of opinions the authors have made for us than it is knocked down and demolished, and we have to take a new set of opinions and put it all together again."

Her word "wall" puzzled me until Mr. Gentle Reader swung his torch around—the light from it had grown much brighter—and I perceived what she meant. The chalet had never been built against a mountain at all. What I had taken for a mountain was a book-factory, one of those edifices euphemistically called a "Publishing House." This explained the rumbling; the rumblings had come from the presses grinding out the autumn grist of tomes. And the swirling in the air had been the catalogs, the leaflets, the "blurbs" emitted by the publishers themselves to titillate the public.

"But what are we to do?" I asked, aghast.

"We must sort the books out," Mrs. Gentle Reader replied, "and get them into piles. We have all the catalogs here, the printers (she meant the publishers) send them out. We'll begin with fiction, that always makes the largest heap."

With that she produced a collection of catalogs that, somehow, had escaped the general confusion, and, finding a torch somewhere, for herself, and another for me, she commanded that we set to work. For my own part, I was not much attracted by the job. But they were my hosts—altho I still considered that they had played me a mean trick—and politeness demanded that I assist.

The first name on a book to catch my eye was that of Mrs. Edith Wharton, and I quoted, "And lo, Abou Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

"Don't mix genders!" Mrs. Gentle Reader admonished. "Of course 'A Son at the Front' is this autumn's, probably this year's, outstanding book of American fiction, but that's no reason for confusing misters and misseses."

"My error," I admitted. "But here comes John Galsworthy. May I call him Abou Ben? 'Captures,' which appears to be a volume of short stories, looks as if it might at least be among the leaders."

"It's bound to be!" interjected Mr. Gentle Reader. "In my opinion, Galsworthy is the greatest artist writing in England today, and the book is sure to be good. The author of 'Justice' and 'The Forsyte Saga' couldn't do poor work if he tried."

But it was evident that we were lingering too long. If we were ever to get the books sorted—a lick and a promise—that is to say, a glance at the title and the name of the author, with perhaps an occasional glance at what the publisher had to say of his protégé's work, would be the most we could give.

Jackson Gregory was the first author to come to hand as we turned, somewhat reluctantly, perhaps, but, nevertheless, resolutely, back to our task. Gregory, it will be remembered, is one of those fellows who write of action and "the wide open spaces," and his new story, "Timber Wolf," we found warranted by his publishers not to disappoint. Next, truly American in its depiction of life—another Middle West study—came "The Hope of Happiness," by Meredith Nicholson. And then, by Woodward Boyd, who, by the way, is a young woman, "Lazy Laughter," a character study, combined with satire. Just then, however, our work was interrupted by a low "Woof! Woof!"

"I believe it's a dog!" exclaimed Mrs. Gentle Reader.

And a dog it was, altho we could not guess how he got in, until we found that he was keeping very close to our boy friend "Jeremy," to whom Hugh Walpole introduced us some time back. The dog's name proved to be "Hamlet," and we could quite believe the information that if we were to read "Jeremy and Hamlet" we should find the latter to be quite unlike any other dog.

Close on the heels of Walpole—this running yarn about the chalet and the avalanche had become a little mixed—followed Frank Swinnerton, with a new book he calls "Young Felix," Ralph Connor with "The Gaspards of Pine Croft," and Christopher Morley with "Pandora Lifts the Lid," which, with a combination of fashionable young ladies and a radical professor, ought to prove lively, if nothing more. We have always wondered if the Centaur had a wife, and, under the title of "The Wife of the Centaur," Cyril Hume guarantees to enlighten us. "Jennifer Lorn," by Elinor Wylie; Harold Waldo's "The Magic Midland"; and, for sheer reading pleasure, "American Nights Entertainment," are also recommended by the publisher of these authors, who also has on his list Arnold Bennett's latest novel, "Riceyman Steps," said not to be the least from the pen of the creator of "Denry the Audacious" and "Clayhanger."

"Well, well, what's this?" The exclamation came from Mrs. Gentle Reader, who was holding up a book with a cheque attached. Her husband caught sight of the cheque.

"That will help pay next winter's coal bill," he cried. But Mrs. Gentle Reader, with that finer feeling for honesty which is common to her sex, snatched it away.

"It's made out to Margaret Wilson," she proclaimed, after examination. "And it's the $2,000 prize in Harper's Prize Novel Contest. "And a letter that's pinned to it says that Miss Wilson got the award for her novel 'The Able McLaughlins.' "

"Then that's that," sighed Mr. Gentle Reader, as he rejoined me in attacking the book-pile.

Our next find was Fannie Hurst's "Lummox." Then came "Jo Ellen," by Alexander Black; "The Happy Isles," by Basil King; "Red Blood," from the pen of Harold H. Armstrong; "Bunk," which W. E. Woodward's publishers assured us would be very funny; and then—lo, a sensation—a thick volume of O. Henry "Postscripts."

"We'll all want to read that!" exclaimed the woman of our rescue party—a little sentimentally, as I thought.

"And we'll probably want to read 'J. Hardin & Son,' by Brand Whitlock," said her husband.

"And Melville Davisson Post's 'Monsieur Jonquelle, Prefect of Police of Paris,' " I put in, for I have an especial liking for mystery stories when they are well done. But again it was obvious we should never get the place cleared unless we could stop gabbing and content ourselves with merely noting the books as they came.

"Here goes for a big batch!" I shouted. "Their foster-fathers, the publishers, have tagged each with the red tag of merit, and if we are leading readers astray the sin is not on our heads."

"The Mine with the Iron Door," by Harold Bell Wright, was the first book that came to hand. Then "Nowhere Else in the World," by Jay William Hudson; "Dr. Nye," by that inveterate Cape Codder, Joseph Lincoln; "North of 36," by Emerson Hough; George Gibbs's "Fires of Ambition"; for novelties, a novel in verse by Wilfrid Blair entitled "The Life and Death of Mrs. Tidmus," and a novel by the poetess Margaret Widdemer called "Graven Image"; "Marching On," by Ray Strachey; Edith Summers Kelley's "Weeds"; "Arlie Gelstone," by Roger F. Sergel, a new author; for translations, Iury Libedinsky's Russian story, "A Week," translated by Arthur Ransome; Romain

Rolland's "The Montespan," done into English by Helena de Kay; and "The Marriage of Yussuf Khan" and "The Emperor's Old Clothes," rendered out of the Swedish of "Frank Heller," by Robert Emmons Lee; "Uncanny Stories," by May Sinclair; James Stephens's "Deirdre"; "My Lady Fair," from the pen of Louis Hémon, being a collection of short stories; "The Maragatan Sphinx," by Concha Espina, the translation having been made by Frances Douglas: "The—"

But I was interrupted by a shout of joy from my host.

"It's old Joe Conrad!" he cried, dancing about in great excitement.

"What's 'Old Joe Conrad'?" I asked.

"'The Rover,' of course! There is no one else to match Joseph Conrad in a sea tale."

"And very few to match him at anything else," I put in. "And there is a new complete edition of him, too. The 'Concord' Edition. But here are some more sea yarns," I added, as two books came to light. "Peter B. Kyne is mighty good, you know. Here he is with the tale of a 'Frisco business man and a South Sea Queen; the title is 'Never the Twain Shall Meet,' and it ought to be a corker. And this, by that old sailorman, Bill Adams, with the alluring title 'Fenceless Meadows,' smells of the salt."

"AS MY HOST CRAWLED A LITTLE NEARER TO ME OVER THE SHATTERED WALLS OF THE CHALET, AND THE HEAPS OF WHAT I HAD TAKEN TO BE DÉBRIS, I SAW WHAT IT WAS THAT HAD ENGULFED US —BOOKS"

Probably we should have dropt all work then and there, for I am a bug when it comes to anything about the sea, had not a scream of joy from Mrs. Gentle Reader called us back to the land, even more accurately, to the landslide.

"Jolly Harry Wilson!" she cried. "See, he's back!"

"Not Harry Leon Wilson?" her husband queried.

"Sure." (Mrs. Gentle Reader, I am sorry to say, talks slang.) "The story is called 'Oh, Doctor!'"

"It doesn't matter what the story is called," her husband broke in rudely. "The author is sufficient guaranty that we are provided with laughs for the winter, whatever the condition of the coal-bin, so let's get back to work!"

"Here is a tale of the North," I said, eager to set an example. "It is James Oliver Curwood's 'The Alaskan,' and he himself warns us that it has a great dramatic climax." And then, in rapid succession, I pulled out "Butterfly," by Kathleen Norris; Julian Street's "Cross Sections"; "Rufus," by Grace S. Richmond; "The White Flag," from the desk of Gene Stratton-Porter; Ellen Glasgow's "The Shadowy Third"; a three-volume edition of Stewart Edward White—"The Story of California," "The Gray Dawn" and "The Rose Dawn"; a novel for music-lovers, "Patuffa," by Beatrice Harraden; "The Soul of Kol Nikon," a whimsical, poetic love-story, by Eleanor Farjeon; L. M. Montgomery's "Emily of the New Moon"; "The Exile of the Lariat," from the pen—more probably, the typewriter—of Honoré Willsie; a romance of the rice-lands entitled "Come Home," by Stella G. S. Perry; "The Story of Mrs. Tubbs," by Hugh Lofting; "His Mortgaged Wife," by Bonnie Melbourne Busch; Tate W. Peek's "Blind Brothers"; Victor Rubin's "Tar and Feathers"; "Janse Douw's Descendants," written by Ida F. Humphreys; "Ananias' Daughter," by Alice Garden—

"Quick, some water!" there was a cry of anguish from Mr. Gentle Reader, and turning swiftly I saw the cause. Mrs. Gentle Reader had fainted. I was all but fainting myself, but it was no time to give way. There was not a drop of water in the house—the avalanche had filled the well—and something had to be done. This title and the name of the author on the cover of the book caught my eye. "Here, this will bring her to!" I shouted. "It will be better than water or smelling-salts."

"What is it?" There was almost a moan in the voice of Mr. Gentle Reader.

"*Who* is it, you mean," I answered. "It is Gelett Burgess. And the title of the story is 'Ain't Angie Awful!' Listen to this from the 'blurb'—

"Angie's experiences are varied in daring and boldness. They lead her from behind the hardware counter of the Six-Cent

Store to the Peanivorous Rit and the Fascinating Face. For impure spice the adventure of the Pink Pantaloons is simply gorging—"

but it was unnecessary to proceed, for Mrs. Gentle Reader had come out of her swoon with a bang.

"Dearest," she entreated, turning to her husband. "Promise me you won't open it?"

I did not hear his answer, for he was wildly pulling at the still enormous stack of "Autumn Offerings" with which we had been inundated. His first haul—we were not yet through with fiction—was "Luther Nichols," by Mary S. Watts; E. M. Delafield's "Reversion to Type" followed next; then "Labyrinth," by Helen Hull; "The Middle Passage," by Daniel Chase, and "Fantastica," by Robert Nichols. Meantime I myself had pulled out a goodly lot of novels, among them "Deep Channel," by Margaret Prescott Montague, and the novel, "Fan: The Story of a Young Girl's Life," written by the late W. H. Hudson, and published thirty years ago, over the pseudonym "Henry Harford." Others were: Charles G. Norris's very edible story, "Bread"; "The Temptress," by Vicente Blasco Ibáñez: Sheila Kaye-Smith's "The End of the House of Alard"; Leonard Merrick's "The Man Who Was Good"; and Luigi Pirandello's quaint tale, "The Late Mattia Pascal," translated by Dr. Arthur Livingston. Still other volumes were Louis Joseph Vance's "The Lone Wolf Returns"; "The Cinder Buggy," by Garet Garrett; George Barr McCutcheon's "Oliver October; "Anthony Dare," by Archibald Marshall; "The Dancing Star," from the workshop of Bertha Ruck; and "The Garden of God," by H. de Vere Stacpoole.

"Why, here's Hall Caine again!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Gentle Reader. "What a sensation he made once! And to think that we had forgotten that he writes 'Sir' before his name now! What's the title? 'The Woman of Knockaloe.'"

"We'll have to read him for the sake of old times," put in her husband.

"And we must read Anzia Yezierska's immigrant stories, 'Children of Loneliness,' too," I said.

The next book happened to be another novel by Romain Rolland, "Annette and Sylvie." Under it was Stephen Vincent Benet's new story "Jean Huguenot." The other titles, as I read them off, were: "Different Gods," by Violet Quirk; a sheaf of short tales by Donn Byrne—"Changeling: and Other Stories"; "Fombombo," by T. S. Stribling; a tale of the North, called "The Trail of the Elk," by M. Fönhus; a novel of revolutionary times, "White Fire," by Mary Constance Du Bois; "Nameless River," by Vingie E. Roe; "Barbry," by Henry M. Rideout; "Fay," by Edwin Baird; a story by Hughes Mearns, entitled "I Ride in my Coach"; "The Sable Cloud," by Harriet V. C. Ogden; "Cat O'Mountain," by Arthur O. Friel; and "The Mould," by Grace Kellogg Griffith. Meantime, for warranted thrillers, my host had picked up "The Girl from Hollywood," by Edgar Rice Borroughs; a tale of desert love, "Zarah the Cruel," by Joan Conquest; and "The Secret Tomb," by Maurice LeBlanc.

Something jumped suddenly, or else it was my illusion that something suddenly jumped from out the corner.

"What's that," I called.

"It must be D. H. Lawrence's new novel 'Kangaroo,'" said my host with a sigh. "Didn't you know that the Irrepressible has broken out again? And not only with one book, but with four?"

"Then I suppose that Dr. Collins will add a supplement to his 'The Doctor Looks at Literature,'" I commented. "The Doctor resents any novelist's trespassing on the domain of the alienist, and Lawrence does a good deal of trespassing."

"So did Shakespeare," returned my host. "And I suppose the Elizabethan medicos roasted him to a turn."

But I had been examining the Lawrence books and found that Dr. Collins would not have so much work to do as we feared, for, besides the novel mentioned, one was a reissue of his "Sons and Lovers," one a translation of Giovanni Verga's" Maestro-Don Gesualdo," and the last a volume of poetry entitled "Birds, Beasts and Flowers."

The next novel to come to hand was Mrs. Beatrice Kean Seymour's "The Hopeful Journey." Then came the first of Gilbert Cannan's new post-war series of novels, "Sembal"; "Beggar's Banquet," by G. St. John-Loe; Arthur Schnitzler's "Dr. Graesler," translated by Eden and Cedar Paul; "A Lost Lady," by Willa Cather; Floyd Dell's "Janet March"; and, for another translation, "The Bachelor Girl," being an English rendering of Victor Margueritte's "La Garçonne"; "Heart's Blood," by Ethel M. Kelley; "The Lengthened Shadow," by William J. Locke; Dorothy Canfield's, "Raw Material"; "Sarah of the Sahara," a most important book (one that should, probably, be classified with science) from the pen of Dr. Walter E. Traprock, whose "Cruise of the Kawa" established his fame as an explorer; Heywood Broun's "The Sun Field"; "Tetherstones," by Ethel M. Dell; and "Love's Pilgrim," by J. D. Beresford.

All at once I realized that Mr. and Mrs. Gentle Reader were leaving me to do all the work, and that each was deeply engaged in reading.

"Like mystery stories—'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' sort of thing?" asked my host as I caught his guilty eye.

"Who doesn't?" I parried.

"Well, this is 'The Three Impostors,' by Arthur Machen. You know he was writing in England at the same time with Stevenson, but he was rather overshadowed by the Scotsman. Now he's being republished in this country, and we are beginning to see what an artist he really was."

"And yours?" I queried, turning to Mrs. Gentle Reader.

"Katherine Mansfield's 'The Doves' Nest, and Other Stories,'" she replied.

With my pupils—for does not the Critic regard the whole tribe of Gentle Readers as his pupils—showing such good taste, I had not the heart to stop them, so I resumed work alone.

Personally, I am very fond of short stories, when they are good short stories, and the first volume that came to my hand was "The Dreams of Chang," translated out of the Russian of Ivan Bunin by B. Guilbert Guerney. After that came "Groatan," by Mary Johnston; "The Great Moment," by Elinor Glyn; Jeffery Farnol's "Sir John Dering"; "The Enchanted Garden," by Henry James Forman; "Feet of Clay," by Margaretta Tuttle; Edison Marshall's "The Land of Forgotten Men"; "Monte Felis," by Mary Brearly; "The Treasure of the Bucoleon," by A. D. Howden Smith; Jack Kahane's "Laugh and Grow Rich"; J. D. Beresford's, "Love's Pilgrim"; Arthur Stringer's "The Diamond Thieves"; "The Comings of Cousin Ann," by Emma Speed Sampson; "Sylvie of the Stubbles," by Jewell Bothwell Tull; "Sayonara," by John Paris; Ben Hecht's mystery tale, "The Florentine Dagger"; "The Sacrificial Goat," by Ernita Lascelles; "Horatio's Story," by Gordon King; "In Greenbrook," by Merritt P. Allen; G. C. Locke's "The Scarlet Macaw"; "Peter's Best Seller," by Margaret R. Piper; Samuel Merwin's "Silk"; "Jibby Jones," by Ellis Parker Butler; and Theodore Dreiser's pen-pictures, "The Color of a Great City," and the volume of short stories by A. S. M. Hutchinson, "The Eighth Wonder of the World"; "Ashes of Vengeance," by H. B. Somerville; James Branch Cabell's "The High Place"; "The Puppet Master," by Robert Nathan; and "The Call of the Road," translated by Ezra Pound from the French of Edouard Estaunie.

All at once a strange noise smote on our ears. It seemed like the thudding of hoofs accompanied by the beat of heavy wings.

"That is just what it is," answered Mr. Gentle Reader, when I called to him to harken. "The thud of hoofs and the beat of wings. It's Pegasus. And the poets are riding him hard."

"They always do ride him hard," I murmured. "Especially nowadays, since the publishers have found that poetry can at least pay for itself, even if it doesn't always buy shoes for the poet's baby."

"Yes!" exclaimed Mrs. Gentle Reader. "And isn't it fine, this revival of interest in poetry! So many of the poets are women, too!"

"They seem to be," I answered. "At least, here's Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay with all her assembled verses. She calls the

volume 'The Harp Weaver and Other Poems.' You remember that Miss Millay took the Pulitzer Prize in Verse for 1922."

But her husband was not going to leave the field to his wife.

"How about Robert Frost?" he cried exultingly. "It's a long poem called 'New Hampshire.' It is seven years since Robert Frost issued a volume of poetry. And the long poem is embellished with lyrics, 'Notes,' as the author calls them, and 'Grace Notes.'"

"Also, there's Louis Untermeyer," I chimed in, feeling that Mrs. Gentle Reader might marshal more of her sex in the end. "It seems to be a collection of modern homemade verse. The title is 'American Poetry since 1900.' And J. C. Squire, the English critic and editor of *The London Mercury*, seems likewise to have become interested in the produce of the United States," I added. He names his book 'Anthology of American Verse.'"

"And speaking of Englishmen," put in Mr. Gentle Reader, "the publishers are also giving us the 'Collected Poems' of W. H. Davies."

"Very pretty and truthful lyric poetry it is," I said. "And for lyric verse of gentler mood here is 'The Light Guitar,' by Arthur Guitermann."

"Don't forget that you have there 'The Poems of Alice Meynell,' called Mrs. Gentle Reader. "They are the best this year."

"And some of them among the best of all the years," added her husband. A sentiment in which I was only too glad to concur.

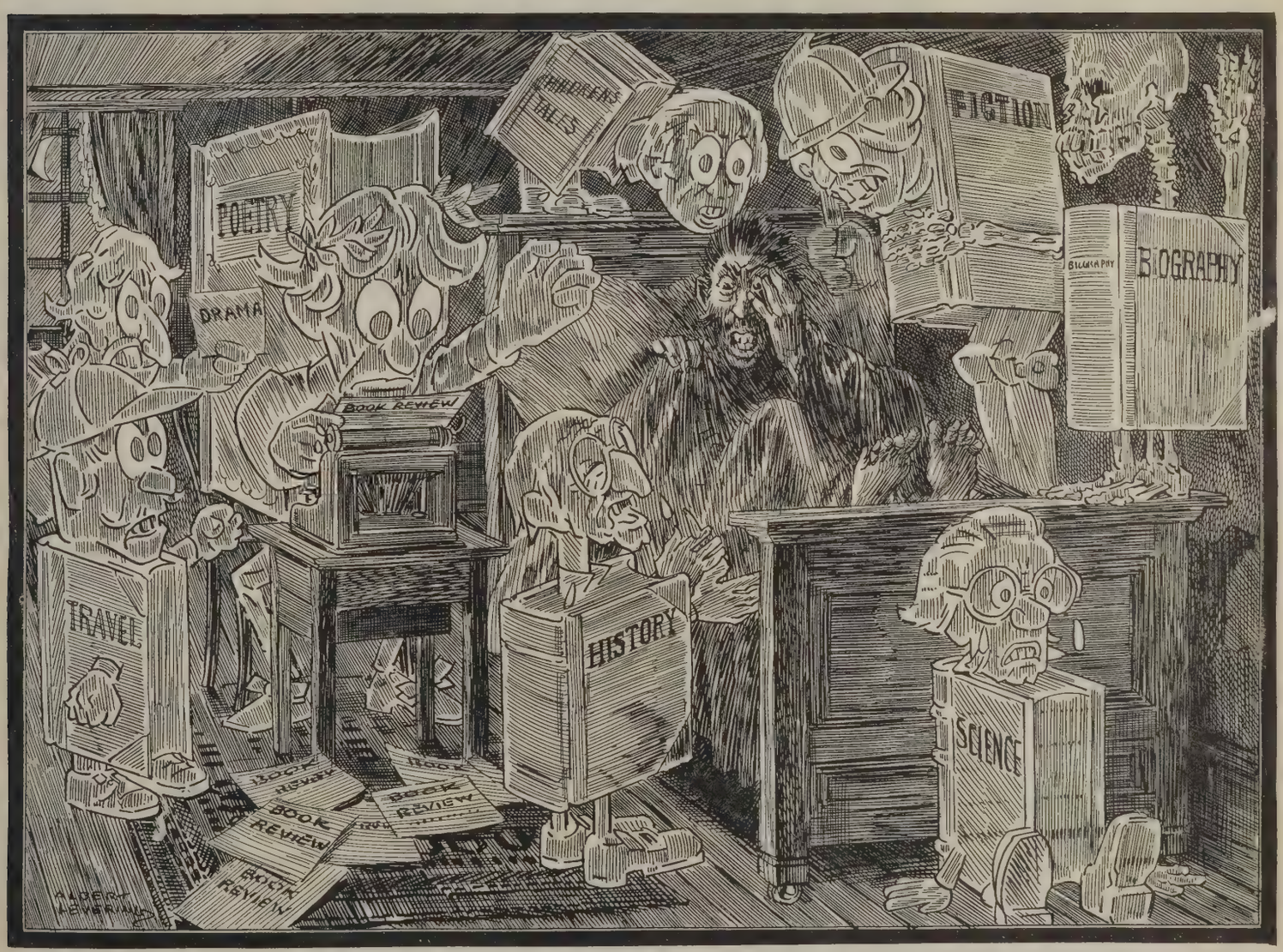
The poets were not so numerous as the fiction writers, but there was still a considerable pile to be cleared away, and I thought that we ought to hurry on, so I jogged my host's elbow.

There was a new narrative-dramatic poem by Alice Brown, the title being "Ellen Prior"; Fannie Stearns Davis had a volume called "The Ancient Beautiful Things"; by Josephine Daskam Bacon, "Truth o' Women"; "Verse of our Day," an anthology of British and American poetry compiled by Margery Gordon and Marie B. King, with an introduction by Charles Hanson Towne; "Songs for Men," by James Stuart Montgomery; "A Book of Love," translated by Witter Bynner from the French of Charles Vildrac; "Parson's Pleasure," by Christopher Morley, and a reissue of Laurence Hope's "India's Love Lyrics," with eight full color plates by Byam Shaw; "Japanese Poetry," a translation of over 200 poems, with historical settings, by Professor Curtis Hidden Page; "Cups of Illusion," by Henry Bellamann; "The Pilgrimage of Festus," by Conrad Akin; "In Exile," by John Cournos, and Maxwell Bodenheim's "Against this Age."

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Gentle Reader, "now that we are finished with poetry, we should add to it drama."

To this both her husband and I assented, especially as the book that first came to hand was John Masefield's poetic drama, "A King's Daughter." This new play by the English poet who is, probably, more widely read in this country than any of his contemporaries, proved to be a dramatization in three acts of the Biblical story of Jezebel and the tragedy she wrought through her treatment of Naboth.

The next find was a play by Clemence Dale, whose dramas, "Will Shakespeare" and "A Bill of Divorcement," were recently to be seen on the New York stage. The new play, which is said to have all the merits of these two, bore the title "The Way Things Happen." While I was looking over Dale's product, Mr. Gentle Reader extricated a comedy by Owen Wister, the tantalizing title of which read "Watch Your Thirst." As I was afraid this rubric might provoke Mr. Gentle Reader either to crack an



"AS FOR ME, I SUFFERED HORRIBLY FOR SOME TIME AFTERWARD FROM A SUCCESSION OF NIGHTMARES IN WHICH I WAS PURSUED BY AN ARMY OF STRANGE CREATURES WHO APPEARED TO BE BOOKS AND WHO BESIEGED ME FOR RECOGNITION AS I SAT HAMMERING OUT MY REVIEW ON THE TYPEWRITER"

untimely jest or to utter a mournful wail, I thought it wise to mention that Louis Evan Shipman, editor of *Life*, was bringing out a trio of plays under the simple label "Three Comedies." The plays, all of which have been produced on the professional stage, and for which Percy MacKaye has written an introduction, are: "On Parole," "The Fountain of Youth" and "Fools Errant."

"And here are two comedies by Arnold Bennett," Mrs. Gentle Reader called out. "One is 'Don Juan de Marana' and the other 'Body and Soul.' I wonder if either will be played here this winter?"

"That's a question I can't answer," replied her husband. "But here is a play in which Laurette Taylor starred last season, 'The National Anthem,' by J. Hartley Manners. And here also is the second part of 'The Beggar's Opera,' by John Gay. The second part is called 'Polly.'"

"But don't overlook this one," I said. "It's by Stephen Leacock. It is called 'Over the Footlights,' and it is going to take you right back to the 'good old days,' and then some more. Listen to the titles of Leacock's 'plays.' 'Cast up by the Sea, a Sea Coast Melodrama,' as thrown up for thirty cents (period 1880); 'The Soul Call, an Up-To-Date Piffle Play' (period 1923); 'Dead Men's Gold, a Film of the Great Nevada Desert, in which Red-Blooded, Able-Bodied Men and Women live and love among the cactus'; 'The Sub-Contractor,' an Ibsen play done out of the original Swedish with an ax."

"You can give me that for Christmas, my dear," said Mr. Gentle Reader to his wife, altho I could see that she had made a note of Bennett's "Don Juan de Marana," because she had discovered from the blurb that Arnold's Don Juan was really an idealist. Mrs. Gentle Reader, I had found through years of acquaintance, still pinned her faith on idealism. For my own part I was a little skeptical of an idealistic Don Juan, but I kept the thought to myself.

Two translations by Herman Bernstein from the Russian of Leonid Andreyev, "Samson in Chains" and "Katerina," productions of which are scheduled for Broadway this winter; Miss Rachel Crothers's "Mary the Third"; Owen Davis's "Icebound," which won the Pulitzer Prize for the best American play of the 1922–1923 New York season; "Roger Bloomer," by John Howard Lawson; "Jealousy," "Enemies" and "The Law of the Savage," bring three plays by Mikhail P. Artzybasheff; "'Déclassée' and Other Plays," by Zoé Akins; "Rain," adapted from Somerset Maugham's story; "Miss Thompson," by John Colton and Clemence Randolph; "The Secret Life," by Harley Granville-Barker; "'His Majesty's Embassy' and Other Plays," by Maurice Baring; by David Pinski, "King David and His Wives"; and John Drinkwater's "Robert E. Lee."

"The sheaf of drama isn't so large as it was in the spring," remarked Mr. Gentle Reader.

"That is true," I said. "But there are some very good names. And you and I can remember when a publisher was as scared to take a chance on a play—unless it was by Ibsen, or Jones or Pinero at the least—as he was to take a chance on poetry. The public is learning to read plays, and to like to read them. That means a great deal for the future of our drama."

"Man can not live by plays alone," put in Mr. Gentle Reader sententiously, and, as I thought, a little sourly, for I am afraid that my friend is in some respects a little old-fashioned.

I admitted as much. But then I added, "neither can he live by fiction, nor on the nightingales' tongues of the poets." Judging from the heap still before us there were plenty of books there with "meat" in them. And what was that figure that seemed to be stalking yonder with a casque on its head, and a spear? Was it History?

"It *is* History," said Mrs. Gentle Reader, holding up her torch. "And hark! What is that feeble voice crying to be heard? It must be Science."

"Let's take up travel first," I suggested. "And here is an especially good book with which to start our collection, for it is written much in the manner of a story. The title is "Tales of Travel," and it is by Marquess Curzon, England's Foreign Secretary and Leader of the House of Lords. The former Viceroy of India was always a great traveler. Much of the book has to do with the East."

"And here are two nearer home," said Mrs. Gentle Reader, as she glanced at the titles. "'Seeing the Middle West,' by John T. Faris, and 'Richmond, Its People and Its Story,' by Mary Stuart Stanard."

"How about circumnavigating the globe with Lord Northcliffe?" I asked. "Here is the diary kept by the late Alfred, Viscount Northcliffe, during his journey around the world in 1921–1922. It seems to be largely a book of opinions rather than a travel book in the usual sense of the word, altho it is simply called 'My Journey Round the World.' It is edited by Cecil and St. John Harmsworth."

"And also around the world went Mr. A. Y. Gowen, but he didn't travel like no bloomin' lord!" This was from Mr. Gentle Reader. "With his wife and eight men he did his circumnavigating in a motor yacht—the *Speejacks*. And one of the eight, Dale Collins, kept the log, which he calls 'Sea-tracks of the *Speejacks* Round the World.'"

"I know which you'll read," interjected Mrs. Gentle Reader. "You'll read both."

"Then he had better add the two new volumes of World Travels,' by Frank G. Carpenter, Litt.D., F.R.G.S. They are 'Java and the East Indies' and 'France to Scandinavia,'" said I. "And as a companion volume to 'Richmond,' or as antithetical to it, perhaps, here is 'Washington and Its Romance,' by Thomas Nelson Page; he might like that, too. And here is one for Mrs. Gentle Reader—if it can be called a travel book. The title is 'Adventures in My Garden and Rock Garden,' by Louise Beebe Wilder."

"If that is a travel book, then I suppose that Sir Philip Gibbs's 'Adventures in Journalism' is one also?" queried Mr. Gentle Reader, with a little more of sarcasm in his voice than the occasion seemed to me to demand.

"I never took a librarian's diploma," I answered meekly. "We'll compromise by sticking to our categories now and by adding a pile to be called 'Miscellaneous' later on." This seemed to suit everybody, and we went back to culling the books that seemed to do strictly with journeyings.

The first book to be drawn out of the lottery was "The Colorado River, Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow," and as it was by Lewis R. Freeman, and not by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, it provoked the remark from Mr. Gentle Reader that he did not see how the writer could vision the river's future. Next came "The Diary of Captain Scott," Captain Robert Falcon Scott, R.N. It was really a reissue of the record of the intrepid explorer who lost his life on his dash for the South Pole, but the original edition has long been out of print. As a companion volume to Scott's we found "Shackleton's Last Voyage," by Frank Wilde, C.B.E.

After this one or another of us pulled out, in rapid succession, "We Explore the Great Lakes," by Webb Waldron; "Beautiful America," by Vernon Quinn, richly illustrated; "The Conquest of Cornwall," by Robert C. Benchley; "The Eight Paradises," being travel pictures of the eight cities of Islam which possess the "gardens watered by living streams," the book by Princess G. V. Bibesco; "Among Pygmies and Gorillas," by Prince William of Sweden; "Siren Land" (Greece and Italy), by Norman Douglas; "The Assault on Mount Everest," by Brigadier-General the Hon. C. G. Bruce; and a volume of travel reminiscences by Mary Roberts Rinehart, entitled "The Out Trail."

A reissue of unusual value was "Travels in Arabia Deserta," that extraordinary book by Charles M. Doughty which appeared in England a few years ago; "Finding the Worth While in the Orient," by Lucian Swift Kirtland; "Contrasts," by Hilaire Belloc, based on his recent visit to this country; "The Lure of Old Paris," by C. H. Crichton; "Lands of the Thunderbolt," by the Earl of Ronaldshay, Governor of the Province of Bengal, "Through Algeria and Tunis on a Motor Bicycle," by Lady Warren; "The Spell of Provence," by André Hallays, translated

(*Continued on page 73*)

Doctor Edith Wharton Makes a Diagnosis

By William Lyon Phelps

EDITH WHARTON, like Henry James, Anne Sedgwick, and Dorothy Canfield, has lived many years in France. She lives there now. Why? As the correct answer to this question might not be flattering to our national pride, suppose we consider the question unasked.

On page 366 of her latest novel, "A Son at the Front,"[1] the elderly artist-hero is wondering what France will be if all the best of her men vanish in the war, and a bereaved French father tells him the Idea will remain:

> An Idea: they must cling to that. If Dastrey, from the depths of his destitution, could still feel it and live by it, why did it not help Campton more? An Idea: that was what France, ever since she had existed, had always been in the story of civilization; a luminous point about which striving visions and purposes could rally. And in that sense she had been as much Campton's spiritual home as Dastrey's; to thinkers, artists, to all creators, she had always been a second country. If France went, western civilization went with her; and then all they had believed in and been guided by would perish.

Thus, while Edith Wharton belongs to us by virtue of her parentage and birth in the city of New York, France is her *second country*. Dorothy Canfield, Willa Cather, and Zona Gale are products of our State universities, tho the former spent years in France in her childhood. Edith Wharton and Anne Sedgwick were educated "at home." There's no place like home for an education, if it is the right sort of home; illustrative cases are Robert Browning, John Stuart Mill, Henry James, and the two women I have just named.

After one grows up, one chooses a home for oneself, provided one is fortunate enough to be free. Whether or not Edith Wharton has any spiritual home is problematical; her intellectual home is France. Her chief characteristic is a serene, unclouded intelligence. Now, among cultivated French people the human quality most respected is intelligence; emotion is kept in its place, which is always subordinate. Among Normans and Bretons, even religion is secondary to prudence; their religion is often perhaps a form of prudence.

With the one exception of Booth Tarkington, Edith Wharton seems to have won her way to the foremost place among living American writers; the two are so different they can not be compared; one so native, the other so largely exotic. To boys and girls, whose ambition is equaled only by their impatience, let us recall the fact that Mrs. Wharton's reputation began when she was forty years old; she served a long apprenticeship.

EDITH WHARTON

in the academic procession at Yale University last June, when the degree of Doctor of Letters was conferred upon her. The address of conferment was in part as follows: "She is a master in the creation of original and living characters, and her powers of ironical description are exerted to salutary ends. She is a realist in the best sense of the word; revealing the inner nature of men and women without recourse to sensationalism and keeping ever within the boundaries of true art. She holds a universally recognized place in the front rank of the world's living novelists. She has elevated the level of American literature. We are proud that she is an American."

In view of her European training, her linguistic accomplishments—her translation of Sudermann's "Es Lebe das Leben" is a work of art—her aloofness from the American point of view, it is rather surprizing that her best books have dealt exclusively with the American scene. In classifying "The House of Mirth" (1905) among these, I do so here in deference to the general opinion; personally, altho it was her first best seller and gave her a large public, it seems to me among her less important creations. But there can be no doubt that "Ethan Frome" (1911) and "The Age of Innocence" (1920) are masterpieces. If I could have only one of her works, I would take "The Age of Innocence." Two of her novels seem to me quite unworthy of her: these are "The Fruit of the Tree" (1907) and "The Glimpses of the Moon" (1922). Were it not for their display of mere language, they would be negligible.

The acidity that often accompanies intelligence usually gives to her compositions just sufficient alloy to make them perfectly malleable; it is only occasionally that bitterness becomes a potent poison, and quite o'ercrows the spirit of the work. A clear illustration of that is "The Custom of the Country" (1913), which, instead of being a picture of America, is a vitriolic satire. It is worth reading for the spectacle of a woman of genius in a state of exasperation. Like all truly intelligent people, she dislikes with especial fervor brutality, stupidity, affectation, and silliness; those who wish to see a novelist in a mood of disdain will enjoy rereading that book.

In her latest novel, "A Son at the Front," we have "another book about the war." Why not? The war is still in every one's mind, and will stay there until death. Evil begets evil; the bigger the sin, the more appalling the retribution.

The four novels about the war which have most imprest me are "A Son at the Front," which gives a picture of the life in Paris from August, 1914, till the entry of America; "Adrienne Toner," by Anne Sedgwick, which gives a picture of the life in England during the same period; "A Soldier of Life," by Hugh de Sélincourt, which gives the state of mind of an English soldier who is sent home wounded, and becomes a pacifist; "Through the Wheat," by Thomas Boyd, which takes us among the Americans actually in the trenches. Tho I know nothing about it by personal experience, "Through the Wheat" is the story dealing with actual fighting which seems to me closer to what must be the truth. These four books are works of art, written with honesty, sincerity, and intelligence.

"A Son at the Front" is an enormous improvement over "The Glimpses of the Moon," which even its author's gifts could not save from triviality. Here there is nothing trivial; the subject

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[1] A Son at the Front. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

has all the dignity of tragedy, and the style rises to the level of the theme. It must certainly rank high among our novelists' achievements.

The author is on familiar ground. She is an American, and France is her "second country." She was in France during the war, and, as every one knows, rendered notable aid to a cause which has probably been closer to her heart than anything in her life. The middle-aged artist, Campton, whose meditations take up much of the work, is an American living in France; his son at the front, altho a Harvard graduate, was born in France, and therefore subject to the first mobilization. Campton's divorced wife, having more beauty than brains, and more money than either, plays, together with her second husband, an American banker living in Paris, a prominent part; and the relations of the three are portrayed with a series of *nuances* that should awaken the most callous reader's enthusiasm.

Campton was so terribly bored by his former wife that he is glad enough to have nothing more to do with her; he quite unfairly despises her husband, and would hold himself gladly apart from that hateful household were it not for his son, a cheerful, healthy, unprejudiced and wholly natural young American. Young George, whose duplicate I have seen at least a thousand times, is the indissoluble link uniting these three totally different adults. This boy loves his father and understands him much better than he is understood; his love for his mother is a compound of affection and pity; for his mother's second husband he has a cordial liking, is perfectly at ease in his company, and calls him "Uncle Andy."

There is, as might be expected by those who know her previous work, no sentimentalism here, not even the sentimentalism of patriotism; sentimentality, like any emotional excess, is abhorrent to Mrs. Wharton. Her walking so circumspectly and yet so surely on the very edge of it without slipping, is one of her most conspicuous accomplishments. Certainly such a feat could never have been more difficult than in this instance, because to her France represented everything good and Germany everything evil. No virageous virgin, engaged in war work at home, could have had more uncompromising certainty of conviction. During the war, I asked one of these if she wanted peace without victory; and the answer made me fear for her health.

For my part, I never can hate any nation as a nation, because I always in imagination see the *individuals* on the other side feeling and doing precisely as we. I am glad America whipt England in the eighteenth century; I am glad the Yankees whipt the Southerners in the war of the rebellion; I am glad Germany was beaten in the World War. But I do not hate Englishmen, Southerners, or Germans, because their convictions were the same in strength as our own. Did we believe in the holiness of our cause? So did they. Did we make sacrifices of our youth? So did they. Did we fast and pray? So did they. It is the accident of birth, not superiority of character, that determines one's attitude in war.

Mrs. Wharton puts on her extensive canvas persons in Paris representing many shades of ability, attitude, and opinion. No one is quite so fully revealed as the famous artist, John Campton, both because he is the most worth revealing, and because we actually live inside of his mind. The story opens with him in solitary reflection in his Montmarte studio, on July 30, 1914. His son is to arrive from America, and the next day they are to start on a holiday journey together to Sicily. A touch of irony is given at the start, for the father is so eager for to-morrow that he tears the present date off the calendar, forgetting that sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. He did not believe in the possibility of war; in the twentieth century, such folly was inconceivable. Then he views the growing probability of it with a selfishness not uncommon; it would interfere with his plans. Later comes the deeper selfishness of his passion for his son, whom his conscious mind tries to save from danger, while his unconscious mind approves of his playing his part. He asks a shrewd old French woman how she would regard the outbreak of war, and receives a typical answer:

> "Why, I should say we don't want it, sir—I'd have four in it if it came—*but that this sort of thing has got to stop.*"

Now that is exactly the way I heard people in Germany talk in 1911 and again in 1913. They believed, mistakenly, I think, but positively, that they were being "hemmed in," and that "this sort of thing had got to stop." The significant difference was that while England and France did not want war, Germany emphatically did. She longed for it. I suppose never in human history has a nation gone into a war with more united enthusiasm than Germany entered into it in 1914. There came a wave over the whole country like one vast ejaculation—"At last! thank God, it has come!" This was the climax of years of organized nationalism.

His former wife's second husband is sent as an envoy to Campton, for to her and now to Campton the war means only one thing —*my son.* This is the natural, the inevitable first emotion. Our feelings are not altogether under the control of our reason, and what is nearest to us impresses our heart most deeply. A man actually feels worse about the death of his pet dog than about the decease of a foreign statesman, or the news of a railroad accident. The description of the banker is in Mrs. Wharton's best manner:

> Mr. Brant was a compact little man of about sixty. His sandy hair, just turning gray, was brushed forward over a baldness which was ivory-white at the crown and became brick-pink above the temples, before merging into the tanned and freckled surface of his face. He was always drest in carefully cut clothes of a discreet gray, with a tie to match, in which even the plump pearl was gray, so that he reminded Campton of a dry perpendicular insect in protective tints; and the fancy was encouraged by his cautious manner, and the way he had of peering over his glasses as if they were part of his armor. His feet were small and pointed, and seemed to be made of patent leather; and shaking hands with him was like clasping a bunch of twigs.

Yet he is not a satirical figure; the reader respects him long before Campton does, but Campton comes to it at last.

Like many enlightened people, Campton, his son, and perhaps their creator, had become by the year 1914 international in feeling; they were interested in art, in ideas, and were unaware of their own capacity for passionate patriotism; thus the boy shows no particular excitement at the thought of war, and merely assures his father that nothing of the kind will happen. The world is too advanced. We remember remarks like this in July, 1914; the Harvard graduate is talking to his father:

> "I know French chaps who feel as I do—Louis Dastrey, Paul's nephew, for one; and lots of English ones. They don't believe the world will ever stand for another war. It's too stupidly uneconomic, to begin with: I suppose you've read Angell? Then life's worth too much, and nowadays too many millions of people know it. That's the way we all feel. Think of everything that counts—art and science and poetry, and all the rest—going to smash at the nod of some doddering diplomatist! It was different in old times, when the best of life, for the immense majority, was never anything but plague, pestilence, and famine. People are too healthy and well-fed now; they're not going off to die in a ditch to oblige anybody."

What Mrs. Wharton wishes the reader to see, and what he does see, is, that altho this kind of talk is all well enough before the declaration of war, the moment war breaks out, this boy will instantly take his place in it. He will not foam at the mouth either with love of a cause or hatred for its enemies; he will make no theatrical gesture; he will simply try to get to the front as quickly as possible. Those lads left the heroics, the cheers and the tears, to their elders and to women; they simply went. It is an absolutely typical case.

This matter-of-courseness, so characteristic of youth in college athletic contests and in war, so difficult to understand by older people, who are forced to substitute excitement in speech for physical capacity, is portrayed by Mrs. Wharton with consummate art. In her war-work, she saw many of these undemonstrative young men, and George is a triumph of portraiture. His tact and consideration are perhaps somewhat above the average. Every one knows how eagerly the average boy entered the war; how he lied about his age, his health, and his nationality, in

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Writing the Life of Christ

By Sir Hall Caine

IT WAS not by my desire that the announcement was made recently that I was writing, or trying to write, a Life of Christ. The secret I had kept for thirty-two years, that as long ago as that I had written a portion of such a book, I could have wished to preserve until the moment came for publishing the completed work.

The many letters of inquiry, of encouragement, and, I fear I must add (in a few instances), of insult which I have lately received, I accept as tributes to the universal interest in the subject. It is very sure that nobody, however obscure, can attempt to write a Life of Christ without stimulating curiosity, awakening hopes, and perhaps exciting fears. On no other subject does humanity feel so deeply and jealously. It is the sacred and never-failing theme.

HOFFMAN'S "CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE"

I can well believe that the fact that a Life of Jesus was to be attempted by an author hitherto chiefly known as an imaginative writer, a novelist, must have provoked a certain sense of hostility and in some quarters of disdain. That a subject which, in each of its countless aspects, has called for the learning of the ages should be boldly undertaken in its entirety by one who has devoted the best years of his life to less responsible pursuits would certainly seem challenging. I might, perhaps, modify apprehension on this head by saying how long the subject has been with me, what study I have given to it, how much I have drawn, through many years, by personal intercourse, upon the knowledge of Biblical scholars in many countries. But it may be better to leave all this to reveal itself, if it ever can, in its proper place and way.

In the meantime, I think I may say that there is nothing incongruous in the fact that a novelist attempts so great a theme. If I had to make an anthology of the greatest, most inspiring, most searching, most uplifting passages written about Jesus, His life or teaching, I should find that a fair proportion of these came out of great novels. Readers who care to follow up this line of inquiry may be advised to begin with the marvelous chapter in "Crime and Punishment," in which the murderer and the woman sit together in a garret to read the story of the raising of Lazarus. If the Russian novelist, Dostoievsky, could not have written a moving and inspiring Life of Jesus, I know of no one in any age who could.

The fact is not of common knowledge that Charles Dickens wrote a Life of Jesus. It was very short and very simple, and it was intended for the use of his own children only. It still exists, and the author's son, Sir Henry Fielding Dickens, told me a few weeks ago that he had had many offers of large sums for it from American publishers; but that, having received it from his father with the injunction that it was never to be published, he had, of course, declined all such offers, and finally decided to leave the little manuscript to the BritishMuseum.

I can not but think it must sometimes have occurred to the creator of Sydney Carton to write out his Life of Jesus at greater length for his larger family among the children of men. If he had done so the world would have been the richer for a book which, whatever its scholastic limitations, would have been of priceless emotional value. The deficiency in learning would have been atoned for again and again by the depth of human insight, the height of spiritual emotion, the vivid reality of scene and the strength and sweep of narrative. No writer at all comparable in these qualities with Dickens has ever yet, in any language, undertaken the task. I think the world would have gladly deprived itself of more than one of the great fictions of Dickens's later life (much as it values them), if it could have had such a Life of Jesus as it lay within the power of the great soul of Dickens to write.

The man who sets out to write on this highest of all subjects incurs a heavy responsibility. The figure of Jesus has come so close to the heart of humanity that it is almost frightening to disturb a line of the portrait. And the words of Jesus have so interwoven themselves with human speech at its best and truest that to change them by so much as a letter for any purposes whatsoever seems perilous.

Perhaps it was partly from fear of transgressing in one or other of these directions, and so doing more harm than I could hope to do good, that I put aside my task thirty-odd years ago. And if I am taking it up again now, at seventy years of age, after a rather long life spent in other activities, it is because I feel that if I am to write the book which I have so long wished to write, that risk must at length be run.

The truth, stated briefly, is that I think the Jesus of the churches

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Hashimura Togo Grows Serious

By Julian Street

HAVING read Mr. Wallace Irwin's new novel, "Lew Tyler's Wives,"(1) I find my thoughts drifting from the book to a contemplation of the author's extraordinary versatility; and the more I consider his earlier work, the more astonishing it seems to me that this grave, absorbing story, with its spacious background, its firmly drawn characters, its sympathetic yet candid studies of human nature at best and at worst, was written by the selfsame man who penned the whimsical poems—for poems assuredly they are—of "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum," the facile, witty verse of "Nautical Lays of a Landsman" and "Random Rhymes and Odd Numbers," the grotesque comicalities of Hashimura Togo, the satirical playfulness of such light novels as "The Blooming Angel" and "All Front and No Back," and finally the artful anti-Japanese propaganda, reflecting Mr. Irwin's Californian upbringing, contained in "Seed of the Sun."

© Paul Thompson

WALLACE IRWIN

"Lew Tyler's Wives" is by far the most serious effort thus far made by Mr. Irwin, and while critical readers may be able to make minor points against the book—as, for example, that it is full of errors due to careless proofreading, and that the author's two or three bursts into the first person tend to jar the reader's thought away from the tale and toward the manner of its creation—still, these are small matters by comparison with Mr. Irwin's sound achievement.

Not only has he produced a strong, dramatic story, but he has consciously worked according to the method by which the greatest novels have been built. That is to say, the foundation of his story lies not in tricks of situation, not in inventories of unessential details, but in solid character. The characters make the story—as they should. One never feels that they are puppets hung upon the threads of a plot; and tho recourse is had to coincidence at the climax, a good case may be made out for the plausibility of the coincidence. "Lew Tyler's Wives" tells, in short, the sort of story we see in life around us—a story developing out of contrast between varied natures acting and reacting upon one another in such fashion as to produce what Tarkington has aptly termed the "slowly intensifying situation."

Lew Tyler is a handsome, good-natured young Californian, possessing the spurious gift we describe as "charm." He marries Jessie, a woman of somewhat inferior social position, but of infinitely superior character. Jessie is a memorable character: one of those honest, faithful, trusting women who, whether in life or in fiction, approximate the average masculine ideal. The story is lifelike, too, in that Jessie is victimized by her lazy, selfish, unfaithful husband, and that it is largely because of the fineness of her own nature that she is so readily deceived by him. Mr. Irwin's comments as the process of Jessie's disillusionment goes on are epigrammatically effective and philosophically true. "In the school of love," he tells us, "we all learn slowly because we are not there to learn. Love blinds with its own light, and when its eyes see true it is because the light has become temperate; and love grown sane, grows dull." And again: "In one particular, at least, the alcoholic is like the genius: he is amusing to almost everybody but his wife."

The last bond between Lew and his first wife is severed by "the dread fury with the abhorred shears." Their only child dies in tragic circumstances, and Jessie immediately leaves her husband. This is the blow Lew Tyler needs. He braces up and for years vainly searches for her. The war comes—touched upon with suitable brevity—and Lew, having returned from France a major, goes into the advertising business. Over there he has met New York society women, and in New York he is "taken up" by them, presently marrying a girl, Virginia, who is not, except according to the standards of the "Social Register," in any sense Jessie's equal.

Lew's rediscovery of Jessie, after seven years, occurs in dramatic circumstances at the story's end, just after the birth of his and Virginia's child, and one feels that the rounding out, here, of Jessie's character, is entirely consistent, and that the scene between her and Lew is admirably restrained. Jessie is still fine, and she forgives him. He kisses her "sensible, middle-aged, pathetic mouth, but the touch is as unresponsive as that we feel when we press our lips upon the calm, unsuffering forehead of our dead."

This scene occurs in the lying-in hospital where Lew's wife and new-born baby are. He goes to Virginia, and as he gazes down at her girlish, tousled head on the pillow, the question comes to him: Without that youth which Jessie had shared with him would he have known how to go on and lead his life with Virginia? Here we seem to get an intimation of the author's purpose. Apparently he means to indicate that it takes two women to make something like a man out of such raw material as Lew Tyler.

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(1) LEW TYLER'S WIVES. By Wallace Irwin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 384 pages.

Voting for the Best Books Since 1900

A Wide Diversity of Choice

THE popular vote of readers of the INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW on the "Ten Best Books of the Century" has reached a new and interesting stage. As stated in the September issue, each reader of this magazine is invited to send in a list of what he regards as the ten best books—of any kind and in any language—that have been published since 1900. The composite list thus produced a month ago was printed on page 19 of the September BOOK REVIEW. It contained 108 different titles, showing already a wide diversity of tastes. But the votes of the succeeding four weeks have emphasized this diversity to the amazing extent of adding 187 new titles to the list. Many ballots, of course, are duplicating previous votes on certain books, thus piling up majorities on the favorites; but the favorites have changed considerably within the month, and there is no telling what the verdict will be when the voting ends on November 15 and the final list of ten comes to be published in the January BOOK REVIEW.

The 187 new titles added this month are printed elsewhere on this page and the next. In order to get the whole of the composite list, covering all the books thus far receiving one or more votes, the September list must, of course, be added to the present one. The interesting thing is that the vote for ten best books has already scattered to 295 different titles, and that "The Old Wives' Tale" and "If Winter Comes" are no longer in the lead as they were a month ago. A very considerable majority now places Mr. Wells's "Outline of History" at the head of the list, thus indicating, for the moment, at least, that this is the one twentieth-century book with which the American public would be least willing to part. Arnold Bennett's "Old Wives' Tale" comes next in the votes it can muster, and the third place finds Romain Rolland's "Jean Christophe" and Mr. Hutchinson's "If Winter Comes" running neck-and-neck. Close behind these is "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," by Blasco Ibáñez, and next is Papini's "Life of Christ." Then, competing for the remaining places, are half a dozen candidates—Winston Churchill's "The Crisis," Thomas Hardy's "The Dynasts," John Galsworthy's "The Forsyte Saga," Mr. Strachey's "Queen Victoria," Mr. Van Loon's "Story of Mankind" and Mrs. Wharton's "Ethan Frome." Mr. Conrad and Mr. Hergesheimer would be in the magic circle but for the fact that their admirers have scattered their votes among several books in each case.

This symposium has already called forth various comments from the press. The Boston *Post*, in an editorial on the subject, remarks: "The first lists seem to be too highly flavored with fiction. 'The Education of Henry Adams' and 'The Dynasts' are two books that can hardly be crowded out by the odd titles that some enthusiasts have confused with great books." Another criticism, from a somewhat different angle, comes from a South American friend, Robert M. Rosa, of Atocha, Bolivia, who expresses regret that so few of the lists include any of the authors who have been awarded the Nobel prize in literature since 1900.[1] Is

[1] The Nobel prize-winners in literature from 1901 to 1922, as given in the World Almanac for 1923, are as follows: R. F. A. Sully-Prudhomme (French), Th. Mommsen (German), B. Björnson (Norwegian), F. Mistral (French), J. Echegaray (Spanish), H. Sienkiewicz (Polish), G. Carducci (Italian), R. Kipling (English), R. Eucken (German), Selma Lagerlöf (Swedish), P. Heyse (German), M. Maeterlinck (Belgian), G. Hauptmann (German), R. Tagore (Indian), Romain Rolland (French), Verner Haidenstam (Swedish), K. Gjellerup (Danish), H. Pontappidan (Danish), Carl Spiteler (Swiss), Knut Hamsun (Norwegian), Anatole France (French), J. Bonavente (Spanish).

Books Voted For—Second List

(Additional works receiving one or more votes)

Aiken, Conrad, "The Pilgrimage of Festus."
Angell, Norman, "The Great Illusion."
Anderson, Sherwood, "Winesburg, Ohio."
Anonymous, "Behind the Mirrors."
Anonymous, "Mirrors of Washington."
Atherton, Gertrude, "Black Oxen."
Barbusse, Henri, "Under Fire."
Barclay, F. L., "The Rosary."
Barrie, James M., "Dear Brutus," "Plays," and "The Admirable Crichton."
Belloc, Hilaire, "The Mercy of Allah."
Bennett, Arnold, "The Great Adventure" and "Mr. Prohack."
Bojer, Johan, "The Last of the Vikings" and "The Great Hunger."
Bok, Edward, "The Americanization of Edward Bok" and "A Man from Maine."
Bone, Captain, "Brassbounder."
Boyd, Thomas, "Through the Wheat."
Browne, "The Everyday Life of Lincoln."
Bryce, James, "Modern Democracies."
Burnett, Frances H., "The Secret Garden" and "The Shuttle."
Burroughs, John, "Accepting the Universe."
Bynner, Witter, "The New World" and "A Book of Plays."
Cabell, James B., "Figures of Earth."
Camp, Wadsworth, "The Guarded Heights."
Canfield, Dorothy, "Rough Hewn" and "The Bent Twig."
Chambrun, Countess Clara Longworth de, "The Sonnets of Shakespeare."
Chesterton, G. K., "Orthodoxy."
Conrad, Joseph, "Youth," "Rescue," "Lord Jim," "Typhoon," "The Shadow Line," "Chance."
Crane, Stephen, "Wounds in the Rain."
Cromer, Lord, "Egypt."
Curwood, James O., "God's Country" and "Kazan."
Davey, "Pilgrim of a Smile."
Dawson, Coningsby, "The Raft."
De la Mare, Walter, "Memoirs of a Midget" and "The Return."
Deland, Margaret, "Awakening of Helena Ritchie."
De Morgan, William, "Joseph Vance."
Doyle, Arthur C., "Wanderings of a Spiritualist."
Drinkwater, John, "Outline of Literature" and "The Way of Poetry."
Dubois, W. E. B., "Darkwater."
Dukes, Sir Paul, "Red Dusk and the Morrow."
Dunsany, Lord, "Plays" and "The Book of Wonder."
Egan, Maurice Francis, "Confessions of a Book Lover."
Edwards, G. W., "Marken and its People."
Elizabeth, "The Enchanted April."
Evans, "The Palace of Minos."
Farnol, Jeffery, "The Broad Highway."
Ferrero, Guglielmo, "The Greatness and Decline of Rome."
Fletcher, J. S., "Rippling Ruby."
Fox, John, Jr., "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come."
Galsworthy, John, "Saint's Progress" and "Loyalties."
George, W. L., "A Bed of Roses."
Gerard, James W., "My Four Years in Germany."
Gibson, Wilfred W., "Collected Poems."
Greene, Anne B., "The Lone Winter."
Gregory, Odin, "Caius Gracchus."
Grey, Zane, "The Light of Western Stars."
Gummere, Francis B., "The Beginnings of Poetry."
Hamsun, Knut, "Pan."
Hergesheimer, Joseph, "Java Head."
Hichens, Robert, "The Garden of Allah."
Hohenzollern, Wilhelm, "Kaiser's Memoirs."
Hohenzollern, Friedrich Wilhelm, "Memoirs of the Crown Prince of Germany."
Housman, A. E., "Last Poems."
Hudson, W. M., "Green Mansions" and "Far Away and Long Ago."
Hutchinson, A. S. M., "This Freedom."
Jacks, Lawrence P., "Religious Perplexities."
James, William, "Memories and Studies."
Jordan, David S., "The Days of a Man."
Keable, Robert, "Peradventure."
Keen, William W., "I Believe in God and in Evolution."
Keyser, C. J., "Human Worth of Rigorous Thinking."
Kilmer, Joyce, "Poems and Essays."
King, Basil, "The Conquest of Fear."
Kipling, Rudyard, "Kim" and "The Irish Guards in the Great War."
Kohlsaat, H. H., "From McKinley to Harding."
Kyne, Peter B., "Kindred of the Dust," "Cappy Ricks Retires," and "The Pride of Palomar."

(Continued on next page)

he to infer, he asks, that the best books of the last twenty-two years are not those which won the prize of the great Swedish inventor, or do Americans read scarcely anything that is not written in their own language? Incidentally, he points out the interesting fact that only one Anglo-Saxon, Kipling, has won the Nobel prize for literature.

Some of the voters accompany their lists with pithy comments to explain their preferences. Preston Slosson, assistant professor of history in the University of Michigan, declares: "In my own field, that of historical and political science, I select without hesitation Lord Bryce's 'Modern Democracies,' a worthy mate to his earlier 'American Commonwealth,' and the most masterly survey of contemporary political life which has appeared." After choosing William James's "Varieties of Religious Experience" and Lord Dunsany's "Plays," Professor Slosson says in connection with the fourth title on his list:

> Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton" is a splendid example of satiric comedy, the other side of the modern dramatic movement. In both symbolic and realistic drama the twentieth century has done work comparable to that of the age of Elizabeth; the names of Yeats, Synge, Dunsany and Maeterlinck in the former, and Shaw, Galsworthy and many others in the latter, are evidence of that.

For poetry he chooses books by Rupert Brooke and Vachel Lindsay, and for short stories he takes O. Henry's "The Four Million." Next to the drama, he says, the short story seems to be the favorite vehicle of present-day authorship, and "O. Henry has done for America in the twentieth century what Kipling did for India in the eighteen-nineties." H. G. Wells gets two places in Professor Slosson's list, one for "Marriage," his best novel, and the other for "A Modern Utopia," as his best reflective work. Chesterton's "Orthodoxy" is chosen as "perhaps the most complete and serious exposition of his permanent point of view." Speaking of his list as a whole, Professor Slosson does not call it the "best" ten or even his favorite ten, but offers it as typical of twentieth-century tendencies, believing that "it would give a fair idea of our times even if these ten should alone survive to future ages."

Theodore H. Kenworth of Brooklyn also gives a leading place to Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," because of its wholesome philosophy and "because there is no more tense moment in any drama than when the gun booms off-stage in Act III." His list includes two books of criticism—"The Advance of the English Novel," by William Lyon Phelps, and "The American Language," by H. L. Mencken. He thinks that Knut Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil" is the best epic novel of the present century and that W. H. Hudson's "Green Mansions" is the most refreshing. Samuel Butler's "The Way of All Flesh" gets into Mr. Kenworth's list, but with the comment: "How unfortunate that books of this kind have to be written!" Locke's "Beloved Vagabond" comes near to being shouldered out by "Once Aboard the Lugger" and "Parnassus on Wheels," but manages to stay. John Drinkwater's "The Way of Poetry" is included "because of the splendid service it must be doing in interesting children in an approach to the beauty of fine poetry, its manner and its matter."

Miss Ernestine Noa, President of the Tennessee Woman's Press and Authors' Club, protests that she almost never likes the same ten books two days in succession. Choosing, however, those that she can "bring to mind with little or no effort," she begins with "Queed," because it is "a really Southern book about real Southern people and describes a real Southern city." Mr. Wells's "Outline of History" is chosen with the following explanation, which may help to account for the heavy vote for this book:

> Not because I love to read history, for if it were that—and I do love it—I'd rather read Gibbon, and Buckle, and Lecky, and Fiske, and Motley—and I do read them. But I love the Outline because I love the way Wells takes live men like Cæsar and Napoleon and tips them over like wooden soldiers—little ones, too. He is not afraid of them. I like the way—the (to me) beautiful and reverent way—in which he writes of Jesus and of the beginnings of Christianity. He says he is not a Christian, but I feel him to be a better one than lots of us are whose names stand on church membership lists—and who don't go.

Miss Noa brackets "The Education of Henry Adams" with the "Letters of Walter H. Page" as alike human and poignant, and both "explanative of two phases of American thinking, the Northern culture and the Southern." She fails to choose any book of twentieth-century poetry, excusing herself to the present-day poets in this wise: "I suppose people of my vintage, who were put in to

Books Voted For—Second List—*Continued*

Lane, Rose Wilder, "Peaks of Shala."
Ledwidge, Francis, "Complete Poems."
Lewisohn, Ludwig, "The Poets of Modern France."
Lincoln, Joseph C., "Doctor Nye of North Ostable."
London, Jack, "The Call of the Wild."
MacDonagh, Thomas, "Literature of Ireland."
MacKenzie, Compton, "Sinister Street."
Machen, Arthur, "Hill of Dreams" and "Far Off Things."
Macy, John, "The Spirit of American Literature."
Maeterlinck, Maurice, "The Life of the Bee" and "The Betrothal."
Maran, René, "Batouala."
Masefield, John, "Everlasting Mercy."
Masson, Thomas L., "The Silver Lining."
Masters, Edgar Lee, "Spoon River Anthology."
McIntyre, John T., "Blowing Weather."
Mencken, H. L., "The American Language."
Millay, Edna St. Vincent, "A Few Figs from Thistles."
Moore, George, "In Single Strictness."
Murray, Gilbert, "The Trojan Women."
Newton, A. E., "Amenities of Book Collecting."
Nicholson, Meredith, "The House of a Thousand Candles" and "A Hoosier Chronicle."
Norris, Kathleen, "Butterfly."
Noyes, Alfred, "Poems."
O. Henry, "The Furnished Room," "Short Stories."
Oliphant, Alfred, "Bob, Son of Battle."
Osborn, Henry F., "Men of the Old Stone Age."
Ossendowski, Ferdinand, "Beasts, Men and Gods."
Palmer, Frederick, "Our Greatest Battle."
Parker, Sir Gilbert, "The Weavers."
Parrish, Randall, "Bob Hampton of Placer."
Phelps, William L., "The Advance of the English Novel."
Pierce, "The Unconscious Mind."
Pirandello, Luigi, "Six Characters in Search of an Author."
Poole, Ernest, "His Family."
Porter, Gene S., "The Harvester," "Freckles," and "A Girl of the Limberlost."
Quiller-Couch, Arthur, "On the Art of Writing."
Riley, James Whitcomb, "Songs of Summer."
Rinehart, Mary R., "The Circular Staircase," "The Amazing Interlude," and "When a Man Marries."
Rohmer, Sax, "The Insidious Dr. Fu-Manchu."
Rolland, Romain, "Colas Breugnon."
Roosevelt, Theodore, "Letters to His Children" and "An Autobiography."
Sandburg, Carl, "Smoke and Steel."
Scarborough, Dorothy, "In the Land of Cotton."
Service, Robert W., "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man."
Shaw, George Bernard, "Earlier Plays," "Pygmalion," "Three Plays for Puritans," and "Love Among the Artists."
Sheridan, Claire, "Mayfair to Moscow."
Siwertz, Sigfrid, "Downstream."
Simpson, James Y., "Man and the Attainment of Immortality."
Sinclair, May, "The Tree of Heaven."
Sinclair, Upton, "The Jungle."
Street, Julian, "The Jazz Baby."
Swift, "Psychology of the Day's Work."
Swinnerton, Frank, "Nocturne."
Synge, John M., "Plays."
Tarkington, Booth, "Monsieur Beaucaire," "Penrod," "The Magnificent Ambersons," "Gentle Julia," and "Alice Adams."
Thomson, J. Arthur, "Outline of Science."
Train, Arthur, "His Children's Children."
Trevelyan, G. M., "Life and Times of Garibaldi."
Tumulty, Joseph P., "Woodrow Wilson as I Knew Him."
Twain, Mark, "The Mysterious Stranger."
Van Vechten, Carl, "Peter Whiffle."
Walker, E. W., "Reincarnation."
Walker, Stuart, "More Portmanteau Plays."
Walpole, Hugh, "The Cathedral," "Jeremy," "The Captives," "Fortitude," and "The Duchess of Wrexe."
Wells, H. G., "Marriage" and "A Modern Utopia."
West, Rebecca, "The Judge."
White, Andrew D., "Seven Great Statesmen."
White, Edward L., "El Supremo."
White, Stewart Edward, "The Blazed Trail."
Woolley, Edward M., "The Junior Partner."
Wright, Harold Bell, "When a Man's a Man."
Wylie, Elinor, "Nets to Catch the Wind."
Zimmern, A. E., "The Greek Commonwealth."

saturate at seven and passed through successive treatments of Longfellow, Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, Keats, Browning, etc., and who dwelt with a 'Golden Treasury' always within reach, must be considered hopeless."

Mr. T. Dabney Marshall, of Vicksburg, Mississippi, places Hardy's "The Dynasts" at the head of his list, not entirely because of its originality, but because of the way in which the author "swings between two antagonistic conceptions of the universe."

> The theme he undertakes to demonstrate [says Mr. Marshall] is that the universe is the outcome of the blind, unconscious toil of a Power who knits by rote unconsciously in the sun; but in spite of himself, when he looks out upon the earth and sees life's tragedies and ironies, its myriads of utterly inexplicable sufferings, he is led to a conception of the universe as the sport and plaything of a cruel ironic Spirit that delights in human suffering and derives an ironic joy from leading a Tess to the scaffold and blinding a George III.

"Beasts, Men and Gods," that interesting yet terrifying book which Ferdinand Ossendowski gave to the world recently, after fleeing for his life through remotest corners of the Far East, is one of the books chosen by Clara Margaret Ray, of Oklahoma City. She is most partial, however, to inspirational books, as indicated by her votes for Basil King's "The Conquest of Fear," Dr. Keen's "I Believe in God and Evolution," Robert Keable's religious novel, "Peradventure," and Thomas L. Masson's "That Silver Lining." Of the last-named she says:

> It is just full of "good things." Among his rules in the last of the book the author gives this one: "Pray for three things: Wisdom, Understanding, and the Courage to achieve your destiny." Finally he admonishes us: "Above all things, and in all circumstances, always be a dead-game sport." Americans know what he means by that.

That many other readers find themselves in very much the same position as Paul Kestern in Mr. Keable's "Peradventure" is indicated by the next list—that of Theodore Darnell, of West Newton, Pennsylvania, who says, however:

> Hugh Walpole's "The Cathedral" stands by the side of Sinclair Lewis's greatly hated, widely purchased "Main Street." During the last decade the trend toward Liberalism has been nowhere more noticeable than in religion. Many books have been written about this theme, some in defense of the old, some in attack upon the old, and some setting forth on a voyage of discovery. Perhaps the boldest adventurer thus far is Robert Keable; but Walpole has caught certain colors in his canvas which I have found nowhere else. "The Cathedral" interests us to-day because it, like "Main Street," marks a departure, and I am sure it will interest those who half a century from now look back on our era in an effort to study the present transition in religion.

A New Yorker, Ted Olson, believes that Knut Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil" is "probably the greatest novel of all time," that Sheila Kaye-Smith's "Joanna Godden" is "easily the most powerful novel ever written by a woman," and that Conrad Aiken's work, as typified in "The Pilgrimage of Festus," has "more of the fundamental, timeless quality of fine poetry than that of any other American poet." A Texas woman, Louella Styles Vincent, declares, with equal confidence, that Willa Cather's "One of Ours" is one of the great books of the time, adding: "It should be in the required reading of every high school in the United States for the next fifty years—'lest we forget.' But it is too heartbreaking—for an adult who has suffered—to read a second time."

Stanley Weiser, of New York City, also includes "One of Ours" in his list, giving as his reason: "Because I found myself in this book." Bennett's "Old Wives' Tale" heads his list, and he tells why: "Because, after several decades, it still remains the most human and natural book that I have ever read. I have never lived with characters as I have with those of this book." Mr. Weiser votes for Masefield's poems because of their fine spiritual quality, and the same quality moves him to choose most of the other books on his list. Here are some of his entries:

> *Bynner: "The New World."* Because there is nothing in our national consciousness that is not in this book. It is one of the most inspiring poems I have ever read and easily the great American poem. As Richard Le Gallienne said, "The dew of the infinite is upon this poem."
>
> *Barrie's Plays.* Because I can read them over and over; because I may be sentimental enough to want the tear and the chuckle at the same time.
>
> *Kennedy's "The Servant in the House."* Because it is a creation that can do more for the Christian spirit than hundreds of churches could do in as many years.

Young people as well as critical veterans are joining in this symposium and are able to give a reason for the literary faith that is in them. Mary W. McLees, of Richmond Hill, New York, who is "still on the sunnier side of twenty," votes for ten books of serious import by such authors as Machen, Galsworthy, De la Mare, Hergesheimer, Morley, Papini, Hamsun, Housman, and Elinor Wylie. Gerald L. Zimmerman, of York, Pennsylvania, puts Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil" at the head of his list, and follows with "Main Street," by Sinclair Lewis, "for the amount of investigation it has caused into the state of American social life, not for what the book itself contains, which I consider little." He chooses Hardy's "The Dynasts" for the magnitude of its conception, Synge's plays for their simplicity and power, and René Maran's "Batouala" because he regards it as "a masterpiece by a handicapped man of a handicapped race at a handicapped time." Robert C. Hammock, of Bonham, Texas, who has "lived through only fifteen years of this century," heads his list with "Kindred of the Dust," by Peter B. Kyne, a book of which he says: "It probes into the soul and there finds secrets that have never before been approached by other authors." B. Frederic Skinner, of Scranton, Pennsylvania, who is not yet out of college, sends a list "mainly to cast a vote for 'Ethan Frome,'" Mrs. Wharton's most widely appreciated story. "It could easily have been cluttered with trite New England characters," says this admirer, "and made to fill four hundred pages. Thanks to heaven that it wasn't!"

Stuart Armstrong, of Ripley, West Virginia, says that Booker T. Washington's "Up from Slavery" is his favorite biography, "because it tells of a colored man's mighty struggle to rise to the highest position from the low station in which he was born."

The difficulty of keeping on the hither side of the century-line occasionally causes trouble to the voters in this plebiscite, and to the editors as well. Last month's printed list inadvertently included Conrad's "The Nigger of the Narcissus" and Shaw's "Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant," both of which must be excluded because they were published before 1900. The same is true of Dostoievsky's "Crime and Punishment." One voter headed his list with Lew Wallace's "Ben-Hur," which first appeared in 1880, and several have tried to vote for Augusta Evans's "St. Elmo," which hails from still farther back in the nineteenth century. Anatole France's "Sign of the Reine Pédauque" also must be barred, tho Lewis Pond Parker, of Hartford, Connecticut, wishes he could substitute it for "Penguin Island," adding: "'Penguin Island,' I fear, will die young, altho unquestionably a very important book. How clear will its allusions be fifty years from now?"

As an aid to laggard memories the INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW herewith continues its list of possible candidates that have not yet been mentioned by any voter:

Baring, Maurice, "The Puppet-Show of Memory."
Brandes, George, "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature."
Cabell, James Branch, "Beyond Life."
Doughty, Charles M., "Travels in Arabia Deserta."
Eliot, T. S., "The Waste Land.
Frank, Waldo, "Rahab."
Jackson, Henry E., "The Thomas Jefferson Bible."
Johnson, Owen, "The Wasted Generation."
Lewisohn, Ludwig, "Up Stream."
Molnar, Franz, "Liliom."
Moore, George, "Sister Teresa."
O'Neill, Eugene, "Plays."
Sherwood, Margaret, "The Worn Doorstep."
Shaw, George Bernard, "Back to Methuselah."
Tuttle, Margaretta, "Feet of Clay."
Waller, Mary, "The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus."
Warren, Charles, "The Supreme Court in United States History."

The Literary Digest
INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW
PUBLISHED BY FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
ADAM W. WAGNALLS, PRES.; WILFRED J. FUNK, VICE-PRES.;
ROBERT J. CUDDIHY, TREAS.; WILLIAM NEISEL, SEC'Y
354-360 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

OCTOBER, 1923

The Fiction Famine

THE complaint that one usually hears regarding current books is that there are too many of them. This complaint is particularly in evidence at this time of year, when publishers and all those remotely or closely connected with the making of books reach the peak of their various activities. There is "an avalanche of books," of course; but, after all, is it a greater, a more overwhelming "avalanche" than in years past? In estimating the truth or error in such matters, there is always a streak of cynicism to be taken into account. Hence, the disposition to see "too many books" in the publication lists of to-day may be due quite as much to the grouchy critic's tendency to underrate the literature of the present in comparison with the literature of the past as to anything intrinsically poor or deficient in the books that are now being published for the first time. Then, again, a generous perspective is needed in order to reach a valid critical judgment; and it is just this inevitable lack of perspective in viewing the work of living authors that forms the chief stumbling-block to the critic who strives for fairmindedness, but who falls instead either into a slough of pessimism or a too highly colored optimism.

BUT now, as against this almost universal protest as to the multiplicity of contemporary books, along comes one of the best of our literary critics, a student of books who is deservedly esteemed for his impartiality, his freedom from personal prejudice, and he declares that "the trouble with American fiction is that there is not enough of it." If there is one department of literature that comes in for a perennial scolding above any other department for the irrepressible fecundity with which it creates almost a monopoly among current books, it is fiction. In the charts that certain periodicals amuse themselves by publishing every year, the relative number of books appearing in each department is represented by a series of blocks; and it always happens that the giant specimen of the latter, the mammoth that holds up all the rest of the structure, is fiction. So far as quantity goes, take away that huge thick slab of a foundation-stone that holds up our annual "book output" in these charts, and what is left would dwindle to a very small affair indeed. Thus, when we are told that there is not enough fiction being published to-day it is tantamount to saying that there is a shortage in books, a conclusion somewhat bewildering when one seriously faces and tries to compute the dimensions and the energy of the aforesaid "book avalanche."

BUT, of course, Dr. Canby, in complaining of an existing "shortage in fiction," has quality in mind quite as much as quantity. There was a period, immediately preceding the Great War, when the number of volumes of fiction published annually was much greater than it is to-day. The war intervened, however, bringing with it a new concentration of interest on the part of the reading public, and for a time history, biography and works of even a more serious import, actually vied with the novel and the short story as candidates for popular favor. Now the pendulum has undoubtedly swung back to its comparatively normal position, when the "avalanche" again becomes a fiction avalanche; but the quality of the vast bulk of the books descending upon us in the last few years, that is a problem interesting—and puzzling—the critics in a way that leaves little room, so far, in which to reach a final verdict. Only the novels that live from one generation to another can be truthfully said to merit election to the muster-roll of real contributions to literature, and if there are not as many of these published to-day as there have been in the past, then the conclusion that there is with us a "shortage in fiction" must be accepted as a true estimate.

DR. CANBY puts "the sum total of good American fiction" at about "five or ten novels and perhaps thirty short stories a year." Compared with the hundreds—perhaps thousands would be a closer approximation to the truth—of novels and collections of short stories written and published annually in this country, this estimate certainly does suggest the "shortage" that this critic bewails. But, supposing that "five or ten novels" really do represent all that is worthy of preservation in the annual publication of fiction in these post-war days, is that not, after all, a comparatively rich contribution to the world's creative literature by this generation? Looking at it as a question in mathematics (and mathematics, in spite of its reputation to the contrary, furnishes on occasion excellent entertainment of an imaginative sort) an average of ten good—that is, immortal—novels a year would come to a thousand in a century. Now, taking the recognized histories of literature as guides in the matter, it would be difficult indeed to find any one century since the writing and publishing of books became an industry (or should it be set down as an art?) any century, in any country, in which one thousand accepted candidates to immortality in fiction have been produced. In this country, for instance, even in the middle of the last century, the period usually taken to be the most productive, qualitatively speaking, that American fiction has had, it would be difficult to find this ten-novel yearly average in any of the "masterpieces" published in those days. Certainly, the histories of literature give us nothing like ten "great" novels, or short stories for those days—and it is doubtful if an industrious search would bring to light an annual average of even five.

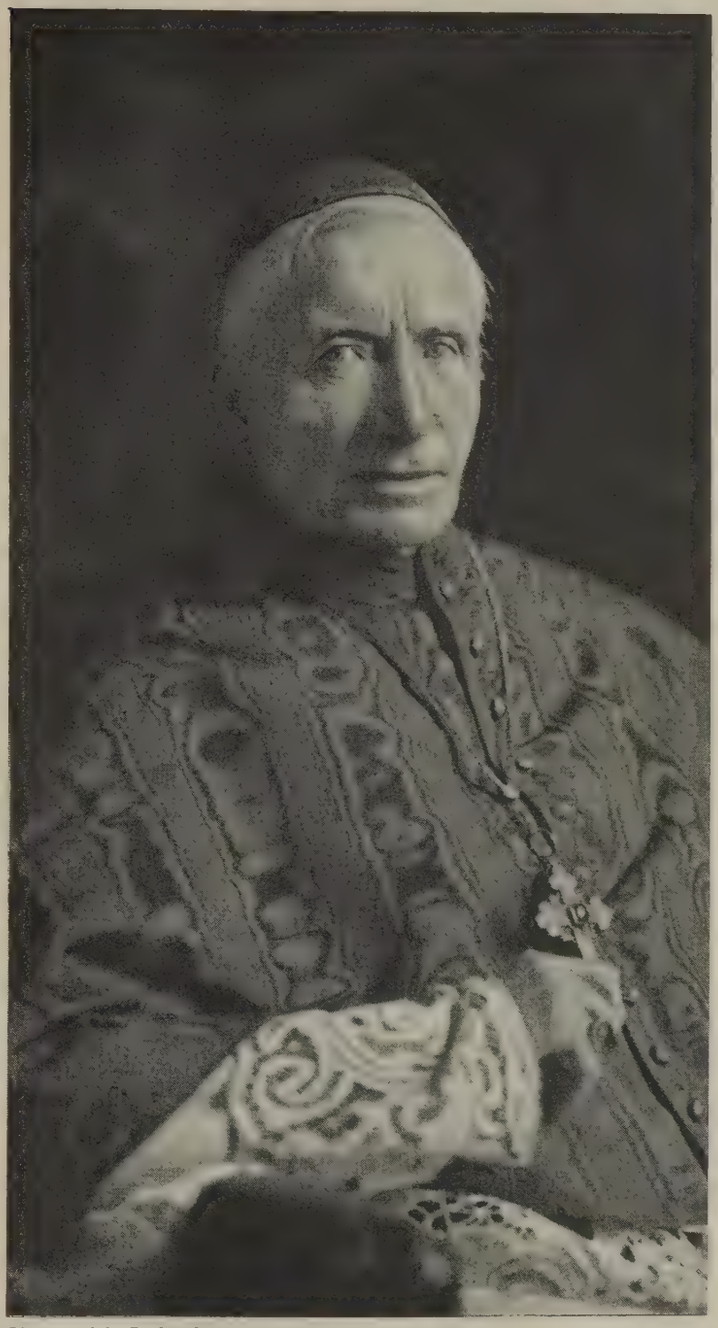
LASTING greatness in fiction is rare. There are not many centuries numbering even one hundred novels that succeed in gaining admission to the galaxy of the immortals. Judging, however, by the number of titles that are coming in just now in the "ten-best-books-of-the-century" symposium that is being held by the readers of the INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW, there has been anything but a famine of good books since 1900. On the contrary, the general complaint among contributors to this symposium is that the wealth of material from which their choice is to be made presents them with a fairly bewildering tangle from which they find it difficult to extricate themselves. Individual taste, of course, is a large factor in a symposium of this kind, and thus it may very well be that a number of the titles submitted will appeal only to those choosing them, and thus can not be taken as a reliable indication of the literary greatness for the discovery of which we are looking. But the contributions as a whole bring forward an amazing series of unforgetable books that have appeared in this generation, and the experiment in thus selecting the literary prize-winners of the century is in itself a revelation of how far we are from suffering just at present from a famine, or shortage, in any department of our literature.

CLIFFORD SMYTH.

A Great American Cardinal

By Shane Leslie

MR. WILL has taken a thousand pages to describe the life of a great Cardinal(1), and he has not taken more space than Wilfred Ward took for Cardinal Newman or Edmund Purcell for Cardinal Manning. He has not the introspective diaries which made Manning's so fascinating or the wonderful correspondence which made Newman's and Manning's lives great revelations. He shows the Gibbons whom we all knew, and he reinforces the anecdotes we knew with many more, and expands the well-known phrases and opinions and controversies and acts with an overwhelming documentation. There is no selection or abbreviation, and, we should judge, very little elimination. The two volumes present the materials for a life rather than a biography, as Froude or Carlyle or Strachey would have written one. The Cardinal asked to be painted with warts and all, but his biographer has found none. Perhaps there were none?



Photograph by Bachrach

CARDINAL GIBBONS

The huge bulk of material has already been printed, and the gleanings cover an enormous range of literature, from *Puck* to the *Dublin Review!* We hasten to learn of new material. The Cardinal gave Mr. Will "the private journal which he had kept since 1868, the existence of which was then unknown to any one else." Mr. Will also had access to the Baltimore Archives, from which he obtained copies of the Cardinal's letters. But of the private correspondences we find little trace. The wonderful letters of Archbishop Ireland, which we remember reading in the Baltimore Archives while making researches for a supplementary Life of Manning, are not quoted, but they are certainly vital to any life to be written of Ireland.

Certain letters mentioned in the index do not appear at all in the text. One "from Leo XIII. announcing that a new rector of the Catholic University would be appointed to succeed Bishop Keane" is indexed for page 533, but page 533 gives only a bare résumé, and a mere diary note represents on page 621 a letter indexed "from Roosevelt promising inquiry as to persecution of the Church in Philippines." The historian would be grateful for such letters in full, and for fewer extracts from published documents.

The diary, which is scattered throughout, is very valuable first-class material, tho in the form of jottings. It is pasted very thinly over the mass of supplementary text, but how far away and interesting is such an entry:

> *April 19, 1873*—Visited Mrs. Lewis's family in King George County. Mrs. Lewis's husband is the great-grandnephew of George Washington. . . . Confirmed three children of Mrs. Lewis.

In 1878 he confirmed the widow of the forgotten President Tyler. President Grant invited him to an interview concerning the Catholic Indians. He met President Hayes, who attended his college commencement. Henceforth there was to be no President with whom he was not on close terms. President Harrison thanked him especially for his action in the Cahensly case. President Cleveland read him his famous tariff message in advance, asking his advice. Gibbons foretold the defeat which followed. President McKinley consulted him on retaining the Philippines, and the prophet once more prophesied truly: "Mr. President, it would be a good thing for the Catholic Church, but I fear a bad one for the United States."

How good a thing it was for the church appears in the influence the Cardinal was able to exercise in the sale of the Philippine friar lands, so successfully manipulated by Roosevelt from Washington and by Taft in Rome. "A sudden and mysterious force had intervened in the land question, of which the public did not know, for neither Gibbons nor Roosevelt naturally could disclose it at the time. It was the force of Gibbons," writes Mr. Will. The diary reveals that in 1909 the Cardinal saved the Cuban church from persecution, thanks to the friendship of Mr. Taft. The irresistible medium of advice to the Cuban Government was an American fleet with General Wood, which happened to be passing! Few cardinals in history have wielded such influence and power as Gibbons, or so legitimately and successfully. His most historic influence on world events was exercised at the Conclave of 1903, when he induced Cardinal Sarto to allow himself to be elected. This is well brought out in Mr. Will's account of the Conclave. The cardinals were inclined to elect Rampolla against the Austrian veto, but the wise and conciliatory Gibbons did not like to defy the obsolete civil power of

(*Continued on page 90*)

(1) LIFE OF CARDINAL GIBBONS. Allen Sinclair Will. 2 vols. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co. $10.

A Fellow Novelist Pictures W. J. Locke

By Coningsby Dawson

AS A RULE, to meet an author whose work you admire is to court disillusionment. The giant, whose shadow you have seen projected on the clouds, too often turns out to be disappointingly life-sized when you encounter him in the flesh. Clouds and mountain-tops are the proper settings for divinities; the moment they descend to more human altitudes their worship begins to be imperilled. Byron felt very much the same about women when he said that, if eat they must, they ought to nourish themselves in secret. The same principle applies to statesmen and golf. The whole of France was made indignant and a conference was broken up because a French statesman was induced to essay the tricky game by an English rival and photographed while doing it. The only author of my acquaintance who can play golf without loss of dignity is Phillips Oppenheim. But that is neither here nor there, for W. J. Locke does not play golf. He does nothing in the limelight except write. If any are curious about his personality, he refers them to his novels. "All you need to know about me," he says in effect, "you can discover in my works of imagination."

W. J. LOCKE

But what one needs to know and what one wants to know satisfy two quite different appetites. The very forbiddenness of W. J. Locke's private personality as contrasted with his published intimacy only serves to whet one's speculation as regards the living man who has cast so gentle and benevolent a shadow.

The first time I met Mr. Locke in the flesh was during war-time. It was at a dinner given to log-roll into fame a book which we all believed to have been written by a "ghost" rather than by the rich merchant who was hero of the evening. The company consisted of editors, reviewers, lip-to-lip canvassers—tongue-in-cheek experts at blowing the publicity trumpet. It was a strange gathering in which to encounter this tall, shy genius who has always set his face so strenuously against spurious attempts to exploit his own literary values. He didn't strike me as being at his ease. In fact, I'm sure he wasn't. I have rarely seen him completely at this ease except among dogs or children.

Perhaps he suspected me on that occasion—doubted my integrity for being present. But the fact that I was newly out of the hospital and wore a uniform did something to assure him. We were placed as neighbors and talked for the most part, I remember, of American love for poetry. Never for a moment did I get near to the man. He sat, lean and wary, distinguished-looking as a diplomatist, his head slightly bent, crumbing his bread nervously and measuring the weight of every opinion he exprest with guarded exactness. I parted from him in the primrose dusk of a London summer's evening, as ignorant of the man who dwelt behind the well-groomed exterior as if I had been viewing him through a plate-glass window.

The next time we met, three years later, circumstances were peculiarly propitious. We met in the south of France, which is almost as exclusively his literary territory as India is Kipling's or Wessex Thomas Hardy's. We met under circumstances which put him in a position to do me an unpretentious service—the kind he loves to do, in which his left hand is kept in ignorance of his right hand's generosity. And best of all we met in an atmosphere of dogs and children; the dogs were his, the children my contribution. I firmly believe that Mr. Locke never trusts a man fully till he has discovered him in the adoration of one or the other.

From then on at intervals, punctured by long bursts of absence, we began to see more of each other. He had removed from London and was living permanently at Cannes, of which municipality he was the unproclaimed emperor. All the English and American visitors flocked to his door. With unstinted hospitality he kept open house for them. His house was a buff-colored villa, standing a little retired, with a blue china elephant in the garden. Next year, when the demands of universal host had proved the Villa Simone too small, he set up his court in the Villa des Iles, within flash of the blue Mediterranean.

Mr. Locke has now become as much one of the sights of Cannes as the Casino or the view from the Californie. Word has gone round that every morning, promptly at eleven, he is to be discovered strolling with his dog along the fashionable promenade of the Croisette; consequently every morning in the height of the season there is a lane of spectators, advertising their errand by carrying one of his more important works beneath the arm. If approached, he is self-depreciating and courteous—and, yes, I think, a little glad. The warmth of the tawny sun is cheering his heart and it is pleasant after uncertain years of lonely labor to know himself the possessor of unlimited friendship.

All day he plays. You may find him wherever people, especially young people, are. Youth is his worship; he gives parties and plans surprizes for it, constituting himself its fairy-godfather. Not till midnight, as a rule, does his working day commence. Often it continues till dawn.

Mr. Locke is a slow writer by modern standards of pressure. It takes him eighteen months to complete a novel. And yet I have seen his manuscripts; a penmanship which runs flowingly, without erasure or correction. The hand itself never hesitates; it is beautifully decided and microscopic. Whatever he plans to write must be completely thought out, so that there only remains the task of setting it down. So uniform is his spacing that he knows to a word, without counting, the exact amount he has performed.

Probably this rare precision dates back to his early training; he started life as a scholar in mathematics. This also may account for the sternness with which he keeps his fantasy within bounds and imparts to it the restraint of form. Many of his plots in the hands of authors, less expert, would suffer from a fault which he construes into their virtue—their luxurious abandon to imagination.

As is the way with all men whose intimacy is worth the having, Mr. Locke never tells you all. After the frankest revelation, one always leaves him with the certainty that his personality still remains a continent unexplored.

I remember one evening speaking with him about François Villon. Quietly, with a kind of elfin stealth, he rose and beckoned. From a book-shelf in his den, he took down a much-thumbed volume, which proved to contain François Villon's poems. For years all down the margins, in that microscopic hand, he had been working out translations as a hobby. They were more perfect as renderings than any I had read, not excepting Swinburne's. Any other literary man would have recognized their merit and have rushed them into print at once. Not so Mr. Locke. They form a part of the unexplored continent which it humors him to hold in reserve.

Another evening we were conversing about novel-writing and the intimidating moment when one pens the opening sentence.

"Long ago," he said, "I was taught a lesson by Thomas Hardy. He was being lionized in London, and I, a young apprentice, was seated next him. He turned to me: 'You young men puzzle me. I can't see what attracts you to fiction. You're clever, cynical, often brilliant; but your books miss the bull's-eye—they tell everything except a story. I have never allowed myself to write 'Chapter the First' till I have felt sure that I had a story and doubly sure that it was a story worth the telling."

Mr. Locke went on to say that he had stored that piece of wisdom and attributed to it a large share of his success.

"Since then I have never set pen to paper," he said, "without the certainty that I had a plot that held together, and a plot which, to me at least, seemed worthy of the unfolding."

Come to think of it, he never has. When one looks back over his long list of achievements, it is impossible to mention one volume which is not what it purports to be—a story.

Another element in Mr. Locke's long reign of popularity is that he never deviates from being a novelist. Other novelists, growing temporarily weary of their profession, turn dramatists, essayists, publicists—seek cash rewards in the realm of the cinema. Mr. Locke, with the decision exemplified in his handwriting, has determined for all time the literary task he can do best. With the faithfulness of an artist, as opposed to the opportunism of a book-maker, he bets everything he possesses on his chosen horse. There are a few short stories to his credit, but for the rest, novels, novels, and always novels. He does not risk his fortune on side-adventures—which is perhaps the reason why those Villon translations have never been presented to the public.

But Mr. Locke underrates the charity of his achievement if he attributes his success solely to his ability to tell a story. His most powerful hold on his reader's affections is due to his charm. What constitutes charm is difficult to analyze; its result in his case is a universal lovableness. His characters are never perfect—in the majority of instances miles removed from it. Their recommendation to remembrance is the warmth of their hearts. They're like the fronts of city houses viewed from the pavement, begrimed and unremarkable; then he shows us their backs—green lawns and nooky gardens. Were he appointed architect of human destinies, all our backs would become our fronts. That our backs are so much more desirable is the main principle of his philosophy. He is the explorer of shame-faced tendernesses—the virtues which fear of ridicule and timidity conceal.

One distinct technical asset which Mr. Locke possesses I have never seen stated. He writes English with a French nervousness of style; so much so that long before I knew him, I used to think that his novels read like masterly translations. In a sense they are. Born in the West Indies, for the first ten years of his life French was almost his native language. At eighteen the first of his walking-tours in France started. Since then every moment he has been able to spare has been spent on the Continent. To this day he thinks in French more readily than in English, with the consequence that when he composes, he very frequently has to translate before he writes.

A new Locke novel to me is always a delight. I have the certainty that it will be new and not a copy of his others. "The Lengthened Shadow" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), his latest, is the maturest and the most individual example of his art. I do not remember one of his novels as intriguing in plot or more deft in workmanship. It seems to me that his touch has grown firmer and his knowledge of human nature more profound. Here are the wiliest and most dastardly of passions confronted and defeated by the least worldly innocence. He carried off with a flourish contrasts in meanness and magnanimity which the Locke of "The Beloved Vagabond" would have feared to attempt. There is no straining of probabilities to arrive at safe anchorages. The story develops logically, inevitably, from first word to last. I have heard Mr. Locke accused of being the wizard of the happy ending, as tho there were something weak and too appeasing about a story that ended happily.

There is nothing of weakness here—only a moral relentlessness. Two scoundrels, a saint and the most affectionate of female puppies form the main ingredients. And what scoundrels they are! One of them is the stage-manager, and dead at that, who directs the performance from beyond the grave. From the point of view of cosmopolitanism and worldly knowledge, Mr. Locke has poured into the book a lifetime of garnerings.

I think the best scene of all is the description of a bull-fight—which sounds more like Zola or Ibáñez than W. J. Locke. Only it isn't. It's Locke all over, but with an added strength. The new strength is found on every page. I shall be very much surprized if the verdict on this book is not that it sets a new high record in Mr. Locke's consistently high level of achievement. And as for popularity, what merits popularity if a fine story, sincerely told, embellished with the wisdom of a master mind, does not?

MR. LOCKE'S STUDY

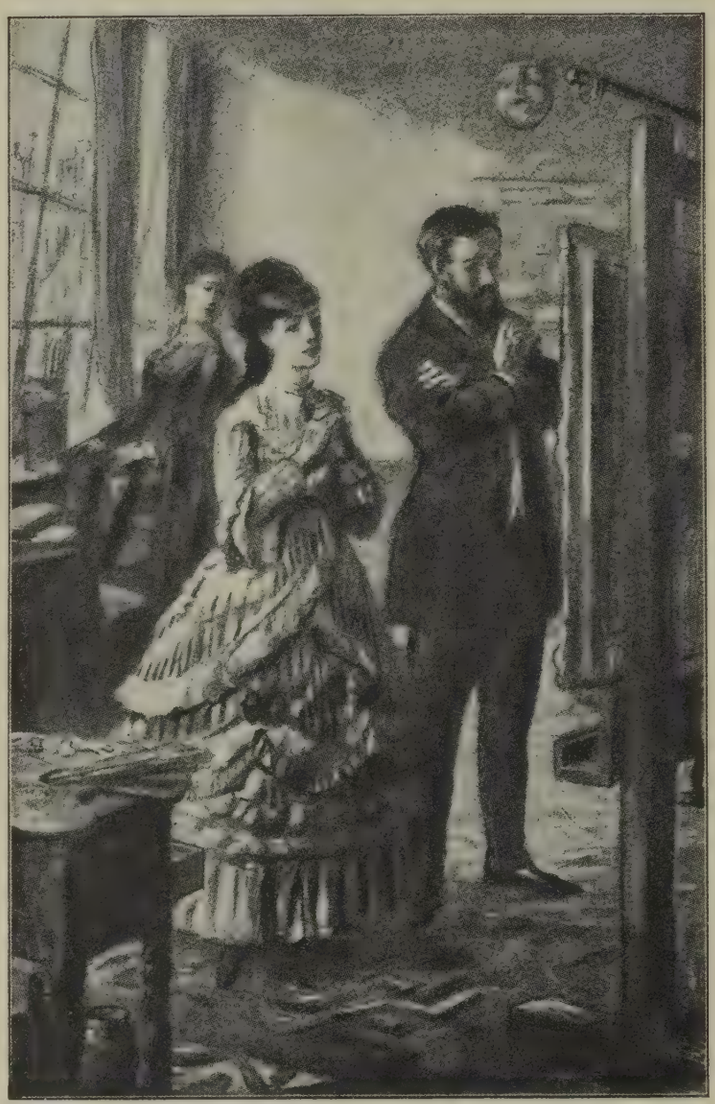
Gaboriau, Father of the Detective Novel

By Valentine Williams

THE present year will mark the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Emile Gaboriau. He has an indisputable claim to be regarded as the father of the detective novel. Poe, it is true, was his precursor and his direct inspiration. But Gaboriau was far from being a feeble imitator. "He derived from this class of story," a French writer justly observes, "a new type and imprest his own particular quality upon it so well that, instead of being a servile and insignificant plagiarist, he stands out as an original and fertile creator."

In one of the romances of Paul Louis Féval, Gaboriau's old master, there is a character, the head of a mysterious band of criminals, known as Le Père-à-Tous. Edgar Allan Poe, inspired in his turn by the Memoirs of Vidocq, The Police Spy, must be hailed as Le Père-à-Tous by the writers of detective fiction.

But Poe confined his pioneer work in this field to the three short and brilliant tales comprised in that classic trilogy, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Purloined Letter," and that arresting essay in practical criminology, "The Mystery of Marie Roget." Poe was the scientist who produced the text-book; Gaboriau seized upon his exposition and dramatized it. There is no "love interest" in Poe's trilogy; the dialog is stilted, and the characters are merely chessmen set out to present a problem.



SABINE GAZED AT IT FOR A FEW MOMENTS IN SILENCE, AND THEN MURMURED THE WORDS, "IT IS LOVELY"

From "Caught in the Net." Charles Scribner's Sons. (By Permission)

In each of his five great detective novels Gaboriau also has an intricate problem, but it is the center of a highly dramatic plot with living figures (interspersed, it is true, with many dummies of the French feuilleton), a brisk dialog and a keen perception of "situations." He is, first and last, a journalist, drawing, as one may clearly see, upon a well-filled note-book; but a journalist equipped with a brilliant analytical brain which, as his life-story shows, circumstances never permitted to find its fullest and highest expression.

Gaboriau died at the age of thirty-nine. He was a feuilletonist, a hack-journalist, and the pace killed him. Those who know anything about the prodigious output of French feuilleton-writers will understand the tragedy of this life. Men like Féval, Zévaco, Decourcelle and Morphy turned out their thousands of words a day, year after year, throughout their writing career, a never-ceasing stream of thrills and surprizes whirled along in a roaring river of verbiage.

As far as I have been able to trace, Gaboriau wrote twenty-one novels in thirteen years. In addition to this he occupied himself with literary devilling, casual journalism and hack-work of all kinds. He sacrificed his genius and his life to the inexorable maw of the popular press, which was selling at a halfpenny in Paris before Alfred Harmsworth was born. When death struck him down he had just turned the corner of Grub Street and could descry on the sunlit horizon of success the little villa he had planned to build at Royan, where, free from the drive of the printer's boy, he meant to develop at his ease the genius that was in him.

To-day, fifty years after Gaboriau was laid to rest in the family vault at Jonzac, running through the coarse woof of plot and counterplot which the concièrges demanded from his stories for their daily sou, we may discern the scarlet thread of a brilliant mind. Here, through the jostling throng of desperately wicked dukes, of incredibly noble maids, of *banquiers vêreux*, Monsieur Lecoq, simple agent of the Sûreté, comes stepping, fresh as a bridegroom, "*un beau gars, à l'oeil clair, à l'air résolu;*" or, as casual visitors saw him in his careful disguise, a sober personage of distinguished appearance with his gold spectacles, his white tie and his "*mince redingote.*" Against a canvas of tiresome puppets he stands out a living figure, notwithstanding the curious metamorphosis to which, in the course of the stories, the exigencies of the feuilleton subjected him. He is as French as the crowing cock, which with its proud motto, "Semper Vigilans," he chose as his device. His limpid mind, his crystal-clear reasoning, his dazzling deductions, his fluttering *panache*, his ups and downs, his hopes and fears, all these are wholly French.

When Gaboriau died, *Le Siècle* called him the inventor of the "*roman judiciaire.*" The unknown writer who thus shrewdly gave his dead *confrère* his due would open his eyes to-day could he survey the large and lusty progeny of which Monsieur Lecoq is the father. But there is a hint of cold condescension in the way in which some of the contemporary newspapers dispose in a brief *fait divers* of "M. Emile Gaboriau, author of *romans judiciaires*, which have had the greatest success." Many of the reference books ignore him. You will hunt in vain for his name in the pages of Lermina[1] and Lanson[2], while Vapereau[3]

[1] Lermina, "*Dictionnaire Universel Biographique et Bibliographique de la France Contemporaine,*" *1880.*

[2] Lanson, "*Manuel Bibliographique de la Littérature Française moderne de 1500 à 1900.*"

[3] Vapereau, "*Dictionnaire Universel des Littératures.*"

dispatches him in a brief foot-note that has as little grace as the celebrated epitaph on a noble prince "who was alive and is dead."

From the yellowing files of old Paris newspapers—M. de Blowitz did not telegraph the news of Gaboriau's death to *The Times*, one might mention in parenthesis—I have gathered up some of the threads of this life so prematurely severed. Saujon, in the Charente-Inférieure, was Gaboriau's birthplace on November 9, 1833. His father was a notary at Jonzac, a neighboring town and *chef-lieu* of the Department. He wished his son to follow in his footsteps. But life in a country lawyer's office did not appeal to young Emile, and eventually he found a familiar way out of this dilemma about the choice of a career by enlisting as a volunteer in the cavalry.

He set down his experiences in the Army in one of the earliest and most popular of his lighter novels, "Les 13me Hussards," which ultimately ran to its twenty-fifth edition. There is something of the effervescence of Georges Courteline in this brightly written account of Army life. But, having worked his way up to the rank of regimental sergeant-major, young Gaboriau realized that he could get no higher, and, at the expiration of his seven years, took his discharge.

Like all young Frenchmen who have to carve out a career for themselves, he turned his steps toward Paris. Next we come upon him there as clerk in a forwarding office (*commis de roulage*), spending his evenings writing songs for the street-corner balladmongers, and little verses for the mottos with which the confectioners were wont to decorate their cakes.

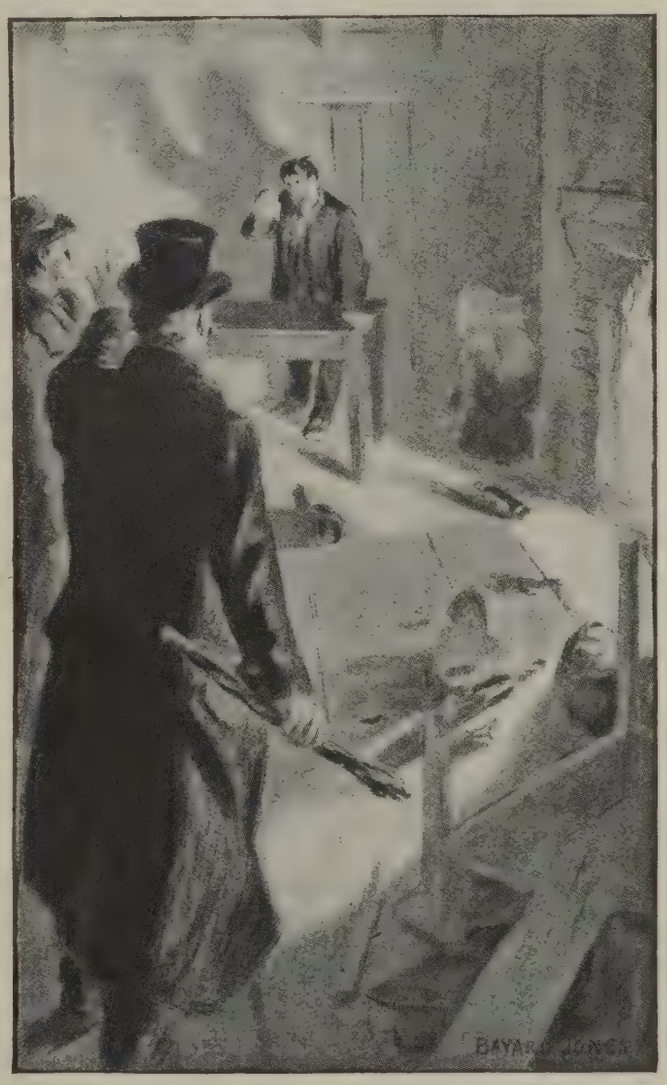
His meeting with Paul Fêval was the turning-point in his career. Paul Henri Corentin Féval, then in the heyday of his success as a feuilletonist and dramatist, was a writer of prodigious energy and enormous output. No fewer than 102 books stand to his credit, and a large number of plays. With equal verve and facility he wrote stirring romances of the sword and cape, and thrilling tales of criminal exploits. No one reads him now, but in his day the adventures of the *Chevalier de Largardere*, his most celebrated character, were followed with rapt interest by thousands of readers. In his old age Féval is said to have reached the conclusion that the influence of his books glorifying criminal exploits was evil, and, to the dismay of his publisher, devoted his declining years to rewriting his most stirring shockers in an edifying vein.

Gaboriau, who contributed verses to a satirical journal, wrote some flattering lines about Féval one day. The feuilletonist wanted a secretary, a meeting was arranged, and Gaboriau got the post. Our young sergeant-major was now fairly launched upon that maelstrom of brilliance and bathos, of honesty and corruption, of wit and scurrility, which was literary Paris of the Second Empire. His secretarial work was, of course, deviling for the indefatigably industrious *patron*. For his voluminous criminal romances Féval must have required abundant material from police sources at the Palais de Justice and the rue de Jérusalem, then the headquarters of the Sûreté Générale, the Paris detective force. These hasty comings and goings in the *macabre* world of the Paris police must have etched on the young writer's receptive mind those studies of magistrates and police officials so vividly depicted in his books. *Monsieur Lecoq* is said to be the faithful portrait of one of the highest officials in the Prefecture of Gaboriau's day; but Gévrol, a sore thorn in the side of *Monsieur Lecoq*, and *Fanferlot* with his turned-up nose, are also clearly sketched from life.

From his early youth, so one of his biographers records, Gaboriau was fired by a desire to write a collection of stories on the lines of Poe's "Tales of Mystery and Imagination," which, translated by Baudelaire under the title "Histoires Extraordinaires," enjoyed a tremendous vogue in France. He had even selected the name—"Les Recits Etranges."

These were only youthful dreams, but during the Italian war of 1859 Gaboriau was already writing serial stories for a halfpenny newspaper. He was also contributing to various weeklies, and in 1862 we find him contributing to a publication, issued in fortnightly parts, containing verbatim accounts of various *causes célèbres*. Each number comprised a sketch of some legal luminary; Gaboriau wrote, among others, a hack-biography of Maître Berryer, "La Gloire du Barreau," the defender of Ney and Cambronne.

Between 1859 and 1863 Gaboriau published seven books of various descriptions, and made only a few hundred francs out of each. And then one day, about the year 1865, Grandguillot—let us note with approval the name of this discriminating individual—editor of a struggling and moribund journal, *Le Pays*, accepted a feuilleton from the pen of M. Emile Gaboriau. It was called "L'Affaire Lerouge."



OPPOSITE THEM . . . . STOOD A YOUNG MAN, A HEAVY OAKEN TABLE FORMING A RAMPART BEFORE HIM

From "Monsieur Le Coq." Charles Scribner's Sons (By permission)

The story of this, the first of the *romans judiciaires*, shows how narrowly, in the world of letters, failure is divided from success. "L'Affaire Lerouge" did not save *Le Pays*. *Le Figaro*, it is true, praised it after Gaboriau's death; but the fact remained that, on its first appearance, the novel attracted little general attention. And then at a funeral Baraton, manager of *Le Pays*, met Polydore Millaud, the brilliant journalist who founded *Le Petit Journal*, and was then running an unsuccessful paper called *Le Soleil*. Baraton mentioned "L'Affaire Lerouge" to Millaud, who was somewhat deprest by the failure of the expensive serial then appearing in *Le Soleil*. Millaud read "L'Affaire Lerouge" and was so thrilled by it that he promptly offered Gaboriau *three hundred francs* for what we should call to-day the second serial rights.

Le Soleil republished "L'Affaire Lerouge." It was an instantaneous success, a triumph, "a splendid tonic," says *Le Figaro*, spitefully, after its last serial, that gloomy and ruinous frost (*four lugubre et ruineux*), 'Les Travailleurs de Mer.'" The rapid change-over from Victor Hugo to Gaboriau saved the fortunes of *Le Soleil*, and Millaud immediately offered Gaboriau 1,800 francs a year—as a retaining fee only, I take it—to write feuilletons for *Le Petit Journal*. And in rapid succession Gaboriau produced

"Le Crime d'Orcival," "Dossier 113," and "Monsieur Lecoq."

He worked prodigiously. In the seven years that elapsed between the appearance of "L'Affaire Lerouge" and his death he wrote fourteen books, most of them of enormous length, and many in two volumes. Several appeared only after his death. But after "Le Crime d'Orcival," only "La Corde au Cou," not one of his happiest efforts, and a short tale, "Le Petit Vieux des Batignolles," which I hold to be in some respects the best detective story ever written, were in his especial vein. The rest were terrific romances of modern life with double-dyed villains and blameless heroines and mysterious love-affairs. Their digressions and digressions from digressions are endless; the colors are laid on very thick; and to-day they possess little interest.

Gaboriau died suddenly in Paris, at the height of his fame, on September 28, 1873. Pulmonary apoplexy was given as the cause of death. The funeral service was held at ten o'clock in the morning at the Trinité Church, very few persons being present "owing to the early hour." But that witty person, Aurélien Scholl, was there, and M. Koenig of the Opera sang a "Pie Jesu," specially composed for the obsequies. Paul Féval, who had then written some fifty or sixty novels only, did not fail to improve the occasion in the funeral oration which he delivered over the body of his former secretary as it halted beneath the porch of the church. "Gaboriau," he exclaimed, "died in the fullness of his talent at a moment when, having sacrificed somewhat to the public taste, he was about to impose his own." Madame Gaboriau, accompanied by Gaboriau's brother-in-law, M. Coindreau, the Mayor of Jonzac, escorted the remains to Jonzac, where they were laid to rest in the family tomb.

There is a wood-cut of Gaboriau as he appeared about the time of his death on the cover of Vizetelly's edition of "Gaboriau's Sensational Novels." He must have been a strikingly handsome man, with a fine head of abundant dark hair parted in the middle, and a full beard brushed away from the chin on either side. There is a note of real regret in many of the death notices for this "*brave homme*," of whom *La Petite Rêpublique*, speaking of the "signs of excessive haste" shown in his last serial ("L'Argent des Autres"), says: "It must be excused, for it was due in large measure to the young writer's realization of the state of his health and his consequent anxiety to provide for his family."

He was a facile but immensely conscientious worker. He never sat down to write until his plot was clear in his mind, and it is recorded of him that he would fill from two to three thousand sheets of his specially prepared paper without correction or erasure. On the other hand he devoted immense care to the revision of the proofs of his stories in book form, and the galleys, as he returned them to the publisher, were almost unrecognizable. A note-book was his constant companion. In it he would jot down such ideas as occurred to him, usually with a brief scenario. He was always on the lookout for types, and when he came across a character that seemed suitable to figure in a story, he would sometimes even make a rough sketch so as to impress the salient features on his mind.

Like Charles Dickens, he took infinite trouble with the names of his personages, which, we are informed—an eloquent commentary on the sublime nonchalance of French feuilleton writing!—he frequently changed in the course of publication. One of his great amusements, Alfred d'Aunay records, was to study a passer-by in the street and try to glean, by processes of reasoning and observation, his mode of life and social standing, and then to shadow his victim to see if his deductions were correct.

It is suggested that Gaboriau's five great criminal romances—"L'Affaire Lerouge," "Le Crime d'Orcival," "Dossier 113," "Monsieur Lecoq," and "La Corde au Cou"—were the fruition of that early impulse of his to write "Les Récits Etranges" after the manner of Poe. However that may be, what is certain is that he wished to publish the five books under the general title "Processes of Reasoning in Judicial Affairs." But Dentu, the famous publisher of the Palais Royal, knew his public. It was he who coined the name "*romans judiciaires*."

Gaboriau had long rebelled against the hand-to-mouth existence of the feuilletonist. Féval's allusion, in his funeral panegyric, to his young friend's intention to "impose" his own taste on the public, was a reference to Gaboriau's determination, which he had proclaimed to all his friends, to settle down at Royan and write a book after his own heart. At the moment of his death he was engaged on a serial called "Le Chef du Jury"—a good title—and in his obituary notices there is some talk of a man of letters being called in to finish it. But whether contemporary Paris could produce no brain capable of disentangling, as Poe might say, a knot of Gaboriau's tying, or whatever the cause was, the fact remains that, so far as I have been able to ascertain, "The Foreman of the Jury" never saw the light of day. But in the book of his leisure he meant to drift far away from the Palais, the Prefecture and the Morgue. Gaboriau had already given it its name—"Ninette Suzor"—and had read a synopsis of the plot to his publisher and a few friends. His plan, to quote a contemporary writer, was "to apply to intimate sentiments the system of investigation which succeeded so well in ultradramatic situations."

A fortunate encounter has enabled me to disinter the seed from which germinated the figure of the great detective in Gaboriau's fertile brain. There is scarcely a doubt that he borrowed at least the name from his old master, Paul Féval. In 1863, when Gaboriau was working for the novelist, the latter published a story called "Les Habits Noirs," dealing with the exploits of a criminal band. The first part of the book sets forth very readably the concoction of an ingenious plot to rob a bank at Caen and to throw suspicion on a working jeweler in the town. The man who, by means of a most ingeniously constructed alibi, achieves the double object is called—Lecoq! Like the great detective, he has no Christian name. Throughout the story he is plain Lecoq. Féval describes him as "a young man very passably drest whose elegance *sui generis* proclaimed the commercial traveler." In fact, his particular "cover," as Sir Basil Thomson would say, was traveling for a firm of Paris safe-manufacturers.

There is evidence that Gaboriau, in writing "L'Affaire Lerouge," his first *roman judiciaire*, was contemplating introducing a subsidiary character on the lines of the celebrated Vidocq, the ex-convict turned police-spy. In the opening of the book he turns the limelight on Gévrol, head of the Sûreté, who is accompanied by "an old offender reconciled with the laws, a clever fellow at his work, as bright as amber and jealous of his chief, of whose abilities he thought poorly."

This was Lecoq. But neither in this nor in any other of the tales do we hear any more of his criminal antecedents, and he soon fades out of "L'Affaire Lerouge" to make place for "Le Père Tir-au-clair," the ex-pawnbroker's assistant, who has taken up criminal investigation as a hobby. In the following book, "Le Crime d'Orcival," however, Lecoq holds the stage. Gaboriau gives him a dramatic entrance, well worked up.

"Who are you? How dare you come in here?" thunders the angry Mayor of Orcival.

"I am Monsieur Lecoq!" is the answer given with a gracious smile.

And then, with frequent applications to the famous comfit box, the great detective gets to work.

It is a wonderful *tour de force*. Monsieur Lecoq's little lecture on how to tell whether a bed, despite indications to the contrary, has been slept in or not, his experiment with the striking clock to show that the murderer has set the hands back, are classical examples of Gaboriau's analytical power. They make one long for more of his undiluted genius and less of the unconvincing and unnecessary padding about Lecoq's disguises.

There is less straightforward criminal investigation and more plot in "Dossier 113," an adroitly constructed mystery-story with Monsieur Lecoq well in the picture, marred only by a half-hearted attempt to drag in a "love interest" for the detective in the person of one Nina Gypsy. I can only suppose that the readers of *Le Petit Journal* found they were getting too much

(*Continued on page 92*)

France Turns Defeat into Victory

By Ernest Dimnet

M. LOUIS DUMUR, like M. Binet-Valmer and M. Maurice Muret, is a French-Swiss who spent the greatest part of his life in Paris and used to surprize me before the war by his knowledge of, and even active interest in, French politics. During the war Switzerland became, more than any other country, divided between Germanophils and Francophils; no German paper could be more devoted to the Kaiser's cause than the *Berner Tageblatt*, while the *Journal de Genève* adopted in speaking of the German war a tone of moral superiority more crushing than the most violent hatred could ever be. Geneva and Lausanne were, during the four great years, the capitals of the highest-minded European spirit as contrasted with ordinary nationalism, especially of the pan-Germanist variety which caused the conflict.

GENERAL GOURAUD

Photo taken during his recent visit to the United States, when he celebrated Independence Day in Philadelphia. He figures prominently in a French novel just published

M. Dumur, devoted as he was to French culture and to the French ideals, could only become more passionately attached to them while he saw them in danger, but he could not help retaining the cosmopolitan outlook, the familiar knowledge of Germany, Italy and the neutral countries, which Switzerland's geographical position as well as her economic relations give every Swiss a chance of acquiring. This is what we see in M. Dumur's recent volume,[1] as well as in the two books which came before, "Nach Paris" and "Le Boucher de Verdun": a highstrung record of the danger which France ran in 1917 and 1918 on a background of familiar acquaintance with the rest of Europe, which enables the writer to be much more convincing than most French-born authors would be in depicting international spying at Berne or the German Hauptquartier at Spa.

In 1917 M. Clemenceau was still the editor of *L'Homme Enchaîné*, incredibly strengthened, it is true, by his high situation as chairman of both the War Committee and the Foreign Affairs Committee in the French Senate, but with no more power than a uniquely informed journalist might wield. His famous motto: "*Je fais la guerre*," had not become the universal slogan. An old man, M. Ribot, with not one-tenth of his energy, was in office; the Minister of War was the mathematician, Painlevé, whose nerve, when the offensive of April had to be launched, deserted him; and the Minister of the Interior, the man in charge of the national morale, was the dangerously weak politician, Malvy, who within a few months was to be banished from France for having been miserably unequal to his task. Russia was on the eve of falling away from the European scene to concentrate on her own tragedies. America had just entered the war, but her two million men had to be trained, armed and transported. Germany saw her chance in this combination of circumstances. It lay in preparing for a formidable blow while Russia and the United States could do nothing, and at the same time trying to weaken the morale of the French by a defeatist campaign while the morale of Russia was being destroyed by the Bolsheviki.

M. Dumur's novel narrates a few representative incidents of this decisive phase of the war. A young Dane, Harold Arendsen, is a *privat-docent* at the University of Bern. Like most Danish scholars, he has studied during two or three years at the Sorbonne and has personal friends in Paris, but his training, his culture and his sympathies have long been and even now remain German. Before coming to Bern he was a *privat-docent* at Halle, and there convinced himself that even if Germany had not been compelled to go to war she had a right to make herself forcibly the tutor of the world. With such a mental background the German Minister at Bern finds it easy to decide him to go to Paris, not on a real spying mission, but "to study the political conditions" there.

To Paris, then, Arendsen goes, and promptly finds himself in the very midst of the defeatist group which M. Dumur wants to describe to us: an old professor, who hates the idea of the slaughter; one, young Gartial le Châtel, who hates his own country for going on with the horrible thing, altho his elder brother, Eude, is the bravest of patriotic officers at the front; decadent poets; Russian Bolsheviks at the Café de la Rotonde; above all, the suspicious staff of the defeatist rag, *Le Bonnet Rouge*, the gang of professional morale-destroyers, as they really are. A few vitriolic scenes are enough to introduce them all to us. Promptly, too, Arendsen, almost unknown to himself—merely because it is so easy to pick up information, and because, on the other hand, he is constantly thrown in with German spies of high rank—is seen making use against France of whatever he hears; for instance, almost on his arrival, the number and location of the regiment to which his landlord's son belongs.

Interest of a more psychological order is added by the arrival

(*Continued on page 92*)

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[1] LES DEFAITISTES. By Louis Dumur. 442 pages. Paris: Albin-Michel. 6 francs 50 centimes

Tales Out of the Dust of Mexico

By Isaac Anderson

ALTHO Wallace Smith has called his book "The Little Tigress,"(1) after the first story in his collection, the subtitle, "Tales Out of the Dust of Mexico," is far more expressive and appropriate. The dust of Mexico lies over all these tales, a dust moistened more often by the blood of bandits and their victims than by the rains of heaven. They are not pretty tales. Cruelty, violence, murder and lust are the themes of most of them. But they bear the apparent stamp of truth. One feels that the author must have lived among these people and known them intimately. If he has not, then he is the possessor of a remarkably vivid imagination.

The title story, altho it is, like the others, a mere sketch in form, contains enough substance for a full-length novel or a three-act drama. It is the story of a girl who is carried off by a bandit and becomes his *soldadera*, and of her brother who joins the bandit army in order to find opportunity for revenge. The dénouement is startling enough to win fame and fortune for the actress who could properly interpret it.

There is an element of grim humor in some of the tales, as, for example, that of the executioner who conceives the brilliant idea of placing his three victims in front of each other instead of side by side, so that all may be killed with one bullet, thus conserving valuable ammunition. The same executioner, forced to command the firing-squad which is to execute his own brother-in-law, concocts an elaborate scheme in order that his relative may die like a hero and not like the coward he really is.

One chapter of the book, entitled "Words and Music," is devoted to the songs of Mexico. There is "La Cucaracha," for example, the favorite song of the followers of Don Pancho. It goes to a defiant, rollicking tune, and of its hundreds of verses only two are fit to be sung in mixed company. The others are, to put it mildly, too highly spiced; but that is nothing unusual in the songs of Mexican bandits. "La Cucaracha" means "The Cockroach," the name which Don Pancho's followers bestowed on Huerta, but the song treats of Don Pancho's other enemies as well, and it has nothing good to say of any of them. In this same chapter is an account of the curious Mexican custom of the jilted lover coming to sing a last serenade under the window of his lady love:

> Under the same window and under the same moon the abandoned one appears. With the same guitar. To the honor of the young lady and to the delight of the watching windows of near-by houses. It is considered good form to bring a flask of liquor to such ceremonies. And a friend to help with the singing—and the liquor.
>
> The abandoned one recites the lady's undoubted charms and his own black despair because she has found him unworthy. He declares in a fervent passage that he will seek death as the only consolation and as the only real tribute to her beautiful spirit.
>
> Having mentioned the subject, he goes into it thoroughly. First, he sings that he will die of thirst in the heart of the desert, and describes such an end minutely. Yet it may be, he goes on, that it would be more fitting that he perish as a gallant soldier. And he details an atrocious end met after his capture by the bloodthirsty enemy. Another excellent plan, he suggests, would be drowning. The sensations of a drowning man are related faithfully. And so through a dozen other very miserable forms of death.
>
> Toward the end the singer reproaches himself. He says that these methods would be too easy. Too abrupt. He has been selfish. He has sought an end to his own misery. His body should be saved as a more lasting tribute to the young lady.
>
> Yes, by far the best way to honor her would be to stagger slowly to a drunkard's grave. He would drink *pulque*, *tequila* and *aguardiente*. He would become sodden and depraved. His disgrace would be an epic of its kind. Then when strangers looked upon him they would ask how such a youth had fallen so low. And others would explain that he had become the village drunkard because of his vain love for Señorita Dolores or Señorita Manuela or whatever the name chanced to be.
>
> By this time, if the liquor ceremony has been observed, the acting is quite realistic. Which is not strange when it is considered that Mexican liquor comes from the same plant which provides the native with shingles, nails, coarse cloth, needles and fodder for cattle.
>
> And the song ends on this convincing note.

Mr. Smith sees the same curious and, to us, illogical customs, the same crudities and incongruities that the casual tourist sees, but he sees through and beyond them into the very souls of the people. There is pathos and understanding in his description of a religious procession in a Mexican village:

> Six of the soldiers, with cartridge belts criss-crossed over their shoulders, wear knots of red, white and green ribbons on their sleeves. Three of them wear the ribbons on their left arms. Three on the right.
>
> Very carefully the ribboned six hoist an oblong, flat litter to their shoulders. It, too, is decorated with the national colors. Flowers of carmine, yellow and purple are strewn at the feet of the plaster statue that rides the litter.
>
> It is the image of Jesus Cristo, about four feet high. It is done in the barbaric colors chosen by the factories that mold these images for religious folk. A stiff robe, the red of blood clotting in sand, with a gilt border. A chorus-girl complexion over a fastidious beard. The effigy has been retouched for the occasion. The cheeks have been made very rosy. About the throat of the statue is a modern linen collar of the high "turn-over" sort. To it is fastened a made-up, four-in-hand tie, blue and polka-dotted.
>
> Does one smile at such incongruity? Does one see sacrilege in this

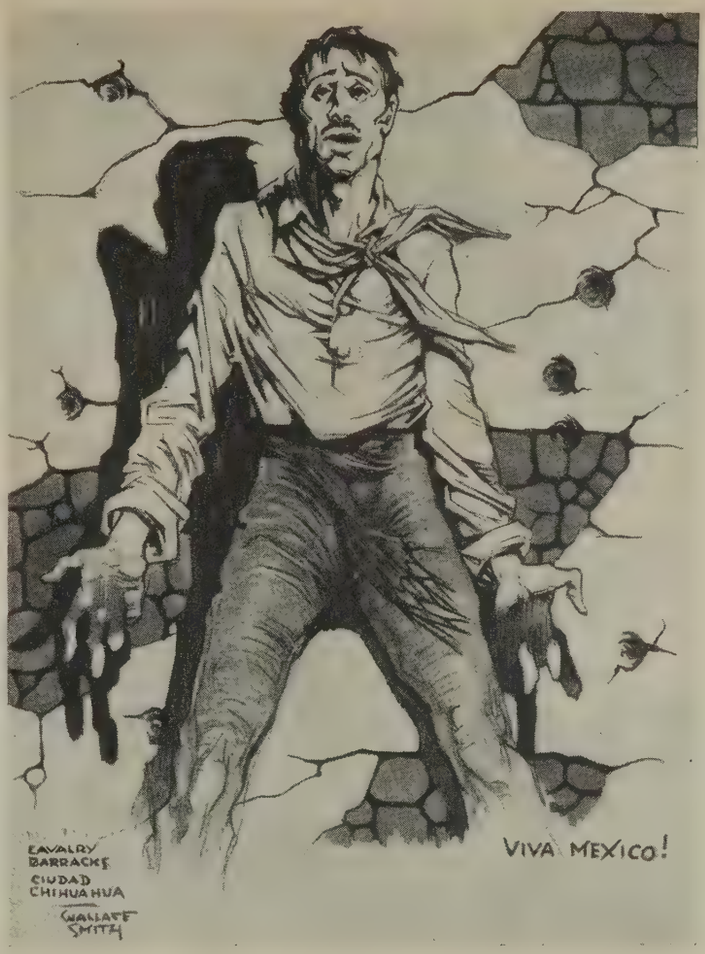
(1) THE LITTLE TIGRESS: TALES OUT OF THE DUST OF MEXICO. By Wallace Smith. With drawings from a field sketch-book. 209 pages. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

effort to adorn their Saviour? Then look once more at these men and women with the eyes of wondering children. And pass with them into the shadowy cathedral. There is a thin smell of incense, an exhausted odor. Many little candles burn. Near the dim altar is a glass case. On one side the glass is shattered. A bullet, from the fighting in the street a week ago, made this its target. It tore the arm from a statuette of the Virgin Mary and crumpled the figure of the Christ-child inside the case.

The accident has been repaired. The gap left by the missing arm is covered with a spangled bit of white satin. The whole figure of the Virgin has been draped in a clumsily sewed evening gown, palpably copied from some stray fashion magazine. A tiny bridal veil streams from the bowed head.

In the lap of the Virgin Mother rests a naked doll of celluloid. It has an unmistakably German face. It is the sort of doll guaranteed to float in a bath-tub, to the delight of pink-skinned babies.

Is there still a smile? Or a vague indignation, as might come at the sight of sacrilege? Then there is no need of looking again at the dark faces raised in humble adoration. There is no use to see tears in the black, believing eyes. . . . To those who smile, this Trinity is only a cheap image made cheaper, an incongruity in white-spangled satin and a ridiculous patent doll. To those in the Easter procession it is the Saviour, the Holy Virgin and the Infant Jesus. To whom they give the best that is left them.



Toward the end of his book Mr. Smith discusses the relations between Mexico and the United States. "Discusses" is, perhaps, hardly the word. He merely sketches some phases of the situation as he sees them. It is plain that he has but little sympathy for those who cry for American intervention in Mexico and but little respect for their motives. Of the Mexican border he says:

> Everywhere in its long stretch of miles, the border is a cruel barrier of lies and hate and misunderstanding. At the point where, in tinsel allegories, two nations should clasp hands, they reach instead for each other's throats. And the worst elements of two countries meet to match their unlovely wits. On one side the astigmatic intolerance of a gabby young nation reaching for gold as the sure symbol of greatness. On the other the sullen resentment of a people who have suffered centuries of oppression and slavery. . . .

There is an aspect of El Paso apart from the chamber-of-commerce point of view. In it, El Paso becomes a hatching-place of wholesale crime. The squirming nest of conspirators, gun-runners, smugglers, swindlers, cattle thieves, mine-salters—a picturesque and thoroughly villainous crew. What is true of El Paso in this aspect is true of other border towns. It is a fact, however regrettable, that the blue-eyed, tawny-mustached *Americano* of fiction often as not turns out to be an affable cutthroat.

And here is a further characterization of these denizens of the border:

> The border *Americano* regards the Mexican as an inferior—and Mexico as a land set apart by *gringo* gods for *gringo* looting. On his side of the border he may be termed a capitalist, a promoter, or a hustling, go-getting speculator. In Mexico he is known and hated as a swaggering, bragging thief, a false friend and an unfair foe.
>
> His boast is that any two-fisted American is worth half-a-dozen Mexicans in any kind of trouble. The Mexican has disproved that too often to have it sound convincing—or uttered, at all—anywhere except north of the border. The adventurous *Americano* of tropical best-sellers too often in actual experience begins howling for the American Army to make good his strutting. . . .
>
> The American has the courage of his conventions. Courtesy with him is a symbol of decadence. The Mexican is a "greaser" who, through some oversight of a Providence usually adept at *gringo* efficiency, is in possession of a land of fabled wealth. Anyway, the Mexican is dark-skinned. The *gringo* bows to the inevitable and plots to remove that wealth. To do it by stirring up revolutions, by selling patriots guns that will not shoot, and by running off cattle, is but a petty expression of his desire. One day he will succeed in getting his army of occupation across the border. *Dios* halt that day!
>
> The Mexican is no slower to forgive than any one else who has been deeply hurt. To him the *Americano* is uncivilized—he is a *"gringo."* . . . On his side of the border, no less than on the side of the *gringo*, there is being built, higher and stouter, the barrier of lies and hate and misunderstanding.

It will readily be seen that if Mr. Smith has a bias it is rather toward Mexico than toward the United States. It may well be, however, that he merely has a passion for telling the truth.

Putting Literature into an Outline

By John Erskine

WHEN the editor of the INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW asked me to say a word about John Drinkwater's important "Outline of Literature," (1) I doubted the propriety of doing so, since I happen to be supervising the American edition; but as I happen also to have had less to do with this first volume than with the two to follow, I may be permitted to record my admiration for the idea of this undertaking, and my hope that the public reception of it will encourage publishers to experiment further in the same field.

For it has long been a recognized defect in the study and teaching of literature, and consequently in the general understanding of it, that we have considered only individual books, or the life and work of individual authors, or have extended our view when we were most philosophic-minded to include only the books and writers of one nation at a time, chronologically arranged. What literature is in itself, as one of the arts, we study too rarely; and even when we treat literature as so much material for the historian, we inquire almost as rarely into the currents of civilization that disclose themselves in world-literature as a whole. We still think, perhaps, of the society immortalized in Shakespeare's dramas as an isolated phenomenon of beauty, as we used to think, perhaps, that the American Revolution was an isolated conflict between the Colonies and England—some idealistic Frenchmen lending a hand. The historian now asks us to see our Revolution and all other important events against the background of a world-stage, and the conviction grows that literature will take on historical significance only against the same wide background. The Outline of Literature now appearing is significant, I believe, quite aside from its other merits, because it tries to give us this desired width of view.

One might well ask why this broad approach has not been attempted by literary historians before. It has been attempted, but without much success, and the reason for failure will be clear enough to any one who makes the attempt again. To give a world outline of an art beyond the bare chronicle of masterpieces and their creators, is extremely difficult because no art functions in our emotions that way; each book or painting or sonata is—as art—complete in itself, so that while Falstaff is on the stage we do not even think of Dogberry, still less of Romeo and Juliet. Since art, then—as art—is totally satisfying in itself, and should be so, we do some violence to the artist in each of us when we detach ourselves from the enjoyment of masterpieces separately and try to see what the historical progress of literature looks like as a whole. We even suspect that the historian must have parted with some of his love of literature as an art before he could look for history in it—as we should be shocked if Romeo, climbing down the ladder from Juliet's balcony, had been able to make any observations on the evolution of courtship in European society. The mood for such wisdom might have come later, had he survived.

Photo: Rischgitz Collection

CHAUCER AT THE COURT OF EDWARD III

From a painting by Ford Madox Brown—in the Tate Gallery, London

Yet, whatever the difficulty, it has seemed inevitable that an outline of literature should be attempted again, and at this time, and for a reason which is profoundly artistic. The desire for unity, for a harmony of the whole, is perhaps the chief aspiration in art, and philosophers will argue for many a day whether it is not a wholly irrational desire, whether unity and harmony do not belong peculiarly in man's dream, or whether they can be found elsewhere in nature. The question is urgent now, because we have extended our desire for unity to actual life; we want some form of unity among nations, and we think that a correct hypothesis about human society might lead to a cure of even its discords. Some of us, mindful of old antagonisms between man and nature, soul and body, can not see how life, if it remains moral, can be anything but a conflict. But the typical mood of the hour is the artistic; we would grasp this sorry scheme of things entire in order to remold it nearer to the heart's desire, but unfortunately we must remold it to our

(1) THE OUTLINE OF LITERATURE. Edited by John Drinkwater. 3 vols., illustrated. Vol. I, pp. xiv+295. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1923.

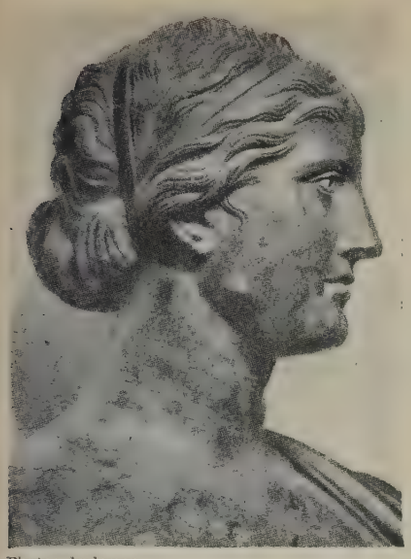


Photo: Anderson

SAPPHO
National Museum, Naples

heart's desire before we can grasp it entire. If we could understand it as a whole, perhaps we should not wish to change it so much.

The desire for unity which characterizes our time exhibited itself in extraordinary fulness at the Peace Conference after the war, and no one familiar with the artistic temperament at work should have been surprized that so many changes in the world, geographical and other, had to be made before the general aspiration for world unity could be formulated. It may be suspected that those who rejected the League did so, for the most part, not because too many liberties had been taken with geographical, political and racial facts, but because the world had not been changed enough. At least the desire for unity remains, and the books which have appealed to it, like Mr. Wells's Outline of History, have had an immense reception. Perhaps we have hoped that our inability to imagine a convincing world-unity to-day was due to some ignorance of another kind of unity, a succession more or less logical, in human affairs. Perhaps also it makes little difference whether Mr. Wells was as strong as he might be in all fields of knowledge, for to write history at all one must have a unified point of view—be an artist, in short—so it had to be Mr. Wells's world that was outlined, as it was Gibbon's Rome that declined and fell. After the Outline of History we had the admirable Outline of Science, from the same publishers who are now bringing out the Outline of Literature. Science is the ideal field in which to make an outline, for it is the one subject which frankly and consciously revises its findings in the light of a new hypothesis, and expects its point of view to be further revised by other hypotheses. From science we now turn to literature, the subject most difficult to treat in this way.

It will be interesting to see, as this Outline progresses, what hypothesis or emotional prejudice has been favored in order to put unity into world-literature. An English and American point of view, probably, since the work is done in London and New York. To face this fact is not to belittle the Outline, but rather to concede from the beginning the difficulty of making any such outline at all. Had it come to us from France, from Italy or Germany, there would have been an equal bias, tho in some other direction. What would the Outline have looked like had it been made by Chinese writers, or Japanese, or Indian? Merely to ask the question is to record how little has yet been achieved of a world point of view in literature. It will be interesting also to observe whether the particular point of view in this Outline, whatever it may prove to be, is strong enough to draw into it at all the authors to be considered, or whether a tendency may not show itself, from time to time, to deal with the authors separately, in the manner of the literary dictionaries that often pass for histories, as tho the unifying principle had flagged. Such questions, I repeat, should be asked without regard to the merit of this Outline, certainly without detracting from it; for if it is true that we are looking for a unified knowledge of the world which at present we have not, we must first cultivate some skill in keeping our object clear to ourselves, and some keenness in examining the many outlines that will be set before us.

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LAO-TZE

Photo: Rischgitz Collection

"DANTE'S DREAM," BY ROSSETTI
Reproduced by permission of the Corporation of Liverpool

It is part of the significance of the present work that it is written for the general reader, not for the scholar. This admission is made on the wrapper of the first volume, and for once it seems not to be an admission at all, but something of a boast. It is the average man who now desires unity in his intellectual world, and literary scholarship as it has exhibited itself in recent decades of specialization, is not what you would turn to for a total harmony of vision.

> The aim of this work [we are told] is to give a clear, vivid idea of the great authors and the great books of all ages, from the time of Homer to the present day, whose power and charm have thrilled the souls of succeeding generations. It is clear and concise, without being overburdened with detail. It is not intended for the specialist, nor does it indulge in learned arguments and critical dissertations.

In an excellent introduction Mr. Drinkwater puts the matter in a higher key and more fully:

(*Continued on page 93*)

"Ship Me Somewheres East of Suez—"

Travels in Egypt and Beyond

THE tide of fall and winter travel usually sets toward the countries about the Mediterranean, where blizzards are unknown and the coal problem is non-existent. Owing to the interest aroused last year by the treasures found in the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen, many of which are yet to be removed, Egypt will undoubtedly attract even more than its usual quota of tourists. For those who are able to gratify their desire to visit the land of the Pharaohs there are several recently published books which will be found useful in conveying information that will make the trip more enjoyable, while to those less fortunately situated these same books offer a means of vicariously indulging the wanderlust.

Frank G. Carpenter can always be relied upon to give a clear, lively and readable account of the countries of which he writes. He is a tourist rather than an explorer, and the regions he visits are those to which the ordinary traveler can follow him without undue hardship. In "Cairo to Kisumu"(1) he tells of his travels in Egypt, the Sudan and Kenya Colony, formerly known as British East Africa. By means of his vivid descriptions and the many excellent photographic illustrations with which his book is embellished, he gives a very clear idea of the countries, their people, and their natural resources. In his description of the Aswan Dam, for example, he tells us not only what this triumph of the engineer's skill has accomplished in the way of increasing the productivity of the Nile valley, but also what is hoped to be accomplished by other similar projects now under consideration. Mr. Carpenter has made several visits to Egypt, the first of them just before the rebellion of Arabi Pasha, which resulted in the taking over of the country by the British, so he is able to contrast the present with the past and to note what progress has been made under British rule. He finds that the condition of the agricultural population has been greatly bettered, and he sees promise of still greater improvement.

When it comes to ancient history, however, Mr. Carpenter is a bit too ready to make positive assertions which are not warranted by the present state of archeological knowledge. Thus in telling of his visit to the Museum of Cairo, he says:

> I looked a long time upon the face of King Rameses, who is supposed to have gone to school with Moses. The king who built Thebes, Karnak, and other great cities, was the man who opprest the Israelites, altho not the one whom the Lord afflicted with plagues, thereby causing the Exodus.

(1) CAIRO TO KISUMU. By Frank G. Carpenter. Illustrated. 313 pages. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $4.

SHAH OF PERSIA

(From "By Camel and Car to the Peacock Throne," by E. Alexander Powell. Century)

Now this fixes the time of the Exodus much more definitely than Egyptologists who have devoted years to the subject are able to do. Several dates have been assigned to this event, and there is a difference of nearly two thousand years between the earliest and the latest. This question is ably discust by T. Eric Peet in his "Egypt and the Old Testament."(2) After stating the various theories and the rather nebulous evidence upon which they are based, he concludes:

> In the absence of sound evidence scholars have allowed themselves to be swayed by slight indications. The two main schools of thought are those which identify the Khabiru, or a part of them, with the Hebrews of the Exodus, thus obtaining a date of about 1400 B. C. for this event, and those who believe that the building by the Israelites of the "store city" of Rameses dates the oppression of Rameses II and the exodus to his successor Merenptah, about 1220 B. C. Neither school has the evidence to prove its case, and both may well be wrong.

There is in Egypt, as Mr. Peet points out in his preface, "singularly little evidence which bears directly on the Bible narrative. This does not indicate that that narrative is false, for even greater historical events have taken place in Egypt and left practically no traces."

The value of Mr. Peet's work lies in the fact that he is not marshaling evidence to prove some pet theory of his own, but is merely recording the facts in so far as they are known and the conclusions which have been drawn from them by various scholars. In addition to the Exodus he discusses several other events common to Egyptian and Biblical history and explains the difficulties which beset the path of those who seek to find in the one a corroboration of the other.

The intending traveler to Egypt, who, with limited time at his disposal, wishes to provide himself with the historical background necessary to a proper appreciation of the monuments of the past which he will find there, can scarcely do better than to read "A Short History of the Egyptian People," by Sir E. A. Wallis Budge.(3) Six chapters of the book are devoted to a description of the country and the principal facts of its history, and three to the religion and daily life of the ancient Egyptians and their worship of the dead. The tenth chapter deals with Egyptian chronology.

(2) EGYPT AND THE OLD TESTAMENT. By T. Eric Peet. 230 pages. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. England: The University Press of Liverpool, Ltd. $1.50.

(3) A HISTORY OF THE EGYPTIAN PEOPLE. By E. A. Wallis Budge, M A., Litt.D. Illustrated. 280 pages. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. London: J. M. Dent & Sons. $2.

There is also a bibliography of important books on Egyptian history, religion, etc.

Another work by the same author is "Tut-ankh-Amen, Amenism, Atenism and Egyptian Monotheism,"[4] dealing, not with the discoveries made last year by Howard Carter and Lord Carnarvon, but with what was known up to that time of Tut-ankh-Amen and the period in which he lived. The book was written at the suggestion of Lord Carnarvon with a view to correcting the misrepresentations which had been made in connection with the popular accounts of the discoveries. In some of these accounts the teachings of Tut-ankh-Amen's predecessor, Amenhotep IV, known also as Akhnaton or Aakhunaten, had been said to inculcate a religion and morality superior to any doctrine found in the Old Testament and comparable to the teachings of Christ. This is, to say the least, an exaggeration, as Dr. Budge shows by quoting what is known of Amenhotep's teachings, chiefly contained in two hymns, one written by Amenhotep himself and the other by a disciple of his. These are given both in the original hieroglyphics and in English.

It should be noted in passing that Egyptologists are by no means agreed as to the spelling of Egyptian names. This is due to the fact that in the writing of the ancient Egyptians, as in the early Hebrew, the vowel sounds were not indicated. The spelling, and consequently the pronunciation, is therefore a matter of conjecture.

Egyptology, archeology and kindred topics are discust in Arthur Weigall's "The Glory of the Pharaohs,"[5] a collection of essays, some written especially for this volume, and others contributed at various times to various periodicals. There is one chapter on "The Temperament of the Ancient Egyptians," which will do much to counteract the delusion that the Egyptians were a somber, gloomy people, preoccupied with thoughts of death and the more melancholy aspects of religion. They were, on the contrary, decidedly gay and frivolous, and not at all strait-laced. They knew and used both wine and beer, and there was no Volstead to say them nay. Mr. Weigall also pictures the difficulties of archeological exploration in Egypt and the stealing of antiquities by the natives, who can not be made to see that there is any crime in digging up relics of the past and selling them to tourists or dealers.

While travel in Egypt is now comparatively safe and comfortable, the same can not be said of travel in Arabia and Persia. The story told by E. Alexander Powell in "By Camel and Car to the Peacock Throne,"[6] will not tempt any but the most adventurous to follow him. It is, however, an intensely interesting story to read. Major Powell, with three companions, motored from Beirut through Sidon, Tyre, Acre and Nazareth to Jerusalem and then to Damascus. From Damascus they traveled by caravan across the Arabian desert to Bagdad. The journey from Bagdad across Mesopotamia, or Iraq, as it is now called, to Tiaruq on the Persian border was made by train at the rate of about six and one-half miles per hour. The remainder of the trip across Persia to Tehran was by motor.

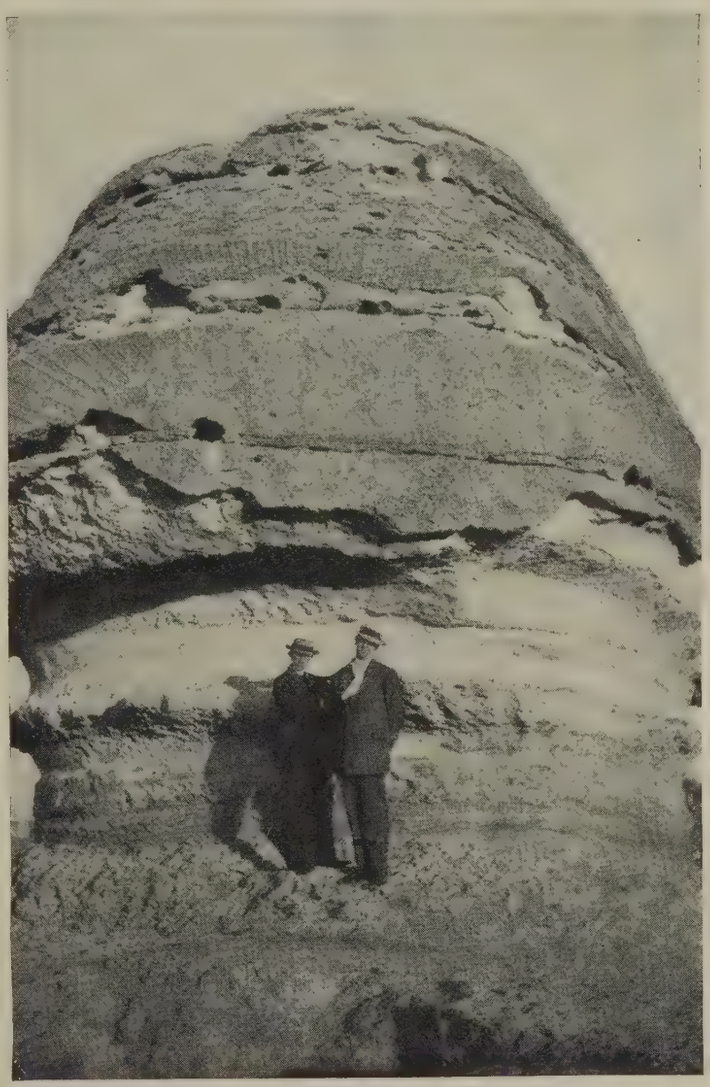
The most interesting part of Major Powell's trip was the caravan journey through the Arabian Desert. The caravan was made up in part of Arabs of the Wahhabi sect, the most puritanical of all the Mohammedans. It was the month of Ramadan, during which Mohammedans are required to fast from sunrise to sunset. Persons making a journey are exempt from this fast, but the Wahhabi do not recognize this exemption. All day long, day after day, these men traveled across the burning sands without taking so much as a sip of water between sunrise and sunset. Some even went so far as to refrain from swallowing their own saliva.

Major Powell was permitted to see the famous Peacock Throne, and found that its splendor had not been exaggerated. He was fully as much interested, however, in the amazing collection of junk gathered together in the room in which the throne stands. The articles on view ranged all the way from priceless Chinese porcelains to cuckoo clocks, and from a terrestrial globe made of precious stones to a wash-bowl and pitcher made of postage-stamps. One particularly impressive exhibit was a number of sofa-pillows embroidered with such sentiments as "God Bless Our Gracious Sovereign." Most of these things had been presented to the Shah on his various trips abroad.

For historical data about the two principal countries visited by Major Powell, the reader is referred to "Arabia,"[7] by D. G. Hogarth, and "Persia,"[8] by Brigadier-General Sir Percy Sykes. Each of these volumes presents in highly condensed form the history of the nation with which it deals from ancient times down to the present day.

"The Unveiled Ladies of Stamboul"[9] is something quite different from the ordinary travel book. It deals with a single city, Constantinople, and only with certain phases of life there—not in the least with the sights which attract the average tourist. The author, Demetra Vaka, in private life Mrs. Kenneth Brown, is a Greek, whose ancestors lived in Constantinople for 700 years. Her book is the story of a visit to Constantinople, made after an absence of twenty years and a description of the changes that have taken place in that time. She found women going about with uncovered faces, conversing openly with

(*Continued on page 93*)



MR. CARPENTER AND HIS SON ARE STANDING ON THE NAPE OF THE NECK OF THE SPHINX

(From "Cairo to Kisumu," by Frank G. Carpenter. Doubleday)

(4) TUT-ANKH-AMEN, AMENISM, ATENISM AND EGYPTIAN MONOTHEISM. By Sir Ernest A. Wallis Budge. Illustrated. 160 pages. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. London: Martin Hopkinson & Co. $3.00.

(5) THE GLORY OF THE PHARAOHS. By Arthur Weigall. Illustrated. 337 pages. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.

(6) BY CAMEL AND CAR TO THE PEACOCK THRONE. By E. Alexander Powell. Illustrated. 392 pages. New York and London: The Century Co. $3.

(7) ARABIA. By D. G. Hogarth. With Map. 139 pages. New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch. $2.50

(8) PERSIA. By Brigadier-General Sir Percy Sykes, K. C. L. E., C. B., C. M. G. With Map. 188 pages. New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch.

(9) THE UNVEILED LADIES OF STAMBOUL. By Demetra Vaka (Mrs. Kenneth Brown). Illustrated. 261 pages. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. $4.

The Decline and Fall of the Speakership

By Charles Willis Thompson

FOR exactly one hundred years, from 1810 to 1910, the character of the Speakership, a purely American institution, continued to evolve and take on strange shapes until, when Reed retired, its place in American polity might be looked upon as entirely assured for all time. At precisely this moment of solidification, that is, while Reed's successor was enjoying the fruits of victory, the sight of his tranquillity aroused the fury of all the people who were looking around for something to reform. So they attended to the Speakership by virtually "reforming it away altogether," and tried to devise a system by which the people's representatives in Congress should rule. The result is that ever since that fateful year of 1910 each Congress has been getting worse than its predecessors, and the whole Government, beginning with the Senate and not going into details with regard to other departments just at this moment, has found great difficulty in functioning. As too often happens, what was labeled reform turned out to be reaction, and the House in 1910 became what the Continental Congress had been. In its fall it dragged the Government with it.

"CZAR" REED RESUMES BUSINESS AT THE OLD STAND

From "The Chronicle," Chicago, December, 1895

Tho Mr. George Rothwell Brown does not go so far as to say all this or even insinuate most of it, the logic of his history leads inevitably toward it. He is one of the most competent men in the country for the task to which he has set himself, which is an evolutionary history of Congress with the accent on the House as the life-principle. He writes from a perfect knowledge of his subject, and yet with imagination and fire. He puts Congress visibly before you with the accuracy of the Congressional Directory, and yet with grace and passion. He has lived most of his life with Congress, until it has become a part of him, or he a part of it. He can make his picture perfect, not only because he understands it, but because he loves it; not only because he knows the last subdivision of the House's last rule, but because what he has seen has aroused his imagination, his reflection, and his affection.

This book of his, "The Leadership of Congress,"[1] which propounds a theory of American government and a new angle from which to view American history, is one of the most important of its kind, the more so as it is written out of a deep and complete experience. Its theory runs easily side by side with its historical lore. It is absolutely fair-minded, tho Mr. Brown's affection for his subject makes him shrink from the conclusion to which his account of its present predicament ought to drive him. He picks out the merits of the Government's present position, and even tries to show that some good things arose from the "revolution of 1910," as he quite justly calls what was then called "the overthrow of Cannonism."

What particularly challenges the interest of the reader is his demonstration that the power of the House, on which Mr. Brown steadily insists as necessary to the true perspective on American history from at least 1810, rests on organization, and rises or falls as organization becomes perfect or falls from perfection. The power of the Senate does not rest on organization. The leadership of the House rested always on organization, that of the Senate on nothing but brains. Startling as this differentiation appears at first sight, a glance backward is enough to show that there never was any organization which could have controlled it for a moment, and no organization that ever tried. The Senate has had its leaders, men such as Gorman, Aldrich, and the like, but they ruled by the deference paid to their superior intellectual powers by the party in power. Mr. Brown says something which may be construed to mean that the Chairmanship of the Finance Committee carried with it, if it does not now, the leadership of the Senate. The truth could be better stated by saying that the natural-born leader was generally appointed to the Chairmanship of the Finance Committee. The last real leader of the Senate was Penrose. The reviewer does not wish to be understood as joining in the silly gibes at Lodge; but Lodge has no party to lead.

The Senate had two great epochs, about fifty years apart. One was that in which Webster, Clay and Calhoun were its chief leaders, and the other, culminating in the administrations of McKinley and Roosevelt and ending with Taft's first two years, in which Aldrich governed with the aid of Spooner, Allison, Platt of Connecticut, and Hale. The growth of the House's power was continuous, with many a setback, of course; but its growth was coterminous with the growth or weakening of the Speakership, which included the House machine. In its last manifestation the machine may be said to have consisted of the Speaker, his two party colleagues on the Committee on Rules, and the Chairmen of the Appropriations and Ways and Means. Mr. Brown, however, insists that even since the shattering of the organization in 1910 the genius of Mr. Mondell and a few others

(1) THE LEADERSHIP OF CONGRESS. By George Rothwell Brown. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

has succeeded in consolidating the power of the House by a rather complicated subterranean substitute for the old leadership. He writes convincingly and goes into full details about the mechanism of the present substitute for leadership, but in my opinion he fails to prove that it has produced satisfactory results. It has saved the House from complete chaos, but only by herculean efforts on the part of such men as Mondell, Madden and Good. He does demonstrate that since 1910 they have increased the control of the House over the purse-strings of the nation, that is, over its life.

The Speaker, which is to say the House, represented the people as far back as the colonial days. Mr. Brown points out that since the colonists had no other way of confronting the Royal Governors, they amassed all the powers they could possess themselves of and concentrated them all in the Speaker. Thus the American conception of the Speakership grew to be entirely different from the English institution from which it took its name, in spite of some notable cases in which the English Speaker acted according to what was to be the American conception; and the people were thoroughly familiar with this American institution when the United States came into being.

With Henry Clay, in 1810, began the recognition of the fact that the House must fight for supremacy, and fight through the Speakership; that it was the department of government representing the people themselves in action. He enunciated both the idea that government must be by party and that the powers of the House must always be ready to cope with executive usurpation. Mr. Brown enumerates four great fights between Congress and the Executive, growing out of this conception: the cases of Andrew Jackson, Andrew Johnson, Theodore Roosevelt, and Woodrow Wilson. Johnson's case he calls a reaction from Jackson's. In Jackson's case the President attained a supreme victory over Congress, but Mr. Brown's opinion is that in that fight Clay succeeded in implanting in the minds of the people "a fear and suspicion of those high in office which, while it did not serve to impair the unprecedented confidence reposed in Andrew Jackson by the masses, has had its reflexes in all subsequent political controversy growing out of conflict between the legislative and the executive branches of the Federal Government." Clay denied that the President had any power over the Treasury under the Constitution, and the House has continued to act on that principle, if not in those words, even since the overthrow of the power of the Speakership and its dissemination among the members. In his view the Congress was the ruler of the United States, and attempts by the President to assume that rôle constituted usurpation; and, however little Congressmen in later years may have been disposed to use that language, their corporate acts have been along the line thus laid down by Clay.

Running down the line of Speakers, however, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that Schuyler Colfax, the Civil War Speaker, was the man who did most to create the governing power of Congress. His language and demeanor were those of a ruler, and Lincoln avoided challenging him as much as possible; indeed, yielded to him on vital issues in which the President's heart was involved. Colfax used the powers which he seized for the support of the Administration, which, when we compare his case with that of some others, like that of Stanton, sufficiently explains the President's endurance. However that may be, Lincoln rarely took a step without consulting Colfax, and as a result he had the House behind him in spite of the dissatisfaction which so many of the Republican members felt with the President. Colfax's speeches about his power read like those of some Roderick Dhu, who had only to command his mountain clan. Of him a biographer said: "Aside from certain rules which he construes for himself, there is no restriction on him save his conscience and his accountability to public opinion." He had, in other words, made Clay's dream come true. For all that, Mr. Brown will hardly deny that only Booth's bullet saved Lincoln's second administration from becoming an open fight between the President and the House.

At this time, certainly, the Speaker was universally admitted to be the second official in the nation; Mr. Brown brings that fact out forcibly in a phrase about the "close cooperation" between the two powers, the President and the Speaker, during the war. Colfax seems not to have concealed his agreement with John Pym's doctrine "that as an element of constitutional life Parliament was of higher value than the Crown." On his reelection, after Lincoln's death, he made an address in which, says Mr. Brown, "he once more proclaimed the policy, not of the Johnson Administration, which was in fact the Administration of Lincoln, but of the Government of the United States." At this time it was not yet expected that Johnson and Congress would come to blows; the anti-Lincoln men rather expected that Johnson would be with them, and there are some sub-rosa diaries which disclose a rather indecent joy over Lincoln's death, since all would be well under Johnson. Instead, the new President undertook to carry out Lincoln's policy, and the war was on. Its result was to reverse the victory of Jackson over Congress and greatly to increase the powers of that body, despite the failure of the mad and malignant attempt to throw Johnson out of office by the impeachment process. That failure was of great benefit to the nation's future.

Reed carried out the theory with a completeness which left it supreme and consolidated. He finished the work begun by Clay. This he did with a rough savagery which was necessary because of the smallness of his majority in his first Speakership. The Democrats, who succeeded him, made just enough changes to make good their party pledges, but in spirit admitted the theory of the Reed rules; and Reed, succeeding them in turn, rounded out the original Clay idea of government by party through a machine, responsible only to the people. His last administration, with those of his disciples, Henderson and Cannon, may be taken as one. Responsibility was so centered that the names of the few men who ran the machine were public property, and they even wore a badge, the red carnation, originally adopted as a symbol of friendship with McKinley, but in time coming to have a political significance.

Never had the House been so great, and Cannon's audacity in increasing his powers and decreasing those of the individual were all designed to increase its greatness. It bred revolt on the part of the general run of progressives, and in 1910 they destroyed the Speakership and adopted rules which were designed to give everybody an equal share in the government. In practise this weakened the power of the House; and as the Senate's power had consisted solely in its brains, of which the direct election of Senators now deprived it, it is no wonder that Congresses ever since have come under public attack as inefficient.

At this last conclusion Mr. Brown balks; and the reviewer regrets that space limitations forbid analysis of the author's careful and thorough account of the present rules of Congress and the genius displayed by Mondell and others in trying to work out a plan by which the damage might be repaired. The most important thing about this work is the increase in the power of the Committee on Appropriations, so that in its hands have come to rest something of the old strength of the House. The change, as was said, has increased the House's control of the purse, so that Madden, for instance, could walk into the White House and shake his finger in the President's face quite as if he had been Colfax or Reed. The Speaker, under the new rules, is a figurehead, much as he generally is in England. But space forbids more than this general reference. One can only say that Mr. Brown's analysis of the present rules and the way they work is as clear and brilliant as the historical part of his book, and can leave no reader without a fuller comprehension than he ever had before of the Government of the United States.

Boni & Liveright have taken over from other publishers the publication rights to all of Theodore Dreiser's books. They have just brought out a new and complete edition of "The Genius," and in October they will publish "The Color of a Great City," a series of poetic studies of New York in the years from 1900 to 1914. The book will be illustrated by C. B. Falls.

Many Verses and Some Poetry

By John V. A. Weaver

HERE are eight volumes of verse, ranging from decidedly bad to fairly satisfactory, and thence to decidedly excellent. In the case of Dr. Van Dyke's collection, the editing is for the most part so good that pronounced enthusiasm is not amiss. In recording my opinions of these books, therefore, I have arranged them in an upward curve of pleasure, ending in a mild climax.

"At the Roots of Grasses"(1) is, without reservation, inferior stuff. Here is watered Whitman with a dash of Tagore. The author, Muriel Strode, seems to feel that she is in the direct line of Walt Whitman's Kinship to the Universe, but so determined is she to be cosmic that she very often succeeds only in being comic. For instance, when she warns the reader:

> Let none other come
> with halfness—only I
> can bring the full appease,

I find myself thinking of the whichness of the whatness. And when she announces that

> I am your sufficient love,
> Wildering to the forest of you.
> My lips are the flavor of tamarack,

I fail, somehow, to find the allusion appetizing. And why "wildering"? All through the book there is a marked overanxiety to be striking; the lady has never learned that the quality of beauty is not strained. "I saw vats where bird-songs were brewed" requires just a little too much effort on the reader's part, tho the idea isn't bad. And phrases like "I reek of freedom" and "I taste like my garden" are unfortunate. "I moan at the water's edge at night" does not go so well with, a few pages earlier, "I am the urge that sends the sap upward." She is always talking about "urges," anyhow, and she is too much identified with Forces of Nature, and all that, not to become tiresome. I can not help thinking of the professional Strong Woman, and of the phrase, "Look, Papa: muscles!"

Now, Amanda Benjamin Hall (2) does not insult one's esthetics; but neither does she startle them much. We did conjure a giggle out of the lines:

> But I have been deliriously ill
> With buttercups fermenting in my breast.

Why will they go to such limits to be striking? When men write mediocre verse, they are for the most part simply flat; but women, when they are not geniuses (like Edna Millay or Elinor Wylie, or Miss Lowell, and one or two others), run to a sort of hysterical infelicity. Miss Hall won the Poetry Society Prize for the title poem, "The Dancer in the Shrine," and I must say it is much better than most of those which that society listens to and haggles over. There are two other poems in the book which are well above the ordinary; one of these, "Too Soon the Lightest Feet," is tremulously exquisite, but is too long for quotation here. One other we liked is slightly in the Housman manner:

IN MY OPINION

> The aged sitting on their shelves
> With knitting and the cat
> Make talk of Youth among themselves,
> Deploring this and that.
> Youngsters, let them not abash
> Your lovely, witless school—
> They'd give their riches to be rash,
> And twenty, and a fool.

Two poems of better than the regular run are not enough to redeem a whole volume, but there is sufficient promise in the rest—a few rich lines, a number of pleasant images—to make one reach the conclusion that the book was worth printing. Miss Amanda Hall seems likely to turn out some very good work when she shall have lived long enough to lose some of her self-consciousness.

And now, upon a prolonged inspection of Miss Hazel Hall's "Walkers," (3) I perceive that if I were to preserve my perfect, unbroken curve upward, I should have attended to this before I tackled Miss Amanda's. I did not read Miss Hazel's "Curtains," but the enthusiastic reviews it received led me to anticipate something rather superior. Alas! Here are approximately ninety poems, and in not one of them can I find a novel idea or a memorable

PADRAIC COLUM AND MRS. COLUM IN HAWAII

(1) AT THE ROOTS OF GRASSES. By Muriel Strode. 142 pages. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

(2) THE DANCER IN THE SHRINE. By Amanda Benjamin Hall. 106 pages. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

(3) WALKERS. By Hazel Hall. 94 pages. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

expression. It is all a series of impressions of symbolic walking —the same old thing over and over. Here is a fair sample of what Miss Hazel Hall can do when she is at her most brilliant. It is a prize poem, apparently having won something or other from the Order of Bookfellows. It contains one rather neat image, but beyond that what is its merit? It is called, "Walkers at Dusk":

The street fills slowly with the thin
  Night light, and fluid shadows pass
Over the roofs as dark pours in
  Like dusky wine into a glass.

Out of the gloom I watch them come—
  Linked by an invisible chain,
Reconciled to the yoke and dumb
  After the heat of pride or pain.

Nothing of the concerns of noon
  Remains for them, or serves for me,
But portent, like the unrisen moon,
  Begins to weigh unbearably.

I fear that the Parnassian heights are not to be scaled by plodding. "Walkers" was certainly a disappointment to me.

I have never been able to join whatever chorus of praise has shouted for the so-called Georgian group. True enough, when they first began their anthologies, they had some fairly good things. Those earlier collections contained several excellent pieces of Rupert Brooke's, one or two by Lascelles Abercrombie which were noteworthy, some of D. H. Lawrence's best, and several beautiful de la Mares. At times there were a few pleasing things by Robert Graves, W. H. Davies and Wilfred Gibson. But on the whole I have discovered nothing but washed-out Wordsworth or pale imitations of the Elizabethans. Somehow there is still no inconsiderable tendency in this country to speak with awe of contemporary British literature; and while that awe is for the most part justified in regard to fiction, in regard to verse it is ridiculous. We have at least fifty working poets in America, whose average product is far and away better than the best these British put out. Brooke being dead, and de la Mare and Lawrence devoting most of their time to novels, whatever flavor these Georgian anthologies had is departed. American poetry has no rival, except in the works of Masefield (who seems to be going back) and perhaps in Chesterton and the literary renegades, Eliot and Pound. Certainly there is no cause for envy in the poems of this claque-clique.

The most I can say for the present anthology(4) is that there isn't a poem in it which is exactly poor. On the other hand, I found only two which gave me any perceptible kick. One of these is a deliciously tender little satire, entitled, "Miss Thompson Goes Shopping," which depicts, in graceful verse, the entrance, into the drab life of an elderly spinster, of a pair of red slippers. It is a gay, sad little adventure, this purchase of the scarlet footwear, a poem full of understanding. Martin Armstrong wrote it, and emerges from the ruck with it.

As for the examples submitted by Messrs. Abercrombie, Blunden, Davies, de la Mare, Drinkwater, Freeman, Gibson, Graves, Hughes, Kerr, Lawrence, Monro, Nichols, Pellow, Prewett, Quennell, Shanks, Squire, and Young, they are workmanlike, and they bored me. If you like them, you like them, and will undoubtedly purchase the book.

I did find one other poem which I liked a great deal, tho perhaps my liking was caused by the contrast with its surroundings. "Evening," by Violet Sackville-West, a novelist who is a newcomer to the group, does seem to have a quiet lyricism which is not without beauty:

When little lights in little ports come out,
Quivering down through water with the stars,
And all the fishing fleet of slender spars
Range at their moorings, veer with tide about;

When race of wind is stilled and sails are furled,
And underneath our single riding-light
The curve of black-ribbed deck gleams palely white,
The slumbrous waters pool a slumbrous world;

—Then, and then only, have I thought how sweet
Old age might sink upon a windy youth,
Quiet beneath the riding-light of truth,
Weathered through storms, and gracious in retreat.

These others are no tyros, you understand; they know their business. Only they have nothing whatever to say that is new or worth inspection. The book is simply one long exhibition of hollow technique.

I can conceive of considerable interest on the part of scholars in Louise Pound's "American Songs and Ballads."(5) Whoever likes American folk-lore will find here a collection of interesting and often amusing verses. Miss Pound has included a number of Scottish and English ballads which any one can find in the regular ballad-collections—they have been scarcely changed, and were evidently put in to pad out the book. The chief value is in the Native Songs and Ballads section, which includes gems such as "The Baggage Coach Ahead," "The Blue and the Grey," and the "Milwaukee Fire"; and in the Cowboy section, which is obviously a selection from Mr. Lomax's fine work. I am not sufficient authority to state that Miss Pound has in many cases picked out the poorest version of the song; but in the case of "Jesse James," she has garbled it considerably. The lines which every one knows—

The dirty little coward
Who shot Mr. Howard—

she renders as

For the thief and the coward
Who shot Mr. Howard.

And there are a number of other discrepancies in this one song alone. "Casey Jones" she has ruined beyond recognition. Her rendering of the first two stanzas is not only awkward, but it does not fit in well with the tune. You all remember the correct version:

Come, all you rounders, if you want to hear
The story about a brave engineer:
Casey Jones was the rounder's name;
On a big eight-wheeler's where he won his fame.

Caller called Casey 'bout ha'-past four;
He kissed his wife at the station door,
Mounted to his cabin with his orders in his hand,
And took his farewell journey to that Promised Land.

Here is Miss Pound's version, and not only does it lose much of its raciness, it would be a trifle difficult to sing it to the famous tune:

Come, all you rounders, for I want you to hear
The story told of an engineer;
Casey Jones was the rounder's name,
A heavy right wheeler of a mighty fame.

Caller called Jones about half-past four,
He kissed his wife at the station door,
Climbed into his cab with his orders in his hand,
Says, "This is my trip to the holy land."

Miss Pound also omits entirely the stanza where Casey said, just before he died, "There's two more roads that I'd like to ride." The book has interest, but because of these inaccuracies I should hate to recommend it to those seeking a final authority for reference purposes.

Padraic Colum writes the best verse of all the professionally Irish poets, if we except William Butler Yeats (who at least does not subscribe to the fashion of "Shanes" and "Shamuses"; I wonder what his name would be, determinedly made Irish? Gwillyum?) Indeed, Colum has made a distinct place for himself in American letters, and deserves it. His children's stories are little masterpieces, and at least half of his poems, which we will not be so unkind as to say echo Yeats somewhat, contain much beauty. I myself prefer his lyrics to his dramatic narratives, for the latter are always so shot through with Gaelicisms that I grow a bit weary. His new volume, "Dramatic Legends and Other

(4) GEORGIAN POETRY: 1920-1922. 207 pages. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

(5) AMERICAN SONGS AND BALLADS. Collected by Louise Pound. 257 pages. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Poems,"[6] is excellent, and I heartily recommend it. Even when he is most self-conscious he has a wistful, sad music which is pleasantly disturbing. (As an exception, I must say that I have never run across a more awkward and musicless line than "'Jack's doom's Jill's dole, but then,' said he.") "Men on Islands" is a memorable piece. And there is one little song which would do credit to a Shakespeare, and I must quote it:

> Shall I go bound and you go free,
> And love one so removed from me?
> Not so; the falcon o'er my brow
> Hath better quest, I dare avow!
>
> And must I run where you will ride,
> And must I stay where you abide?
> Not so, the feather that I wear
> Is from an Eyrie in the air!
>
> And must I climb a broken stair,
> And must I pace a chamber bare?
> Not so, the Brenny plains are wide,
> And there are banners where I ride.

There are fully ten more poems in the book worth quoting; and that, as verse goes these days, is a high record.

Paul Geraldy's verses, "You and Me,"[7] have an unfortunate introduction, in that the jacket-blurb is somewhat hysterical. This gem of advertisement concludes:

> They kiss the atmosphere with the perfume of France; they are as essentially Parisian as a drop of cologne on a lady's dress. Being French they touch the heart of the World; being Paul Geraldy, they touch the heart of France; and in the happy version Englished by Mr. Shipley, they touch the hearts of all lovers in America.

As Pat said to Mike, "Can y'imagine?" Upon thorough inspection of the book, I can not see the application of the word "happy." If the blurbist refers to the way Mr. Shipley has "Englished" the original, then his definition of "happy" does not correspond with mine; for it is mostly sorry doggerel. And if he means that the verses themselves are happy, then he is mistaken; for they form a rather heart-breaking document, presenting love as a delirium of frantic passion while it lasts, and leaving behind it an aftermath of wo. His lover is never unconscious of the fact that the whole affair and his feelings about it are delusions. With ultra-sophistication, with inexorable frankness, he addresses the object of his affection, tells her it can't last, abuses her, becomes bored, tries to break away, and at the end gives in, insisting, nevertheless, that it is habit which has conquered them both. There is no idealism in the poems. It is the senses which are involved. It is a bitter, disillusioning book, and for that reason, perhaps, valuable in this world where it is sometimes assumed that any attraction for the most part physical can last. The psychology is so good that one can easily imagine the excellence of the original. But Mr. Shipley is obviously not a poet.

We come now to Dr. Henry van Dyke's tremendous tome.[8] At least it would be tremendous in size—for it has 1206 pages of poetry in it—were it not for the fact that it has been printed upon India paper, and for all its length is not much larger than an ordinary novel.

Dr. van Dyke, with the assistance of Hardin Craig and Asa Don Dickinson, has compiled a collection of poems by Englishmen and Americans which is invaluable. No school, no library, and (if one is a lover of poetry) no private bookcase should be without it. The editors have divided the verses by subheads, such as "Of Love," "The Sea," "Philosophy of Life," etc. And the selections are all the poems of any merit in English, from Spenser to modern times.

I said "all," but I misspoke; I should have said "all those which reflect any measure of sweetness and light." And that would have been scarcely fair, because a great number of ballads are included (Dr. van Dyke is rather a dab at ballads), and they seem to be sufficiently remote to be above the law. Dr. van Dyke is good in handling the Elizabethans, too, and the Carolinians, or whatever name is applied to the poets who wrote under the Charleses. But he is best, as you would expect, in dealing with the Victorians and those which just preceded the immortal *bourgeoise* queen. Wordsworth we get by the hundredweight, and Tennyson by the ton. Our native bards are not neglected, and Longfellow, Emerson—all the New Englanders, in fact—and Bret Harte are lavishly looked after. If there is a poem omitted which our grandfathers could have deemed a "classic," I have not discovered it. Even Whitman gets a couple of mentions, and Browning is plentifully admitted. There is not a poem of Swinburne's in the book, and the Eighteen-Ninetiers don't get a look-in; but Keats, Shelley, Byron (in his tamer moments)—all the vast panoply of English poesy is here.

The book is an admirable piece of editing—within its chosen limitations—and, I repeat, the most valuable sort of addition to any library whatsoever. Who cares if the sixty-odd poems written after 1900 are poorly selected? Nobody ever accused Dr. van Dyke of knowing anything about current verse, anyway. Where it's a question of fashion rather than tradition, one would naturally expect the Sage of Princeton to go a bit off. But he's a whiz at precedent, and up to 1890 he has been excellent.

It seems a bit mean to call attention to one feature, but I can't forbear. There are sixty-eight examples of present-day verse used. Of these, only one poet has three, and several have two. But from whose works do you suppose five are selected? Why, from those of Dr. Henry van Dyke! Well, well—sages must have their little jokes.

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(6) Dramatic Legends and Other Poems. By Padraic Colum. 97 pages. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

(7) You and Me. By Paul Geraldy. 64 pages. New York: Boni & Liveright. $1.50.

(8) A Book of British and American Verse. Edited by Henry van Dyke. 1300 pages. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Jessup

PERHAPS the most vivid portrait in Newton Fuessle's latest novel, "Jessup," is that of Mrs. Helman, the old carpet-weaver's wife, as she stands in front of her kitchen sink, her back stooped by continual lifting, her hands, red and bulky, immersed in dish-water, swishing bits of soap about, as if she never wanted to take them out again.

The heroine, Jessup, has an individuality that makes her almost live, but not quite. This is not the first novel that has dealt with the adventures, social and emotional, of a girl whose mother had been a prostitute, and it is probably not the last. There is always a fascination about the struggles of such a woman. Jessup does not fall. She invades New York, and in the proverbial time that it takes to make a Broadway star out of a chorus girl, she arrives. But Jessup is not merely a musical-comedy high light; she is an artist as well, and proceeds to develop her flair for costume designing.

There is little that is new in the situation of having to choose between the illicit attractions of the manager and the safety of marrying into a good old New York family, and Jessup overwhelms her heredity by marrying Banning and waits intently for his discovery of her past. And it is here that Mr. Fuessle achieves a real climax, for Jessup, already successful as a designer, sails to Europe with commissions from the best houses in New York and realizes that the only thing she can ever have in life is her art. Heredity has barred her from happiness in a conventional marriage. "The sins of the fathers . . . " Yet the author has not quite been able to make Jessup rank with Joanna Godden and Miss Lulu Bett.

Jessup. By Newton Fuessle. 280 pages. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.

The Passing of the English Squire

By Louise Maunsell Field

AMONG the younger women-writers of the present day, Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith has attained an honorable and enviable position. Her clear simplicity of style, her ability to depict both character and circumstance, her intelligence, her constructive skill and her gift for word-painting, make a new novel from her pen an event of no small importance in the world of letters.

The theme of her most recent book(1) is timely and important—the decay and collapse of one of those old English families, established on the land for generations, holding great and wide-spread estates, whose ruin has been precipitated by the war, and especially by the crushing taxation resulting from the war. Since early in the sixteenth century, that branch of the Alards with whom the novel is concerned had been squires of Conster Manor in the village of Leason, not far from Winchelsea. And they had bought more and more land—too much land. In the days of the Sir John Alard who ruled at Conster Manor in the latter part of the nineteenth century and the first quarter of the twentieth, times had become bad for landowners; the end of the World War found the Alards "in possession of a huge ramshackle estate, heavily mortgaged, crushingly taxed."

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

It is the effect of this situation on the different members of the House of Alard that the novel depicts. There are no less than six of the younger generation, three of each sex, besides Stella Mount, with whom two of the three Alard brothers fell in love, and the attitude and point of view of each is well presented, and for the most part consistently. The presence of so many characters, no one of whom is of paramount importance, necessarily makes the book somewhat discursive, less closely knit than other books of this author, but she has woven it so skilfully that it is only at times one realizes that she has too many individualities on her hands to do full justice to any one. And even while thus realizing, one applauds the deftness with which she has interthreaded their reactions, as well as their ways of looking at things.

The situation upon which the novel depends is, of course, nonexistent in this country, and it is perhaps somewhat difficult for the average American city-dweller, accustomed to moving from one apartment to another every few years, to understand the emotions and arguments of such a man as Peter Alard, the oldest son of Sir John, his feeling for the family and for the estate, his willingness to sacrifice personal happiness to their preservation. But it is easy to believe that the Alards are typical of many landowning English families who are "keeping up appearances" on a totally inadequate income, eating badly cooked dinners served on Spode china and graced with ancestral silver, served by a butler and two footmen—the latter fresh from the plow. Typical, it should be added, neither of the best nor of the worst. The Alards are in no way evil, but they are all more or less weak, incapable of fighting a hard battle, without that courage to meet "the bigger assaults of life" possest by an older generation, gifted with only a small amount of intelligence. One frequently feels that it is their inadequacy which is principally to blame for their difficulties, and not what the author regards as an obsolete tradition. Consider Mary, who married Julian Pembroke for love, lost her love, and made shipwreck of her life. The insistence of Sir John that the honor of the family be vindicated undoubtedly made things worse for Mary, but her trouble was principally due to her own lack of common sense. Not Alard, but her own folly, turned Mary into a woman "who was half doll and half ghost." Her disaster was due to her inborn shortcomings.

But the principal reason why "The End of the House of Alard" lacks inevitability is the fact that it is handicapped by its author's insistence upon a thesis and a point of view. Miss Kaye-Smith is very evidently out of sympathy with the class of which she is writing; she has none of the affection for the squire which she so manifestly feels for the yeoman; she sees the Alards only as cumberers of the land, representatives of a toppling order whose fall will be altogether and entirely welcome. She is much too fine an artist to permit her hand to be often discernible, arbitrarily influencing the affairs of her characters, but every now and then one sees, as it were, a fingertip giving them a delicate shove, usually toward destruction. Especially as the story approaches its end, and the tragedy of the one who more than any of the rest had struggled to support the tumbling order. Not for a moment does one believe that a man of Peter's type, in Peter's position, would have done what he did at the last. The first part of the book is very much the best.

And with the thesis there is the point of view that the Catholic faith is greatly superior to every other, and that its way of looking at things is always the right way. In the concluding portion of the book, this view, which has been steadily becoming more evident, practically dominates, and to a very considerable degree confuses the issue. Insistence upon it blurs the theme, and in that way injures the book. It would have been far better to make Gervase's decision dependent on his opinion regarding the Alards, instead of being, as one feels it is, primarily influenced by his connection with Thunders Abbey.

Those who put Alard first are miserable; those who put themselves and their own desires first are happy—according to Miss Kaye-Smith. But here again the reader is skeptical. The lasting quality of Jenny's happiness seems altogether doubtful. She had turned her back on her family, her class, her breeding and traditions, to marry one of those yeomen of whom the author is so fond, a man "with a streak of instinctive refinement which compensated for any lack of stress on the physical cleanliness" which seemed so important to her brothers; one who, tho he was very well to do, took it as a matter of course that his wife should cook, wash and iron, act as a domestic servant, not merely for his benefit, but also for that of his cow-man and other farm hands. Surely it required no inordinate degree of pride on the part of the Alards

(1) THE END OF THE HOUSE OF ALARD. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

(*Continued on page 43*)

Fannie Hurst's Saga of the Poor

By Charles Hanson Towne

FANNIE HURST has been producing short stories now for a round dozen years—and wonderful short stories they have been. She has used unforgetable phrases in most of them—those unusual metaphors which reveal, as Arnold Bennett once said of Frank Swinnerton, the predestined writer. Tales like "Humoresque" and "Ice Water Pl——" have a way of sticking in one's memory. Then there was the story of the freaks in a Coney Island side-show—their sorrows and joys and little jealousies—who could fail to remember that? For always Fannie Hurst seems to probe beneath the surfaces of life; to have a way of getting that wonderful "inside information" which most writers seek continually but seldom attain; to be clairvoyantly aware of what is going on in the heart of any character she chances to encounter and use as material for her work. Her greatest quality, I should say, is her capacity for instantly knowing her people; and how swiftly and surely she transmits her spiritual message! It is nothing short of genius to have one character say to another: "You got a look in that wide place between your eyes like the sound of a clump of dirt falling on a coffin. You're as full of secrets as a cow's tail is of burs." Yet over and over again in her short stories Miss Hurst can say things like this. Similes gush from her pen; and she dips that pen in the blood of human beings—she is not content with pale ink.

Photo by Nickolas Muray

FANNIE HURST

For a long time a long story has been growing in the brain and in the soul of this wonderful American writer.(1) Two years ago I remember she said to a friend: "A woman named Bertha will some day come to life, I hope. But how am I to draw her out of the marble, mold her to the image of a living being?" The author was in despair for days, for weeks—yes, for months. She knew all about this great, hulking Bertha; saw her as she wanted her to be; dreamed of her as she must emerge, inevitably, first from pages of solid manuscript and then from cold, relentless type. But she would not take form. Somehow she remained aloof. Others who were to surround her were clearer in the writer's mind than this curious protagonist. And then, one day, slowly and ponderously, as Bertha would—for Bertha was to be a lummox, a square-head; a Slav peasant with poetry mysteriously planted in her heart—one day, Bertha began to take definite shape. Bertha was to be coarse—yet beautiful, with long flaxen braids, like two heavy clankless chains; Bertha was to be noble, with the simple nobility of the slow-moving, docile ox; Bertha was to be the soul of woman, with the terrible pain of the ages written on her brow; Bertha was to be the mother of a boy, with a strange wonder thereafter in her eyes; Bertha was to be a saga of despair, but never of bitterness; Bertha was to be—aye, there was the rub!—a living, breathing mortal. But how could she ever get her upon paper?

The very weakness and helplessness of Fannie Hurst concerning this unborn Bertha made her strong enough to create her. The very humility of the writer was a tower of strength when the hour struck for Bertha to breathe. Out of every sentence in Fannie Hurst's tremendous volume she comes; out of every paragraph she awakens; in every word she moves exultantly, ponderously, sometimes hopelessly; but always she moves. She is as real to me as any woman of history. Her sorrows become my own; her gross, heavy hands have been laid in mine. I know Bertha. She is a creation out of a woman's throbbing brain. She was not born in an hour; she was born after agonies of doubt and dread and fear. The final triumphant fact is that she lives.

Extravagant praise? I do not think so. After you have read this veritable *tour de force*, I feel confident that you will agree with me.

And how simple is the pattern, how beautiful is the mosaic Miss Hurst has woven and molded! True, she sometimes slashes her colors thickly on the canvas she has erected; but life is often full of wild, unbelievable color. When the need arises, in some crisis of Bertha's pilgrimage from sailors' lodging-houses to tapestried apartments— for she is a mute, inarticulate servant—Miss Hurst does not hesitate to use words that sink in like crimson swords. She is unafraid when she wishes to get some glowing effect. She is dauntless and fearless and courageous in painting this Bertha of hers.

Bertha has come from that part of the Old World which is Baltic and western Teutonic, a child of lowly people, and is set down in one of the ramshackle houses that line the waterfronts of New York—the New York of two decades ago. She scrubs, she cleans drains, she empties slops, she gets on her knees for weary hours of every day—and night; she passes, as one of her kind would pass, through scenes of murk and mire; she puts drunken sailors to bed—men who, after but a few brief hours ashore, have little red threads in their eyeballs as they heave through those crooked streets to a night's lodging. She tastes the dregs of life; but always, deep down in her, are the wistfulness and longing, the unnamed and unnamable Thing which is a song in her heart. From a long line, from centuries of dumb dreamers, she has caught a portion of the star-dust of time, and she snatches at magical words as a beast might snatch at meat. Beauty is manna to her; tho she could not define what beauty is. She sleeps in a room, later, in a "finely austere house in Gramercy

(1) LUMMOX. By Fannie Hurst. New York. Harper & Brothers.

Park, beneath a slant ceiling that was like a threatening slap"; so tired that "her sleep was like a death and the slant a clod of earth on the grave of another day." The bed sagged like a hammock "to the considerable heft of Bertha's body."

And here it is that she meets a poet—the author of "The Cathedral Under the Sea," and, in meeting him, meets her doom. It sounds strained and false and unreal to tell of this in a brief sentence. Yet as Miss Hurst leads up to the incident which causes the big, slow, aching Bertha to bear a child by this man, there is no sense of unreality. It is right here that her dramatic history begins; it is right here that all that flow and surge of poetry which one had long suspected in Miss Hurst, breaks loose and drops in Niagaras from her pen. The torrential power of the writer was never in finer evidence. Immersed in her theme, she catches the reader in the cataclysm, until he is led from incident to incident, as one might be whirled through the rapids. But he is not made dizzy through the process. There is a steadying force behind him, always. Miss Hurst is too much of an artist to allow one to lose sight of the shore. If the voyage is swift and rough, it is likewise miraculously serene. One can always focus. There is no tumbling and jumbling of the background, for all the currents she leads one through. She pauses for breath; she meditates; she measures her distance with a clear eye; she never loses her hold on the oars. She is master of her craft; it never swings too close to the reefs and cliffs. The panorama is ever there—the hurrying, terrifying panorama of Bertha's breathless story.

> A night the color of a frosted grape. The hoar of an invisible moon. The magnolia. Big silences standing still in Bertha. Silences that to be told at all must be told silently.

Thus Miss Hurst, in revealing passages, sharp silhouettes, graphic moments, a style that tingles; a style that might hold dangers; a style that might cloy; a style that might bite unless it were held in leash. She knew that it was the only means to employ for the telling of her strange tale. She never overdoes that marconigraphic method. A slash here, a slash there, and we have a perfect picture. Vivid as lightning—and as terrifying.

Bertha is dragged in the net of life. "Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?" we might question, seeing her, knowing her, just as Markham questioned when he wrote of the man with the hoe. She gives up her child, gives up all claims on the father of it; dumbly goes her placid way; fights for existence, hovers over household after household, a Greek chorus in the background; a mute, yet towering figure, coming out from behind battalions of little people who miss the glory of her, but are strangely conscious of her still power.

It would be unfair to Miss Hurst—and to Bertha—to tell of each incident that logically follows the other in this tide of events. Enough to say that those critics are proved utterly wrong who have contended that Fannie Hurst is essentially only a maker of miniatures; for here she has come forth as a painter on a broad canvas, and "Lummox" places her, with one gigantic stride, in the ranks of our foremost novelists. She knows how to let the little characters disappear into nothing, as they do in life; how to bring back, from time to time, those forceful people who inevitably return in the scheme of things. She brings back Rollo, the poet-father—at his funeral; and we see wide-eyed Bertha in the crowd, looking on, until the tiny doors of the hearse are closed, as one might close a book. "The last line of a sonnet," Miss Hurst pauses to say. Never has there been written a description of the end of a mortal on this earth more beautiful than her brief record of the poet's funeral. And she knows how to bring back the boy, Felix—in a tremendous flash. She knows how to bring back the girl Helga, dying in the hospital; and she knows how to crowd from the stage the tragic Paula, driven insane by the removal of Beethoven's picture from the wall in time of hideous war. And then she knows how to shift the sands of occasion, and bring on the Musliners, and the old, tired Jewish mother who haunts the Ghetto, to be with her own people when her daughter-in-law rebels against her presence in her home; how to get rid of the forlorn Silly Willy, and of old Annie, and that pathetic lover of Helga, driven to the war by the passing out of his beloved.

It is achingly tremendous. These are the high-lights in this saga of the poor. It is a book crowded with drama—the drama of pity and pain. It is a book by a woman of vision and comprehension—yes, of genius. It is a volume to put away with the few that we retain to read again when our own gladness might make us forget what goes on eternally in the lives of those so close to us—yet so pathetically and mysteriously far away.

The Passing of the English Squire

(*Continued from page 41*)

to make them object to their daughter's marriage with an all but illiterate farmer, even tho he did belong to a family which had lived at Fourhouses for some two hundred years! To marry an uneducated social inferior without much money can lead to quite as much unhappiness as marriage with a well-educated social inferior who is rich, tho Miss Kaye-Smith does not seem to think so. Here again the novel lacks the quality of inevitability; here again we see the finger-tip protrude. If Peter could mentally address his little new-born daughter as "You little Sheeny—you little Yid," what did Jenny ultimately think of hers?

Each of the characters has been well and clearly individualized, from George, who so suddenly awoke to a perception of his position, to poor, unhappy, sacrificed Doris. If there is not one in the book who can be compared for a moment with the Joanna Godden of the author's preceding and altogether admirable novel, it is partly because they are so many that space to develop them as she was developed is not available, partly because the author had a great deal of sympathy for Joanna, and has very little for any of the Alards except Jenny and Gervase, who cut themselves off from the family and its exacting traditions. It is Gervase who sums up the future as he hopes it will be:

> "The land will still be there tho the Squires go, just as the faith will still be there tho the Parsons go. The Parson and the Squire will go, and their places will be taken by the Yeoman and the Priest, who were there before them. . . . The Parson and the Squire don't belong to any true aristocracy. . . . They're going, and I'm glad."

With that land of which Gervase speaks Miss Kaye-Smith's sympathy is deep and broad, full of vividness and of a fine imaginative insight. Her pen-pictures of the beautiful Sussex country around Winchelsea and Rye are finely done, with that largeness and sense of nobility we have learned to expect from her whenever she turns to the warm friendliness of Mother Earth. The dialog, too, is excellent, the book interesting from first to last. Stella Mount is often appealing, and the family conclaves of the Alards, which Sir John so completely dominated, are admirable in their revelations of the individuality of each speaker.

There are weaknesses and inconsistencies in the book, but it is beautifully written, it holds the reader's attention, and its arguments are worth careful and respectful consideration. "The End of the House of Alard" is a novel of distinction, which if less finely artistic than some of Miss Kaye-Smith's other work, is inferior only when judged by the high and rigorous standards she has set herself.

The Atlantic Monthly Press will publish this fall a seventeenth-century pirate story entitled "The Dark Frigate," by the late Charles Boardman Hawes, author of "Gloucester by Land and Sea" (Little, Brown). Mr. Hawes was thirty-four years old when he died on July 16, two days before the Gloucester book was published. He was a graduate of Bowdoin College and at one time Associate Editor of *The Youth's Companion*. He married Dorothea Cable, daughter of George W. Cable, the novelist, and is survived by his widow and two sons. Mr. Hawes's earlier novels were "The Mutineers" and "The Great Quest."

Raw Material for Many Novels

By Zona Gale

THAT touching back of a shutter, that lifting of a corner of curtain and for a flash revealing a life—all the giants could do that. Hugo did it, inset those chance biographies, limned as by lightning; created a being standing in the glare and gone again—the raw material of life and of art.

Such beings Dorothy Canfield uses to make her latest book, and calls them by their primordial name: "Raw Material."[1] She offers here the substance of many novels. With a fine disregard of possibilities of elaborating these folk, she has gathered them here and presented them, as one who has more where these came from. Not short stories, not fragments by one who shrinks from the labor of construction or is unaware of its method, but say, fruit of the leisure of an Olympian, who tosses them out, tumultuous and stintless, from a cornucopia of characters—creation on a lavish scale, without bothering about the joints meeting!

> It is [she says in a good preface] a book in which nearly everything is left for the reader to do. I have only set down in it, just as if I were noting them down for my own use, a score of instances out of human life . . . pegs on which to hang the meditations of many different moods . . . I know that you can make yourselves infinitely better ones. I know that what you will do for yourselves will be like the living lace-work of many-colored seaweed floating free and quivering in quiet sunlit pools; and that what I could get down in a book would be a poor little faded collection of stiff dead tendrils, pasted on blotting paper.

DOROTHY CANFIELD

One is not deceived, for she has grown much seaweed herself. But now she has let in as co-creators the readers, "active-minded people who enjoy doing their own thinking as well as watching the author do his." Nor can any mere collector offer literary raw material so successfully—and no one who has to stroke a sentence to make it stick. Grinding and polishing she has done here, but no stroking, with driblets of reiteration trailing down the page. No reader can wish to say to her: "Leave it alone. You've said it. Is it not clear to you that you have it all said?" She sets out beings, they stand in the brief glare and are gone again; but they are unforgotten.

Her raw material comes from both France and America: Uncle Giles, that delicate New England sponge; Old Man Warner, that obstinate hermit; Fairfax Hunter, the soft of speech, who always "drest up so nice," and then never dared go to the party; poor little Maria Pearl, alternating her half years with the fussy family and the slack family; Uncle Ellis, loathed by his families and adored by his parishes; Peter's wife, who married Peter and knew that he loved Miss Arling; Dorothy Canfield's own grandfathers and her grandmothers, who pioneer again in these pages; and the story of the real Colonel Shays after his noble rebellion—these file by, the fine and the faint, the neutral and the firebrand. There they are, confident, piteous, gay, stricken; gigantic shadows of every day cast by the sun of her insight. Men and women who say: "We are you. You and we are one—all queer, wistful, glad." Only they say nothing of the sort, for they are preoccupied with their laboring lives.

But these Americans are no more passionately felt than are the French and German studies, because Dorothy Canfield has a genius less for patriotism than for people: Mr. Brodard, the revolutionist, by his socially aspiring family and a suddenly inherited fortune, landed in futility; Professor Behrens, escaping to the freedom of an American university, rushing from the "roughness of human intercourse here" back to the mellow, faded fabric of his Old World; reescaping from deadening caste and color of life there; fleeing once more to "stability, polish and decorum"; then meditating a rereturn to the land of vacuum-cleaners and bathtubs, "God's country" always eluding him. And Octavie. The high moment of the book is in Octavie Moreau of Tourciennes, and in what she and the other Frenchwomen did in their German prison-camp. There is nothing in the literature of the time which is more powerful and eternal than this bit of history, with its great lyric between the lines: "What a race to belong to!" Meaning the race of men.

If there is a weak spot in the book it is "Supply and Demand," first because it seems not quite to belong to the book; second because its conclusion—that what ails society is that there aren't brains enough to go round—does not ask *why* there are not trained brains enough to go round, and so hark back to the economic and other causes previously dismissed by the comfortable company as untenable explanations of our social lunacy.

But there are no other weak spots. The book is one which that Almera Hawley Canfield, a sketch of whom it includes, would have been glad to have a hand in—as her spirit stands revealed in a dozen fertile instances, from her tolling of the bell all the day on which John Brown was executed, to her death as "an old, old woman," keeping her arm curved about an imagined child.

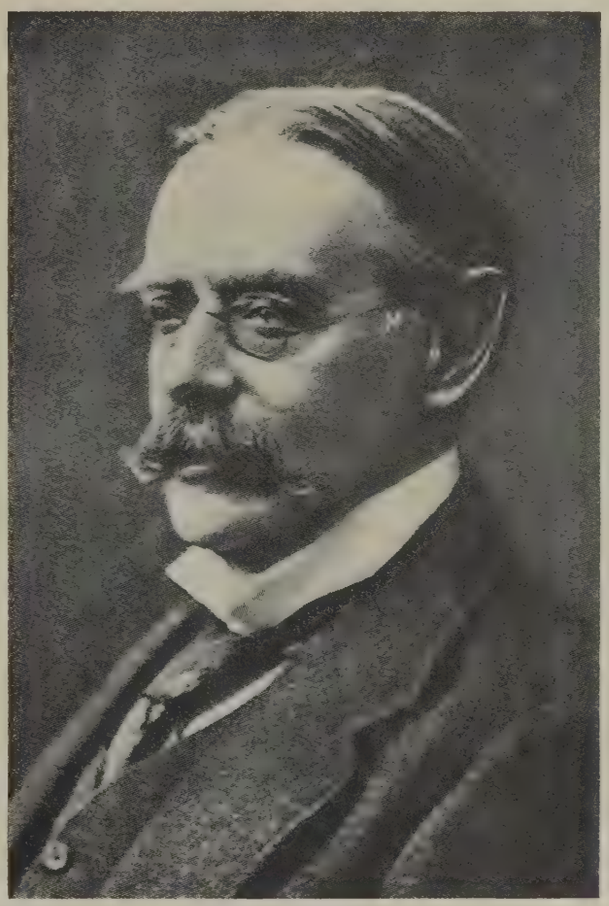
The sketch has not been a much-used form in America, tho France has long understood its distinctive value. If this book should serve to popularize this medium to American writers, it would have served well. But it serves well in any case. For it is the work not only of a master-observer but of a master-participator in all that moves the human heart.

[1] RAW MATERIAL. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

From Queen Victoria to Spoon River

By Richard Le Gallienne

IT is fortunate for Mr. Gosse's readers, who must now include all those for whom literary criticism as he writes it has something of a charm which we may figuratively call "picaresque," that his first series of "Books on the Table" has met with so general a welcome that he has been encouraged to bring us another volume(1). These brief but artistically rounded and comprehensive "little essays" are selected from that what Mr. Gosse calls "the sermons which I preach from that secular pulpit [of the English *Sunday Times*] every week." It reflects credit on the judgment and taste alike of the management of the *Sunday Times* and its readers that they have an appetite for such cultured and humane "journalism." Such a feature of newspaper enterprise might well be introduced into this country, where there is a growing demand for such writing, tho to find a writer to supply it with so unusual a combination of gifts as Mr. Gosse might not be easy. For the charm of these papers lies in the fact that Mr. Gosse is not only a critic, but so many other things as well. The elements that make for success in such writing are in him so fortunately mixed that we can not every day expect so harmonious a combination. To his scholarship he brings the sensitive sympathy of a poet, and the urbanity of a man of letters who is also a man of the world. Also to the consideration of any given book he brings a lively interest in the personality and environment of its author, for, as the classic life of his famous father long ago gave proof, he has the dramatic gift of the biographer, a keen eye for character, and a deft hand in its delineation. It is no exaggeration to say that since Carlyle no Englishman has been able to make such swift and living portraits as you will find in his "Critical Kit-Kats" and other similar volumes, and the pictures he has made us of his contemporaries, among whom he has had a wide and varied acquaintance, are likely to remain their most spirited presentments. Here his humor and his memory for anecdote, all the "ana" of his experience, contribute no little to the pleasantness of his writing. Then, as some one has said of Southey, he is "a man of enormous circumambient reading." He is a "bookman" as well as a scholar. He loves books for their own sake, as he tells us in his preface. Books are a passion with him, as they were for Lamb and Leigh Hunt.



EDMUND GOSSE

> Books [he says] continue to be heaped upon my table, and they are flowers that tempt into the sunshine bees, which I call memories, hived in the course of nearly sixty years of indiscriminate and insatiate reading. The Young Anacharsis placed his trust in books, and we are told that he was disappointed. The fault must have lain, I think, in himself and not in literature. I have forgetten who Lucas de Penna was, but I love him for saying that books were "the light of the heart, the mirror of the body, the myrrh-pot of eloquence." So they are to me, and more so the older I grow. When the infinite variety and charm of them fail to enchant me, it will be time for me to "cease upon the midnight with no pain."

And he thus proceeds to describe the aim and method of his "little essays":

> Perhaps I owe a word of apology to the authors and editors of the books which have started me on my brief excursions and independent reflections. These little essays are not, save in a few instances, to be regarded as "reviews" of the books which inspired them. They do not pretend to give an adequate, tho I hope always so far as it goes an honest and candid, account of the contents of each book. My object is not to teach, but, if I may be fortunate enough to do so, to pass on to others the pleasure which I have experienced. If the poet is allowed to create his sonnet out of the emotions awakened by a sunset or a statue, of which he is not bound to supply scientific description, may I not dare a swallow-flight in prose without being called upon to give an architectural plan of the roof from which I start?

This modest fancy, however, does less than justice to Mr. Gosse's achievement, for, however apparently desultory Mr. Gosse's method, he does actually continue to give us at least the suggestion in little of a complete conspectus of his theme. Each little essay is something like a "microcosm" of its subject. Casual tho the point of contact with this or that figure may be, and however Mr. Gosse's pen may dance its wayward round, we gain the illusion, at all events, of a real intimacy, even from so bowing an acquaintance.

This is an uncommon art, and comes chiefly of Mr. Gosse's gift for creating an atmosphere: too seldom we realize that atmosphere is as necessary in critical as it is in imaginative writing. This was probably one of the cardinal discoveries of Sainte-Beuve, from whom Mr. Gosse has evidently learned much, and to whom he pays a timely tribute in his essay on "The Prince of Critics." Very pertinently he draws our attention to the value of so richly nurtured and catholic-minded a critic, in a day when criticism too often deliberately severs itself from the "main currents" of literature, and delivers itself of sectional judgments, at the caprice of this or that school or clique. No living English critic so much as Mr. Gosse deserves a respectful hearing from the "young lions" of the moment, for none has shown so evolutionary an understanding for and sympathy with each new "movement" as it has come along. It is rare indeed for a critic with so long a record of various appreciation to have so entirely escaped hardening of the critical arteries, and it must be quite evident to even the most rebellious youth that, when Mr. Gosse blends his sympathy with counsels of warning, no charge of "fogeyism" can for a moment lie against him. Literary youth can seldom have had a friend with a better right occasionally to speak his mind, as he does in this passage:

> Altho my weak voice fails to reach the bold young men of the

(1) MORE BOOKS ON THE TABLE. By Edmund Gosse, C.B. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

London *Times Literary Supplement*, I do not cease to repeat that French literature ought not to be described to English readers exactly in the terms which are current in the latest Parisian coterie. Foreign literature must be presented to us from the comparative and selective points of view, with reference to our own parallel masters and with rejection of what is exclusively French in its interest. The study of Sainte-Beuve offers what we may call a classical instance of this. . . . For an English reader it is the Sainte-Beuve of the "Causeries" and of the "Nouveaux Lundis" that counts. If that reader is himself a writer, or seriously wishes to become one, the study of this quintessential Sainte-Beuve is desirable—is, indeed, almost necessary. Other writers may be postponed, but at the threshold of a serious literary life Sainte-Beuve *must* be read.

Of the possibly influential forerunners of the Sainte-Beuve method in England Mr. Gosse has a very interesting suggestion to make. As we know, Sainte-Beuve was an enthusiastic student of English literature. But how well was he acquainted with the pioneers of modern English criticism? Sainte-Beuve, who was an early Wordsworthian, "had certainly," Mr. Gosse says, "read Wordsworth's revolutionary preface" to the Lyrical Poems.

But was he acquainted with the English critics of the generation preceding his own? . . . In France, we may roughly say, Sainte-Beuve confronted no precursor. . . . The classical tradition was practically unbroken when Sainte-Beuve began to read and think and write. But England had never been so completely in bondage, and we had had our intellectual revolution in 1798. The real precursors of Sainte-Beuve were Coleridge, Hazlitt, and, in a sense, Charles Lamb. It is exceedingly tantalizing not to know how far he was conscious of the existence of these Englishmen, who had rejected, as he was rejecting in 1826, the consecrated models and the musty rules of style. The famous "novelty" of Sainte-Beuve's method was patent to Frenchmen, but Coleridge had already approached literature without the help of traditional routine, and Hazlitt had pierced to the heart of poetry indifferent to the claims of rhetoric. . . . The point for us is that there had been nothing in past French criticism remotely like it (Mr. Gosse is referring particularly to Sainte-Beuve's "Tableau de la Poésie Française au XVIe siècle," 1827), and that for a parallel we must turn to Charles Lamb's "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets" of 1808.

To give any adequate idea of the multifarious interests on which Mr. Gosse touches to adorn this volume it would be necessary to transcribe the table of contents. They stretch octaves so far apart as Queen Victoria and Oscar Wilde, a new edition of Apollodorus and a new cooking-book, Gerard de Nerval and the Bible, Bon Gaultier and the Domesday Book—not that of William of Normandy, but the new version by Mr. Edgar Lee Masters of Spoon River.

This last-named essay is a good example of the open-mindedness with which Mr. Gosse approaches the new developments of literature, and his insight into the intention of the author whatever it may be. Deprecating the "embarrassing violence" with which the publisher's puff ranks Mr. Masters's epic among "the masterpieces of the world," as "an example of the hysterical tendency of the hour to exaggerate the value of anything which is ugly and depressing," and "an instance of the inability of current criticism to express itself in terms of moderation," Mr. Gosse, however, is not prejudiced thereby against the genuine qualities of the book thus preposterously heralded.

"Domesday Book" [he says], is a curious and interesting production; by the side of great imperfections, it presents some sterling merits. It is very readable, and it indulges to the full the fashionable pessimism and preference for squalor. It demands careful attention, but it is no more "one of the masterpieces of the world" than is some very handsome system of public sewage.

Speaking of "The Spoon River Anthology," he says: "The revelation was sinister, but rousing; and, altho there was too much of it, the 'Anthology' was highly entertaining; and proceeding to the "Domesday Book," he thus continues:

Mr. Masters has a passion for naked reality, and a great power of dissecting that "*pauvre et triste humanité*" which it is most people's instinct to cover up and protect. He tears away not merely the clothes but the bandages, and spares us no horror of the soul. His manner has, very foolishly, been compared with that of Walt Whitman; no two authors are more diametrically contrasted. Whitman is an optimist, full of aspiration and indulgence; if he strips away the raiment of humanity, it is to show the world how beautiful is the body beneath. Everything pleases Whitman, and he exults in his vitality. The author of "Spoon River" and "Domesday Book" is a pessimist of the darkest dye, for whom there is, in that provincial American scene which "Leaves of Grass" so radiantly described, nothing but dullness and concealed wretchedness. The most striking feature of Mr. Masters' pictures of life is their extraordinary desolation and mediocrity. One is inclined to ask, if existence in Illinois and Ohio is really like this, why do these poor millions of Americans take the trouble to live at all?

The nearest parallel to the tone of "Domesday Book" may be found in certain of the poems of Crabbe, especially in "The Parish Register" and in "The Borough." In 1812, in a remarkable preface, Crabbe refused to "adopt the notions of a pastoral simplicity" among the peasants of Suffolk, and undertook, in harsh and somber verse, to describe them, type after type, as they really were. This is exactly what Mr. Masters does, and with even more acrimony and contempt, in violent reaction against the sentimentality of the American literature of the nineteenth century, as exemplified by Howells and Mark Twain. His galley of tragic portraits is impressive and surprising. And Mr. Gosse thus concludes:

This is not a book which a young girl of the present day would be well advised to lend to her grandmother. It is what is called "outspoken"; in plainer language, it is very coarse. I find no fault with Mr. Masters on this account, since his purpose is serious, and he would doubtless reply that nature is entirely indelicate. I only reflect on the change which has come over America since Mrs. Lydia Sigourney clothed the legs of her chairs and tables in trousers.

Of Queen Victoria, *à propos* Mr. Strachey's biograph, and the death of Gordon, he has this nice new anecdote: "When she received the news 'All is over and Khartoum is fallen,' she was asked what she did after her interview with Mr. Gladstone. Her stick shook a little in her hand, and then she said grimly, 'My usual remedy—I read a chapter of 'Guy Mannering.'"

Of Oscar Wilde he gives this picture and—in the main—just judgment:

As a matter of fact, he told the truth when he said to M. André Gide that he "put all his genius into his life; he only put his talent into his writings." This has been too constantly forgotten. He was great as a personality, sinister, and even forbidding, in several aspects, but irresistible in arresting attention and in provoking analysis. As a person he stands alone; as a writer he is not exactly negligible, but second-rate. He will survive in a splendid and dreadful legend long after his last reader has ceased to open "Dorian Gray."

The insufficiency of Oscar Wilde as a writer arose in large measure from his indolence. He hated the effort of penmanship, and greatly preferred to it the art in which he marvellously excelled—that of conversation. At the height of his fame he liked best of all things to sit in a restaurant, with a few intelligent friends, and talk interminably while he smoked his famous gold-tipped cigarets. One of his eminent gifts was his voice, which was penetrating, silken, and a little monotonous, but extremely agreeable. He appeared at his best while he was talking; his verbal gymnastics seemed in the haze of the tobacco smoke more original than later reflection allowed them to be. He alternated his paradoxes with remarks on literature, which were often sound, for he loved it, in spite of his affectations, and with remarks about persons, which were often as shrewd as they were amusing. Much more did he deserve to wear the golden butterfly than Whistler, who was a golden wasp.

Among other contemporaries, he has a beautiful tribute to Matthew Arnold: "Perhaps the most charming of the great men to whom it was my privilege to look up in the years of my youth, I remember him with reverence and affection. . . . He was a marvelous example of the paradox that the most composite of minds may at the same time be profoundly original."

In reviewing "the artless pages" of Mrs. Watts-Dunton's "Home Life" (at The Pines, Putney), Mr. Gosse very properly calls a halt to the mass of trivial anecdotage which has given a distressing air of silliness to the figure of Swinburne. The reader, he says, now possesses the valuable information that "Swinburne had his boots made of calf-leather, while Walter preferred a soft kid."

There never hovered [he continues] above earthly ground so footless a Bird of Paradise. In his final hermitage he resigned everything, even freedom itself, in exchange for release from responsibility and apprehension, and he rewarded the care which was taken of him by an innocent confidence which was infantile and touching. For this reason, tho I can smile at the evidences of his simplicity, I resent a little the perpetuation of anecdotes which reveal too grossly his

(*Continued on page 76*

A Newly Discovered Portrait of Edgar Allan Poe

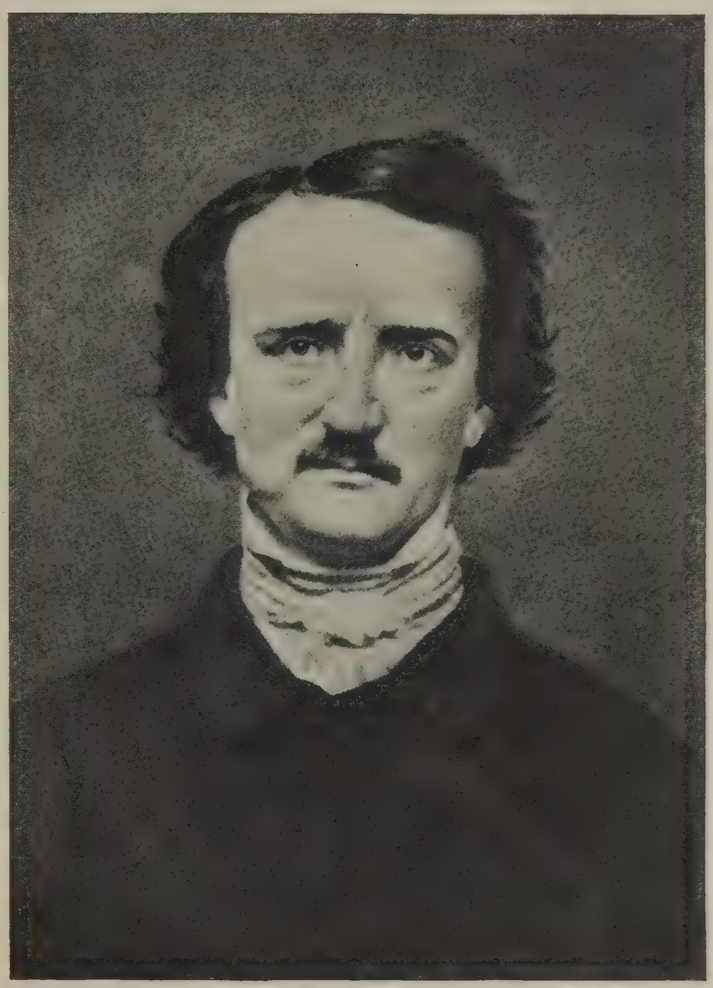
By J. H. Whitty

MANY reminiscences of Edgar Allan Poe, dating from the time when he wrote "The Raven" in 1845, are preserved in print, and his personal appearance at that time has been described in one form and another. Only one portrait of the poet, taken from life at that eventful period, however, is known, and that likeness now appears herewith for the first time fully authenticated. It is known as the Brady portrait.

It was well known, and was stated by Mr. M. B. Brady, who in his day stood at the head of his craft, that he had made a daguerreotype of Poe in the year 1845, just after "The Raven" had appeared in the New York *Mirror*. When Poe sat for this portrait he was accompanied to the Brady gallery by his friend, W. Ross Wallace.

This unique daguerreotype passed from Brady into the hands of the well-known photographers, E. & H. T. Anthony, whose gallery stood for many years at 501 Broadway, New York City. A reproduction of this daguerreotype was made and prominently displayed in the firm's rooms for many years, as from "Brady's National Portrait Gallery." When the Anthony gallery went out of existence both the negative and the picture of Poe disappeared. Ever since then they have strangely eluded the search of Poe's biographers until now.

The portrait of Poe reproduced here was recently discovered by Professor E. M. Gwathmey of William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia. It was found among the literary papers of John Pendleton Kennedy, well-known author and early friend of Poe, now deposited in the Peabody Institute at Baltimore. The portrait is fully attested by the Anthony firm's signature, as from the Brady negative of Poe.



THE BRADY PORTRAIT OF POE

First reproduction of a daguerreotype which was made about 1845, and which mysteriously disappeared for upward of half a century

A portrait appended to a Poe article in *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1889, purported to be a "Brady" picture of Poe, but it lacks authentication. While it bears some resemblance to the present likeness, it differs in a number of respects. It shows Poe as wearing a three-button coat, and with a different arrangement of his neck-stock. The tragic lines of the face also appear stronger than in the picture now shown, and in this respect it bears a closer resemblance to the Timothy Cole woodcut of Poe, which first appeared in the *Century Magazine*. The daguerreotype from which Cole reproduced his picture is believed to have been taken at Providence, R. I., about the year 1848, and surely indicates a later view of the poet than the one now shown. The daguerreotype from which Cole worked is at present owned by a Chicago collector, and a number of reproductions have been made from it in recent years.

Those who knew Poe best, and who met him in the year 1845, have told how the success of "The Raven" at that time made of him a literary lion in social circles, adding that while a melancholy look lingered about his face, his pleasant smile of earlier days still flitted across his features at frequent intervals, along with a peculiar curling of the under lip, all of which is now to be detected only in the one portrait shown here.

A daguerreotype of Poe once owned by Mr. C. T. Brainard and successfully engraved by Mr. F. T. Stuart, and another engraved on wood by Timothy Cole, have been reproduced oftener than any other Poe pictures, and are the two best known. The Brady picture here shown will now undoubtedly take its place among the lifelike, authentic portraits of America's most original writer.

The numerous portraits of Poe are a study in themselves. Besides the Stuart and Cole pictures of him, the Pratt daguerreotype, taken at Richmond, Virginia, prior to Poe's death in 1849, has often been reproduced. At least four copies of this daguerreotype were made and have been published as separate pictures. One, the Traylor, was published in the *Century Magazine;* the Dimmock portrait appears in the Virginia Poe; another, the Dyckman, forms the frontispiece for the Woodberry Life of Poe, volume 2; while the fourth is owned by the Players Club, New York City. They all appear to have originated at the Pratt gallery, in Richmond, an old view of which has been preserved and will be shown in a woodcut reproduced in Mary E. Phillips's forthcoming "Poe the Man," a large biography with something like five hundred illustrations. This new life of Poe has been completed by the author and is now passing through the Cambridge Press foundry under the supervision of Edwin T. Stiger.

Portraits of Poe in oils are also becoming more numerous, but few of them can prove authenticity to the extent of having had Poe as a "sitter." The London *Times* and the London *Telegraph* recently published accounts of a sale of a Poe portrait in oils at Southby's for £130. I learn that this painting is now on its way to America. It is attributed to Rembrandt Peale, but is unsigned. There is no reference to such a portrait in Peale's "Reminiscences," contributed to the New York *Crayon*, 1855–57, nor is it recorded in Dunlap's "History of American Art and Artists." I have in my files letters from an American artist's gallery, acknowledging having sold what purported to be the first and only portrait of Poe done in oils. I hope to find in London a fuller record of this painting.

. *Authors of New Books* .

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. *Illustrated Books* .

A William Nicholson illustration from POLLY

The style in book making is again turning toward books with illustrations. Among the several notable illustrated books that Doubleday, Page & Co. will publish this fall is POLLY: BY JOHN GAY, illustrated in color and in black and white by William Nicholson, who designed the scenery and costumes of the recent London revival of this play. The edition follows the original text of Gay's play, has the original airs in facsimile, and is a companion volume to the Lovat Fraser edition of THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

Reproduction of a wood block from the A B C Book by C. B. Falls

Another notable autumn book is the A B C BOOK printed in colors from wood blocks designed by C. B. Falls. Joseph Pennell has recently referred to C. B. Falls as the leading color printer of America and "The Bookman" recently said that "we may be proud that an A B C BOOK so admirable in design and in color printing has been reproduced on this side of the Atlantic."

Published by DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK IN CANADA: 25 RICHMOND ST., W., TORONTO

Write for a descriptive circular of the limited, autographed first edition of Mr. Joseph Conrad's THE ROVER.

With the Makers of Books in America

VI. *The House of Houghton Mifflin*

PRESENT HOME OF HOUGHTON MIFFLIN AT 2 PARK STREET, BOSTON

IT IS no doubt a trite observation to say that literary history is punctuated by a succession of highly varied schools, each of which sets its own imprint upon its generation, only to be followed by another school which proceeds immediately either to repudiate its predecessor or to develop quite independently of it.

The factors which determine the character of a literary tradition are as varied as the historians and biographers who have tried to elucidate them, and as numerous as the hours consumed in the attempt; yet there are certain external objects, which here become so closely associated with the literature of their period that they appear to have been actively engaged in shaping it. One thinks of the London tavern with its ponderous oak tables and its jolly swinging-sign as a kind of collaborator in the school of Dr. Johnson; and the resplendent salons of eighteenth-century Paris assume, in our minds, a living partnership with the glittering circle of Madame du Deffand.

In the literary history of America the associations are quite as definitely fixt. One can not think of New England without thinking of Boston; and literary Boston of the nineteenth century drew its life-breath, not from Cambridge or from the front parlors of Beacon Street, but from the friendly recesses of the "Old Corner Bookstore." It was there that the leaders of the New England school, together with many lesser writers, gathered in almost daily intercourse, all attracted by the felicitous environment and by the magnetic personality of its proprietor, James T. Fields.

"It was a very remarkable group of men, indeed," said the late George William Curtis. . . . "It was the first group of really great American authors, which frequented the corner as the guests of Fields. There had been Bryant and Irving, and Cooper and Halleck, and Pauling, and Willis, in New York, but there had been nothing like the New England circle. It was that circle which compelled the world to acknowledge that there was an American literature."

The picture which Curtis drew of Fields himself, "his gentle spirit, his generous and ready sympathy, his love of letters and of literary men, his fine tastes, his delightful humor, his business tact and skill," at once explains the man and accounts for the unique position which his house attained in the publishing world. Indeed, when one considers that, in the polyglot stream which passed in and out of the "Old Corner Bookstore," the most inveterate habitués were Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Emerson, and Lowell, it is little wonder that literary Boston drew acknowledgment from a reluctant world.

The history of Houghton Mifflin really begins with the corner bookstore on Washington Street, which was founded in 1828 as Carter, Hendee & Co., and became, successively, Allen & Ticknor, William D. Ticknor, William D. Ticknor & Co., Ticknor, Reed & Fields, and the celebrated firm of Ticknor & Fields. It was under the last-named proprietorship that the firm combined publishing and bookselling, and this co-activity was carried on with great distinction for eleven years.

In 1865 the retail business was sold to E. P. Dutton & Co., and Ticknor & Fields moved to Tremont Street, where they devoted themselves solely to book publishing. Both Ticknor and Fields were, in their literary taste and business judgment, well equipped for the task of giving to Boston an indisputable position in the publishing world. Ticknor was responsible for the purchase of the *Atlantic Monthly*, a venture which added many authors to their book list. He also brought out the first American edition of Tennyson in 1842, for which the sum of $150 was paid, and which is said to represent the first international copyright payment ever made to an English author.

When Ticknor died the firm became Fields, Osgood & Co., and later, in 1871, James R. Osgood & Co. But nineteen years before this, another enterprise had started, an enterprise which, under the guidance of a man of unusual talents, rapidly took precedence in its particular field and laid the foundation for a great publishing house. This was the Riverside Press, founded in 1852 by Henry O. Houghton. Houghton had attracted notice by the taste and craftsmanship which distinguished his printing and binding, and Osgood, recognizing the advantage of such an alliance, took him into partnership. The name of Houghton, Osgood & Co., was changed again two years later, when Osgood branched off on his own and George H. Mifflin became a partner of Houghton. Upon the formation of Houghton Mifflin & Co., the firm

A CORNER IN THE DIRECTORS' ROOM, HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

Showing W. D. Ticknor's desk, at which, in the early days of The Old Corner Bookstore, Hawthorne Emerson, and other habitués of the shop often sat

NEW NOVELS

The Cinder Buggy

By GARET GARRETT
Author of "The Driver"

The romance of the developments due to the rise of steel is fused with an intense emotional drama amazing in its insight. Ready about Sept. 25.
$2.00, postage extra

Piccadilly

By KATHLEEN COYLE

Rebecca West thinks it "A novel of great promise. It is full of beautiful, sensitive writing and the end is at once exquisitely contrived and most moving."
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Sweet Pepper

By GEOFFREY MOSS

Rich in local color, and in music; thrilling with the tense patriotism of Hungary and with moving romance.
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BREAD

By Charles G. Norris

Author of "Brass"

The San Francisco Bulletin says:

"*Bread*" is the sort of book that would sell even had Norris no reputation whatever. . . In itself it is engrossing . . . narration of a simple, forceful kind that strikes right home at the heart of things . . . A wonderful book.

The Boston Transcript says:

"Bread" in its entirety, and in all its details, is a very fine story.

From east to west this novel has jumped at once into the ranks of the most widely discussed "best sellers." $2.00, postage extra.

NEW NOVELS

The Lone Wolf Returns

By Louis JOSEPH VANCE

A corking story of strife with the powers of the underworld. It is equal to the best of picaresque fiction and quite the most exciting of the famous "Lone Wolf" series.
$2.00, postage extra

The Temptress

By BLASCO IBANEZ

A ruthless picture of a woman to whom luxuries money will buy are the breath of life. By the author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."
$2.00, postage extra

Robert Gregory

By JOHN OWENS

The history of a little soul, resenting littleness without power to conquer it. $2.00, postage extra

The End of the House of Alard

By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH, author of "Joanna Godden," etc.

GRANT OVERTON comments upon "Joanna Godden" as "a remarkably fine novel" and continues: "But 'The End of the House of Alard' is on a canvas possibly somewhat smaller but more adequately filled and done with a better art. . . . The color is less flaming but offers riper contrasts; the light and shadow are quite wonderfully disposed, and the whole effect is vivid without over-accentuation, alive, charged with significance." Elsewhere he calls it "a frequently exciting and always deeply moving drama." *The New York Herald.* $2.00, postage extra

Miss KAYE-SMITH'S novels include: "A Challenge to Sirius," "The Four Roads," "Tamarisk Town," "Green Apple Harvest," "The Tramping Methodist," and "Joanna Godden." Each, $2.00, postage extra

The Lunatic at Large
The Lunatic at Large Again

By J. STORER CLOUSTON

Rollicking, irresponsible and utterly enjoyable adventures of a "lunatic" who should be allowed to remain at large for the happiness of the public.
Each $2.00, postage extra

Mountain Verities

By ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

A simply told story of very unusual beauty. $2.00

Octavia

By SEYMOUR VAN SANTVOORD

A vivid romance of Imperial Rome, rich in incident and color. $2.50

Ambition

By Baroness LEONIE AMINOFF

The accuracy of this vivid picture of Napoleon is equaled only by its interest. $2.00

By the same author

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Paris under the Terror. $2.00

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The wooing of Napoleon. $2.00

The Silken Scarf

By L. C. HOBART

A story of the uncanny influence borne by some material things. $2.00

The Late Mattia Pascal

By LUIGI PIRANDELLO

Author of "Six Characters in Search of an Author." $2.50

The Mad Rani

and other stories

By PHILIP ASHBY

Interpretations of India. $3.00

Quest

By MILES LANIER COLEAN

A penetrating story of a man's pursuit of material success. $2.00

Love and Life

By LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

Deals with strongly contrasted women of modern New York. $2.00

Fan

By W. H. HUDSON

This early novel published under a pen-name thirty years ago. $3.00

These novels are obtainable through any bookstore (postage extra) or, if not, from

E. P. DUTTON & CO., *Publishers,* 681 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

moved to No. 4 Park Street, a site which it occupied from 1880 until a few months ago.

During the last forty-odd years which mark this period, the house began gradually to formulate a policy of publishing books of permanent rather than of temporary value. The trend was distinctly away from the best-seller type, even in the days when best sellers first began to appear. Another change can be noted at this time in the wider geographical distribution of Houghton Mifflin authors. The narrow clannishness of the old New England group expands under the new conditions, and authors from New York, and even further west, edge into the widening circle. Young William Dean Howells and Thomas Bailey Aldrich pay frequent visits to No. 4. Park Street to consult over manuscripts, and the newly completed Union Pacific Railroad, opening new lines of intercourse, brings Samuel Clemens and Bret Harte to the literary center of the East.

A glance at the names of a few Houghton Mifflin authors and the titles of their books shows that the policy of the house has been markedly inclined to works of constructive thought and reflection, in history and biography, in the English essay, in poetry and fiction, and in books about nature and outdoor life. Such authors as Henry James, Charles Eliot Norton, Margaret Deland, Joel Chandler Harris, Lafcadio Hearn, Julia Ward Howe, Sarah Orne Jewett, Edmund Clarence Stedman, John Burroughs, Hopkinson Smith, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson—to mention only a representative scattering—give a fairly accurate glimpse into the background of the house and the character of its publications.

But before noting some of the outstanding Houghton Mifflin publications or enumerating the high spots in the list of contemporary authors, mention must be made of the highly important part which the house has played in its series of educational textbooks.

The enduring quality of many of the books brought out by the predecessors of Houghton Mifflin, and their especial fitness for use in schools and colleges, made evident the need for an Educational Department. The result was The Riverside Literature Series, begun in 1882, which furnished in small handy volumes selections for young people from eminent writers. The series was edited by Horace E. Scudder, at that time literary adviser for the house, and Longfellow's "Evangeline" headed the list. The project met with such immediate success that its scope was soon enlarged to include the masterpieces of other nationalities. To-day the Riverside Series is the largest and most varied of all school-classics. Edited to meet the requirements of all grades, from primary to college courses, it contains four hundred and fifty volumes, of which more than a million copies are sold annually. Yet this series represents only a part of the Educational Department's activities, since, in addition, it has undertaken the publication of basic text-books for elementary schools, high schools, and colleges.

But in all the variety of the Houghton Mifflin books, the most memorable perhaps is that belonging to the genre of biography and personal narrative. The notable biographers of the house include Senator Lodge, ex-Senator Beveridge, William Roscoe Thayer, Samuel Eliot Morison and Gamaliel Bradford, that master of what he pleases to call "Psychography," an art which he exercised so interestingly in his recent study of the American "Damaged Souls."

In the field of autobiography there is remembered the "Education of Henry Adams," Mary Antin's "The Promised Land," Rihbany's "A Far Journey," Carnegie's Autobiography, and Lansing's "The Peace Negotiations."

Among the American novelists and poets of recent times, in addition to those already mentioned, one finds the names of Kate Douglas Wiggin, Willa Cather, Henry Sydnor Harrison, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Alice Brown, William Vaughn Moody, Anna Hempstead Branch, and Amy Lowell.

The fruits of many European trips made in the days of Ticknor & Fields, which netted the house such great Victorians as De Quincey, Thackeray, George Eliot, Charles Reade, Dickens, and Tennyson and Browning, have earned a rich heritage in such contemporary authors from overseas as John Drinkwater, Hilaire Belloc, Havelock Ellis, whose "The Dance of Life" was recently published; Viscount Grey, Gilbert Murray, Mrs. Basil de Sélincourt (Anne Douglas Sedgwick), George Trevelyan, and John Buchan.

It is quite fitting that the house which has become an integral part in the evolution of the New England literary group, and which has inherited so much of the spirit and standard of that group, should give special attention to embodying the works of its earlier authors in permanent form. This is the purpose for which the Private Library Department was established; and through its efforts the handsome illustrated editions of Emerson, Hawthorne, Lowell, Holmes and others of their school have been introduced into many homes.

Last spring the firm moved from No. 4 Park Street to a larger house next door. It is a satisfaction in these days of passing landmarks to know that Park Street is secure in its possession of a tenant which has lent to that short thoroughfare so much wealth of association: as much as the Common on which it fronts, or the Old Granary Burying Ground in the rear, where lie the bones of the parents of Benjamin Franklin; John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Elizabeth Vergoose, and her publisher, Thomas Fleet.

And, to complete the fitness of things, the "Old Corner Bookstore," after more than seventy years of separation, is to leave its habitation on Broomfield Street and take up its quarters at No. 2 Park Street under the same roof with the publishing firm whose century-old tradition it shares.

Tumbleweeds

THOSE who love the bigness of the plains, and who like a story casually told by turning a flashlight on its high spots, as it were, will enjoy Hal G. Evarts' "Tumbleweeds"; but those who demand what is known in cinema parlance as "logically motivated" events and climaxes will be disappointed. Mr. Evarts has made the mistake of being carried away with his theme—the passing of the cowman and the opening to homesteaders of the cowman's last stand, the Cherokee Strip. When an author is obsessed with a really good theme of this kind he would produce a better literary product if he used his material in an authoritative article, instead of attempting to use it in fiction.

Story-readers demand first, foremost and always, the story. In the case of "Tumbleweeds" the story is neglected, delayed, disconnected, obscured. The interesting opening situation is never followed up; bitter enemies suddenly become pals without explanation; Donald Carver, the hero, without money (but we must admit, with genius), manages to get seven hundred acres planted to winter wheat inside of a month from the time his homestead was unbroken ground. Any unfortunate who, like the reviewer, has ever owned a farm, should read this book for this one good laugh. Grandmothers who conquered the West in prairie schooners will get a smile, too, at the picture of the frenzied settlers of the newly burned twelve thousand square miles of the Cherokee Strip visiting each other three days after the opening stampede "to get recipes for making jell." One wonders what they made jell of. Charred sage-brush? Young men who, like Carver, have one silver dollar and the inspiration of a girl's eyes, as a start for making a fortune, can get some valuable hints from this delightful character, who says of himself that "he is misled, maybe, but never plain led."

In spite of its technical faults, "Tumbleweeds" has one charming characteristic: it is romantically suggestive to those who have known the frontier ranch life, making their memories the more precious. Such readers will find it refreshing for its spirit and atmosphere.

TUMBLEWEEDS. By Hal G. Evarts. With frontispiece by W. H. D. Koerner. 297 pages. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.75.

Some Important Dodd, Mead Books for the Fall

The Woman of Knockaloe

By HALL CAINE, *Author of "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," "The Christian," etc.*

A prominent critic who has read Hall Caine's new novel says, "In my opinion it is the most powerful and dramatic story he has written." The story of a great and beautiful love that attempted to combat a cruel and revengeful civilization. *(Ready October 20th)* $1.75

The Lengthened Shadow

By W. J. LOCKE

Author of "The Beloved Vagabond," etc.

Here is the Locke of "The Mountebank" and "The Beloved Vagabond." As the *N. Y. Herald* says, "The amiable, humorous, versatile Mr. Locke has lost nothing of his great narrative skill and nothing of the fascination of his manner."

"Just as fine a book as 'The Beloved Vagabond.'"—*Phila. Ledger.* $2.00

Oliver October

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

Author of "Graustark," "Viola Gwyn," etc.

Another great story by the famous weaver of romance. "The culminating swirl of startling situations will assuredly keep the reader's interest at a high degree of excitement."—*N. Y. Times.*

"An admirable specimen of good workmanship."—*N. Y. Sun.* $2.00

Over the Footlights

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

Author of "My Discovery of England," etc.

"As delicious a bit of intelligent nonsense and foolish thoughtfulness as has yet delighted those who love to laugh."—*N. Y. Times.* $1.50

The Garden of God

By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

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A sequel to "The Blue Lagoon" is this story of love and adventure in the heart of unspoiled nature—and a better story, even, than its famous predecessor. $2.00

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By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

Author of "The Crimson Alibi," etc.

A master detective, entirely unlike the usual sleuth in methods and appearance, matches his wits against master criminals. $2.00

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Inimitable stories of the Southern negro in his funniest moments that have won the author nation-wide popularity. $2.00

A Daughter of the Vine

By GERTRUDE ATHERTON

Author of "Black Oxen," etc.

The stirring pioneer days of early California form the setting for this powerful story. $2.00

Some Victorian Women: Good, Bad, and Indifferent

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Delightful, piquant reminiscences, illustrated by the author, who was for many years the leading cartoonist of *Punch.* $4.00

Fancies Versus Fads

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Author of "Books and Their Writers," etc.

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A tale of adventure in the remote mountains of California in which modern science plays an important part. $2.00

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By MAUD DIVER

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Anglo-Indian army life, with all its stirring romance and strange adventures, is pictured vividly in this story. $2.00

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By R. AUSTIN FREEMAN

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Something new in detective fiction—a story which first names the criminal and then pictures the sleuth as he tracks him down. $1.75

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By H. ST. JOHN RUMSEY, M. A.

Clear and simple explanations, drawn from wide experience of the methods for correcting stammering, cleft palate defects. $1.25

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By MARY HARROD NORTHEND

Author of "The Art of Home Decoration," etc.

A treasury of ideas for beauty and comfort in planning a small house. Many illustrations from photographs. $2.50

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

Publishers since 1839

443-449 Fourth Avenue, New York

New Books for Boys and Girls

I HAVE a longing at this moment to be writing a news story, with the right to put big headlines over it. "Great News from the Book World" I would call it, and then how prominently would I play up the fact that here was a story for children about which they would enthuse as long as they were children! And when they grew up and had children of their own, I would say, down from the shelves would come this volume—one of those favorites toward which passing years would make no difference in their enthusiasm.

Jacob Abbott's "Franconia Stories" in ten volumes were on the family bookshelves when I was a child, and it was a little fearfully that I opened this new edition by Margaret Armstrong,[1] for so many books are ruined by condensation and by changes made in homage to timeliness. But not here. In one volume these stories are now to be had, and not the least bit of flavor of the original has been lost.

It has been a rejuvenating sensation to read this new edition. A book for children about children—their amusements, their games, their story-telling times, their adventures and their experiences—is always enthusiastically welcomed by children, particularly so when these adventures are related with dramatic simplicity and friendly understanding. I forgot I was a grown-up when I was reading this new volume of old favorites. And it is absolutely true that I would not have been in the least surprized to have heard a stern voice say, "Now this is the last time I'm going to speak to you. Put that book down at once and do your lessons."

The maple-sugar expedition (and there is a most enchanting picture illustrating this scene), Beechnut's genius as a companionable and original entertainer, his reasons for not taking a gun to the bear-hunt, Malleville's supper late at night in the kitchen—all fascinated me as they once had done. Grown-ups who would like to reach back to their childhood for a few hours can experience that rare sensation by reading this book, and children who do not yet read with facility will find their parents astonishingly obliging about reading it aloud. And if under the pillows of those who read to themselves this book should be found in the morning, it would be quite unfair to punish them for having broken bedtime rules. The illustrations by Helen Maitland Armstrong are beautifully in keeping with the story, and the abridgments of the book itself are cleverly made.

RAMESES II DEFEATING THE KHETANS
(From "Legends of Ancient Egypt," by F. H. Brooksbank. Crowell)

An excellent volume for parents or those interested in child-literature is "A Century of Children's Books," by Florence V. Barry.[2] Here is to be found a very complete survey of children's books, of their writers, and even of the children who read them—of their popularity, their influence, their reception by children. The author has obviously studied her subject, and the result is a book which will both help and delight any one interested in literature for children. It seems unusually smooth and finished, too, in its writing, and never does one have the sensation of jumping from one bit of information to another as is often the case with such works.

"Stories About Horses," retold from St. Nicholas, [3] is a book toward which I felt affection after I had put it down. Just as horses are apt, from time to time, to arouse in us a new sense of their heroic and lovable qualities, so do these stories warm the heart and make one glad to be in a world with such splendid animals as horses in it. The stories are by different authors, and every story is good. "Danny and the 'Major,'" by Gertrude P. Greble, is a lovely thing, and I think there will be a glistening in the eyes of all as they reach the final paragraph. And there is something splendidly wild and free about "The Sea-Horse of Grand Terre," by Charles Tenny Jackson:

> Big King did not molest them; he even let Paul come close enough to reach out a loving finger to his nervous muzzle. But that was all; at sight of a halter or the motion of a hand to his neck, he was off, again charging magnificently down the wet sands to turn and watch them, with the surf breaking about his legs. To the end of his days he was the lonely and wild sea-horse of Grand Terre.

"The Timber Treasure" [4] is a boys' story, and an excellent one. Frank Lillie Pollock is the author, and boys will remember his name, for tho I have read nothing of his before, if I saw a new book of his on sale now at any time and wanted to give a boy a gift I would get the book at once. It is a real boys' story, with plenty of activity, and it has the smell and the feeling of outdoors as much as anything bound between hard covers could possess.

The opening of "Castle Blair," by Flora L. Shaw, [5] a new

---

(1) FRANCONIA STORIES. By Jacob Abbott. Edited by Margaret Armstrong. Illustrated by Helen Maitland Armstrong. 321 pages. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

(2) A CENTURY OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS. By Florence V. Barry. 257 pages. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.

(3) STORIES ABOUT HORSES. Retold from St. Nicholas. Illustrated. 193 pages. New York: The Century Co. $1.25.

(4) THE TIMBER TREASURE. By Frank Lillie Pollock. Illustrated. 269 pages. New York: The Century Co. $1.75.

(5) CASTLE BLAIR. By Flora L. Shaw. Illustrated by George Varian. 341 pages. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.

SELTZER
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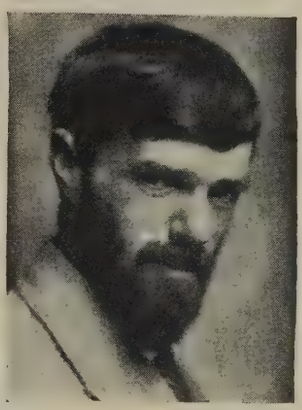
A NOVEL of post-war life, by England's great social historian, author of *Round the Corner* and *Annette and Bennett.* $2.00



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A STRONGLY autobiographical novel of Australia and its post-war social upheaval, a book rich with the verbal magic that distinguishes all Mr. Lawrence's work. $2.00

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Love Courageous

THE sprightly author of *Love —and Diana* and *Julia Takes Her Chance* has written a love story with the same narrative charm. $2.00

THOMAS SELTZER, *Publisher,* 5 West 50th Street, NEW YORK

edition of a book first issued a good many years ago, puts the reader at once into the spirit of the tale:

> It was raining hard. Night had closed in already round Castle Blair. In the park the great trees, like giant ghosts, loomed gloomily indistinct through the dim atmosphere. Not a sound was to be heard but the steady downpour of descending rain, and, from time to time, a long, low shudder of trees as the night wind swept over the park.

It is the story of the adventures of a family of children, and the children are so real that it would seem to be a book bound to have much the same appeal—to slightly younger children—as "Little Women" and "Little Men." I do not at all feel as tho I had read a book in which there was a boy-character named Murtagh or a girl named Winnie. Not a bit of it. I have known a real boy and a real girl by those names, and the rest of their family too—only I just happened to meet them in a book at first. The illustrations by George Varian are quaint and wholly fitting. Particularly did I like the one of Rose fingering her pinafore as she spoke to the excited Mr. Plunkett.

"Legends of Ancient Egypt," by F. H. Brooksbank, ([6]) with lovely colored illustrations by Evelyn Paul (particularly good is the one of "The God Thoth"), is rich with legends and tales and ways and beliefs and episodes in the lives of those picturesque and ceremonial people. Because of the recent discoveries in Egypt the publishers of this book feel that it has a particular timeliness. But it doesn't need an opportune moment to make it worth-while. It has that quality within itself, despite the fact that at times the conversations and descriptions are a bit too flowery.

"In Desert and Wilderness," by the late Henryk Sienkiewicz, translated from the Polish by Max A. Drezmal, ([7]) is a thrilling book for either boy or girl. The scene is laid in Africa, and not only are the terrible adventures of these two fraught with perils, but the descriptions of the hyenas, lions, camels and elephants bring picture after picture before us of life in those parts—a decidedly uncertain life. Here is a description of desert wind:

> And in truth the wind came up. In the distance appeared, as it were, dark clouds which in their eyes grew higher and higher and approached the caravan. The nearest waves of air all around became agitated, and sudden gusts of wind began to spin the sand. Here and there funnels were formed as if someone had drilled the surface of the desert with a cane. At places rose swift whirlpools resembling pillars, thin at the bottom and outspread on top like plumes of feathers. All this lasted but the twinkling of an eye. The cloud which the camel-guide first espied came flying toward them with an inconceivable velocity. It struck the people and beasts like the wing of a gigantic bird. In one moment the eyes and mouths of the riders were filled with sand. Clouds of dust hid the sky, hid the sun, and the earth became dusky. The men began to lose sight of one another and even the nearest camel appeared indistinctly as if in a fog. Not the rustle—for on the desert there are no trees—but the roar of the whirlwind drowned the calls of the guide and the bellowing of the animals. In the atmosphere could be smelt an odor such as coal smoke gives. The camels stood still, and, turning away from the wind, they stretched their long necks downward so that their nostrils almost touched the sand.
>
> The Sudanese, however, did not wish to allow a stop, as caravans which halt during a hurricane are often buried in sand.

At the opening of the book there is too much of the travel-article, guide-book, tourist-booklet quality about it; but it is a gorgeous story, and its flaws are very few. And the ending is delightful.

"Pirate Princes and Yankee Jacks," by Daniel Henderson, ([8]) for older boys—and girls, too—has everything to recommend it. There are pirates and sailors and Arab tribes, treasures, dangers and plenty of historical romance blended so skilfully that the book is a masterpiece of its kind. It is extraordinarily well written.

"The Story of the Mikado," ([9]) one of the last things written

(*Continued on page 77*)

POOH BAH GOES TO LUNCHEON
(*From "The Story of the Mikado." Knopf*)

([6]) Legends of Ancient Egypt. By F. H. Brooksbank. Illustrated by Evelyn Paul. 256 pages. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $2.

([7]) In Desert and Wilderness. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Max A. Drezmal. Illustrated by Remington Schuyler. 405 pages. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.50.

"THE THICKER AND SWEETER THE MAPLE SUGAR BECAME, THE MORE THEY ATE"
(*From "Franconia Stories." Putnam*)

([8]) Pirate Princes and Yankee Jacks. By Daniel Henderson. Illustrated. 234 pages. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

([9]) The Story of the Mikado. By W. S. Gilbert. Illustrated by Alice B. Woodward. 115 pages. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

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Tales of Dark Deeds and Far Horizons

By Robert Cortes Holliday

ONE might not know, drowned in the tumult and shouting of the "intellectuals," that beyond the furious fanfare there still exists a great body of readers, quite comfortable in their minds, who read for the old-time purpose of sheer entertainment. If, however, in a catholic way you look over an extended array of novels recently published you find that a very considerable portion of the newest fiction is not the "new" fiction at all—that is, it requires little or no concern with neurology, psychiatry, psychology, psychoanalysis or sexology for the reader to enter in full swing into the spirit of it. You may say, "Alas! indeed, this is only too true"; or you may say, "It is heartening to know that this is so"—according to how you look at the matter. Anyhow, there is plenty for all of us to read. Our concern in the present article is mainly with recent fiction designed purely for the relaxation of the mind.

An eminent librarian not long ago published a book in which he included a lively and an erudite chapter on murders—a subject which holds a fascination for (it may be said) every type of mind. He made a distinction between "pure" murders and what might be called mongrel murders. He proclaimed himself a "collector of murders." Well, there have been a number of fine murders in recent fiction. It is, among other things, the business of this article to bring them to the attention of the eager souls who find refreshment in sinister deaths wrought by the hand of crime.

The murder quickest to come about occurs in "Alias Red Ryan,"(1) by Charles Neville Buck. The shot is heard on page one; on page three the body is found. In the second chapter the scene switches to the crater-bowl of the Harvard stadium, and amid the pandemonium let loose during the conflict with Yale the diamond stick-pin of a "he-Crœsus" is lifted, finds its way mysteriously into a charming girl's mesh-bag, and (a bit later) most inexplicably into a dressing-room and into the overcoat pocket of a Harvard player. Also the reader meets a carroty headed young man whose talents had carried his likeness into that Hall of Fame where the portraits are called Bertillon records. Directly after this the reader takes a look-in at the business of the Tiffany of the fur trade. There is a very modern sort of burglary, not done by stealth, but with a brazen racket. The reader meets a character of novel position in his profession, a "consulting crook." The technique of crookery is presented with an effect of impressive veracity. The argot of the underworld comes off very happily. The facetiousness of the story's hard character is facetious. The author's style is crisp and vigorous. The love element is slight. Altogether a very satisfactory book of its kind.

GILBERT FRANKAU

From an oil painting by Flora Lion, London

The murder in "The Vengeance of the Ivory Skull,"(2) by Marion Harvey, is come upon on page two. That is, the first murder; there are a couple of others later on. This tale takes us into circles of high society. The supposed narrator is a gentleman and an archeologist. The story moves over foreign lands. There is a *grande dame*, a countess, and a Portuguese dancer, one Dolores Castro. The detective is an aristocrat, whose equipment includes a subtle imagination. Deeds of violence are done, not with guns, but with daggers. The mystery is intricate. The story has its spring in dread, dread deeds of long ago, a curse, motives of vengeance, and the fury of a woman scorned. Things are done with a romantic air; corpses are found seared with a tattoo-mark, and a symbol beside them, a tiny ivory skull such as Cellini might have made. The author's style, clear and sinuous, is flecked with color. A tale which serves very well to "take one out of oneself."

The murder in "Exterior to the Evidence,"(3) by J. S. Fletcher, is delayed until the end of the fourth chapter, when the body of Sir Cheville Stanbury, baronet, dandy, possest of vast riches, recently betrothed at the age of seventy-five to the local Vicar's sprig of a French governess, is found at the foot of Black Scar, a lonely spot on the moors of his estate. He had but the day before made his will; it is missing. This book is a very refined murder story; there is no rough talk in it that would offend the most sensitive ear of any lady reader. But for all its atmosphere of well-bred people in an English countryside, in this story of a *cause célèbre* there is no lack of the holding power of a skilfully contrived mystery tale. The puzzle steadily becomes more complicated, and the secret is kept until the end. Mr. Fletcher, in addition to the popularity which he enjoys among a large audience, has drawn the praise of careful critics. He is, indeed, a deft literary artist. His tangled plots do not exceed plausibility. His characters are natural and human, enjoyable as real people. He writes with graceful simplicity.

In "The Sinister Mark,"(4) by Lee Thayer, no murder occurs, but the author makes as much of a hullabaloo as if he had killed off half a dozen people. This story is in the old dime-novel manner. Nobody ever asks a question; he "shoots" one. There

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(1) ALIAS RED RYAN. By Charles Neville Buck. 298 pages. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.75.

(2) THE VENGEANCE OF THE IVORY SKULL. By Marion Harvey. 307 pages. New York: Edward J. Clode. $2.

(3) EXTERIOR TO THE EVIDENCE. By J. S. Fletcher. 287 pages. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

(4) THE SINISTER MARK. By Lee Thayer. 304 pages. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.75

Edith Wharton

"American novelist of international fame. Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in France . . . Her books are marked by sincerity in art, beauty in construction, distinction in style . . . She is a master in the creation of original and living characters, and her powers of ironical description are exerted to salutary ends. She is a realist in the best sense of the word; revealing the inner nature of men and women without recourse to sensationalism and keeping ever within the boundaries of true art. She holds a universally recognized place in the front rank of the world's living novelists. She has elevated the level of American literature. We are proud that she is an American."

—From the address accompanying the conferment of the degree of Doctor of Letters upon Mrs. Wharton, Yale University, June, 1923.

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"At last, there is a novel by an American artist which is subtle as it is perfect in its simplicity; and one which can be read many times with an increasing feeling of reverence for the essential truths of life. It is not that Mrs. Wharton tells all or wears a heart upon her sleeve, it is that she knows the human heart; and in spite, or rather perhaps because, of her knowledge of an artificial world, she pierces easily to the very depths of human joy and sorrow."

"Edith Wharton and the Time Spirit" is the title of an admirable essay on Edith Wharton and her work in AMERICAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENT, by Grant Overton, the book which makes other books of the Fall twice as delightful. Published jointly by four publishers and sold for less than advertising cost. 50 cents

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

J. S. FLETCHER

is an over-abundance of theatrical telephone play, and divers other clumsy devices. The detective is the sort whose astuteness just bowls people over with astonishment on every page—but it isn't likely to bowl over the reader, unless he is very simple-minded, indeed. The heavy slabs of what is designed to be "comic relief," and which finds much of its expression through Irish dialect, Italian dialect, and country dialect, is (this reviewer felt) very trying stuff. The story, briefly, is concerned with the mysterious disappearance of an actress, supposed to be very charming, and the search for her by her lover.

Next, perhaps, after murders, in universal appeal, is the call of far horizons. (That is, of course, when we are not speaking of the first of human passions.) We all want to go somewhere where we are not. Most of us have traveled a good deal lately (in fiction) in the South Seas; but any one so minded may go again, to the accompaniment of a mystery, in the pages of "Nobody's Island,"[5] by Beatrice Grimshaw. The usual procedure is here turned round—the reader knows at once that the aristocratic young Englishwoman, with the face of Joan of Arc, who flees with her lover to the end of the world, did not murder her drunken husband; tho the world (in the story) thought so. The hero is one of those men who are *men*. The story does well enough to round out an idle summer-hour.

"Barney,"[6] by S. B. H. Hurst, an adventure tale of two young Englishmen accused of a crime, who betake themselves to adventures in the wilderness of Alaska and Canada, pretends to much more. Several reviewers of the book have fallen in with the estimate of it given on the jacket. Heaven help them! The heroes of the story have precisely the sort of noble manhood exemplified in Little Lord Fauntleroy. The style of the story, stript of the much small-boy sort of cussing thrown in to give an air of "sheer brutality," is that of a juvenile magazine of a bygone day. The book is cluttered up with banal moralizing and speculation upon religion, hell, biology, the occult, the subconscious, and God. Its intended humor does not seem humorous to this reviewer.

The love-motif enters in copious measure into "The Woman of the Horizon,"[7] Gilbert Frankau's first full-length novel, a story of the round-the-world heart-adventures of a luxurious being who (now and then, for he is very indolent) chastises the world in a new kind of satiric verse. In the presence of a temple in India this amateur of ladies and of letters has a vision of his soul's desire. In the underworld of Hong Kong, by the way, he comes across a feminine genius whose unpublished manuscript-novel "made literary 'realism' a hollow sham, turned Rabelais and Brantôme to mere drawing-room jesters." There is a great deal in the story about writing, about "genius," and "fame." It is all the popular legend sort of thing, and would be bad doctrine for any one who thought to be a writer by doing likewise. The novel itself is a foray of "fine writing." Now and then it is very rickety as to grammar.

A number of the short stories of Wilbur Daniel Steele which have been crowned by Mr. O'Brien and the jury of the O. Henry Memorial Prize have been gathered, together with others, in the volume taking its title from one of the best-known of his tales, "The Shame Dance."[8] The book has a richly exotic flavor. It will be eagerly welcomed by those who are already admirers of this writer, and should reward any one who takes it up seeking a good story. So much has been said in praise of Mr. Steele's art that perhaps a word the other way may not be amiss. It is difficult to see how any one could say that his work is of the art which conceals art. Or how any one could deny that it is decidedly self-conscious. To the mind of this reviewer it is just a bit overmuch "literary."

In looking over, as a group, the books here under rapid review, one notes several outstanding points. In four or five of them, certain of the characters are much given to quoting poetry, but not the new poetry; Kipling, Tennyson, that sort of thing. In at least three of them there is much ado about authorship. And in three or four of them we find that the novelist continues to look with a romantic eye upon the neighborhood of Washington Square.

"The Public Square,"[9] by Will Levington Comfort, opens in Greenwich Village; but instead of the fabled village inhabited by bizarre and bogus esthetes it is a place of earnest, likable and unusual people. The story turns upon the affairs of a young man who has an editorial position with *The Public Square*, a "journal of opinion," and those of a young woman from Los Angeles, whence she has fled from a colony of cultists. The reflection of journalistic, literary and "Bohemian" life here given is sound and wholesome. The young woman's spiritual striving is to be "straight in her own head," and so, too, is the young man's. He becomes for a time involved, in the Far East, with much interesting idealism. There is adventure a-plenty and much excellent character drawing. The book, perhaps, does not all the way through hold up to its best parts. It has the eulogistic endorsement of Edgar Lee Masters and Zona Gale.

Decidedly the most substantial in merit of the books under survey is "A Gentleman of Sorts,"[10] by Everett Young, an author unknown before to this reviewer. The book is a work of finished art. In a sentence, it is the story of a cultivated young New Yorker of wealth and social position who, in circumstances of dramatic character, marries his stenographer; of his slow adjustment to her, and of her development in Paris into a social success. With Mary Kate, part Irish and part French, even the most hardened reviewer must fall in love. The book has poignant tenderness, it has drama, and it has wit of a fine order.

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

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(5) NOBODY'S ISLAND. By Beatrice Grimshaw. 332 pages. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.75.

(6) BARNEY. By S. B. H. Hurst. 323 pages. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.90.

(7) THE WOMAN OF THE HORIZON. By Gilbert Frankau. 352 pages. New York: The Century Company. $2.

(8) THE SHAME DANCE. By Wilbur Daniel Steele. 392 pages. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.

(9) THE PUBLIC SQUARE. By Will Levington Comfort. 320 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.

(10) A GENTLEMAN OF SORTS. By Everett Young. 382 pages. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.75.

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The Self-Revelation of an American Woman

By Hildegarde Hawthorne

THIS is a book (1) of considerable interest to any one who cares for what we have been told is the greatest study of mankind, man. In this particular case, woman. Not only for what it says, but for what it can not say. The inhibitions of this special type of personality are curiously revealed in the course of the narrative, becoming almost as revelatory as the confessions themselves. The author's sensitiveness to criticism impels her to rush forward with criticism of her own, and so forestall outside strictures. She can only be frank about the girl she was from the position of the woman she is. We never get that girl free and alone, expressing herself without any consciousness of what the future would do for her mind and emotions. But we get a portrait of her through the eyes of that future that is well worth attention.

The inheritance of the girl was such that she early determined never to marry. How much of this determination was actual conviction of unworthiness to bear children, how much natural temperament, it is impossible to say. Very clearly one perceives that she belongs to the type of woman who is incapable of passion, however devoted she might be in her friendships or family relations. There are plenty of such women in America, perhaps more than in any other country, and it is interesting to apprehend one among them through herself. She never completely realizes the fact, as a color-blind person never realizes the difference between green and red, tho it marks all her life, and she believes that her refusal of marriage was a real renunciation, based on her understanding of what was proper for her to do. She says:

> The positive notions I held as to heredity, the traits and diseases in my kindred which I took so seriously, the disagreeable and morbid tendencies I noted in myself, had, as I have intimated, all combined to make me feel it would be wrong for me to marry. . . . A lover at this time would probably have swept away all my fine theories and resolutions; but I had none, and serious work and interests were filling my days.

There, indeed, lay the crux of the matter. She never did have a lover, the nearest she came to such an experience being a short and erratic courtship from a married man, which extended to a kiss on the cheek and a scene of some excitement. But the doctor, for she was already a doctor and practising medicine, rebuffed this too-ardent suitor with real horror and repulsion. The episode occupies several pages, but this paragraph will convey the gist of it. The man commands her to kiss him, taunting her with a fear to do so:

> His lips came nearer, his eyes flamed. I had a wild desire to do as he commanded—not because I wanted to kiss him, for I hated him again—but just to prove that his words were false—that I dared to kiss him, and still would not love him as he boasted. I had a curiosity also, a real desire to know if there could possibly be such potency in a kiss. But the instant of wavering could not have been long. At that crucial moment my guardian angel . . . turned my eyes from his compelling gaze to the top of the bookcase by the wall where stood the photographs of my father and mother. Instantly the spell was broken . . . but oh, the agony then! The remorse. . . .

The inheritance so dreaded by the girl was a tendency in the family to tuberculosis, and decidedly queer traits in one or another aunt which, if not actual insanity, yet verged upon it. Her brother grew up into a periodical drinker, but has finally conquered the craving. Both he and the sister married and have children, healthy and normal in every respect. Her own peculiarities were never important enough to be seriously considered, except possibly the one which made her take them so seriously. She draws the picture of a girl who, having little or no personal attraction, was supersensitively aware of this lack, passionately desiring beauty. She mourned in secret because her mother, too, lacked good looks. At the same time she took a high stand against what she considered artificial aids to attractiveness, and refused to curl or wave her hair. "All of which shows how self-engrossed and morbid I was; what capacity for self-torture I developed early."

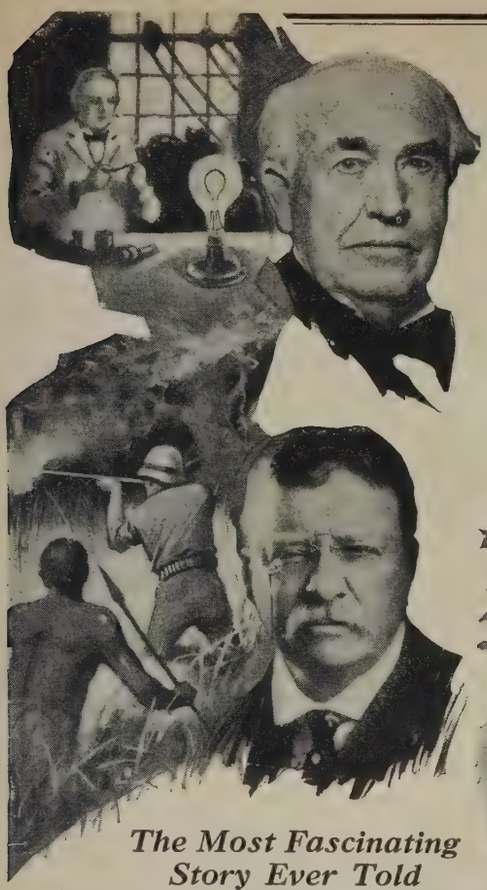
Naturally enough she took refuge in study and in the ambition she had formed to become a doctor. She studied at the College of Homeopathy in Boston, and gives an excellent account of her years there. The description of her first day in the dissecting room is detailed and vivid. There was an earlier experience with a dead body that is also told with considerable power. A young girl, a school-friend, had died, and going to see the parents she was persuaded to remain with them, as they were utterly distraught and more or less invalid. She got a friend to sit the night out with her and to help her in following the directions left by the undertaker—gruesome they were! She was then in her teens. Later there is still another episode that emphasizes the self-restraint she possest in the face of horrors that would have dismayed another temperament. Her grandmother, whom she dearly loved, and whom we glimpse as a particularly attractive and lovable old lady, worked almost to death for the whole of her long life, died of some obscure heart trouble. The granddaughter was very desirous of an autopsy, to determine actual conditions, and the family doctor being ill, she performed the operation herself.

The signature she gives her book is derived from the locality where she was born and brought up in a part of western New York where long, low hills known as *drumlins* dominate the landscape. In an Introduction to the volume written by John Burroughs, whose acquaintance the author made long after maturity, these hills are described and their origin in the glacial period explained. It was in a village in this region that the young girl lived until she went to Boston to study medicine, it was here that the generations before her had lived.

The power of this book is that it holds real life. There are some amazingly good portraits of other women, especially among the group who studied with her in the colleges, and there is a compelling sense of absolute sincerity. There emerges from the pages a revelation of a personality, both directly and indirectly drawn, but entirely convincing. The intention has been to tell everything; probably this is impossible, certainly it has not been accomplished. But what is told is as close to fact as the writer could get.

Among other items there is an interview with Laura Bridgman, the blind and dumb woman who had been brought out of her death-in-life by Dr. Howe and Mrs. Lamson, the first case of the kind on record. There is an account of the writer's experience in getting religion at a revival meeting, and of losing it later. There is plenty of background, indeed, tho the interest centers always on the heroine herself. Just such another book there has never been—it has the uniqueness of individual experience, and its value.

(1) A Life Unveiled. By a Child of the Drumlins. Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.00.



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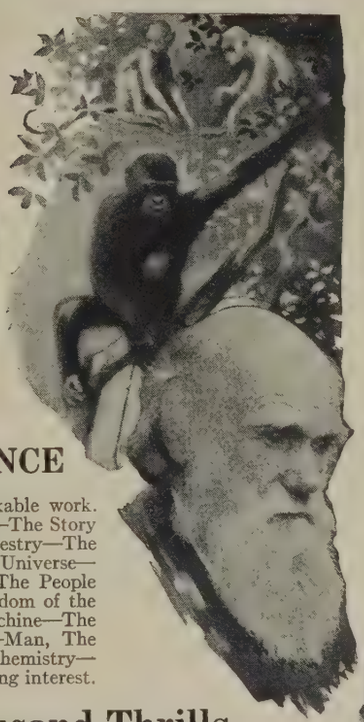

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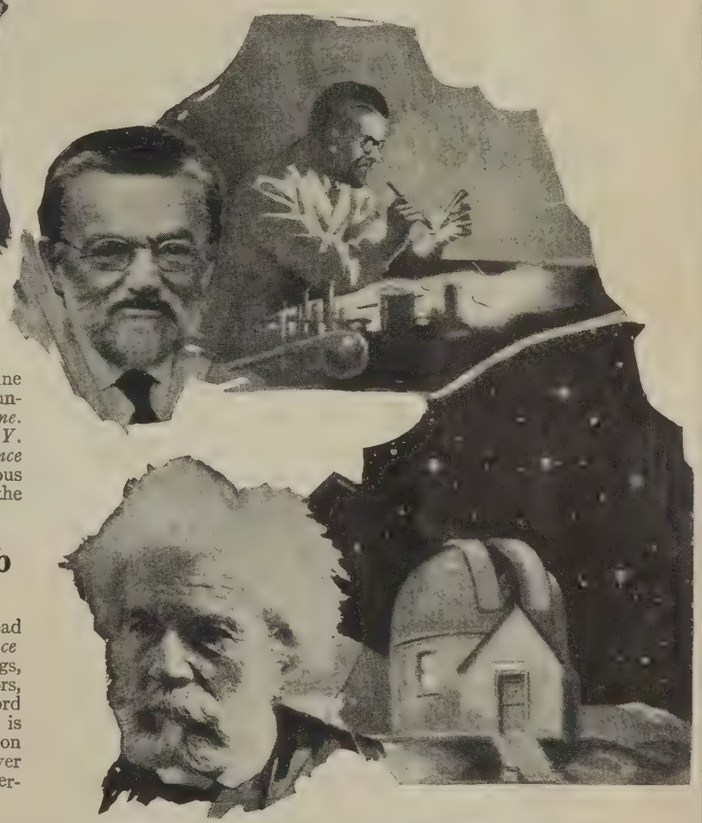

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In This Month's Fiction Library

The Seven Hills

MR. MINNIGERODE has so light a touch that on some readers he would make no impression at all. His first novel, "Laughing House," was a family story, combining admirable descriptions of the Connecticut scene with true delicacy of imagination. The next two, "Oh, Susanna!" and "The Big Year," one dealing with clipper ships and the other with the more joyous side of undergraduate life, suffered from a certain monotony of singing. I mean it literally; both had too many songs. Between the composition of those three and his latest novel, he performed a service to bibliography and to the fame of Herbert Melville by publishing a complete list of that writer's works, along with a number of letters that had not previously been printed. Mr. Minnigerode is perhaps more interested in history and in biography than in fiction; he is quite capable of producing excellent work in both fields.

"The Seven Hills" is his fourth and best novel. The title is applied to a village of seven hills in the uneven topography of Connecticut, where the way of a man with a maid is not approved by the aged and emaciated Amazons of the heights; not because it is counter to the Mosaic law, but against the conventions worshiped by these dignitaries. Mr. Minnigerode especially excells in reporting family conversations; his brothers and sisters talk together with that informal intimacy there uniquely characteristic. The story opens with a conversation between a young man just returned from the Great War, reveling in his civilian clothes, and his eager sister, who wants a career. During that world-struggle, many thought that the actors in it would be profoundly changed by their experiences; the poet Flecker, who died before its conclusion, made a remark that seemed well enough at the time, but which to-day has a curious ineptitude. "What a race of deep-eyed and thoughtful men we shall have in Europe—now that all those millions have been baptized in fire!" The young hero of this novel, when questioned by his stolid uncle as to what struck him most in Belgium, replied: "The fresh pastry in the shops in Brussels after the armistice!"

What the young man resented in the seven hills was not the scenery; it was the stodginess of the people. To borrow an excellent phrase, the village was a veritable babbitt-warren. A French comrade had told him that such was the life at Lille or Mons or Limoges. The same ideas persisted from father to son; the atmosphere was asphyxiating. Our returned soldier flies to New York, but his sister's "career" is interrupted in the time-honored way by love and marriage. Her presentation to her formidable family of her unwelcome fiancé is one of the best scenes in the book. It is not satire, it is not exaggerated; the people and the talk are both natural.

Along with the indigenous Connecticut characters, there is depicted the rising tide of Italy. Of the one hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants of New Haven, more than forty thousand are Italians; they are hard workers and for the most part good citizens. When you travel in the country in the vicinity of Connecticut cities, you see everywhere small farms raising garden-truck; these are largely owned and worked by Italians. Occasionally an Italian who unites with the national capacity for work all day and every day, a longer and more comprehensive vision, will gradually acquire other farms; he becomes, in fact, a landed proprietor on a large scale. Mr. Minnigerode has effectively shown the contrast between the young American married couple who have never learned the meaning of the word *work*, and a smiling, shrewd, far-sighted son of Italy who works intensively. The old Connecticut families thought their Seven Hills were as eternal as the corresponding elevations in Rome; but they eventually discover that there is a new kind of Roman conquest, not by the sword, but by more peaceful yet more effective agricultural weapons. The Seven Hills become the property of a certain Salvatore Spinelli.

The lightness and delicacy of this author's treatment ought not to prevent American readers from realizing the force of his symbols. One should not miss the warning, simply because unpleasant facts are presented in a pleasant way. Many Americans, in what they are pleased to call their thinking, have fallen into a vicious circle; they are not willing to do the necessary work, and yet they wish to exclude foreigners who have both will and capacity.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

THE SEVEN HILLS. By Meade Minnigerode. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Wedgwood Medallion

MISS E. C. B. JONES is going to be a great deal better-known by Americans in the future than she is at present, and her new book, "The Wedgwood Medallion," the third she has written, is going to be one of the means to this end. It is a good story, for one thing, and it has qualities of freshness and vivacity that make it peculiarly attractive. The men in it are presented with a joyous informality, the girls are amazingly alive, and the love story is not at all of the usual kind.

Her idea is that men and women are fundamentally identical. That is, that they are moved by the same human springs, that they are equally responsible for their acts and thoughts, that the *dear little woman* and *sweet helpless girl* notions are exploded, that where a marriage goes wrong it is quite as likely to be the woman's fault as the man's, that where a stolen kiss is exchanged it may very well be the girl who did the stealing, whatever outward aspect the transaction held. There are people of one kind and another kind, but they are mixed as to sex. It is their characters, their training and their emotions that differentiate them, not the fact that they were created man and woman.

She has placed her novel in a Cornish village after the war, and her characters are mostly young persons, the new crop of youth over the old land. There are some older people, of course, Mr. and Mrs. Watergate, parents to the three young men, Nicholas, Gervaise and Hob, being decidedly of the older generation. And we see them as victims of inherited bunk—bunk about life, about people, about manners, about everything vital, in fact—the bunk on which they were fed in their youth and which has become part of their being. The young men and women about them humor them and play up to them as much as possible, since obviously they can not change them—they have passed the time of education. But they do not give a whoop for any of their ideas or valuations. Watergate is a painter, and a good one. But when he talks art his children turn from him in weariness. For he is given to talking guff, from their point of view. Among themselves they talk with entire frankness. They care only for one thing, truth. It does not seem worth while to fuss about with lies and insincerities. Men and girls, they meet face to face, with no evasions. Subjects there may be that belong rather to the one than to the other, but these are inessentials. In all that matters, they stand equal.

But there is one of the young men who belongs to the older group, who has never touched modernity, and who still thinks

of woman as something apart and sacred, something different, of finer clay, a creature to be pardoned, to be guided, to be shielded, one to whom no blame must be attached—so long, let us say, as she remains respectable. To him a wife is always in the right, and for her sweet condescension in accepting wifehood she merits the entire devotion of her husband. That she may be vain, selfish and a shrew is beside the point. She is female. With her one may not discuss anything really serious or deep. She is not to be admitted into a man's working life. She is the one unreality in a world of hard facts. There is plenty of room for comedy here, and Miss Jones has not lost her opportunity. It is a comedy of situation, of differences in character and ideals that she gives us, a comedy subtly suggested and left to you to enjoy.

The story is of the arrival of four young men in the little village on the coast of Cornwall, where live three of the Rendell sisters with their mother, whom they call Fia. The girls are very unlike, but two of them at least are weary of the narrow limits of the life they lead, with its entire absence of men's society. The older, Ursula, is utterly content. She loves the country, she adores the quiet existence she leads. The youngest of the sisters, Sheila, is a selfish and vain child, still at school, but avid for admiration and not too scrupulous as to how she gets it. This comes out only by degrees. The third girl, Sophie, is the heroine, and a most engaging creature, strangely unsophisticated and yet mature of mind and of body, young and lovely in a way of her own, but not a bit of a beauty She is honest as light, and she is definitely decided on getting to London and work, where still another sister is already established.

In an entirely unconventional manner the young men and the girls meet, and from that point Sophie's love story and the comedy develop equally. For Sophie, modern to her finger-tips, unaware almost that there is an older, worn-out code of intercourse between opposite sexes, Sophie becomes engaged to Denis, the old-young man who believes very tremendously in all that outworn convention, who, as one of the three Watergate brothers expresses it, insists in going about in blinders and refusing to see any changes. It is a strong emotion that is awakened in Sophie, and she finds a great happiness in the love she has for Denis. But she remains singularly unconscious of their entire unsuitability to each other. The rest look on with various emotions, and many frank comments on the situation.

How it is all resolved matters not here. It is the way it is told, and the people involved in the telling that make it so worth reading. As fiction it is well constructed and closely knit; as a picture of the new world into which we are swiftly moving it is deeply interesting. Miss Jones conveys the charm of her backgrounds, both in Cornwall and in London, without exuberance, yet colorfully and with enthusiasm. Her book is real; one likes it and is sorry to reach the end, and to have to bid farewell to Sophie and Oliver and the Watergates, all of them—even Denis.

H. H.

THE WEDGWOOD MEDALLION. By E. B. C. Jones. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Eris

THE atmosphere of Robert W. Chambers's latest novel is distinctly literary. Among the characters are a novelist, an editor, a motion-picture director who has a soul above the mere commercial aspect of his business, and several screen stars who take their work seriously. The novelist is a cynical person who writes "sob-stories" and sneers at his public, which he calls "The Great American Ass." Later he takes to writing realistic novels whose realism consists in dwelling on the mean and sordid phases of life. Here he permits his cynicism to appear in his writing, and the public "eats it up" and calls for more. He believes that he is doing really great work, but his friend Coltfoot, the editor, does not agree with him. Their discussions on this subject throw some light on Mr. Chambers's own views on literature.

Eris, the girl in the story, is a farmer's daughter who leaves

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home to become a screen actress. She encounters the usual difficulties and is in danger of starvation when Annan meets her by chance and introduces her to people who give her the opportunity she is seeking. As she is beautiful and talented, she wins a place for herself both on the screen and in Barry Annan's heart. And her love proves to be Annan's redemption, teaching him that there are better things in life than those he has been wont to picture in his novels. But, of course, that does not happen all at once. If it did, there would be no story, and any one who has ever read a Chambers novel knows that there is always a story.

ERIS. By Robert W. Chambers. 323 pages. New York: George H. Doran Co.

The Mine with the Iron Door

NEXT to buried pirate treasure, there are few things that have a stronger appeal to the imagination than lost gold-mines. Few gold regions are without their legend of some fabulously rich mine whose location has been forgotten. Lives and dollars have been lavishly spent in the search for such mines, but the search has not in most cases been more successful than that for Captain Kidd's treasure.

Harold Bell Wright has taken the story of one such mine and woven it into a romance of the Far West under the title, "The Mine with the Iron Door." A cañon in the Catalina Mountains of Arizona is the scene of the story. Here Marta Hillgrove, a beautiful girl of unknown parentage, lives with her foster fathers, two old prospectors whose lives have been spent in the search for gold. Bob Hill and Thad Grove are their names, and Marta's name, Hillgrove, is a combination of the two. Recognizing the absurdity of a girl having two fathers, Bob and Thad have agreed to alternate. On one day Marta is Bob's daughter, and on the next she is Thad's. Whichever one is parent for the time being is extremely jealous of his privileges and will not permit the other to address the girl as "daughter."

Legend has it that somewhere in the cañon in which these three live there is a gold-mine, abandoned long ago by the Spanish padres. Many attempts have been made to find it, but no one has been the richer for these attempts. Many there are who scoff at the legend, but few who do not secretly believe in it. The search for the lost mine is intimately bound up with the romance of Marta Hillgrove and the man she loves. Both pass through many perilous adventures before the story comes to an end.

Mr. Wright is an old-fashioned novelist. If he knows anything about Freudian complexes and inhibitions, he has kept his knowledge to himself. He has a story to tell, and he tells it, and after all, that is what most readers want.

THE MINE WITH THE IRON DOOR By Harold Bell Wright. 339 pages New York: D. Appleton & Co

The Black Gang

IN real life, secret oath-bound organizations for the enforcement of law and order usually turn out to be greater menaces to society than the elements against which their energies are directed, but in fiction, where the author has full control, there is no such danger. Cyril McNeile's Black Gang is an organization similar in some respects to the Ku Klux Klan, except that it is very much smaller. Its purpose is to prevent the spread of Bolshevism in England, and its members are young men who, to all outward appearances, belong to the "silly ass" type of the idle rich. The leader in particular, one Hugh Drummond, takes great pains to make it appear that he is a perfect fool. That he is really a man of some imagination and endowed with a sense of poetic justice is evidenced by the fact that his pet scheme is to kidnap Red leaders and carry them off to a desolate island, where they are forced to live according to communistic principles as interpreted by an ex-sergeant of the British Army.

The mysterious disappearance of these agitators attracts the attention of Scotland Yard to the activities of the Black Gang; not that the authorities care what happens to the Reds, but because the functions of the law have been usurped by an unknown and irresponsible organization. The result is that Hugh Drummond and his band find themselves in conflict not only with the Bolshevists, but also with the police. This only makes things all the more interesting for the Black Gang, and, incidentally, for the reader. To baffle the police is a comparatively easy matter for Hugh and his friends, but the Reds are more difficult. Their organization is a vast one directed by a mysterious chief known only as "X," whose headquarters are somewhere on the Continent. Tho Drummond does not know it, "X" is an old enemy of his, an arch-criminal named Carl Peterson. When Peterson comes to London to take personal charge of operations and with the particular purpose of destroying the Black Band, things become very lively indeed for Hugh Drummond. Adventure follows adventure in such rapid succession, that the most jaded reader of crime stories is bound to sit up and take notice. Peterson displays fiendish ingenuity in devising plots for killing Drummond, but partly by superhuman coolness and cunning, and partly by sheer good luck, the latter manages to come through with a whole skin. The Reds are not so fortunate. Drummond lays a number of them low with his own hand, and most of the others are rounded up and turned over to the police. Peterson escapes, but that is not Hugh Drummond's fault. The author willed it so, for Peterson is too valuable a villain to be allowed to die. Mr. McNeile may need him in another book.

THE BLACK GANG. By Cyril McNeile, "Sapper." 286 pages. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Alaskan

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD has made the Far North peculiarly his own field. Most, if not all, of his novels have their scenes there. The dweller in more temperate climes might not care to live there, but there is not the slightest reason why he should not enjoy reading the adventures of those who are doing civilization's pioneer work far from the bright lights of Broadway and the drowsy calm of Main Street. Who knows how many men, and women too, have felt the impulse, after reading one of Mr. Curwood's books, to break away from the trammels of city life and breathe the free, tho sometimes frigid, air of the Northern wilderness? The impulse loses its force after a night's sleep in a comfortable bed, but surely one is none the worse for having felt it.

"The Alaskan" is a romance of Northern Alaska. There is a mystery in it, too, altho it is cleared up long before the story ends. The chief characters are Mary Standish and Alan Holt. They meet on a steamer bound from Seattle to Nome. Holt is returning to his reindeer range after a business trip to the States, and Mary is running away. What she is running away from she refuses to tell, but there is one man on the steamer who knows and whom Mary fears. Yet she will not permit Holt, who has befriended her, to interfere in her behalf. She takes her own method of solving her problem, and it is one which causes Holt to reproach himself for not having taken matters into his own hands. The greater part of the story takes place in Alaska itself, and that, in a Curwood story, is sufficient guaranty of action and thrills to satisfy the greediest reader. Those who have seen the country in question say that Mr. Curwood's pictures are not always accurate, but to the average reader they are made to seem absolutely real, and that is the main thing in a romance. Both in his characters and in his setting, Mr. Curwood creates the illusion of reality in a way that makes his undoubted popularity readily understandable. People who like a story for the story's sake will not be disappointed in "The Alaskan."

THE ALASKAN. By James Oliver Curwood. With illustrations by Walt Louderback. 326 pages. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.

The Silken Scarf

FOR the convenience of the reviewer it would be desirable if writers would prefix to their names "Mr.," "Miss," or "Mrs.," as the case may be. When only initials are given it is particularly annoying, for one does not know whether to refer to the author as "he" or "she." "The Silken Scarf," a first novel, bears the name L. C. Hobart on its title-page. How is one to know whether the "L" stands for Lucy or Larry?

The story opens in Malta, but the scene soon shifts to Ireland. It is the story of a girl who thinks that her lover is a murderer, and of a man who could easily prove his innocence but prefers to suffer in silence. There are reasons, of course, for his curious behavior, and for that of the friends who take advantage of his predicament; but they seem neither reasonable nor consistent with the characters of the two men. The silken scarf, which appears both in the story and on the jacket of the book, plays an important part in the unraveling of the plot. Had this been a detective story it would have been the clue for the solving of the mystery, but if there are any detectives in Malta, they keep discreetly in the background. As for the mystery, so far as the reader is concerned, there is none, for the full story of Father Sarpi's death is told in the very first chapter.

The author, apparently, has leanings toward the psychic, for the heroine of the story is endowed with the power of seeing into the past and the future. It is a pity that her psychic powers are not more highly developed, for in that case she would be able to see the whole truth, which would save her a great deal of unhappiness. That would have spoiled the story, it is true, but then, it isn't much of a story.

THE SILKEN SCARF. By L. C. Hobart. 296 pages. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Poor Man

STELLA BENSON'S "The Poor Man" is a tragedy that awakens no sympathetic response, a satire without a dash of the bitters of humor to make it palatable. The central character is a man suffering from war neurosis, deafness, egocentricity, a whelming inferiority complex, alcoholism, and perhaps arrested mental development and dementia præcox. Instead, however, of these afflictions making him pathetic, they make him merely annoying. He is sensitive, to be sure, with a marvelous eye for color; he suffers from unrequited love. But even these leave the reader uninterested. Perhaps the author did not wish to awaken interest.

Edward Williams—the patient above mentioned—is a young Englishman uncomfortable in the simple wilds of San Francisco's Bohemian quarter. He is disliked by all his acquaintances, but derives morbid satisfaction from his plight. While attending a party he meets his ideal mate, Emily Frere, another exiled subject of Britain, who, as presented, is more a stream of consciousness than a human being. These two unfortunates meet several times; then, while Edward is recovering from a slight operation, Emily leaves for China. Edward has no money. How he ultimately succeeds in following Emily to China, and what happens when he finds her there, constitute the main substance of the story. If a series of not very interesting psychopathological case histories, with an occasional interpolated poem, comment, or travel impression, is a novel, the book is classified.

THE POOR MAN. By Stella Benson. 253 pages. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

The Fruit of the Tree

LONG ago Pericles had his Aspasia, as well as his domestic wife. In Mr. Fyfe's novel, "The Fruit of the Tree," it is Muriel, the legal wife of Tanstead, who is his Aspasia, and home-loving Margaret, the mother of his two children, whom the Bishop from Patagonia calls Tanstead's "wife in the eyes of God." It is a problem novel of marriage conditions to-day, written in a

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Author of *Autumn*, *Youth Grows Old*, etc.

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detached and—some will say—flippant manner; but it is only that the author is quite impartial and never heavy in his touch.

When her mother dies, Muriel Oversedge, at nineteen, goes to London to become a barrister. She comes in contact with Tanstead, and it is not long before he tells her that he wants a home and her to look after it. At the same time Tony Hilford, whom Muriel finds it difficult to take seriously, wants to marry her because he thinks it too bad that she has to work for a living. Muriel feels that neither of them is "in love," but after two years of friendship with both she decides to marry Tanstead, whom she admires and respects. She thinks she has been frank enough with him when they are together one day and, seeing a loudly crying baby, she remarks, "I couldn't stand that sort of thing"; but it is not surprizing that Tanstead does not realize until after their marriage that she has no intention of being a wife in the accepted sense. They have a few years of mere companionship, during which, however, Muriel is of help to him in his profession. Then Margaret enters his office as secretary, and presently in her he finds the woman to make him happy. For several years he has a "home" and children, unknown to Muriel. Then the Bishop, his godfather, comes, and things become more complicated. It is Margaret in the end who sees things most clearly.

The two women are well drawn. Muriel, cocksure from the beginning, and, as her most intimate friend believes, attempting to enjoy the advantages of marriage while disregarding its obligations, yet has charm; Margaret, drawn as surely, but with softer lines, is wholly domestic and maternal, but surprizingly clear-thinking. The Bishop is a real person. Muriel, in her mocking manner, calls him "Victorian," but he does not entirely deserve it. Tanstead is a very ordinary man, no Pericles; but perhaps the working out of the problem in the book is of the more value for that; the world is full of ordinary men like Tanstead.

The Fruit of the Tree. By Hamilton Fyfe. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

Stolen Honey

HERE is a sentimental romance with overtones of suggestive melodrama. The characters are those one finds in a provincial stock-company, including a heavy lead, a juvenile lead, a virtuous star, an ingénue whose follies are daring, a villain with a close-cropped mustache, who in the last act proves himself to be a fine fellow, a character-woman whose fifty years peek through her thirty-year make-up, and the usual local talent hired for such difficult parts as native servants with italicized two-word speeches in pure Arabic, and Egyptian donkey-boys with bare legs.

The reader justly surmises that "Stolen Honey" belongs to the desert school of romance; so it does, with a vengeance. The situations are startling as repetitions—in G minor—of similar situations in similar novels that have been used from time immemorial. A man stationed in India, faced with the problem of an eighteen-year-old daughter who is shortly to join him, proposes marriage, by letter, to a woman whom he knew as a child ten years before. The daughter, a sophisticated mite, falls passionately in love (on the desert) with a Frenchman who is not a "marrying man." The widower suspects his virtuous second wife of relationships with a nice boy whose only error is a love for the sophisticated flapper, who doesn't love him at all. In the end (this is a long book), after the widower sees his error, and the Frenchman asks for the daughter's hand, the glorious fade-out is that of the virtuous wife whispering sweet news to her unsuspecting and reconciled husband.

The book is full of thrills after the manner of "The Sheik." Such a comparison, when a novel does not lend itself to criticism, is as much commendation as any unprejudiced reviewer may be expected to give.

Stolen Honey. By Rachel Swete MacNamara. 390 pages. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.

What Became of Mr. Desmond

A TWO-SKELETON mystery with plenty of scandal let loose in a pale replica of an Anthony Trollope village—such is Nina Boyle's "What Became of Mr. Desmond." The author has glimpsed the possibilities of contrast in silhouetting the uncanny mystery concerning the highly respected Mr. Desmond against the background of adorned domesticity and village "characters."

Mr. Desmond, a tame and fussy family man, suddenly disappears while on an errand for some nails. For years not a trace of him can be found, until finally a skeleton is dug up. Immediately we are hot on the scent, but are disappointed to discover it is nothing but an anise-seed trail after all, for Mr. Desmond indisputably proves himself guiltless of being the corpse by turning up without warning on the fifteenth anniversary of his disappearance. He walks unconcernedly into a family gathering and kisses his wife. ("For husband and wife to kiss each other in public—it was unspeakable") in a manner that shows he has changed and coarsened. No member of his large family has the courage to persevere in questioning him about his absence, and so the story earns its right to proceed with another skeleton, a family scandal, a wicked lady and a bully who is introduced a little too conveniently at the end. A lively tale could have been concocted of these ingredients if the author had mixed them with more gusto and less feeling of responsibility for their not being quite proper.

What Became of Mr. Desmond. By C. Nina Boyle. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

McCarty Incog.

WHEN will the murder mystery story lose its savor and the public's capricious palate crave other fare? It will be when the vogue for tales of adventure passes, when the story of the Ark and Ararat, of shipwrecked Ulysses, of Roland with his ivory horn, of Arthur surrounded by his paladins, ceases to thrill the child mind and to kindle in the adult the flame of eternal romance. Nowadays, Society is the princess in distress, and the knight-errant who delivers her after many harrowing vicissitudes wears the drab garb of the modern detective.

"McCarty Incog." tells the story of ex-Roundsman Timothy McCarty's dramatic adventures in a sleepy little Cape Cod village. With Dennis Riordan, his chum, he has come on a fishing expedition. Their power-boat is wrecked by a squall. Believing his friend has been drowned, McCarty staggers to a hut on the dunes from which a light shines. He breaks down the door when his knock is not answered, enters and stumbles over the body of a beautiful woman. Clearly she has been murdered with a boat-hook, but by whom?

In the guise of a retired business man, McCarty unearths many likely clues—rum-smugglers, gamblers, a society woman who will not reveal all she knows—fortunately, since "all" turns out to be the mere fact that she is bored with her husband. But one murder is not enough. The lethal boat-hook is supplemented by poison. Then there is a suicide to polish off neatly at the end and avoid such a commonplace as a trial scene. One crime of violence never seems sufficient for the modern author. But Miss Ostrander writes with the ease of a practised hand. Both construction and dialog are excellent.

McCarty Incog. By Isabel Ostrander. 307 pages. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co $1.75.

A Room with a View

THE Englishman sojourning on the Continent carrying his tin bath and his Baedeker moves in an atmosphre of respectability quite as dense as in Tunbridge Wells. He is content as a rule to put up in a pension which he has reason to believe harbors the *right* kind of tourists, i. e., English of his class, whose antecedents are properly vouched for. Therefore, Lucy Honeychurch, a girl of the upper middle class, who plays the piano rather ill,

"doing" Florence under the chaperonage of her spinster cousin, Charlotte Bartlett, may be excused for her dismay when she discovers that other guests, George Emerson and his old father, simply don't fit. They are not quite nice. It is bruited about that George actually works for a railway company at home. But then the two little elderly Miss Alans *are* nice, and so is Mr. Beebe, the English curate. George and his father, solemn men of vast profundity, always say what they mean. They will not compromise with the false gods of good form, convention, tact.

Lucy has never been kissed, but George, the pessimist, always a believer in direct action, feels impelled to right that unnatural state of affairs. He kisses her, not once but several times—passionate, fleeting kisses. It is very rude of him to be continually jumping from behind obstacles and kissing her when least expected, and of course she doesn't love him. To prove it beyond cavil she becomes engaged to Cecil Vyse, who knows Italy like a book. He is a beautiful man of her own class—such a superior person, with his gold pince-nez and Gothic features. Unfortunately (or fortunately) it never occurs to him that a man is expected to kiss the girl to whom he becomes engaged. Several days after the announcement, he remembers this rather absurd convention. Most properly he asks permission and kisses her. Alas! It wasn't like one of George's.

If Cecil is a prig and a snob, however, George is likewise priggish, and a boor to boot. Mr. Forster describes Lucy as a *jeune fille bien élevée*, so fearful and ashamed of her emotions that she dares not scrutinize them. Obtuse people are not necessarily uninteresting, but Lucy, one feels, is both. What more need be said? If the author's idea was to picture the triumph of human passion (properly sanctioned by marriage) over the artificial caste system and the musty conventions of Tunbridge Wells, he has not succeeded in making it a sympathetic triumph. The limitations of all his characters are too disagreeably obvious.

A Room with a View. By E. M. Forster. 318 pages. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

The Flight

MISS HINE'S story is of Clodagh Laidlaw, beautiful and gifted, yoked to an attractive Philistine, Ian Strangway, and patiently enduring his selfish demands upon her and his complete lack of sympathy for any of her intellectual interests. His unfaithfulness at length gives her wings, and her flight from him and from her empty, uncongenial life takes her to an idyllic island in the Mediterranean, where she finds inspiration and unselfish sympathy, and this makes her realize that she has never loved Ian. Her plan to devote her life to music, however, is dashed by a sudden turn of events that sends her home again.

"The Flight" fails to fulfil the promise shown in Miss Hine's earlier novel, "Torquil's Success." Torquil was well conceived and unconventionally drawn, for a romantic character; we see neither Ian nor Clodagh half so clearly, tho the portrait of the tyrannical Lady Strangways, sketched in almost casually, is an amazingly clever bit of work. But there is real charm in the second half of the book; one feels with Clodagh the enchantment of the lovely, lazy island of Siris and knows a quick sympathy for her tentative gropings after the answer to her problems.

The Flight. By Muriel Hine. 357 pages. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.

Mainspring

THE "Princess," for so Bridget called her godmother, had hoped to serve art as her master, but at the age of twenty-two, owing to an inherited ailment, had to renounce her ambition. It almost killed her. When she discovered in Bridget, however, the promise of all that which had been unfulfilled in her own life, she knew that vicarious self-expression could be hers in the work Bridget was to do—provided her material welfare was settled. This was done. Bridget, therefore, when her school-days were over, spent two years in Paris. Then her beloved sister Ann

LIPPINCOTT BOOKS

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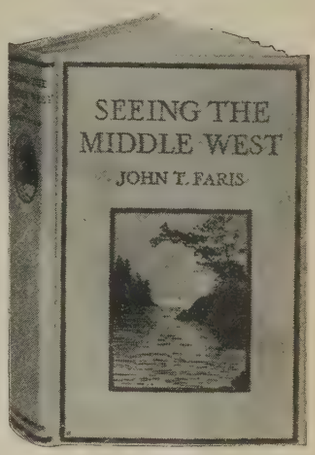
By John T. Faris



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joined her and both settled down in London at their respective professions—art and letters.

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This story is above the average of the season's output because, in spite of the sardonic attitude often taken by the author, her characters are vitally alive. It is not a pleasant book to read. It is more important than that. It is an absorbing biography of two English girls, both of whom embody twentieth-century problems and show just how far the human mind may go in its rebellion against inheritance.

MAINSPRING. By V. H. Friedlaender. 426 pages. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Sir or Madam

LIGHT, fluffy comedy is Berta Ruck's latest love story, "Sir or Madam," but it has been made about ten times too long. One-tenth as long, and the pleasure of the reader would be magnified tenfold. Alas, that that best friend of a parlous writer, the blue pencil, could not have cut away the interminable well-bred parenthetical chatter and let the story come clear!

Sir Ralph Wellalone, a young bachelor, woman-shy, residing on his country estate, engages a chauffeur named Smith; and Smith, having been shown to his room over the garage, doffs his uniform and is revealed to the embarrassed reader as a girl—as the Honorable Guelda Rhos. It is not that Guelda has any designs on Sir Ralph. She does not even know him. It is only her madcap idea of an escapade, but it is this reviewer's idea of a stiff dose to swallow. The reader will say, "Well, she (meaning the author) will have to be mighty careful." Credulity is bound to crack. The plot starts off on thin ice, and there's to be nearly four hundred pages of it—acres and acres of thin ice. If Guelda had fooled only the men, it wouldn't be quite so bad, but she fooled the women, too. And several even fell in love with "him." Still, the improbability may almost be forgiven, since it leads on to a situation of delightful whimsy, as when "Smith," returning to the garage late at night in the feminine apparel of Guelda, thereby compromises "himself" and is properly sacked for the company "he" receives. A satisfying climax follows apace.

SIR OR MADAM. By Berta Ruck. Frontispiece by Edward C. Caswell. 372 pages. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.75.

King of the Castle

HERE is a leisurely tale that, altho it ambles along at too slow a gait, gets sidetracked at every other turn, and stretches the reader's credulity unmercifully, is charmingly written. It has a flavor of Dickens here and there, a touch of Barrie's whimsy now and then, and so, despite its improbability and deliberate manner, is thoroughly enjoyable. A real yet delicate humor peeps through its stodginess—for it is, regrettably, a bit stodgy—and saves many a chapter from dryness. The account of Ezekiel Squance on the golf-links, for instance, provokes audible chuckles.

The plot, a slim affair, is approached through the angle of Christopher Furlong, elderly and dignified lawyer, and his even more elderly and dignified clerk, Ezekiel. Furlong's beautiful young client, Lady Oxborrow, is forced to remarry within two years or, according to the will of her late husband, lose her fortune. Now, Nancy Oxborrow has no desire to marry again, is sure she can never fall in love, but must keep this world's goods for the sake of the charities she is upholding. Furlong arranges a marriage for her with Captain O'Ferrall, a captivating young Irishman who has fallen in love with her at first sight. It is to be only a marriage in name, but it must *appear* to be a close and happy union in every way. There is an opposing faction to whom the money would have gone in case of no marriage, and this faction must be completely hoodwinked. And here comes the first improbability. We do not believe for an instant that two thoroughly alive, young and attractive people, who appeal to each other, could live together as did Nancy and Colin for months. And what was the matter with Nancy, that she held herself so aloof? The third insult to our reasoning apparatus is Ezekiel as valet. We can not see that it was necessary to pluck him from the law office, his niche for fifty-three years, and make him press trousers and draw baths for O'Ferrall as an aid and abetment to the marriage of convenience. However, the last two chapters, the chronicle of Nancy's surrender, are so delightful that we forgive the gymnastics to which plausibility has been put.

KING OF THE CASTLE. By Keble Howard. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.90.

West!

WEST! belongs to a class of books for which there is a real need—the straightforward story told simply without the slightest hint that the author has lately been reading psychoanalysis. Unfortunately, it is a very poor example of this type of book. Mr. Seltzer sets out to prove how inapplicable the principles of a conventional Eastern girl are to the West, "a country in which law is not firmly established." He sets his stage with the West of the movies, that West which "the Creator has touched with a lavish, generous hand," where cowboys who are "bonnie men of muscle and brawn and steel and fire" fight it out with Steel Brannon, ranch boss, for the hero, and Satan Lattimer, king of horse thieves and seducer of women, for the villain. Josephine Hamilton, the conventional Eastern girl, who arrives on the scene to visit her friend, Betty Lawson, is a completely unconvincing character, and at the end of the book she is less vivid than at the beginning, if such a thing is possible. The conversation between the two girls, particularly in the early chapters, is prudish and has little in common with actual conversation. There is always a place for a well-written dramatic-action story of the West, but Mr. Seltzer has not yet mastered the art of creating such a romance.

WEST! By Charles A. Seltzer. New York: The Century Company.

The Subconscious Courtship

IN SPITE of the title, there is nothing in the least Freudian about Berta Ruck's latest novel, "The Subconscious Courtship." No flapper need be afraid to leave it lying about where Grandmother may find it, for there is nothing in it that will bring the blush of shame to the dear old lady's cheek. According to the author's theory, all courtships begin by being subconscious, which is only another way of saying that the two parties to the courtship begin to love each other long before they are aware of it. As nine novels out of ten are based upon this very idea, it can scarcely be called a new one. The novelty in this particular case is that the marriage takes place before the courtship begins.

Clover Elphinstone is a beautiful young widow, head and sole surviving member of the successful firm of Elphinstone Brothers. She is pursued by a swarm of suitors, but she does not want to marry any of them. Their attentions distract her mind from her business, but she does not know how to get rid of them. So long as she is unmarried, they, or others like them, will continue to hover about her. She solves the problem by persuading

Harry Carmichael, a young inventor whom she has met only once, to marry her in return for her help in placing his invention on the market. It is to be a business partnership pure and simple, a marriage in name only.

The plan works very well indeed—for a short time. Then their subconscious minds—or perhaps one should say subconscious hearts—take a hand in the game, and they fall in love with each other. That complicates matters, for each of them feels in honor bound to keep to the letter of their compact and speak no word of love. Needless to say, everything turns out all right in the last chapter. The story is told with the sprightly humor which Berta Ruck's many admirers know so well.

THE SUBCONSCIOUS COURTSHIP. By Berta Ruck. Frontispiece by Edward C. Caswell. 346 pages. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.75.

O. Henry Memorial Prize Stories

THERE is no art-form older than that of the short story. Tales of the gods were related as soon as there were any gods about whom tales could be told. Every tribe, every nation, has its myths and its folk-lore, and these are all short stories, several of them being sometimes grouped around the figure of some god or hero, very much as in later days they were to be grouped, for instance, around the figure of a certain Mr. Sherlock Holmes. In the days of Egypt's power, there were short stories so high in favor that the scribes wrote them down, tales we can now read in Maspero's translation, even as Tut-ankh-Amen may perhaps have read some of them more than three thousand years ago. Governments and fashions change; but the triangle story, the story of the brave youth who won the princess, the story of a wife's devotion, the story of adventures in strange lands, were all popular in his day, just as they are in ours. And now, in the latest volume of the O. Henry Memorial Award prize stories, selected by a Committee of the Society of Arts and Sciences, we have the fine flower of this ancient art, as it blossomed in the work of American authors published in American magazines during the year 1922.

For the reader interested in the art of fiction writing, perhaps the most striking thing about this new volume is the generally high standard of technical excellence the stories display, particularly in the matter of construction. But with recognition of this technical excellence comes a doubt as to whether it has not been given an undue importance, doubt as to whether it is not developing a certain rigidity. With scarcely an exception, the form is better than the content. They are all good stories, the sixteen tales in this volume; but when one remembers the mass of material out of which they were culled, it is difficult not to feel a faint sense of disappointment at not finding more of real significance.

The place of honor is held by Irvin Cobb's "Snake Doctor," the Committee's unanimous choice as the best story of the year, a tale more nearly akin to its author's admirable "Belled Buzzard" than anything he has written in some time. It is a Southern story, very interesting in its depiction of the pitiful victim of the murderer upon whom vengeance fell so quickly, and of the region where it all happened. "Innocence," by Rose Wilder Lane, which won the second prize, is quite remarkable as an achievement in technique. We see and know only what the child Mary Alice saw and knew, yet the impression we receive is one totally different from hers. A third prize—for the best story under three thousand words—has this year been added, and awarded to F. R. Buckley for his ingenious tale of the "Gold-Mounted Guns."

It is not possible here to give separate consideration to each of the stories, but a word must be said for Mary Heaton Vorse's "Twilight of the God," a really thoughtful, well-told tale of considerable substance, showing that sense of life's ironies only too often absent from American fiction. The collection is valuable for those who wish to know something of what is being done in the field of the short story, yet who find it impossible to read more than a few of the many magazines in which such stories appear.

O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES OF 1922. Chosen by the Society of Arts and Sciences. 260 pages. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.90.

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Five Nights at the Five Pines

CAPE COD, with its quaint, reticent inhabitants, is tne scene of "Five Nights at the Five Pines," a story of mystery. To buy any house unseen takes courage; to buy one reported to have "strange goin' ons" takes such as few possess. Mrs. Curdy and her husband were of the few. They had no sooner arrived than Mr. Curdy was called back to New York, and his wife was left to face five nights alone in the old white house.

The Old Captain had lived there, and his son, the New Captain; also Mattie, a waif cast up by the sea and named for the ship from which she had come. She had been taken into the Old Captain's family as a baby; and when she grew up the New Captain had fallen in love with her, but his mother had refused to hear of their marriage. When death claimed him, after many years, and he went forth to test the truth of his occult studies, he willed the house away from Mattie, now an old woman, and left her unprovided for, a village charge. Driven to despair by the knowledge that the house, her only shelter, had been sold to the Curdys, Mattie went clamming one day, and only a drifting boat was left to mark the place where she had been.

Even during Mrs. Curdy's first night at Five Pines, before her husband is called back to New York, there are strange manifestations. After his departure they increase: a message addrest to Mrs. Curdy from Mattie and fluttering from a book carelessly opened; tortured, restless footsteps ascending and descending the stairs all night long; lights appearing in mysterious places; the "mind picture" of a murder. Then the solution, pathetic enough. The author has contrived a clever compounding of the real and the apparently supernatural. The characters are well drawn and stand out vividly against the harsh New England background. The style has a wistful charm that fits well the subject matter.

FIVE NIGHTS AT THE FIVE PINES. By Avery Gaul New York: The Century Co.

Mark Gray's Heritage

THE heritage of Mark Gray seems to resemble that of the bad baronets of Ruddigore: like them, he, apparently,

> Despite his best endeavor,
> Shall do one crime, or more,
> Once, every day, forever!
> This doom he can't defy,
> However he may try,

for he is proved, alas! to come of a stock as wild and free as the plains of the Far West, "with a will as uncircumscribed as the winds themselves," and so does not fit well into the Quaker environment in which he has been reared.

It is perhaps not fair to treat lightly the author's sincere attempt to write a novel of spiritual struggle and conquest, but the temptation to do so is strong when one considers the conversation of these present-day Quakers. Mark Gray must seem to any but the most determinedly sympathetic reader a comic opera absurdity when the author persists in putting into his mouth such speeches as, "Perchance I may be able to aid thee, friend; for my trade is that of a mechanic, and I labor much over disabled motor cars."

The heroine is unbelievably saintly and demure, and indefatigable in quoting Scripture. It is only in the minor characters that one finds any semblance of reality: Hibbard, the villain's friend, usually talks and behaves like a human being, and Flash, the manager of "Bull" Durham, professional wrestler, is the best bit of character drawing in the book. "The Bull" himself is refreshing, if too highly colored, in the opening chapters; but at the end he becomes almost as incredibly virtuous as the Quakers. The book has such conspicuous faults that its good intentions are apt to be entirely overlooked.

MARK GRAY'S HERITAGE. By Eliot H. Robinson. Boston: The Page Company. $1.90.

This Autumn's Book-Avalanche

(*Continued from page 14*)

by Frank Roy Fraprie; and "The Spell of Norway," by Will S. Monroe; "Galapagos, World's End," by William Beebe; and "Voyaging Southward from the Strait of Magellan," by Rockwell Kent.

"We'll take biography next," announced Mr. Gentle Reader when our collection of travel books had been made.

"Shall we begin at home or abroad?" I asked. And, without waiting for the question to be answered, I pulled out the first volume that came to hand. The title read, "The Emperor Nicholas II as I Knew Him," by Major-General Sir John Hanbury Williams, K.C.B., who was chief of the British Ministry in Russia, 1914-1917. The next book, perhaps more a volume of reminiscences than actual biography, since it was of many persons in many parts of the world, Tolstoy, for instance, and William Morris and Stepniak, was by James Mavor. The author called the book "My Window on the Street of the World." The third book brought us back to Russia, and a little more cheerfully. It was "The Memoirs of Cav. Enrico Cacchetti, the Master of the Russian Ballet," by Olga Racster, with a preface by Anna Pavlova. And it seemed as if we could not escape from Russia, for the next find, back to the gloomy side, too, was "Memories of the Russian Court," by Anna Viroubova.

Fortunately the succeeding book brought us home, for altho we were afraid we might be hauled back to Russia—the land of the late Tsar and the present twin Tsars seems to be so much the vogue just now—we wanted at least a moment's respite. The first American book was "My Forty Years in New York," by the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst. The following volume was of France—"The Life of Pierre and Marie Curie," by Marie Curie, translated by Charlotte and Vernon Kellogg. And as something of a companion volume, tho only bound by the mutual tricolor, we placed "Victor Hugo: His Work and Love," by Andrew C. P. Haggard; and then, by jumping across the Channel, "Lord Rosebery: A Critical and Biographical Study," by E. T. Raymond. And after this abroad, what better than to come home with "The New Henry Ford," by Allan L. Benson, and "The Life of an American Sailor: Admiral William Hemsley Emory"? Admiral Albert Cleaves did the editing of the latter, taking his material from the letters and memoirs of his brother officer.

"Oh, here's something about music!" exclaimed Mrs. Gentle Reader. "It's 'My Long Life in Music,' by Professor Leopold Auer, the violinist."

"And here," said I, not without some venom, "is a nice collection of thumbnail biographies—with a little criticism also, it would seem—of some thirty-odd of the gentlemen who are making us all this work——"

"Meaning the authors?" interrupted Mr. Gentle Reader.

"Just that," I answered. "The book is called 'The Gods of Grub Street,' and it is by A. St. John Adcock."

"And also of authors—at least, of one author—part biographical and partly critical (it is labeled 'A Critical Study')—is 'Leonid Andreyev,'" put in Mr. Gentle Reader. "It is by Alexander Kaun."

"But this one is unique," called out his wife. "It is Dr. G. Stanley Hall's autobiography, 'Life and Letters of a Psychologist.'"

"Sort of 'Master, heal thyself'?" I asked.

But before the lady could explain whether or not that had been her meaning—of course, she got the hint from the publisher's notice—I had pulled out "Lady Rose Weigall," by Rachel Weigall; and "De Senectute," by Frederic Harrison; and "Memories of Later Years," by Oscar Browning; "Letters of Samuel Johnson," edited by George Birbeck Hill; "Pink Teas and Politics," being a volume of memoirs by Mrs. J. Borden Harrison; "Mid-West Portraits," by Harry Hansen, whose interest is in those men and women who put the Mid-West on the literary map; and, not the least interesting of all, Charles W. Eliot's "Harvard Memories."

"Does 'man's inhumanity to man' consist in writing about him or in not writing about him?" I asked peevishly, as I straightened up to stretch and get a breath of air.

"Don't think you are done yet," admonished Mrs. Gentle Reader. And for the moment I hated both her and her husband. But as the latter came to my rescue, I relented a little.

"Here is a man who is all linked up with Egypt and Abyssinia and Lord Kitchener, and battles with Arabs. It is called 'Social and Diplomatic Memories, 1894–1901.' It is by the Right Hon. Sir J. Rennell Rodd, G. C. B. And here is another big man," he went on. "Theodore Roosevelt," but this time seen through the English eyes of Lord Charnwood. You remember his 'Abraham Lincoln'?" But before I could answer, Mrs. Gentle Reader was calling out that she had come across another music book—"My Musical Life," by Walter Damrosch.

"You might add to it 'Some Victorian Women,' a book of reminiscences, by Harry Furniss," I suggested, since among the women were Mary Anderson and Lily Langtry, who at least were of the stage.

"What about 'Men and Animals,' which the author, Carl E. Akeley, calls 'An Autobiography'?" asked Mr. Gentle Reader, quite irrelevantly.

"Or 'Grover Cleveland, the Man and the Statesman,' by Dr. Robert McElroy?" I asked. "The book has been three years in the making, the publishers say; it is in two volumes, and the author had the cooperation of Mrs. Preston, who was President Cleveland's wife. And here is another Lincoln book, 'In the Footsteps of the Lincolns,' by Ida Tarbell; and Lafcadio Hearn's 'Two Years in the French West Indies'; and General T. Allen's 'My Rhineland Journal'; and Kate Douglas Wiggin's 'My Garden of Memory,' all very different, and all of which must be very interesting."

"Yes," returned my host. "The fall list of biography and autobiography is unusually good." And I was ready to agree as we added "Richard Olney and His Public Service," by Henry James, Jr.; "Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor," by Henry Holt; "Remembered Yesterdays," by Robert Underwood Johnson; "My Mission to Russia and Other Diplomatic Memories," by Sir George Buchanan, last British Ambassador to Russia; "Lady Henry Somerset," by Kathleen Fitzpatric; "Some Newspapers and Newspapermen," by Oswald Garrison Villard; "Memoirs of an Ambassador," by Freiherr von Schoen, German Ambassador in Paris in 1914; "Memories of an Active Life," by Charles R. Flint; "Boston Days of William Norris Hunt," by Martha A. S. Shannon; and "William Jennings Bryan," by Wayne C. W. Williams.

"The Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill's 'The World Crisis, 1915,' ought to do to lead off with in History," said Mr. Gentle Reader.

"Very well," I said. "And I should imagine that Professor Olmstead's 'History of Assyria' would also be interesting, altho for different reasons." After this we got to work piling up the history books without much comment.

The first book that came to my hand was "Myself and a Few Moros," by Lieutenant Colonel Sydney A. Cloman, U. S. Army; after that came Professor Jesse Wallace Hughan's "A Study of International Government"; Professor Arthur E. Monroe's "Monetary Theory Before Adam Smith"; Poultney Bigelow's "Japan and Her Colonies"; "The Revolution in Ireland, 1906–1923," by Professor Walter Alison Phillips, of the University of Dublin; the revised edition of Professor Charles Downer Hazen's "Europe Since 1915"; our War of Independence seen through English eyes—H. E. Egerton's "The American Revolution"; "Mexico, an Interpretation," by Carleton Beals; "Young India," by Mahatma Gandhi; "The Genesis of the War," by the Rt. Hon. Henry Asquith; "The Mexican Nation: A History," by Professor Herbert Priestley, and Professor Charles H. McIlwain's "The American Revolution."

Other volumes on historical subjects were: "Wonders of the Past," with a distinguished list of contributors, and edited by J. A. Harmerton; "The German Revolution and After," by Heinrich Strobel; "A New History of the Nations," in eight

volumes, edited by John Buchan; "The Pioneer West," edited by John Lewis French; "The Fascist Movement in Italian Life," by Dr. Pietro Gorgolini; "British-American Relations," by J. D. Whelpley, and "The Merchant Marine," by E. Keble Chatterton, late Lieutenant-Commander R. N. V. R.

For our "Miscellaneous" shelves we took up first Religion, ranging the books in a sedate row. The titles were: "The Discovery of God," by Basil King; "Christianity and Social Science: A Challenge to the Church," by Professor Charles H. Ellwood; "Ignatius Loyola," by Henry Dwight Sedgwick; "Folklore in the Old Testament," by Sir James George Frazer, F.R.S.; "Conservatism, Radicalism, and Scientific Method," by Professor A. B. Wolfe; Georges Berguer's "Some Aspects of the Life of Jesus"; Rollin Lynde Hartt's "The Man Himself: The Nazarene"; "Erasmus," by Dr. Preserved Smith; "The Thomas Jefferson Bible," edited by Henry E. Jackson; "More Twice Born Men," by Harold Begbie; "Our Physical Heritage in Christ," by Kenneth Mackensie, D.D.; and "The Story of the Bible," by Hendrik Willem Van Loon.

The remainder of our assortment had to be classified as "Miscellaneous" in earnest, and the first books to come to hand here were volumes Three and Four of "The History of Art," translated from the French of Elie Faure by Walter Pach; "Foundations of the Modern Commonwealth," by A. N. Holcombe; P. A. Martin's "The Republics of Latin America"; "The Book of the Indian," by Hamlin Garland and Frederic Remington; "From Immigrant to Inventor" (largely autobiographical), by Professor Michael Pupin; "Mankind at the Crossroads," by Professor E. M. East; William Lyon Phelps's "As I Like It"; "Rembrandt and His School," by Professor John C. Van Dyke; "American Artists," by Royal Cortissoz; "The Great Game of Politics," by Frank R. Kent; "The Case for Prohibition," by Clarence True Wilson, D.D., and Deets Pickett; "Gilbert Keith Chesterton," by Patrick Braybrooke; Captain David Bone's "The Lookout Man"; "Social Life Among the Insects," by Professor William Morton Wheeler; Professor Walter Thompson's "Federal Centralization"; "Cures," by James J. Walsh, M.D., LL.D.; "The Control of the Social Mind," by Dean Arland D. Weeks; "English Poetry of the Nineteenth Century," by Professors G. R. Elliott and Norman Foster; "Strenuous Americans," by Roy F. Dibble, and "My Crystal Ball," by Elizabeth Marbury.

Other books for our "Grab-Bag," as we soon came to call this heterogeneous assortment, were: "Pious Opinions," by Sir Charles Biron; "Dramatis Personæ," by Arthur Symons; a volume sure to be captivating by Samuel McChord Crothers, entitled "The Cheerful Giver"; and also sure to be captivating, "The Praise of Folly," by Bliss Perry; "Stephen Crane: A Study in American Letters," by Thomas Beer; by Max Beerbohm, "Yet Again"; "The Presbyterian Child," by Joseph Hergesheimer; and "The Story of the World's Literature," by John Albert Macy.

Just when we thought we had attended to everything of prime importance, we stumbled upon three large volumes bearing the noted name of John Drinkwater and containing the cream of all the great books of the past, under the title "The Outline of Literature." Then some one else dug out Sir William Orpen's "The Outline of Art," and by the side of its two finely illustrated volumes we later placed Carolyn Wells's "Outline of Humor." On the same shelf went "What Is Man?" a new volume by J. Arthur Thomson, author of the "Outline of Science." Philip Guedalla's "Masters and Men," a volume of pithy character sketches after the manner of his "The Second Empire," also demanded attention.

"Can we afford to neglect anything written by Theodore Dreiser?" asked Mr. Gentle Reader. "Here is 'The Color of a Great City,' a book of his vivid sketches of NewYork social life, with thirty-eight fine illustrations. And how about 'The Nuptial Flight," by Edgar Lee Masters, the Spoon River Anthology man?"

"But we were all through with fiction!" protested Mrs. Gentle Reader.

"There is always room for one more good novel," replied her husband, sententiously.

"Very well, then," retorted the lady; here is another armful of fiction for you."

So saying, she pulled from under an overhanging ledge two brand-new books by Rafael Sabatini—"Fortune's Fool," a romance of London in Restoration days, and "The Banner of the Bull," containing three episodes in the career of Cæsar Borgia. And tumbling after these came Herbert Quick's "The Hawkeye," a story of the generation that followed "Vandemark's Folly." Also "Love's Pilgrim," by J. D. Beresford, and "Found Money," by George A. Birmingham, the English humorist. We discovered, too, that we had overlooked "Sir John Dering," Jeffery Farnol's new romantic novel of old England in the days of curled perukes and buckled shoes, and that A. S. M. Hutchinson, author of "If Winter Comes," was on hand with a collection of tales called "The Eighth Wonder and Other Stories." Mary S. Watts, the mother of "Nathan Burke," also was gladly admitted with her new American novel, "Luther Nichols."

Of course, these were not all of the books, not even a small fraction of those which the autumn avalanche had brought down about our ears. But an end had to be made some time, and we were ready to knock off for the day—that is to say, Mr. Gentle Reader and I were ready—when Mrs. Gentle Reader wailed, "We've forgotten the children!" And so we had. Not a "Juvenile" had we put on the shelves! But the error could be rectified, and again we set to work.

"Well, if here isn't one of the friends of my childhood!" cried Mrs. Gentle Reader as she held the first book up to view. And it had been a friend of all of us, Anna Sewell's "Black Beauty," back with full-page illustrations in color by Katharine Pyle. Then came story after story for the little folks and the little-bigger-folks: "Audacious Ann," by Archibald Marshall; "Fidelis," by Jane Abbott; "Winona's Dreams Come True," by Margaret Widdemer; "The Spirit of the Leader," by William Heyliger; "The Sea Bird's Quest," by Alfred E. Loomis; "The Timber Treasure," by Frank Lillie Pollock"; "Boys' Playbook of Chemistry," by Raymond F. Yates; "Tranquillity House," by Augusta Huiell Seaman; "Jimmy, the New Boy," also by Archibald Marshall; "Days of the Commanders," in Great Days in American History Series; "Bedtime Stories," by Mary Graham Bonner; "Boys and Girls of Bookland," by Nora Archibald Smith; "The Rainbow Cat and Other Stories," by Rose Fyleman, and also by the same author, "The Fairy Green," "The Fairy Flute," and "Rose Fyleman's Fairy Book."

"Well, if here isn't our old friend Haroun Er Raschid," exclaimed Mr. Gentle Reader. "His 'Adventures,' edited from 'The Arabian Nights,' by Frances Jenkins Olcott."

"While here," said I, "are 'Stories from the Arabian Nights,' retold by Laurence Houseman. You can take your choice." Nevertheless, we could not linger over these old tales, for there were many new ones still to be recorded. There was "The Great Adventure of Mrs. Santa Claus," by Sarah Addington; and "In the Land of Diggeldy Dan," by Edwin P. Norwood; "In Desert and Wilderness," by Henryk Sienkiewicz, illustrated by Remington Schuyler; "Crossings: A Fairy Play," by Walter de la Mare; "New Stories to Tell Children," by Sara Cone Bryant; "A Boy of the Lost Crusade," by Agnes Danforth Hewes; "Stories of the Vikings," by Maurice Dunlap; "The Bear Family at Home, and How the Circus Came to Visit Them," by Curtis D. Wilbur; "Stories from the Early World," by R. M. Fleming; "Wongo and the Wise Old Crow," by Grace and Carl Moon; "Snythergen," by Hal Garrott; "The Young Knight," by I. M. B. of K.; "Marjory's Discovery," by Alice E. Allen; "Mr. Do Something of the Island of Make Believe," by Blanche E. Wade; "The Story of Naughty Kildeen," by Queen Marie of Roumania, with hand-colored illustrations, and—

But Mr. and Mrs. Gentle Reader had fainted, and I fear it will be impossible to revive them before next spring. As for me, I suffered horribly for some time after from a succession of nightmares in which I was pursued by an army of strange creatures that appeared to be books and who besieged me for recognition, as I sat hammering out my review on the typewriter.

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Author of "Hungry Hearts," "Salome, of the Tenements," etc.

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To the average American, "raw" immigrants are perhaps both mysteries and curiosities, people to be pitied and wondered at as they pass through our ports into this land of promise — wistful, frightened, eager, expectant — strange of speech and strange of thought. Our knowledge of them probably ends with knowing how they look and that hordes of them live in the seething, sordid, mysterious "East Side of New York"—the Ghetto.

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From Queen Victoria to Spoon River

(*Continued from page 46*)

resignation and docility. He was neither an imbecile nor even a simpleton, and some of the stories which people at The Pines have repeated stretch our credulity too far. . . . I can not force myself to believe that he continually played with a terra-cotta new-born babe merging from an egg-shell. Gossip is all very well, but there should be a limit to the permissible ridicule of one who was a noble poet and a man of commanding intellectual gifts.

In his review of Lady Jekyll's "Kitchen Essays," Mr. Gosse gives a typical example of the entertaining use to which he is constantly putting his wide and curious reading, when he recalls the poet Waller's recipe for brewing tea. "The Water," said the poet, who was one of the few poets that ever lived who advocated and practised teetotalism, "is to remain upon the Tea no longer than while you can say the Miserere Psalm very leisurely." It is to be feared that the practical drawback to this recipe nowadays will be that so few tea-drinkers can say their "Miserere."

Which leads on to Mr. Gosse's essay on "How to Read the Bible," in which he startlingly brings home to us the change of attitude toward the Bible which has slowly but surely invaded even orthodox minds. "The conviction of most people half a century ago," he says, "may be summed up in words which were constantly repeated in my ears as a child. The Bible, in its English translation, was regarded, from Genesis to Malachi, from Matthew to Revelation, as dictated to its so-called authors, but more properly transcribers, by the Holy Ghost. It was definitely affirmed that not merely the doctrine, but the actual language, was divine, incapable of error, superior to all the frailties which accompany human literature." The pendulum has indeed swung far in our day, perhaps too far, when the book which the simple-minded queen declared to be "the secret of England's greatness" can scarcely get itself read by the younger generation, even as great literature. Doubtless this comes, like the well-nigh universal boredom with rice-pudding, of its having been so implacably forced upon us in our childhood.

As we have said, Mr. Gosse is a "bookman," a "bibliophile," in the technical sense of those words, cherishing a library containing many "rarities" which his brother-collectors envy him, and this volume, like its predecessors, contains several essays which reveal him in that character. One of these deals with the catalog, itself a beautiful book in five volumes, of "A Great American Library," that of John Henry Wrenn, a paper-maker of Chicago, born in 1841. Of him Mr. Gosse says:

He made a fortune by his typical American energy in business, and then determined to enjoy himself rationally. Why he "took up" book-collecting, I know not, but about thirty years ago a very gentle, rather shy, sentimentally persistent American gentleman began to make an annual visit to London in search of first editions. He had the good fortune to secure Mr. Wise's acquaintance [Mr. Thomas J. Wise, the well-known English bibliophile and bibliographer], and the wisdom to avail himself of that expert's unparalleled experience. Wrenn's name was never in the newspapers, but every autumn, when he went back to Chicago, the books were in his baggage.

Mr. Gosse gives us an entertaining bird's-eye view of the Wrenn treasures. Mr. Wrenn's aim as a collector was to gather together "books of real literary value, for which the pages of any other catalog will be searched in vain," and he specialized chiefly in English literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Himself an "amateur" of those two centuries, Mr. Gosse's mouth so to speak, waters at Wrenn's "galaxy of Addison and Prior and Gay, of Fielding and Goldsmith and Smollett." But even rare things provoke Mr. Gosse's envy: "twelve separate first editions of Tickell, twenty-six of Savage, fifty-one of Garrick." "It is enough to make the Bodleian fling itself into the arms of the British Museum and sink there in a swoon. The Popes, too, are wonderful, and nearly one hundred in number. Prodigious! as Dominie Sampson would say. But I observe, with a gleam of malice," Mr. Gosse concludes, in the true bibliomaniac spirit, as you will find it illustrated in Dr. Hill Burton's "Book-Hunter," "that the rarest and best of the 'Dunciads,' the B of Thom's list, is absent."

An even more interesting paper is that of "The Daniel Press," that quaint private press of the Rev. Henry Daniel, of Oxford, through which, before the laureateship made it known to the world at large, the exquisite poetry of Robert Bridges first made its appearance in small privately printed editions, now among the rarest treasures of the modern collector. In recounting the origin of "The Daniel Press," Mr. Gosse throws light on a proverbial character, of whom most of us have no further knowledge than is conveyed in the famous quatrain beginning

I do not like you, Dr. Fell;
The reason why I can not tell. . . .

Dr. Fell seems to have got himself disliked from being a particularly jealous type of proctor, going "early in the morning to the chambers of noblemen and gentlemen-commoners, 'to see what progress they made in their studies,'" naturally an unpopular proceeding. Dr. Fell's good side, however, was exprest in his zeal for printing editions of the classics, for which he had a special type manufactured. It was this type, which had not been used for nearly two hundred years, that Daniel secured from the Clarendon Press and thereafter used for his own editions. Among these one of the rarest is "The Garland of Rachel," a collection of poems celebrating the printer's little daughter, written by such men as Dolson, Lang, Symonds, Henley, Courthope, Locker-Lampson, and Bridges. From these contributions Mr. Gosse reprints a verse of Lang's ballade, which, as it has never been reprinted elsewhere, the reader may care to see:

'Tis distance lends, the poet says,
Enchantment to the view,
And this makes possible the praise
Which I bestow on you.
For babies roseate of hue
I do not always care,
But distance paints the mountains blue,
And Rachel always fair.

Whatever the reader's tastes, be he "contemporary" or "reactionary," classic or romantic, a frequenter of the great highways or the out-of-the-way corners of literature, he will find something to suit them in Mr. Gosse's entertaining "Gallimaufry," of which, as presumably, while it has been printing, he has each Sunday continued to contribute similar "sermons" from that "secular pulpit in *The Sunday Times*, it is to be hoped we shall soon have a further instalment.

Children of Chance

LIKE the most successful of movie scenarios, "Children of Chance" unwinds its plot of double impersonation, which to those of us who are familiar with cinematograph usage is delightfully old and undisturbing. In this concoction of staginess reality is swept off its feet and Binny Clay, a little down-at-the-heel variety girl, suddenly becomes the London stage favorite, Lola Arnaut. We have a villain and a fire in which he is killed, and not a single old trick so dear to the movies, from the boudoir, with its white cat and exotic perfumes, to the murder in the limousine as it spins along in the park at midnight, has been omitted.

Despite the fact that, judged by realistic standards, Anthony Carlyle's new book seems a caricature, it is sincere and entertaining, a conventional love story set in a stage-box. No matter how fragile or how tawdry, the stage is a sure-fire success with the lay public. Perhaps it is because in the most sedate and unimaginative of us there is an overwhelming desire to flit about in the limelight and express ourselves to an audience.

"Children of Chance" whips along at an alarming pace, with emphasis on only the most interesting details, and is never tedious. Perhaps that is all that one should ask of a light romance.

CHILDREN OF CHANCE. By Anthony Carlyle. 295 pages. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.

New Books for Boys and Girls

(*Continued from page 56*)

by Mr. Gilbert of light-opera fame before his death, is a delectable juvenile book, bound in blue covers with yellow-edged pages and attractive illustrations in colors by Alice B. Woodward. The reading matter presents to children all the fresh humor of the original operetta. Every child will love the meaning of *Yum-Yum*, the name of the young girl of the story, for, when translated, it means:

> The full moon of delight which sheds her remarkable beams over a sea of infinite loveliness, thus indicating a glittering path by which she may be approached by those who are willing to brave the perils which necessarily await the daring adventurers who seek to reach her by those means.

Sarah Addington's "The Great Adventure of Mrs. Santa Claus"[10] is written quite charmingly, but it is rather upsetting when even Santa Claus has to succumb to the Woman Movement. Novelty and originality are desirable, but not when used to remodel the most beautiful of all childhood legends. Santa Claus in this book broke his leg, and Mrs. Santa Claus drove the reindeer and took the pack of presents on Christmas Eve while Santa remained home in bed. I simply don't believe it! Santa Claus couldn't have broken his leg just before Christmas, nor could he even miss one Christmas Eve of chimney descents.

To one who has read "The Pilgrim's Progress" as Bunyan wrote it, the abridged edition by Edith Freelove Smith[11] is a disappointment. It is as tho one went back to a place very much loved in one's childhood and found it sadly different. The same houses might still be there, and most of the people, but an indescribable feeling of something missing oppresses one at the same time. It is true that the abridged edition has been worked out carefully, but it lacks the vividness of Bunyan's own work. Even the old theological discussions were an essentially quaint addition to Christian's journey. There are always some who will not care for "The Pilgrim's Progress," but it does not seem to me that such people will care for it any more in this form, unless it may be for the fact that now they can say they have read it and that it didn't take them long to do so. Bunyan's own intensely picturesque quality is missing. "The Franconia Stories" could stand abridgment, but "The Pilgrim's Progress" is a different proposition. Children don't expect to pack up their bags and go in search of a Celestial City. They don't see themselves in *Christian's* part. *Christian* and his friends and enemies are a set of people such as they have never known and never will know, and they are interested in them *because* of their graphic, vivid, active, animated morality. With much of this left out, the book falls rather flat. The illustrations by Harriet Savage Smith are good, tho the company of Fiends look far more fiendish than *Apollyon* looks hideous. But, on the whole, what a good list of early autumn books!

MARY GRAHAM BONNER.

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[10] THE GREAT ADVENTURE OF MRS. SANTA CLAUS. By Sarah Addington. Illustrated by Gertrude A. Kay. 108 pages. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.75.

[11] THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By John Bunyan. Abridged by Edith Freelove Smith. Illustrated by Harriet Savage Smith. 152 pages. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. $1.50.

Otto Pick, the German critic, has made an interesting study in "Deutsche Dichter aus der Tschecho-Slovakei," a collection of twenty-six short stories written by German writers who are natives of Czecho-Slovakia, with an introduction in which he contends that it is a mistake to call these authors "Austrian," since they have nothing in common with the literature produced in Vienna. Nor are they influenced to any considerable extent by Czech literature. The chief features of their work, says Herr Pick, are unrest and a fondness for escape from reality into the realm of dream, and that they accordingly exhibit strong tendencies toward romanticism. (Reichenberg: Heris Verlag.)

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VICTOR HUGO: HIS WORK AND LOVE. By Andrew C. P. Haggard. Illustrated with Reproductions of old portraits and prints. New York: George H. Doran Co. $6.

The romance of the great French romancer from 1823 to 1851, describing especially his relations with Juliette Drouet.

SINGER'S PILGRIMAGE. By Blanche Marchesi. With sixteen illustrations. Boston: Small, Maynard and Co. $4.

Presents an extraordinary amount of musical material—personalities, experiences and reflections.

FATHER TABB: A STUDY OF HIS LIFE AND WORKS: WITH UNCOLLECTED AND UNPUBLISHED POEMS. By Francis A. Litz. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. $2.50.

By elaborating a brief autobiography which Father Tabb gave to the author in 1916, Mr. Litz has succeeded in giving a complete account of the life of the most reticent of American poets.

A CALM REVIEW OF A CALM MAN. By Samuel G. Blythe. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 75 cents.

A sympathetic summary of the administration and personality of President Harding, being the magazine article which Mrs. Harding was reading to the President when he died.

JEFFERSON DAVIS: PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTH. By H. J. Eckenrode. New York: The Macmillan Co.

A study of the politico-military history of the Confederacy, embodying for the first time the wealth of material found in the mass of Confederate correspondence in the official records.

LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE. Edited by Edwin A. Alderman, Charles A. Smith and John C. Metcalf. Vol. XVII. Supplement I. Illustrated. Atlanta, Ga.: The Martin & Hoyt Co.

The 642 pages of this supplementary volume are devoted to biographical sketches of thirty-three Southern authors (nearly all living), and to selected passages from their works.

"H. B." AND LAURENCE IRVING. By Austin Brereton. With eight illustrations. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $3.

The official biographer of Henry Irving here gives an equally official life of the great actor's two sons.

THE REAL ROBERT BURNS. By J. L. Hughes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.75.

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A GALILEE DOCTOR: BEING A SKETCH OF THE CAREER OF DR. D. W. TORRANCE OF TIBERIAS. By W. P. Livingstone. Illustrated New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.

Life-story of the first modern Christian physician to heal and teach on the shores of the Lake of Galilee.

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INTERNATIONAL ASPECTS OF UNEMPLOYMENT. By Watson Kirkconnel. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.25.

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ECONOMIC PEACE. By R. R. Bowker. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.

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An incoherent attack on the University of Chicago and the works of certain psychologists.

Nature

SOCIAL LIFE AMONG THE INSECTS. By William Morton Wheeler. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Results of the latest research among the social insects, notably wasps, bees and ants, picturing their extraordinary development in the control of food-problems and the like.

BIRDS I HAVE KNOWN. By Richard Harper Laimbeer. Illustrated with fifty colored plates and forty-eight snapshots from life. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.

This book is the result of the author's devotion to birds and his close observation of those commonly seen on Long Island.

STORIES ABOUT HORSES. Retold from *St. Nicholas*. Illustrated. New York: The Century Co. $1.25.

The best tales of their kind that have appeared in a popular magazine for children.

THE ADVENTURES OF A LION FAMILY. By A. A. Pienaar. Translated from the Afrikaans by B. and E. D. Lewis. With introduction by Sir Percy Fitzpatrick. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.

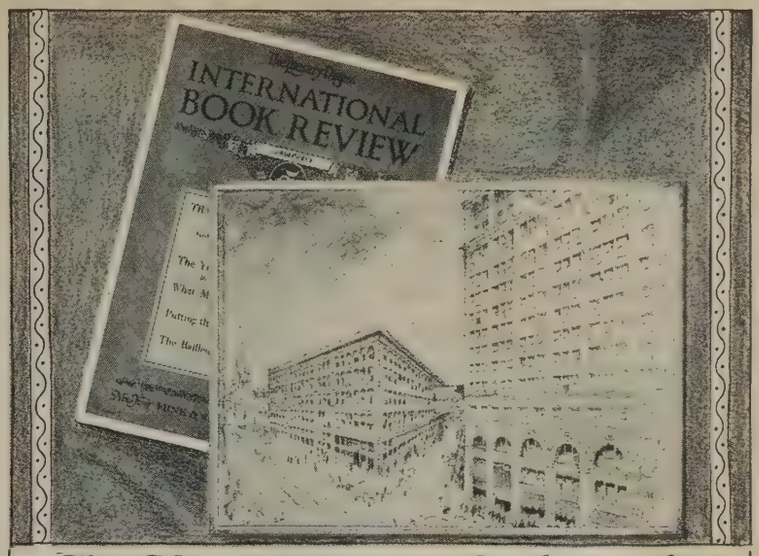
Studies of wild life in East Africa by a Dutch South African who absorbed the spirit of the wilderness there in his youth.

ANIMAL PERSONALITIES. By Samuel A Derieux. Illustrated. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.

New and true stories of dogs, horses and other animals of the field and farmyard, told in popular style.

BOTANY: THE SCIENCE OF PLANT-LIFE. By Norman Taylor. New York: Harper & Brothers. $3.

Graphic family-histories of all the ordinary flowers and plants



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telling how they live, whence they came, and how to use them.

BRIER-PATCH PHILOSOPHY. By "Peter Rabbit." Interpreted by William J. Long. Illustrated by Charles Copeland. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.

New edition of a popular book of natural history and kindly wisdom told from the view-point of birds and animals.

JUNGLE BEASTS AND MEN. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

The tigers, elephants, giant snakes and other folk of the Indian jungle are here depicted by a native who has lived among them.

Poetry

CUPS OF ILLUSION. By Henry Bellamann. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

The poems in this volume originally appeared in *The Century Magazine* and various other popular periodicals.

ELLEN PRIOR. By Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

A poem of 178 pages telling the story of Ellen Prior's love, her rival, and her tragic fate, all against a beautiful background of New England hills.

LOVE POEMS OF THREE CENTURIES, 1600-1900. Chosen and Edited by Jessie F. O'Donnell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

This collection of English, American, Scotch, and Irish love poems, first published in 1890, is now issued in a new edition with the two volumes in one.

SECOND CONTEMPORARY VERSE ANTHOLOGY. By Charles Wharton Stork. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.

The editor of *Contemporary Verse* here presents another collection of the best poems that have appeared in his magazine.

THE ANCIENT BEAUTIFUL THINGS. By Fannie Stearns Davis (Mrs. Gifford). New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.

Many of Mrs. Gifford's new poems center about the idea of home, and some of the most appealing are in words as from the heart of a child.

FRAGMENTS OF A LIFE. By A. Zimmerman. Published by the author.

Another slender volume of poems from the author of "A Singer in Exile."

KNIGHTS ERRANT, AND OTHER POEMS. By Sister M. Madeleva New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.

Inspirational lyrics by a Roman Catholic nun.

WILLIAM HEMMINGE'S ELEGY ON RANDOLPH'S FINGER. With introduction and notes by G. C. Moore Smith. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

First publication of a facetious elegy written about 1632 by the son of one of the editors of the First Folio of Shakespeare when his friend had a finger cut off in a fray.

TINKER, TAILOR: A CHILD'S GUIDE TO THE PROFESSIONS. By A. P. Herbert. Illustrated. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

Humorous verses, mostly from *Punch*, describing the peculiarities of the various professions.

TERSE VERSE AND WORSE. By Paul Libby. Philadelphia: Dorrance & Co. $1.

Rimes that have appeared in *Life* and other publications.

INTELLIGENCE TESTING: METHODS AND RESULTS. By Rudolf Pintner, Ph.D. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.50.

A comprehensive survey of a movement which is having a decided influence on education. Treats of the rise and growth of the movement, the tests used and the results thus far obtained.

HOW TO DEVELOP WILL-POWER AND PERSONAL MAGNETISM. By Dr. David H. Reeder. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.50.

A treatise on dynamic magnetism and an advanced course in self-development through the power of the human will.

THE CONQUEST OF SELF. By Louis E. Bisch. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.

A practical book for mothers and fathers, employers and employees, telling, with many illustrative examples, how to know one's own personality.

Religion

RELIGION AND LIFE: THE FOUNDATIONS OF PERSONAL RELIGION. By The Very Rev. William Ralph Inge and others. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.

Six connected chapters by six English divines and scientists showing upon what foundations a personal religion may rest, and what are some of the hindrances to spiritual development.

THE FAITH THAT OVERCOMES THE WORLD: STUDIES IN SPIRITUAL PSYCHOLOGY. By Van Rensselaer Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.

Analyzes the chief evils that faith can overcome, and gives specific directions for the use of faith in crushing out these evils from one's life.

THE MYSTICISM OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. By D. H. S. Nicholson. Illustrated with reproductions of etchings by Laurenzo Laurenzi. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $3.50.

A sympathetic and reverent study of the mysticism of St. Francis, made in conformity with the main doctrines of Christian mysticism.

MYSTICISM OF EAST AND WEST: STUDIES IN MYSTICAL AND MORAL PHILOSOPHY. By William Loftus Hare. With an introduction by J. Estlin Carpenter. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Discusses the great religions, their similarities and differences; also the great philosophies, ancient and modern.

BIBLE STORIES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By Sarah Elizabeth Dawes. Illustrated in color. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $2.50.

The story of the flood, the adventures of Abraham, the episode of Joseph and his brethren, and nearly two dozen other tales from the Old and New Testament retold in simple and attractive narrative.

SHORT MISSIONARY PLAYS AND MORE SHORT MISSIONARY PLAYS. By Margaret T. Applegarth. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1 each.

Two volumes of simple plays adapted for the use of Sunday schools, young people's societies and missionary groups.

A COMPLETE GUIDE TO CHURCH BUILDING. By P. E. Burroughs. Illustrated. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.50.

A practical treatise on the principles and ideals for the guidance of architects, pastors and building committees in the planning of church and Sunday school buildings.

NEW LIGHT UPON INDIAN PHILOSOPHY; OR, SWEDENBORG AND SAIVA SIDDHANTA. By D. Gopaul Chetty. With a foreword by L. B. de Beaumont. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

Points out some remarkable analogies between Swedenborg's teachings and the Tamil philosophy of India.

MONUMENTS OF THE EARLY CHURCH. By Walter Lowrie. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Gives a general view of all branches of early Christian art and archeology, with a detailed description of many of the most representative monuments.

CATHOLIC GROWTH IN THE UNITED STATES. By Most Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, D.D. Pittsburgh: Catholic Truth Society. 15 cents.

Archbishop Canevin's study of the losses and gains in the Roman Catholic population of the United States since 1780, as set forth in this brochure, leads him to the conclusion that there were 22,733,254 Catholics in this country in 1920.

JESUS CHRIST AND THE MODERN CHALLENGE: CAN WE STILL BELIEVE IN HIS DIVINITY? By Frederic C. Spurr. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50.

Undertakes to refute the chief doubts raised by modern criticism in regard to the incarnation, the virgin birth, the credibility of miracles and the resurrection of Jesus.

THE CERTAINTY OF GOD. By Wilfrid J. Moulton. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

A Student Christian Movement handbook on Christian doctrine in terms of modern thought.

A QUEST FOR SOULS. By Rev. George W. Truett. New York: George H. Doran Co. Seventh edition. $1.50.

A complete series of evangelistic sermons and services by a master of the art of forensic appeal.

THE BOOK OF JOB: A METRICAL VERSION. By A. H. Mumford. With an introductory essay, "The Significance of the Book of Job," by A. S. Peake. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.75.

A new translation of Job in verse—popular in the best sense of the term.

THE HOME AND CHURCH TITHING. Rev. Jas. T. Gaskill. Atlanta, Ga.: A. B. Caldwell Publishing Co.

An earnest plea for a system under which everybody would give one-tenth of all his income for religious purposes.

SOCIAL IMPERATIVES. By Craig S. Thoms. Philadelphia: The Judson Press. $1.25.

Professor Thoms aims to interpret the moral forces that pervade American life, setting forth especially eight striking needs of society.

Science

EMERGENT EVOLUTION. By C. Lloyd Morgan, F.R.S. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.25.

Gifford lectures delivered at the University of St. Andrews in 1922. The author was a pupil of Huxley and has given much thought to the philosophical implications of evolutionary science.

ASTRONOMY: THE SCIENCE OF THE HEAVENLY BODIES. By David Todd. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. $3.

The story of astronomy from the days of the ancient Chaldean shepherds to the present—by the director of the observatory at Amherst College.

THIS EARTH OF OURS: TALKS ABOUT MOUNTAINS AND RIVERS, VOLCANOES, EARTHQUAKES AND GEYSERS AND OTHER THINGS. By Jean-Henri Fabre. Translated from the French by Percy F. Bicknell. New York: The Century Co. $2.50.

Fabre's books for young people on the wonders of nature and science have long been classics in France. This one gives a general account of the earth's wonders.

LIGHT AND COLOUR. By R. A. Houstoun. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.

A popular treatment of the spectrum, the nature of light, color photography, and allied subjects.

THE BOOK OF THE MICROSCOPE. By A. Frederick Collins. With many diagrams. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

Explains the uses of the microscope, how to observe plant and animal life through it, and the whole fascinating world it opens up—in plain language for the beginner.

CHANCE AND ERROR: THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION. By Marsh Hopkins. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.

A mathematical study of chance in all its aspects, the author's thesis being that the vagaries of chance are "the result of the interference of 'yes' and 'no.'"

FIELD-BOOK OF COMMON ROCKS AND MINERALS. By Frederic Brewster Loomis. Illustrated in color and half-tone. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

A practical handbook for identifying the rocks and minerals of the

United States and interpreting their origins and meanings.

THE OCCULT SCIENCES: A COMPENDIUM OF TRANSCENDENTAL DOCTRINE AND EXPERIMENT. By Arthur Edward Waite. Second printing. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

An account of magical practises, of secret sciences in connection with magic, of the professors of magical arts, and of modern spiritualism, mesmerism and theosophy.

Travel

A WOMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF GERMAN NEW GUINEA. By Lilian Overell. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $4.

Adventures and observations of a young woman among little-known and untamed aborigines. Along with its thrills the book presents valuable ethnological facts.

THE LAW OF THE KINSMEN. By Lord Shaw of Dunfermline. With a foreword by ex-President William Howard Taft. New York: George H. Doran Co. $3.50.

Lord Shaw's impressions of America, friendly in spirit and vivacious in style.

BEAUTIFUL AMERICA. By Vernon Quinn. With thirty-nine illustrations from photographs. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $4.

Describes the scenic wonders of America, our national parks, mountains, lakes, seashores and cañons.

THE LONDON OF THACKERAY: BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE HAUNTS OF THACKERAY'S CHARACTERS. By E. Beresford Chancellor. Illustrated. New York: George H. Doran Co. $6.

Describes London as it was known to the Newcomes, Pendennis, Becky Sharp, and Sir Rawdon Crawley.

OLD ENGLISH TOWNS. By William Andrews and Elsie M. Lang. Illustrated. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $4.50.

Descriptive and historical accounts of forty-three of the more important old English towns, their chief buildings, remarkable episodes and old-time social life.

CHINA IN THE FAMILY OF NATIONS. By Henry T. Hodgkin. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.

Dr. Hodgkin, who has had twenty years' experience in China, draws a vivid picture of the present international relationships of that country.

MY ADVENTURES IN BOLSHEVIK RUSSIA. By Odette Keun. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.

The remarkable experiences of a woman Socialist who spent three months in Russia under painful circumstances. "Bolshevik Russia has broken my heart!" she cries.

THE FAR EASTERN REPUBLIC OF SIBERIA. By Henry Kittredge Norton. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.50.

An authoritative account of what has happened in the last four years in the eastern extremity of the Russian Empire.

MATAHARI: IMPRESSIONS OF THE SIAMESE-MALAYAN JUNGLE. Illustrated. By H. O. Morgenthaler. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.50.

Adventures of a Swiss scientist in the wildest parts of Siam. The author's knowledge of the Malay speech brought him very close to the life of the people.

THE LURE OF OLD PARIS. By C. H. Crichton. With eight illustrations. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.

Major Crichton infuses a story-interest into his accounts of Notre Dame, the Hotel des Invalides, Montmartre and various corners of Paris seldom seen by tourists.

FATHER THAMES. By Walter Higgins. Illustrated. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $2.50.

A historic and scenic account of the towns and cities in the Thames Valley, liberally illustrated with line-drawings by an English artist.

THE MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE: AN UP-TO-DATE HANDBOOK FOR TRAVELERS By Rolland Jenkins. With forty illustrations (some in color) and nine maps. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

With the experience of many Mediterranean cruises behind him, Mr. Jenkins has produced a concise yet comprehensive volume of information on all the countries bordering upon that sea.

LANDS OF THE THUNDERBOLT: SIKHIM, CHUMBI AND BHUTAN. By the Earl of Ronaldshay. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $5.

Travels among little-known peoples in the Eastern Himalayas, where the lamaism of the Buddhists reigns supreme.

PATROLLING IN PAPUA. By W. R. Humphries. With introduction by J. H. P. Murray. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.50.

Adventures in the least known of the South Sea Islands. The author, a young British officer, twice blazed a trail across the trackless interior and lived among its cannibal tribes.

JAVA AND THE EAST INDIES. By Frank G. Carpenter. Garden City, N. Y.: $4.

This new volume in Carpenter's World Travel series describes Java, Celebes, the Moluccas, New Guinea, Borneo and the Malay Peninsula, with 125 photographic illustrations and two maps in color.

THE HAPPY TRAVELER: A BOOK FOR POOR MEN. By Frank Tatchell. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.25.

A practical yet amusing guide to many foreign lands, in which the author outlines alluring trips to be taken inexpensively on foot or otherwise.

ALGERIA TO-DAY. By Lieut.-Col. Gordon Casserly. Illustrated. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $4.

A keen-eyed soldier's travels all over the thriving French colony of Algeria, with the story of the wonders that General Lyautey has worked there in ten years.

THE CHINA YEAR BOOK, 1923. Edited by H. G. W. Woodhead. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $12.

This stout volume of 1242 pages, printed in Tientsin, is crammed with facts and figures about business and political affairs in China. One of its thirty-four chapters is a Who's Who of prominent Chinese.

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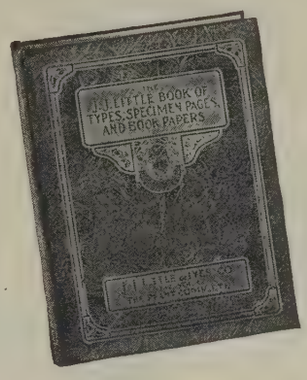

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A Close-up of Books and Authors

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN and H. L. Mencken, who have been editors of the *Smart Set*, and both of whom are well known as critics and essayists, are to edit a new monthly review to be established by Alfred A. Knopf under the name of *The American Mercury*. The first number is expected to make its appearance in January. The publisher's announcement states that the new publication is not intended to be a rival to any existing review, and that it will cover a larger ground than any of them. We are assured that no cult or tendency will dominate its pages and that it will be open to conflicts of opinion, so long as those conflicts avoid sham. It will consider not only the fine arts but also American politics, American governmental problems, American industrial and social relations, and American science. It will seek to maintain the point of view of the civilized minority.

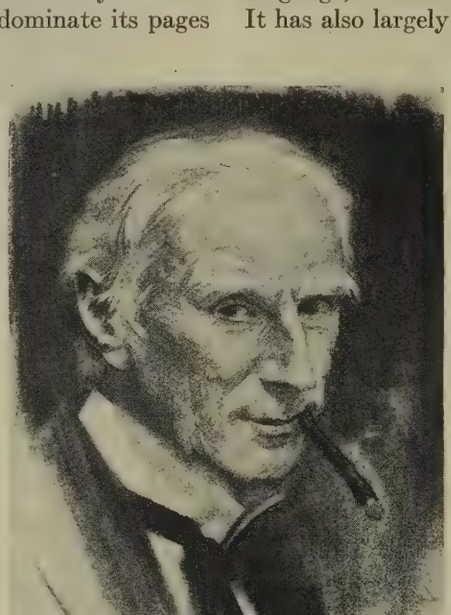
The Atlantic Monthly Press is offering a prize of $2,000, to be known as the Charles Boardman Hawes Prize, for the manuscript of a story of adventure, preferably not less than 60,000 words, to be submitted before October 1, 1924. The prize is offered as a tribute to the memory of the late Charles Boardman Hawes, author of "The Mutineers," "The Great Quest" and "The Dark Frigate," and in the hope of discovering another author sufficiently gifted to succeed to Mr. Hawes's place as a writer of adventures. The successful competitor will receive the usual royalties in addition to the prize.

William Webster Ellsworth, who wrote "A Golden Age of Authors," and who was connected with the Century Company for more than thirty years, now devotes all his time from October to June to lecturing, chiefly in colleges and schools, on literary and historical subjects. Last season Mr. Ellsworth had one hundred and fifty lecture engagements, and there will be fully as many during the coming season.

Some idea of the multitude of books inspired by the World War may be gained from the report that the French War Library and Museum has a collection of 8,000 volumes from America alone dealing with the great conflict. This number is exceeded both by France and by Germany, however, for it is estimated that Germany has produced 25,000 volumes and France more than 15,000 dealing with the same subject.

Dodd, Mead & Co. announce that they have arranged to become the American publishers for Hall Caine, whose new novel, "The Woman of Knockaloe," they will bring out October 20.

From Curtis Brown, Ltd., of London and New York, comes the news that arrangements have been made for the following translations: "The Pit," by Frank Norris, in Polish; "Babbitt," by Sinclair Lewis, in Swedish; "Sixes and Sevens," by O. Henry, in Russian; "The Story of Mankind," by Hendrik van Loon, in Italian; "Brass," by Charles Norris, in Danish-Norwegian; "Cytherea," by Joseph Hergesheimer, in Danish-Norwegian; "Biography of Enrico Caruso," by Pierre Key, in German; and "Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement," by Ray Stannard Baker, in French and German. From another source it is learned that Mr. Baker's book has also been translated into the Bohemian language, and is shortly coming out in Italian as well as in French. It has also largely gone into Japanese.



EPHRAIM TUTT

The Hero of Arthur Train's Stories, as Gordon Henderson sees him

By the unanimous decision of the judges, Miss Margaret Wilson, of Chicago, has been declared the winner in the Harper $2,000 Prize Novel contest. Her novel, "The Able McLoughlins," is a story of pioneer life in Iowa. Miss Wilson was born in Traer, Tama County, Iowa, in 1882, and is a graduate of the University of Chicago. She has been a missionary in India, and more recently a school teacher. The judges in the contest were Jesse Lynch Williams, Henry Seidel Canby and Carl Van Doren.

New editions of Samuel Butler's translations of the Iliad and the Odyssey into English prose and of his "The Authoress of the Odyssey" have recently been published by Duttons. In the last-named book the author advances the theory that the Odyssey was written by a woman and that it was written about a hundred years later than the Iliad.

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce for fall publication a new book by Rudyard Kipling, entitled "Land and Sea Tales for Boys and Girls." It is a collection of stories and poems, some of which have never before appeared in print.

Herbert S. Gorman, whose name is familiar to readers of the INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW, has collected some of his critical essays into a book with the title, "The Procession of Masks." It is published by the B. J. Brimmer Company.

Edith Wharton, who was made a member of the French Legion of Honor for her services during the war, has been further honored by being made an officer of the Legion. The degree of Doctor of Letters was conferred upon her by Yale University last June.

It is rumored that Rodolfo Valentino is to play the part of Julian de Medici in the film version of Ben Hecht's mystery story, "The Florentine Dagger," published recently by Boni & Liveright.

Gordon Hill Grahame's novel, "The Bond Triumphant," which was awarded the Hodder & Stoughton prize of $2,500 for the best novel by a Canadian, has been published in England and Canada by Hodder & Stoughton. After the prize was awarded, serial

publication was begun in *Maclean's Magazine*, which had contributed $500 toward the award, and whose editor, Charles Christopher Jenkins, was one of the judges; but after one instalment had appeared the story was discontinued on the ground that it was offensive to Roman Catholics. The publishers of the book maintain that this was an injustice to the author and to the novel, since a reading of the complete story would show that there was no just basis for complaint.

In October the Atlantic Monthly Press will publish a biographical study of Theodore Roosevelt by Lord Charnwood, whose ability as a biographer was demonstrated by his book on Abraham Lincoln.

A prominent motion-picture concern has engaged James W. Schultz, author of several books on Indian life, to prepare the scenario for a screen version of Longfellow's "Hiawatha." A new holiday edition of the poem is being brought out by Houghton Mifflin Co.

Sir Philip Gibbs recently told a friend who visited him that he had just completed a long book dealing with the problems of youth. The title is to be "Heirs Apparent."

A new departure in serialization is the broadcasting by station WJZ, Radio Corporation of America, of William Johnston's new mystery novel, "The Waddington Cipher," published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Ellis Parker Butler's "Pigs Is Pigs" is to be translated into Esperanto by Dr. Gustav Busultil, of Malta, by arrangement with Doubleday-Page. It is expected that the translation will be published in *Amerika Esperantisto*.

Among the fall publications of the Harvard University Press is President Charles W. Eliot's "Harvard Memories," a book of intimate personal reminiscences of by-gone days and people connected with the University. The book is illustrated with rare pictures from the college archives.

Warner Fabian, the author of "Flaming Youth," writes his publishers, Boni & Liveright, that he is at work on another novel to be called "Sailors' Wives."

According to advices received by her relatives in this country, Adelaide Hughes, wife of Rupert Hughes, left Japan just in time to escape the recent earthquake. She sailed for Shanghai on the day preceding the disaster. Mrs. Hughes is the author of a collection of poems entitled "Diantha Goes the Primrose Way," published by Harper's.

Early in October the Macmillan Co. will publish Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst's "My Forty Years in New York." The book tells the story of Dr. Parkhurst's life, including his mountain-climbing experiences in the Alps and his famous exposure of the Tammany organization in 1892.

Professor Flinders Petrie, the famous Egyptologist, has recently been knighted and is now properly addrest as Sir Flinders. He is soon to publish, through Houghton Mifflin, a little book on "Social Life in Ancient Egypt."

M. E. Ravage, author of "The Malady of Europe," published by Macmillan, is a Roumanian by birth, but he writes in the language of the country of his adoption. He came to this country as a young man and earned his education in the Middle West.

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Brander Matthews, the noted author, says that in looking through the book "he found himself so agreeably allured, that he now and again abandoned his casual browsing to read a score of consecutive pages, finding many old friends, familiar as household words, and making many new acquaintances whom he will be glad to meet again."

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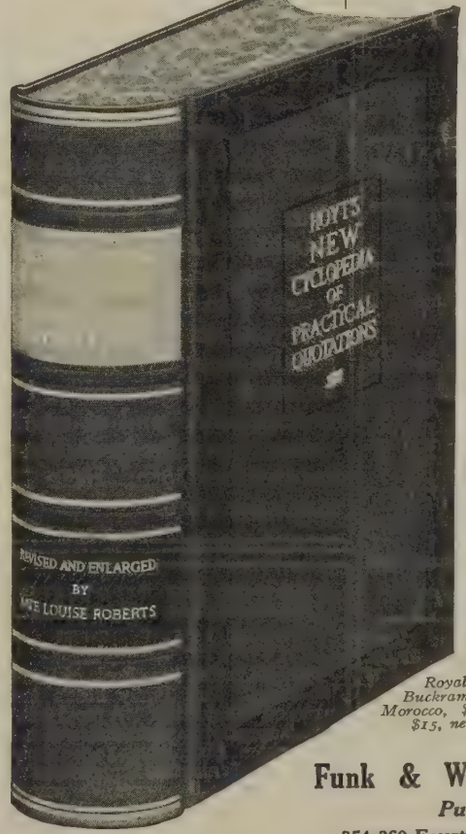

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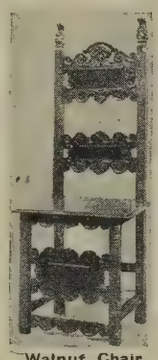

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Books Talked About in Literary Europe

PIERRE BENOÎT, one of the most skilful masters of narrative now writing in France, has attracted attention with a new novel, "Mademoiselle de la Ferté" (Paris: Albin-Michel), which shows a woman in the process of losing her soul. The theme is one which Balzac would have handled with genius, and M. Benoît at least handles it with talent. The heroine, a poor girl, becomes engaged to her rich young cousin, Jacques de Saint-Selve, but his family is hostile to her. Business takes Jacques to the West Indies for a year, and there he suddenly marries a pretty English girl. Anne de la Ferté, thus cruelly jilted, keeps up an outward show of indifference, but her inward desolation is such as to change her whole character. When Jacques dies and his young widow comes to live in France in the same town with Anne, a strange friendship develops between the two women, and when the widow at length dies, she bequeaths to the deserted fiancée all the property that once belonged to the man she loved. In the hands of the embittered spinster this money becomes a weapon with which she deliberately ruins the family of the man who robbed her of happiness. Once capable of being a model wife and mother, she has deteriorated under suffering, and can not rise above thoughts of a barren revenge. Eugénie Grandet, in similar circumstances, remained mistress of her soul.

French critics also are praising a slender romance called "L'Infirme aux mains de lumière" (Paris: Grasset), written by M. Edouard Estaunié, in which the reader is permitted, gradually and with exquisite art, to see deep into the heart of a man who is secretly depriving himself of necessities as well as of the most modest pleasures, in order not to disturb the unconscious serenity of a sick sister—the "Invalid with the Hands of Light"—who is living in an idyllic dream in a country house. The story, so the critic for *L'Illustration* declares, has more grandeur of soul in it than many a novel that the world calls great.

The collection of books made by the American Library Association for our soldiers in France became the nucleus for a permanent institution in 1920 under the name of the American Library in Paris, Inc., which now has about 30,000 volumes, besides more than a hundred magazines, to be loaned to members in all parts of Europe. A further development of the enterprise appeared last July in the form of an illustrated monthly review called *Ex Libris*, whose purpose is "to make American and English books better known on the continent of Europe." Its literary editor is W. Dawson Johnston; managing editor, Lewis D. Crenshaw; associate editors, William Aspenwell Bradley, Horatio S. Krans, Paul Scott Mowrer, and Paul Rockwell. Its contents consist of reviews and news of current books and periodicals, with a few longer articles on various phases of the relations between Europe and the Anglo-Saxon world. The leading article in the first issue is by the Comtesse de Chambrun on "The Vogue of Shakespeare in France." The new magazine has justly received cordial support from Mr. Herrick, the American Ambassador, and from Premier Poincaré.

A fresh insight into Hauptmann's attitude to life and art is afforded by the twelfth and final volume of the Jubilee edition of his collected works, "Gerhart Hauptmann: Gesammelte Werke" (Berlin: S. Fischer). Besides the important dramatic fragment, "Das Hirtenlied," it contains over three hundred pages of other dramatic, poetic and miscellaneous prose pieces hitherto unpublished or at least uncollected. The first half of the book is made up largely of epigrams and observations revealing Hauptmann's views on all the different forms of literary art, including a sentence from Spinoza that embodies his own aim in the treatment of human actions, namely, to seek to know them rather than to criticize them. There are three stories, of which the most noteworthy is an incomplete tale in the form of a diary, "Aus dem Tagebuche eines Adelmannes," portraying a wrecked married life. This volume also reveals the fact that Hauptmann once attempted a Faust-drama, in "Der Dom," and at another time took up the Till Eulenspiegel motive, an experiment which he may yet carry to completion.

Both France and Italy are paying tribute to Shelley this season with original studies of his personality. *La Nouvelle Revue Française* recently devoted its leading book-article to "Ariel ou la Vie de Shelley," by André Maurois (Paris: Grasset), pronouncing it a thoroughly French work of extraordinary insight and charm. The critic finds in it "surprizing and delightful flashes of interchange between intelligence and sensibility, a fine feeling for the absurd, and a contour that never wavers." This is one of the outstanding biographies of the year in France. Shelley the man rather than Shelley the poet also is the theme of the Italian volume, "P. B. Shelley" (Milan: Studio Editoriale Corbaccio), by Giovanni Pioli. Professor Pioli lays particular stress on the spiritual and religious side of the poet's character; his book is, in fact, a spiritual biography of Shelley, the poetry entering into it rather for purposes of interpretation than for its own sake. It is a reminder that Shelley is better known to Italian readers than any other modern English poet, except possibly Byron.

The Russian Central Book Chamber has been functioning in Moscow in conjunction with the State Publishing Company ("Gosizdat") since 1920. It is a successor to the Russian Book Chamber of Petrograd, which in 1920 was renamed the Institute of Book Science. The Russian Central Book Chamber is also connected with the Russian Chief Science Committee. The following are its functions:

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Writing the Life of Christ

(*Continued from page 17*)

is, and nearly always has been, a medieval figure that has little to do with the period and place and race which produced His sublime personality, and hardly anything to do with the modern world. Beyond providing us with counsels of perfection and pious aspirations, His teaching has been allowed to have but little relation to the material life of man, and as nearly as possible none to the life of nations. In His divine character, He is wrapt in a cloud of mystery, which humanity scarcely attempts to penetrate. The reality of Jesus, His universality, the direct and practical bearing of His ideals on the world in ages past, in the present and in the future, we do not try to see. On the contrary, it almost seems as if we deliberately closed our eyes to it.

I could wish to write, God willing, such a Life of Jesus as would speak face to face with the modern world, requiring no subtlety of metaphysics, no mystery of dogma, no cloud of spiritual conjecture.

Let nobody conclude too hastily that this is an aim which, if successfully carried out, would in any degree strip Him of that divinity which has been the comfort and the salvation of human souls for nearly two thousand years. I think quite the contrary. Only by making Christ real can we hope to make Him live. To make Him real, it is necessary to see Him distinctly in the scenes of his earthly pilgrimage. With all humility, I doubt if this has ever yet been quite done. The task is a difficult one, but it is not, I think, beyond the power of observation and imagination.

No one is more conscious than I am of my limitations for the task I am undertaking, but I think I know the little-changing East and its people, and if health permits, I will go back to renew my acquaintance with both. I hope to be accompanied by a friend to whom the Palestine of the present hour is as the palm of his hand—the Rev. John F. Sterling—and I shall think it an immense advantage to have the help of his lifelong study of the scenes of Christ's life. For the spiritual purpose of my book, if it ever gets itself completed, I shall have to rely on my own long-cherished desire so to present the sublime person of Jesus that He will be as vivid and actual as a living man. But I confess that I approach my task with equal reverence and fear.

Dr. Edith Wharton Makes a Diagnosis

(*Continued from page 16*)

order to enter; but the maneuvers of George are more subtle. Knowing that his father and his mother are using every possible influence to get him a safe desk-job, he pretends to be satisfied with that; and for months after he is in the trenches, his parents suppose him to be safe and sound in his swivel-chair.

What is particularly interesting about this is the vacillation in the father's mind. He is pleased with the deceitful letters sent home by his son, who writes calmly of his "office work"; but gradually the thought, "Thank God! he is safe," ceases to be quite satisfactory. He is at once glad and sorry for his son. Glad he is safe, and sorry that he is content to be. Sorry for himself, too; the pride of other fathers can not be his. For the average father, altho sleepless with heart-rending anxiety for his son's safety, was really proud to have him at the front.

It seems rather inconsistent for modern public opinion to condemn Abraham for his willingness to sacrifice Isaac at the command of Almighty God, when hundreds of thousands of devoted fathers during the years 1914–1918 were proud to offer up their sons. If Abraham had declined to obey the "higher call," with what curiously mixed feelings he would have regarded Isaac in the days and years that followed! He would have him safe, yes; but his satisfaction would not have been unalloyed. Now it is exactly that curious mixing of emotions in the paternal mind which to me is the most signal triumph of this novel. The analysis is made as deliberately, as leisurely, as Campton's own masterpieces; there is no sudden moment of revulsion of feeling, no dynamic conversion. The beauty of the thing is that altho Campton did not know his own mind, his son not only knew his but his father's as well. "This is what you all along really wanted me to do, father?" And Campton, tho he had moved heaven and earth to bring about the opposite result, knew that his son was right. That *was* exactly what he had wanted.

Paris in war-time, apart from the darkening of the streets and houses, seems much like any American city in 1917–1918. The feverish "war-work," the charities and philanthropies, the "business as usual," the resumption of social activities by those who were determined to "forget the war," the competent and the incompetent, the sincere and the hypocritical—Mrs. Wharton has given us representatives of every familiar class. The American Boylston is an efficient and sympathetic character, while the pacifist, unfortunately called Mr. Talkett, is faintly drawn, and does not remain a pacifist long. With her love of irony, Mrs. Wharton could not forbear giving us the picture of one noisy and preposterous ass, Mr. Mayhew, and the reader's attitude toward this man is what she presumably meant it to be. There are conventional scenes, as there are conventional people; but they are portrayed in a manner that is not conventional at all. Mrs. Wharton has never written with more mastery of subject and style than in some of these episodes, which one does not have to visit Paris to understand.

Apart from the extraordinary power and beauty of the story, I feel a special interest in observing what I guess to be the constant struggle between the author's emotions and her art. It is a book of rigidly suppressed feeling; feeling held in check both by an aristocratic mind and by a conscientious artist. The composition of the story extended over four years; and I suspect many pages have been many times rewritten. Whenever, in writing at her desk, the thing "got away from her"—and I think this must have happened more than once—she was forced to call into play all the resources of her intelligence and of her craftsmanship. Somehow between the lines I can plainly see this struggle; tho it could end in only one way.

A Great American Cardinal

(*Continued from page 23*)

interference, and, using the eloquent Satolli, made the needful appeal to the bashful Cardinal Sarto. Possibly Gibbons scented the Kaiser's hand in the Austrian veto and was willing that the blind gesture should be turned to the divine purpose of bringing a saint to the Vatican. But then and there Gibbons made his indelible mark on history.

He knew when to interfere and when not. After the Venezuelan arbitration he joined the Irish and English cardinals in appealing for a permanent board of arbitration, what the Great War and the Hague Conference and the League of Nations have not yet brought about. It is useless to speculate on what might have been spared to the world. His biography brings out his unerring foresight, amounting to genius. He was not brilliant and he had not those talents which wreck and wear away other men's lives. But he had, what is rarer, perfect judgment; he never made a mistake. He knew when to press a Papal election and when to refuse a municipal holiday in his own honor. Time again and again proved him right, for he had accepted the philosophy that all things come to those who know how to wait. He waited till he was the last survivor of the Vatican Council and the last survivor of the Plenary Council, over which he presided in 1884, and still he had not outwaited his welcome. After his struggles in the Church on the Cahensly question his authority came to be unquestioned. In the episcopal disputes he merely remarked that the saints on earth were trying! He passed through the yellow-fever outbreak in New Orleans of 1853 and lived to take public action in the influenza epidemic of 1918. He had seen Andrew Jackson passing through the streets of Baltimore, and he lived to offer prayer at the convention which nominated Harding. And he arranged for Pope and President to make their first and historic meeting.

The biography reads easily, tho we would give a good deal if

such a chapter as "Plaudits of the Hierarchy" could be replaced by bishops' correspondence; the work may be supplemented, but it will never be replaced. The detailed chapters on the Knights of Labor and Henry George and the fight between Cahensly and Americanism are the most interesting. The biographer brings out the influence that Europe had on Gibbons, chiefly through Cardinal Manning; but the influence of Gibbons on Europe might be considered to be no less. The attitude of the great Republican Cardinal toward democracy, labor, prohibition and the State was a guiding star to Catholics in Europe. In matters political he was a guide to Popes as well.

His career was not built on the wreckage of others. He only held to what was due to his office and his achievement. He broke no man, neither rival nor subordinate. He stood by his friends, as Archbishop Ireland could witness. He held the balance while the impetuous Ireland received the knocks, but he fought not the less obstinately. His judgment he knew was good, and he never reversed it. No one desired Ireland's Cardinalate more than Gibbons, and, since I was under the Cardinal's roof when the anecdote was told, I may add it to this review: After the Conclave of 1914 which elected Benedict Pope, Gibbons arrived late, and saluting the newly elected, whispered in Latin as his only request—"Fac Ireland Cardinalem"—Make Ireland Cardinal! But Ireland did not survive the war.

Downstream

"DOWNSTREAM" is the story of the Selamb family—father and five children. On the first page are the words: "In the long dream of childhood there reigns a capricious, mysterious and yet irresistible Fate, beneficent like the fairy with its wand beside the princess's cradle, or cruel like the wolf in Red Riding Hood. This is the tale of people whose childhood was passed in the shadow of the wolf—and who never escape from their childhood."

We have Peter, who wants to be bailiff, and, for that reason only, tries to have friends and supporters. He cringes, he spies, he passes on to lying. Altho the author seldom obtrudes into the story, he here observes that from the real, thorough and unconscious lie, especially if joined to greed, we may expect consequences in character. And the whole book is a study of consequences in character. Peter glories in becoming Peter the Boss. He gains power, but, like all the Selambs, he loses his soul. There is Laura, who dreams only of marrying Hermann, but it is of a long wedding journey with him, and not of a home with him, that she dreams. And there is Stellan, who wants to be a cavalry officer, and knows that Hermann can be used to further his ends. He finds his "guiding star" when he decides that life is a gamble and shouldn't be taken too seriously; that one can get what one wants by using others and playing the cards properly. Of Hedvig, the beautiful child full of fear, we have at first some hope, but even in her childhood fear is ever present with her, a fear which poisons her whole nature. She becomes a nurse and seeks the most difficult cases. She can not look a healthy man in the eyes, but she chooses the male division in the hospital. She promises to marry one of her patients who is not expected to live long, and when she overhears her brothers and sisters discussing the probability of his death and her resulting wealth, she feels a strange and fearful joy. Then there is Tord, the fifth child, the one who loves nature, and writes a little and paints a little. His life and poetic ambitions are wrecked by lack of self-conquest.

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DOWNSTREAM. By Sigfrid Siwertz. Translated by E. Classen. 405 pages. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

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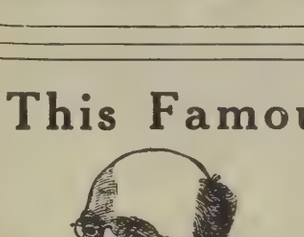

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Gaboriau, Father of the Detective Novel

(*Continued from page 28*)

crime and not enough love for their daily sou, so the unfortunate feuilletonist had to oblige.

But the first volume of "Monsieur Lecoq" is incontestably Gaboriau's masterpiece. I say advisedly "the first volume," for the second, narrating at inordinate length the life-history of a wicked duke from 1815 on, is one long yawn compared to the 400 pages of vivid, pulsating prose of its companion. Gaboriau's scheme in this splendid story is clear. He set himself to construct a ladder between the lowest and the highest levels of society. To Lecoq he allotted the task of following up the trail of a crime that led from a squalid cabaret outside the Paris fortifications to a ducal mansion in the Faubourg St. Germain.

This is Lecoq's "own show." We see him, an insignificant agent of the Sûreté (notwithstanding his rise to fame in previous books), left behind with a drunken detective, le Père Absinthe, on guard over the bodies of two men killed, as the fatuous Gevrol believes, in an ordinary tavern brawl. We follow him, as timidly, hesitatingly, rung by rung he rears his ladder, to the growing amazement of his bemused companion, who finally in his enthusiasm addresses him as "Monsieur Lecoq."

"From this day," Gaboriau tells us, "he became and remained, for friends as well as enemies, Monsieur Lecoq—*Monsieur en toutes lettres*"—much as one used to say, 'Mr. Delane of the *Times* newspaper."

It is difficult for anybody with imagination to lay down the first volume of "Monsieur Lecoq" before he has read it through to the last page. With uncanny skill Gaboriau interests his reader not only in his central figure, the detective, and his desperate fight against the incredulity of his chiefs, but also in the mysterious prisoner whose determination to mislead the police as to his identity is reinforced by secret associates outside the prison. It culminates in that thrilling chase through Paris when Lecoq, in despair of ever identifying the accused, having deliberately let the prisoner escape, shadows him through the streets—and loses him.

"Monsieur Lecoq" was the last of the *romans judiciaires* in which the detective figures. At the end of the book Gaboriau indicates that Monsieur Lecoq is promoted to be head of the Sûreté. Whether he was to appear in that capacity in "Le Chef du Jury" I do not know; but the practised dexterity of "Monsieur Lecoq" justifies the surmise that the unfinished work might have been the greatest of Gaboriau's detective stories. I can console myself for the loss of "Ninette Suzor," but, with me, all lovers of detective fiction will think with longing and regret of that tantalizing might-have-been, "The Foreman of the Jury."

France Turns Defeat Into Victory

(*Continued from page 29*)

in Paris of a Madame d'Arpajac, the German-born widow of a French officer killed in 1914, herself a spy of furious ambitions and the most dangerous adventuress. Arendsen had met her in Switzerland and had extracted from her without much difficulty a promise which he is not slow to remind her of. However, while this not very remarkable kind of romance is developing, the young Dane feels the truly poetic charm of Alyette Gerson, the financée of Eude le Châtel; and, what with this new influence, the help of a dozen books showing the French side of the war, and a slowly growing contempt for the antipatriots, he gradually becomes another man. The central part of "Les Défaitistes" is the narrative of the effort made by the *Bonnet Rouge* people after the failure of Nivelle's offensive in April, 1917, to ruin what was left of the French morale, egg on the weary troops to acclaim Caillaux as the chief of the Government, and bring about a peace that would be what it might under such circumstances.

To the historian the real achievement of M. Dumur in "Les Défaitistes" is his analysis, three or four times resumed, and every

ime more penetrating, of Caillaux's character. It is difficult to e fair to M. Caillaux when one is such a French patriot as M. Dumur is, for M. Caillaux, brilliant as he is and will probably lways be, never was personally attractive, and at the time in hich "Les Défaitistes" is situated was terribly near, if not, to eing a traitor, at least to working unconsciously against his own ountry. What was legitimate in this politician's conceptions, hat was due to ambition and turned him—an aristocrat—into demagog; what was due to the blindness of a consciousness oo full of itself not to exclude everything else, even criminal ecklessness, is disentangled from the events and made alive in owerful scenes with undoubted mastery. It is difficult, when the ook has been read through, to conclude that the past and probble future chief of Radicalism in France was a traitor; but it is ven more difficult to share in the belief of some of his admirers n France, America and England, that he is the man who could olve the problems of Europe. His recent book, "Whither Europe? Whither France?"—far too leniently treated by Amerean reviewers—shows clearly in its very confusion that an appeal o international cooperation is only an aspiration toward a change rom the universally deplored prevalence of national egoisms, ut no solution.

M. Dumur is at his best when he deals with real characters; hat is purely fiction in "Les Défaitistes" is banal in conception nd seldom distinguished in execution. The writer is a disciple f Huysmans and constantly uses the amplifier, as that school ould always do. The book, as it stands, would be untranslatable nto the English language—no matter what giant strides are at resent taken in England and America toward outspokenness—ut most of the objectionable scenes could easily be cut out, hich is not in favor of their artistic value.

The book ends with the complete conversion of Arendsen o patriotism, the murder or execution by him of Madame 'Arpajac, the Defeatists' defeat, their quick dispersion by Cleenceau, and the first great scene in the final victory, with Gouraud as the protagonist, and the American Army in the ackground. Will it be thought egotistic to relate that as I rite I can see Gouraud himself seated a few steps away from me, is pensive face every now and then illuminated by the sudden lash of the great blue eyes, while his mutilated body responds to he inward appeal and moves with unsuspected power? M. Dumur is certainly right in preferring soldiers to defeatists.

Putting Literature into an Outline

(*Continued from page 33*)

The fine attitude toward art, as toward everything else, is to be grateful always for the good and beautiful thing when it comes, without grudging and without doctrinaire complaint that it is not something else. It does not help anybody to say that eighteenth century English poetry is inferior to that of the seventeenth century, or that Fielding was a better novelist than Meredith. All these things alike are the great glories of a race, the one as honorably to be kept in memory as another. But it does help appreciation to know what was the relation of eighteenth to seventeenth century poetry, and what was the line of descent by which Meredith came from Fielding. Such knowledge makes us remember always that however great the hero of our worship, he is but one figure in the organic whole which is yet greater than he.

The first volume of the Outline contains nine chapters, on the First Books in the World, Homer, The Story of the Bible, The English Bible as Literature, The Sacred Books of the East, Greek Myth and the Poets, Greece and Rome, The Middle Ages, and The Renaissance. This final chapter brings the account down to the Elizabethan age, without including it.

It will be seen at once that Homer is regarded as a very early writer indeed, and it can be guessed that the Middle Ages, even ncluding Dante, are not reckoned of great importance beside ome other periods. To me such a valuation seems wrong; we ave learned to think of the medieval period as something more han the "Dark Ages," and if I were making an outline of literaure I would devote more space to Dante than to Wordsworth, not only because I think Dante was in himself a greater poet, but because I also think he stands for much more in the current of world-thought. But Mr. Drinkwater seems to feel differently about it, and his point of view may be more typical than mine of opinion in England, perhaps also in the United States. It is not an uninteresting opinion, and it is consistently carried out; François Villon, whom some of us think an important poet in himself and for what he represents, is disposed of in half a page, and Spenser's "Faerie Queene" in eight lines. Evidently there is to be, in this outline as in others, a certain readjustment of values to make the critical point of view fit.

For the most part this first volume escapes the temptation to disintegrate into a discussion of individual authors. The best chapters are those which deal with early books, and those on the Bible. We wish the treatment of the sacred books of the East might have been fuller, since Western ignorance in that direction is so great, but we are thankful that China receives attention here. It will be interesting to observe what proportion of the later volumes goes to the modern literary movements in India, China and Japan—movements of which the West must soon take notice, if we are to understand the part of the world in which history will probably be made in the next hundred years.

The Outline is beautifully and helpfully illustrated. Perhaps the reproduction of more paintings by other than British artists would have been wise, since the illustrations are a great aid in understanding the civilization which produced the literature, and more variety in the type of painting would have stimulated the imagination to more varied sympathies. But this is only a passing reflection on what has been, all things considered, admirably done.

"Ship Me Somewheres East of Suez—"

(*Continued from page 35*)

men who were not their husbands, and taking part in political discussions. Many of them were enthusiastic adherents of Mustafa Kemal, and believed that he would eventually drive the foreigners out of Constantinople and make Turkey the most powerful nation in the world. Demetra Vaka believes that the only salvation for Turkey is voluntarily to give up Constantinople to the Greeks and retire to Asia Minor. Needless to say, she did not succeed in persuading many of the Turks that this plan would be to their advantage. Yet she seems to have gained their confidence to the extent that they were willing to talk freely in her presence. She interviewed women in many different walks of life and persuaded them to tell her their life stories, some of which were intensely dramatic. There is, for example, one about a beautiful Turkish lady who, to revenge herself upon a French officer who was responsible for the death of her mother and brother, lured him on until he fell madly in love with her, then married him and remained a wife in name only. Surely a great novel or play could be written about such a theme.

France Since the War

A highly dramatic theme has been worked out by a popular French novelist, M. Roland Dorgelés, in "Le Reveil des Morts" (Paris: Albin Michel). The novel depicts the commercialism that has cankered everything in France since the war—as it has in nearly every other country—drawing a fearsome picture of greedy profiteering even on the spot where hundreds of thousands had laid down their lives for the nation. A contractor exhuming bodies, a coffin-merchant plying his trade, the owner of a lumberyard, the chief of a transport company, each counting up his profits at so much a corpse—these are some of the characters that M. Dorgelés has depicted in feverish, often hideous action, in the war-devastated region around the little town of Crécy. Faithless women and fatuous men are there, and when the story has reached the proper climax of evil, there rises from the field of sacrifice, as in a terrible dream, the avenging army of the dead—the souls of brave men who see now that they died in vain.

The Literary Question Box

QUESTIONS

Twin Brothers

F. P., Littleton, N. H.—Can you end a long search by telling me who wrote the following described short story, and the title thereof? I believe it appeared in the "foreign" volumes of a collection of short stories edited by William Patten, and given away by *Collier's* with subscriptions some fifteen years ago:

Twin brothers, both sailors, love the same girl. One of them wins the maiden, and is to be married on his return from a fishing cruise. At sea, the disappointed brother cuts the rigging, and spills the engaged brother overboard. The murderer on his return impersonates his brother, and marries the girl. On the wedding eve, the drowned brother walks up out of the sea, seizes the bride and walks back in with her.

Fling at Life

G. J. McI., Little Rock, Ark.—I am trying to get hold of a poem which I saw on a bulletin board at a Y. M. C. A. Hall quite a while ago. I remember only the first line, and it was this:

I said I would have my fling at life.

The poem is the story of a young fellow who was set on having a "good time" before he married and "settled down," which he finally did. Then later his wife "brought him a babe that was blind" and he goes on to tell his sorrow. I have been told that Ella Wheeler Wilcox was the author of the poem, but have failed to find it in any of her works.

The Cherry Trees

J. F. S., Dallas, Tex.—If any reader can give me the following poem, of which I give the first and last verses, or tell me where I can find it, I shall be very grateful.

The cherry trees have bloomed again
since last you went away,
But I am weary and miss your presence, just as they;
I walk among our garden things and
tell them you'll return,
But as I softly lisp your name the
words with sorrow burn.

* * *

I wish for words as many as the leaves
upon the trees,
And words as sweet as meadow blooms
that lure the crafty bees,
So I could tell you o'er the miles that
separate us far
How all the glories of the Spring are
asking where you are.

Back to the Earth Again

B. B. S., Chicago, Ill.—Can any one tell me the title of the poem from which the following lines are taken?

So frail the works of men
Back to the Earth again
Ancient and holy things
Fade like a dream.

THE purpose of this Department is to develop self-service. Readers will aid each other in tracing and locating elusive literary quips, poetic phrases or lines, popular rimes, aphorisms, ballads, maxims, proverbs, etc. All communications should be written only on one side of the paper, and should be address to The Literary Question Box, International Book Review. Replies are printed in the order of their receipt and credit is given to other correspondents in rotation. The space limits imposed on the Department allow the consideration of questions only of wide interest. Such as can be answered direct will be so treated by the Editor on receipt of a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous correspondents.

Old Santa Claus

M. S., Ithaca, Mich.—Can any one give me the rest of the poem which starts—

Old Santa Claus sat in his icy hall
On the seventeenth day of December,
The brownies and elves came 'round
at his call
And thus he merrily said to all:
'Tis just a week ere I harness my
team.

His Thoughts Will Perish

Mrs. O. J. B., Runnington, Calif.—Can any one tell me where the following quotation may be found, and who is the author of the same?

Man will go down into the pit, and all his thoughts will perish. The uneasy consciousness which, in this obscure corner, has for a brief space broken the contented silence of the universe, will be at rest. Imperishable monuments and immortal deeds, death itself, and love, stronger than death, will be as though they had never been. Nor will anything that is be better or worse, for all that the labor, genius, devotion and suffering of men have striven through countless generations to effect.

Good-bye

J. M., Santa Barbara, Calif.—When I was a boy, fifty or more years ago, I heard a song which, as near as I can remember, began like this:

We parted by the riverside,
The moon looked down on you and
me;
The stars put on a look of pride,
The river murmured to the sea;
The dew-drop kissed the blushing rose,
The gentle wind did sigh,
One word broke nature's calm repose,
That sad word was good-bye.

If any reader can give the entire song and name of writer, I would be much obliged. Also, of a later time, the words and author of a song or recitation concerning one "Roger O'Houlihan, the Counselor-at-law."

What Have You Done To-day?

G. L. S., Lynn, Mass.—Can any one of your readers tell me who wrote the following?

When the sun went down in a mist of
gold
I sat by the summer sea,
And I thought of the wonderful things
I would do
When my ship came in to me.
But the waves that rolled on the silver
sands
And the zephyrs that came to play,
All seemed to lisp with a still, small
voice
"What have you done to-day?"

There are two more stanzas.

God's Sign-Post

G. M. S., Chicago, Ill.—Can any one of your readers help me locate the name of the following poem and its author; if possible the complete poem would be appreciated.

See there God's sign-post at the cross-
roads.
The high soul climbs the high road
And the low soul gropes the low,
And in between on the misty flats
The rest drift to and fro.

ANSWERS

In Days of Old

Sylvia Cushman, Brookline, Mass.—The name of the poem asked for by "R. H. S.," New Orleans, La., is "A Warrior Bold," written by Puisette in the 19th century. It is a song-poem, and doubtless could be found at any music store.

As the Easterners Say

Will C. Oakley, Anaconda, Mont.—In answer to "B. E. M.," Poseyville, Ind., I enclose herewith the correct lines of the poem by Leigh Hunt. The lines are the complete poem, and the title is "Oriental Prayer."

[The copy made and sent to the Question Box by our correspondent has been forwarded to "B. E. M.," Poseyville, Ind.—Editor.]

Thanks are due for answer received also from W. R. Roberts, Norristown, Pa.

A Palm in the Burning East

Mrs. Agnes F. Croyl, Iowa City, Ia.—In answer to "W. B. D., Jr.," Calcutta, India, the poem desired is "Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam," by Heinrich Heine, and may be found in "Deutsche Lyrik," by C. A. Buchheim, published by Macmillan & Company.

Thanks are due for answers received also from Ruth S. Culbertson, Joliet, Ill.; Katharine Bryant, Bangor, Me.; I. D. G., Center Conway, N. H.; Curtis B. Haley, Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. Irving A. Casell, Anoka, Minn.; V. Charnshin, Fitchburg, Mass.; Rudolph A. Eifert, Oakland, Calif.; Miss Hallie B. Goodman, Signal Mountain, Tenn.; Isabelle M. Hofman, Ottumwa, Ia.; Samuel J. Pemhausky, New York City; Bessie L. Tracy, Evanston, Ill.; Lilian E. Stege, Louisville, Ky.; C. H. Grundy, Tomahawk, Wis.; James S. Park, Cazenovia, N. Y.

Like Great Black Oxen

M. C. L., St. Paul, Minn.—The quotation "Mrs. M. C. McL.," Tecumseh, Neb., is seeking is from W. B. Yeats's play, "The Countess Cathleen." They are the closing lines of the play, and were the source of Mrs. Atherton's title to her novel, "Black Oxen." The play is included in the "Selected Poems," by William Butler Yeats.

Thanks are due for answers received also from Mrs. H. A. Atherton, Newark, O., W. R. Roberts, Norristown, Pa.

One of Us Two

M. L. Stokes, Wenonah, N. J.—The poem asked for by "Miss A. M. F.," Trenton, N. J., is "One of Us Two," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and can be found in "Reciters Treasury of Verse," by E. Pertwee, published by E. P. Dutton & Company.

Thanks are due for answers received also from Edith E. Pyle, New Lexington, O.; Mrs. Grace E. Ware, Gilman, Ill.; J. C., Toronto, Canada; K. R. Daly, Ottawa, Canada.

Some Fireless Cave

E. L. Tinzmann, Chicago, Ill.—To "O. W. A.," Brooklyn, N. Y.: Herewith the complete poem about which you inquired through "The International Book Review." It is published in small book form, along with a few other poems of like trend of thought, by John W. Luce & Company, Boston, Mass. The title is "Evolution—A Fantasy," and the author is Langdon Smith.

[The copy made and sent to the Question Box by our correspondent has been forwarded to "O. W. A.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—Editor.]

Thanks are due for answers received also from Mrs. Austin L. Johnson, Ogden, Utah; Will C. Oakley, Anaconda, Mont.; Walter L. Clarke, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Edward Loeb, Albany, N. Y.; M. S. Taggart, Port Washington, Long Island; W. C. Thurston, Salisbury, Md.; Mrs. N. C. Hardin, Jr., Louisiana, Mo.; A. G. Miller, West Asheville, N. C.; John C. Peay, Murfreesboro, Ark.; H. G. Blatchely, Wayne, Pa.; Little Mother, Little Rock, Ark.; James Cotter, Tempe, Ariz.; C. E. Minton, St. Louis, Mo.; Edith Hurley, Welch, W. Va.; Edward G. Mullen, Clinton, Mass.; Mary Bennett Bean, Baltimore, Md.

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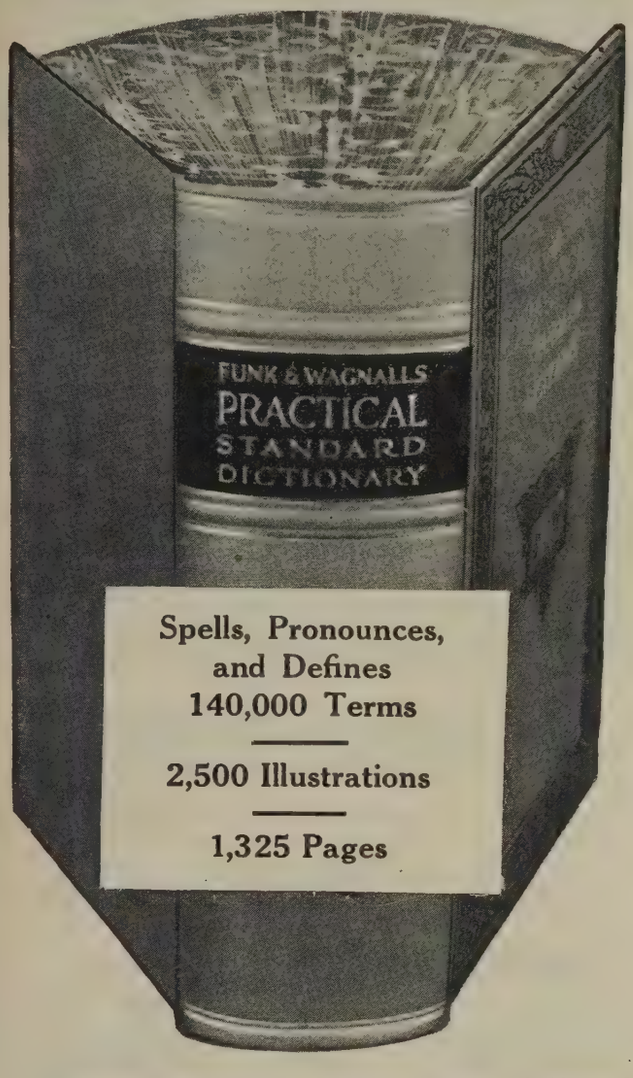

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The Literary Digest

INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

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THE LITERARY DIGEST INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW is published monthly by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. London Office, 134 Salisbury Square. Printed in the United States of America.

Entered as second-class matter November 29, 1922, at the Post-Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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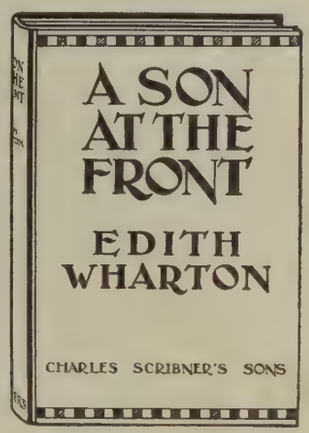

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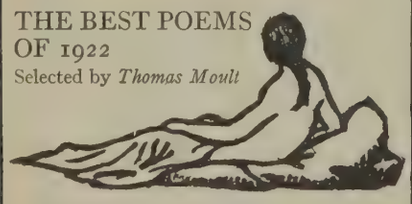

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The Literary Digest
INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW
Volume I, No. 12 NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1923 Whole Number 12

The Chase of the Cosmic Comic

By John E. Rosser

THEY WHOM WE CALL PHILOSOPHERS—HAVE RESOLUTELY MOVED—ARMED WITH CUDGEL, BATTLE-AX, OR MACHINE-GUN . . .

WHEN, on a day long gone, Mr. Pithecanthropus, amused perhaps at Mrs. P.'s inept attempts to drive a stake or at little Pithy's dolorous fear of a drowsing dinosaur's twitching tail, emitted the first chortle ever heard upon earth, he produced a phenomenon that must surely have amazed his hearers, and that equally surely has baffled all who have come after him. For here was Laughter, vocal token of the birth of the Spirit of the Comic, crude and primordial, come to stay and to mark the advent of the human species.

How long ago it was that man, meditating upon the nature of Laughter, became first aware that here was a subtle mystery, no one knows. But the written records of the race give evidence that the accepted problem of the Comic is of vast antiquity, a problem venerable before Momus unleashed his caustic wit upon Olympus. In "The Assignation," Poe causes a character to speak thus: " . . . at Sparta, I say, to the west of the citadel, among a chaos of scarcely visible ruins, is a kind of *socle* upon which are still legible the letters LASM. They are undoubtedly part of GELASMA. Now, at Sparta were a thousand temples and shrines to a thousand different divinities. How exceedingly strange that the altar to Laughter should have survived all the others!"

For man to be made aware that he confronts a mystery is to make sure that he will strive to explore it. The unknown affronts his egotism; the curious constitutes a challenge. So, upon ethereal Laughter, that will-o'-the-wisp of the mind, the thinkers—they whom we call our philosophers—have resolutely moved, armed with cudgel, battle-ax, or machine-gun, resolved to bring down with the weapon at hand the defiant sprite. Others, in gentler or more guileful mood, have set snares for Puck's errant feet.

But, the pursuers themselves called to witness, the Spirit of the Comic lives on, mocking those who think with the cold bars of syllogism or with the rigid formulæ of philosophy to imprison Protean Laughter. It is a merry quest, and yet a sorry one. For if one of the philosophers is permitted for a moment to hold immured the Spirit of the Comic, the temporary prisoner no more resembles that which the race knows as Laughter than does the bedraggled creature of the cage that noble bird which high aloft gazes boldly at the sun.

Recent years have known prodigious efforts to solve the nature of the Comic. In 1911 came "Laughter, an Essay on the Meaning of the Comic," by Henri Bergson. With inconsiderate haste followed "The Psychology of Laughter," by

RESOLVED TO BRING DOWN WITH THE WEAPON AT HAND THE DEFIANT SPRITE

Boris Sidis, in 1913; in 1916, "Wit and Its Relation to the Unconscious," by Sigmund Freud; and, in 1922, "The Sense of Humor," by Max Eastman. Latest of all we have "The Psychology of Laughter and Comedy," by Mr. J. Y. T. Greig, of Armstrong College, in the University of Durham, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northumberland, England.(1)

The conclusion is inescapable that each of these gentlemen felt that all his predecessors had failed, if not utterly, yet so largely that, in the interest of full truth, another voice must be heard. And, even now as his book goes out to meet appraisal, Mr. Greig may be very sure that his eager successor is sharpening a confident pencil. So certain is this, I shall not attempt here in brief comment to give more than an impression of Mr. Greig's findings. His book is in effect a thesis, committed to a school of philosophy, and is elaborately conceived. The larger work of criticism must go to him who soon will undertake to arouse in Mr. Greig great wonderment that he ever had the temerity to approach the subject so permeably armored. With no wish to slight his orderly argument, this article shall concern itself primarily with the fact that there is an interminable quest for a universal element in Laughter—one to be found in all things comic and comprehensible to all peoples.

The material with which these theorists concerning the Comic deal is available to any observer, is as general as the air itself—and is as infirm to the touch. If there were no printed page to aid the man of research, in the field of Laughter, no experimentation need be omitted, for the world is a ready laboratory. But there *is* a multitudinous printed page. At the conclusion of his voluminous treatise Mr. Greig presents the most ambitious bibliography ever compiled on the subject. He confesses to having perused three hundred and twenty books and papers in preparation of his argument, and wistfully adds the names of forty-one more to which he lacked access. In his Appendix he sets forth "a summary, without criticism, of opinions on laughter and comedy, as exprest by philosophers, poets, critics, and psychologists, from Plato to Mr. Max Eastman." (No mean journey that!)

If the philosophers will permit the intrusion of a humorist in so solemn an assembly as are they who write of laughter, the testimony of Josh Billings may be held competent. He says, "Laffing iz just az different from ennything else az it iz from itself." Ah, gentlemen, is not that indeed your trouble, that you have assumed that the Comic is elemental and indissoluble? Is it not your way to lay violent hands upon whatever thing men laugh at, and stretch it howling upon your Procrustean bed of philosophy? Don't you, after all, discuss merely *your* kind of laughter, peculiar to your racial psychology, and accommodated to your mode of thought?

M. Bergson, who immortalized the phrase *l'élan vital*, took with Gallic directness the attitude natural to the exponent of Creative Evolution. Herr Dr. Freud, with Teutonic background, saw all facts through the penetrative glasses of the psychoanalyst. Mr. Sidis, of Russian origin, saw with the eyes of the psychopathologist. Mr. Eastman, of New York, free in this polyglot city to ally himself with whatever school of thought, pursued his way in eclectic fashion to the formulation of the theory that humor is a human *element*, an instinct, not further to be analyzed. Now comes Mr. Greig, of Britain, who surveys all that these others have beheld, together with their interpretations, and speaks a later tongue. He is a behaviorist. In his conclusion he says:

It may be that the theory I have put forward is merely one more ingenious addition to the many that have preceded it into the shades. But this at least may be claimed for it, that it starts where it should, with the behavior of children. Examination of the earliest laughter of infants leads to the conclusion that the essential element in the situations provoking it is personal. This in turn suggests that the laugh is a response within the uncertain and ill-coordinated behavior of the instinct of love. It appears to arise within such behavior when an obstruction of some kind is first encountered, and then, no matter how, suddenly overcome; it marks the escape of the psycho-physical energy mobilized to meet the obstruction, but not actually required for that purpose, and therefore for the moment surplus. Love is primary, hate is a secondary development

(1) The Psychology of Laughter and Comedy. By J. Y. T. Greig. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

of it; and laughter passes over from one to the other. Yet it never gains that security within the secondary behavior that it has within the primary, and occurs in a mood of hate only when that mood is equivocal, ambivalent, restrained by a counter-force of love.

Some one said of Einstein's conclusions that they must be sound, else his premises are all wrong. Light and lilting as is Mr. Greig's résumé, possibly you may have difficulty in repeating to yourself the substance of it. Well, they are all lucid like that. Picking up Dr. Freud's treatise again, my eye falls upon this:

> The origin of the comic pleasure discussed here, that is, the origin of such pleasure in a comparison of the other person with one's own self in respect to the difference between the identification expenditure and normal expenditure is genetically most important.

How true, and how zippily put! Mr. Bergson's words are employed somewhat more frequently about the house and yard, but his use of them may confuse. Getting right down to brass-tacks, he lets this fly:

> Absentmindedness, indeed, is not perhaps the actual fountain-head of the comic, but surely it is contiguous to a certain stream of facts and fancies which flows straight from the fountain-head. It is situated, so to say, on one of the great watersheds of laughter.

No man can doubt as he reads the tomes put out by the philosophers that Laughter is the most solemn and melancholy fact in life. It is obviously an extremely technical thing, of labyrinthine mechanism, and not to be entrusted to a child or indeed to an unlicensed grown-up without a union card and full credentials. Humorists have never written concerning the philosophy of humor. The philosophers, not being humorists, have to borrow all their examples of humor, and often with most depressing effect. Indeed, Mr. Greig borrows from Freud an incident obtained from some one else. Discussing "The Sexual, Obscene, and Indecent" (oh, yes, they do that sort of thing nowadays!) Mr. Greig says:

> This may be illustrated by an obscene witticism borrowed from Freud: "A wife is like an umbrella, at worst one may also take a cab." . . . At best it is obscure. To understand it one has to turn it over and over in one's mind, follow up various lines of suggestion, puzzle it out, in fact; and then, when at last one has caught its meaning, one may turn back and admire the art that comprest so much into so few words.

Mr. Greig is not only a philosopher and critic; he is also an Englishman.

Mr. Sidis has laid down certain "laws" such as this: "All unrestrained activities of normal functions give rise to the emotion of joy with its expression of smiles and laughter." Mr. Bergson, too, has found no difficulty in axiomatic expression, thus: "Any arrangement of facts and events is comic which gives us, in a single combination, the illusion of life and the distinct impression of mechanical arrangement."

Mr. Greig reiterates such phrases as "ambivalence of emotion," "ambivalent hate behavior," "principle of ambivalence," and "ambivalently sexual." It is his distinguishing view that laughter always eventuates when two opposing factors encounter each other in the mind, the stronger finally being winner. Chapter headings give the trend of the argument: "The Laughter of Infants," "Love and Laughter," "Some General Observations on Laughter," "The Sexual, the Obscene, and the Indecent," "The Physical," "Comic Devices," "The Comic Treatment of Vices," "Satire and Humor," and "Wit." The chapters are subdivided into lesser topics, the whole designed to show that laughter emerges from the conflict of counter-forces. The author makes much of the genetic study of laughter. Beneath the narrow yoke of ambivalent love-behavior he causes to pass all the phenomena of many-faceted laughter.

For those who breathlessly chase the cosmic Comic, I have a genuine sympathy. Some years ago, before Bergson, Sidis, Freud, Eastman, and Greig had written, I set out hopefully after elusive Laughter. Even as had these gentlemen, I fared a lengthy way through the writings of sages and seers from the beginning. Meredith, Hazlitt, Chapman and the rest I knew, and yet they left me with a feeling of the inadequacy of their spirited conjectures. Why do we laugh? I wondered still.

Thinking that so spontaneous a thing as laughter might best be apprehended by those who, supposedly, had never sought to prepare an argument concerning it, I addrest an abrupt inquiry to certain unsuspecting persons. To my query—Why do we laugh?—some were good enough to reply, others were good enough not to. Some regarded the question as proper and pertinent, others thought it improper and impertinent.

Under date of March 29, 1911, Mr. Richard Washburn Child, Ambassador-to-be, thus wrote:

> You have asked me to answer the question, "Why do we laugh?" and have embarrassed me much. I am a Yankee. Therefore I will ask you, "Why do our eyes emit water to exhibit grief?"

Elbert Hubbard, then nearing the peak of his fortune and repute, deemed this a satisfying answer:

> Because Life is a game in which we can all win. Ha-ha! A hand-shake of congratulation all around!

Later, I noticed with interest that in *The Fra* he wrote further of the subject, and I felt that he had been thinking more maturely:

> Laughter comes with contemplation. A man may take joy in his work, but he can not laugh at it—it is too close. Mirth is a kind of serene skepticism. It comes only with intelligence.

These words I thought more nearly worthy of the man who, opening his stateroom door, when the stricken *Lusitania* began its plummet-slide to oblivion, said simply: "This is the end. Come, Alice."

The Reverend Charles F. Aked, then pastor of the Fifth Avenue

Baptist Church, surrendering outright, said:

> "Your question is one for the man of science. It is altogether beyond me."

Ellis Parker Butler, celebrated author of "Pigs is Pigs," wrote somewhat tartly:

> Poke a baby in the ribs with your forefinger, and it will laugh itself to spasms. The baby doesn't know why, the forefinger doesn't know why, the ribs don't know why, you don't know why, and I don't know why. Nobody knows why.

I have always intended to send to Mr. Butler, possessor of a delicious sense of humor, at least one truckload of books from my library, to show him just how much space the philosophers have consumed in demonstrating that indeed they don't know why.

Strickland Gillilan, who overnight achieved acclaim for "Off Agin, On Agin, Gone Agin:—Finnigin," submitted this reflection:

> Laughter is an expression of relief from the stereotyped channels of thought and feeling. As soon as a joke becomes old it has worn a channel of its own, and we can no longer laugh at it, unless we want to borrow money from the man who tells it to us.

After writing that, Mr. Gillilan delighted audiences throughout this country. I have wondered how long it required him to discern why the veteran political campaigner always tells stories hoary with age and known to every person in the audience, eschewing as the plague any novel jest.

Wallace Irwin, creator of "Hashimura Togo," was good enough to write at some length. He said:

> Laughter is, like so many other emotional manifestations of the human animal, a matter of nerves. Taken philosophically, laughter is a cackling sound produced by the muscles of the throat, usually superinduced by observation, on the part of the laugher, of some surprising combination of ill-assorted objects, events or circumstances. The man who never laughs at all is often some sort of mental cripple. The man who laughs too easily is often deficient in a sense of humor—he laughs from an animal instinct of mirthfulness which may be tickled by objects unworthy of a smile. Humorists, I have been told, seldom laugh. I am not sure about this—and if it is so, then gravity is merely an air of conventional pretense on their part. However, there is no reason why the humorist should be as tickled by the joke as his audience. The humorist is the man who lays the trap, the audience is the quarry that falls into it. Laughter, then, is a human expression of pleasant surprise. The greater the shock the louder the laugh. A German comedian falling upon his frontal pads must, of necessity, be greeted by a louder shout than would greet the needle-wit of a Bernard Shaw or a Charles Lamb. I know of no compartment in the human mind which gives more space for fine gradations of taste than does the Sense of Humor

Shrewd conjectures concerning the Cosmic Comic there have been in plenty. But, because of the very complexity of the subject, no man has ever yet been accepted as the one clear voice. And, in all probability, none shall ever be. In the very nature of the matter, it must always be true that to one Laughter shall seem very like a rope, to another a wall, and yet to another the trunk of a tree. The things that men laugh at are myriad and those that laugh at them are innumerable and circumstanced in infinite variety. The Sense of the Comic is implicit in the destiny of man and in his wistful meditations concerning it.

The philosophers seem to draw too near to their subject. They use scalpel and microscope where the telescope seems better suited. They see reflected in a bubble the earth and stars; one thrust of their pointed instrument and before them falls a blob of soapy water. They seem to posit their theories upon the existence of a race of secure immortals, well-nigh omniscient and omnipotent, who look always upon a pleasing world of law and order.

Laughter—despite Holmes's whimsical tribute to the animals—is really restricted to mankind. In a personal letter, Dr. Frederick Starr, eminent anthropologist, ethnologist and parœmiologist, expresses the belief that all peoples have a very definite impression of the significance of life. They know it is a bewildering thing, wherein the goal of the game is shrouded in fog, but that a pragmatic attitude toward it may be assumed. This knowledge they embody in their proverbs—the common coin of mankind's wisdom—and in their laughter—mankind's appraisal of all philosophies.

Perhaps Laughter is not the puny and extraneous thing that some have held. Puck's pudgy fingers seem lined with steely sinews. Sometimes vengeful, he topples ministries and monarchs to irreparable disaster; again, with monkish touch, he succors the stricken. Nasby's cartoons fired cannon in the Civil War. Captain Bairnsfather's "Ole Bill" lent courage in every British dugout. "O. Henry" took gentle leave of life with a jest upon his lips, and Poe recalled that Sir Thomas More died laughing, "that magnificent end." Whatever Laughter may really be, whatever the minutiæ of its origin and manifestations, it is the inalienable prerogative of a race that knows assured sorrow and that would yet, in the face of every calamity, avoid despair. It is a brave race, sorely beset, but it would show through its laughter that it is not craven or contemptible. It is at one with the sunlight, the showers and the fecund soil, essential to man's very life. It is, it seems, the mainspring in our will-to-live, a fundamental of Schopenhauer's Weltanschauung, and ours.

Do earthquake and fire smite San Francisco with horrid death? Well, the news dispatches tell how survivors, pranking out crude huts of débris, living beneath crumpled tin roofs, must put up signs that read: "The Ritz-Carlton—Take express elevator for the roof-garden," "Unequaled accommodations," and the like. The few survivors in a disastrous mine explosion, seated among the shattered bodies of their comrades, were at last found laughing and joking. No calamity of which we know has lacked those who laughed beyond it. Soon we shall be so told of Japan. Perhaps, gentlemen, the marvel is not that we laugh at this or that, and for such and such pitiably stodgy reason, but that, life being the thing it is, we laugh at all.

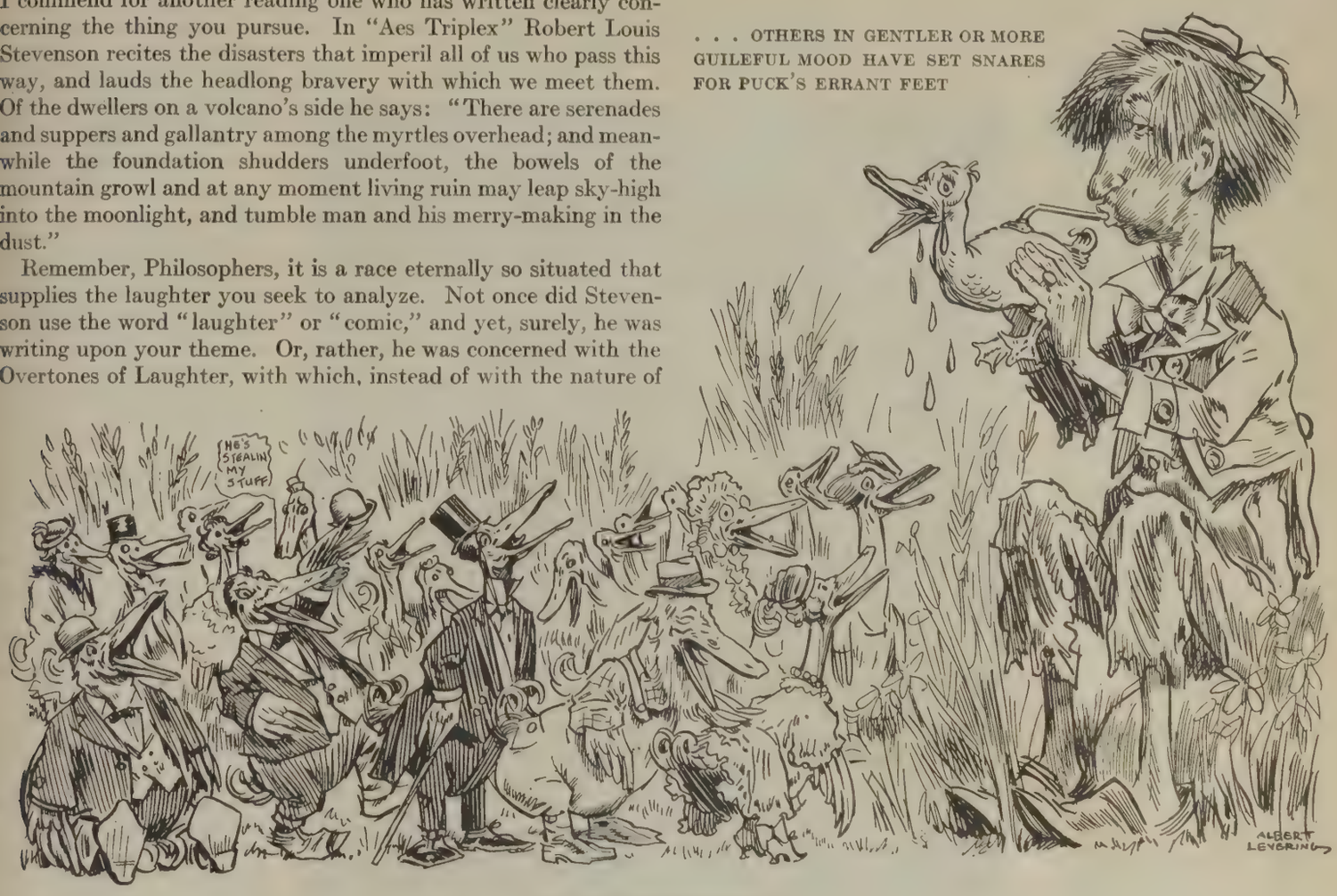
Mr. Greig's book, large as it is, has no space to mention Charlie Chaplin, whose antics doubtless have caused more persons to laugh than have all the mimes and buffoons before him. Shall a man nowadays write on laughter and omit this exponent of the all but universal Comic, this man whose poignantly funny fooling causes the citizens of Buenos Ayres to proclaim a holiday in honor of his screened coming, and Mukden to hold its quaking sides? Can any academic definition of laughter explain the tremendously human adulation

that all races shower upon this shuffling figure? Is it not seen that Chaplin presents in ludicrous but faithful microcosm the sorry rôle that each of us plays—resolutely, nay, insouciantly—in a drama keyed to great pathos?

So, to you seekers after the mysteries of the Cosmic Comic, I commend for another reading one who has written clearly concerning the thing you pursue. In "Aes Triplex" Robert Louis Stevenson recites the disasters that imperil all of us who pass this way, and lauds the headlong bravery with which we meet them. Of the dwellers on a volcano's side he says: "There are serenades and suppers and gallantry among the myrtles overhead; and meanwhile the foundation shudders underfoot, the bowels of the mountain growl and at any moment living ruin may leap sky-high into the moonlight, and tumble man and his merry-making in the dust."

Remember, Philosophers, it is a race eternally so situated that supplies the laughter you seek to analyze. Not once did Stevenson use the word "laughter" or "comic," and yet, surely, he was writing upon your theme. Or, rather, he was concerned with the Overtones of Laughter, with which, instead of with the nature of Laughter itself, the rest of us too are most concerned. Let him who would follow and surpass Mr. Greig more fully bear in mind the marvel that the Spartan altar to Laughter survived the temples and shrines of a thousand different divinities.

. . . OTHERS IN GENTLER OR MORE GUILEFUL MOOD HAVE SET SNARES FOR PUCK'S ERRANT FEET



The Latest News from Cape Cod

By William Lyon Phelps

I HAVE not read all of Joe Lincoln's books, for I have to save some time to write my own. But of those I have read, "Doctor Nye"(1) is the best. I regard Mr. Lincoln as a public blessing; his novels give happiness, entertainment, and instruction to thousands. When you are in doubt what road to take next, choose the Lincoln highway, which runs from Cape Cod to the land of laughter. The rustic cackle of his burg draws universal and appreciative laughter and applause. Now there are those who profess to dislike laughter; they do not wish to laugh themselves, and they do not like to hear any one else laughing. If they really prefer undiluted tragedy, they may conveniently find this also on the Cape, in the powerful dramas of Eugene O'Neill, and in Ethel Kelley's tale of a spinster's suicide, called "Heart's Blood." Rosalind said that men have died and the worms have eaten them, but not for love; but she did not in this category include women. Taking advantage of what after all may have been an oversight, Miss Kelley tells us of a capable woman, who because she could not have her man, for which, from the rational point of view, she should have been grateful, up and killed herself. R. I. P.

The salty tang that fills the atmosphere of Mr. Lincoln's novels, and gives them a fine flavor, is of the Cape itself, where the author was born, and where his seafaring ancestors set forth on the seven oceans. He knows his country and he knows the people. The best account of him is by the indefatigable and accomplished Grant Overton, in "Arabian Nights' Entertainment," a book where advertising is raised artistically to the fourth dimension. If there are any who think Joe Lincoln's studies "superficial," let them read what Mr. Overton has to say.

No modern book-lover can fail to notice the increasing power and prestige of the physician. The medico and the surgeon have taken the authority in many human lives that once belonged to the village parson and to the priest. That accurate diagnostician of the public taste, Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart, wrote some years ago an entertaining story called "K," where the surgeon's uniform wrought more havoc than epaulettes. The Russian Artsybashev, in his somber novel, "The Breaking Point," has as his chief character the village doctor. Arthur Schnitzler, himself a physician, went even further; in his powerful play, "Dr. Bernhardi," he brought the white-jacketed surgeon and the cassocked priest into open conflict, with the advantage all on the former's side. The surgeon is the modern miracle-man, and every day sees his position more exalted.

In a certain sense, doctors and novelists may work well together;

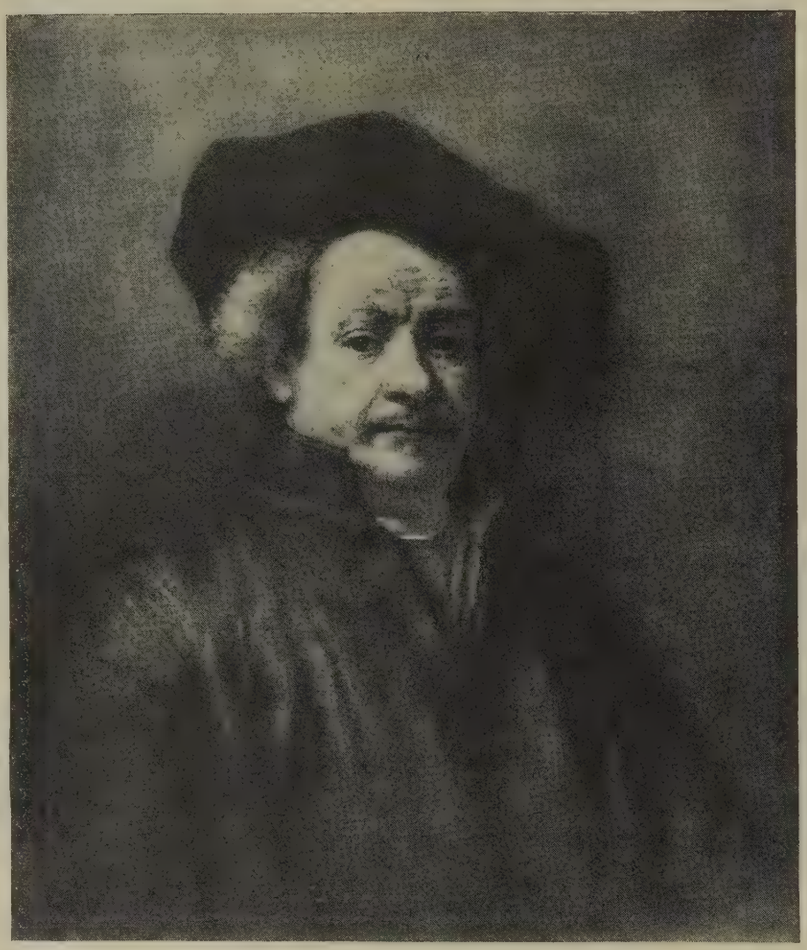
(*Continued on page 26*)

(1) DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE: A Novel. By Joseph C. Lincoln, 422 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.

A Champion of Rembrandt's 'Prentices

By Charles de Kay

WHEN we seek to realize in these modern minds of ours what was exactly the life of Rembrandt Harmenz van Ryn in Leyden and Amsterdam, we have to follow the clues left us by early writers about artists, such as Karel van Mander and Vasari, and by contemporaries like Sandrart, rather than those we get from recent writers like Taine, Fromentin, Bode, Hofsteede de Groot, who try to imagine conditions long gone by. K. van Mander was an author-artist of Haarlem, who kept a school and had the great Frans Hals among his pupils. His methods were much the same as Rembrandt's in the next century, who kept a painter-school in Amsterdam. Rembrandt lived about that part of the seventeenth century which lies between Hudson's discovery of Manhattan and the bestowal of the name New York on the little town, so that, what with our more or less accurate recalling of those primitive times on this side, what with the portraits and townscapes, the pictures of popular enjoyments like fairs, dancing, drinking and skating parties left us by Dutch artists, what with poems written by Cats, Vondel, Krul, and others, we can reproduce pretty fairly to ourselves the surroundings of a successful painter like Rembrandt.



Courtesy, Metropolitan Museum of Art

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST—REMBRANDT

One of the paintings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art attributed to Rembrandt. Of the collection in the Metropolitan Museum Mr. Van Dyke declares "not one of the pictures put down to Rembrandt is by him."

His fellow citizens and the succeeding generations kept him in mind because of the mysterious something inadequately called genius that looks from his work; but what strikes the observer in the next place is the quantity of that work. It seems greater than is possible for the powers of one man.

Now, that great quantity in output has bothered many writers during the last three centuries, and the fact has long been known that, while Rembrandt was living, imitated work with false signatures was rife. Besides, steady sales of the output of the school directed by Rembrandt were the rule, sales of pictures by his pupils, more or less retouched by the master, which were openly sold as such to the entire satisfaction of the buyers. This was a well-known custom in Italy and Holland. Professor John C. Van Dyke is only the last of a number of writers who have hacked away such paintings attributed to Rembrandt and assigned them to pupils or imitators not of the school. But he is also the most daring and drastic.

He began his iconoclastics in his "New Guides to Old Masters," 1911, but since that book appeared the passage of time has not softened his Hircanian mood. With fresh vigor he returns to the attack and so belabors the hitherto accepted work of the master that scarce fifty real and true, soul-expressive and "hand-painted" canvases by Rembrandt are left.(1)

Well, then, what becomes of the pictures accepted by Bredius and Bode, Hofsteede de Groot and Valentiner as works by the master? What of the lexicographers of art, Siret and Champlain, Wurzbach and others? Isn't it sad?

Professor Van Dyke at any rate does not appear sorry for them, such is the *saeva indignatio* of an otherwise delightful, suave person, who has gone about for years treasuring in his diary murderous notes on famous "Rembrandts." His new book has many true and apt passages to lighten its gloomful guesses. North of the Alps, he opines—anent the German, Dutch or Flemish schools—there has been indiscriminate laudation or promotion or compilation signifying nothing:

> The critical sense seems to have been lacking. The Latins aver that the Anglo-Saxons and Teutons have a way of seeing with their ears—that they dig up documents, prepare pedigrees and prices, discourse about signatures and grow pathetic about domestic events that never happened; but they do not see the picture as the esthetic expression of a human being. The individuality of the painter escapes them, they are misled by a mannerism, see an original in an imitation and accept a ducal certificate in place of a painter's statement with the brush.

Gerard Dou, Salomon Koninck, Ferdinand Bol, Lievens and De Wet were pupils of Rembrandt when the latter was young and not so broad and colorful as he became later; they caught his "gray manner." On the other hand, Nicolaes Maes, Drost and De Gelder came later and assimilated the freer brushwork and warmer coloring of his middle age. Professor Van Dyke's thesis conveys the belief that not a certain proportion but the vast majority of the "Rembrandts" extant are by these and other pupils—which has resulted in hard lines for the fame of the pupils. This excites his pity and points his wrath:

> The pupils are not only confused with the master but with themselves. One tries in vain to draw a sharp division line between Bol and Flinck, or seeks to separate the output of Carel Fabritius from

(1) REMBRANDT AND HIS SCHOOL: A CRITICAL STUDY OF THE MASTER AND HIS PUPILS, WITH A NEW ASSIGNMENT OF THEIR PICTURES. By John C. Van Dyke, Professor of the History of Art, Rutgers College. Folio, xx. 178 pages; photographic frontispiece and 47 plates. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1923.

that of his brother or from Vermeer of Delft. And the distortion of history in it, the rank injustice to the pupils, are little short of outrageous. The works of the pupils are given to the master, which do not enrich him but make the pupils poor indeed. Their best pictures—only those that approximate the master's in strength, only those that will pass as Rembrandts—are taken. What is left to the pupils is practically the discard of weak or unfinished or unsuccessful works. And they, poor souls, are judged and written down by this discard. Their degradation is even used as arguments to prove that they never could have done anything strong or noble or exalted. One ventures to question an alleged Rembrandt, thinking it a Bol, and is immediately met by: "When did you ever see Bol do anything as strong as that?" There is no answer, because there is nothing very strong left under Bol's name, and to put forth the questioned Rembrandt as a Bol is to assume the premises in dispute.

And yet this method of turning out pictures from a *bottega* in Italy or Spain, and ascribing them to a school in Holland, was not considered unfair or unjust at the time. Why does it seem so to-day? Because these pictures have become rarities, and therefore of values enormously enhanced through the efforts of rich amateurs and art museums to obtain them. The glamour of big sums of money paid by collectors invades the realm of esthetics and gives a false value to objects often lacking in interest and beauty. It is perhaps natural that a student of the history of art should resent the muddle created by collectors and dealers, assisted also by the unsophisticated methods of the old masters in disposing of their shop pictures, but the philosopher will not so readily share Professor Van Dyke's indignation. He may even suspect from the heat of denunciation that the judge has gone too far and deprived the great master of many fine creations in a gallant attempt to retrieve the honors of which he believes the pupils were deprived.

The author reckons up seventy 'prentices who for longer or shorter periods frequented the Rembrandt studios, among whom he has discovered three painters but little known—Gerrit Willemz Horst; Carel van der Pluym, who is credited with a host of "Rembrandts," including the "Holy Family" of the Cassel Gallery, another in the Old Pinakothek at Munich, a third in the Hermitage, Petrograd, the "Old Rabbi" in Budapest and "Man with Red Cap" in the Berlin Museum, "Old Woman with Book in Lap" in the Frick Collection, New York, the "Christ at Emmaus" and "Supper at Emmaus" in Paris. The third discovery embraces works by Willem Drost, hitherto considered Rembrandts, including the "Sibyl" at the Metropolitan. The "David Before Saul" at Frankfort, promoted from Salomon Koninck's work to Rembrandt's, is given back to that pupil. So the redistribution goes on through the eight chapters devoted to pictures by pupils. To Horst he gives the violent "Blinding of Samson," at Frankfort, the nude "Danae" at Petrograd, the seated draped "Bathsheba" at the Liechtenstein, Vienna, the "Samson Threatening his Father-in-Law," at Berlin, and the "Samson's Wedding" in the Dresden Gallery. A "Bathsheba at her Toilet" at the Metropolitan is by Van der Eeckhout or G. W. Horst. A "Portrait of Man" in the Moore collection, New York, and "Portrait of a Young Woman," at the Metropolitan, with one of an old woman in the Havemeyer collection, are given to Jacob Adriaenz Backer, along with notable Rembrandts in many European museums.

The directors of museums, says the devastator, have good excuse for retaining the present attributions. In many cases the pictures were given by people who bought them believing them to be by the master. It is not politic "to look gift pictures too closely in the mouth." And the pictures themselves are excellent enough for any gallery. But the art public should not be misled by considerations that close the mouth of gallery directors. "They" [the directors or the public?] "should know the truth of art history." Those poor art museum directors! Everybody in turn shies a brick at them—whether they agree or not to buy or accept works of art; and here comes a professor of the history of art and archeology with a quiver full of envenomed darts! All our marvelous array of genuine hand-picked and -painted Rembrandts at the Metropolitan relegated with one fellswoop into canvases by the apprentices to the master!

Mr. Van Dyke explains the extraordinary number of portraits of Rembrandt and members of his family which differ notably one from the other by supposing that the same person sat for the various pupils, and naturally each pupil would vary from the others, owing to the force of his own temperament. Those pictures which had some merit were preserved and sold. "These portraits of the family are just as inexplicable as the portraits of Rembrandt himself, unless we assume them done in the shop by different pupils at different times." Not only Rembrandt and Rubens, but the great Italians employed pupils or apprentices on their canvases. Some signatures were faked in Rembrandt's time and afterward, but indubitably Rembrandt himself, this critic contends, signed many a picture, only part of which was his own. "He no doubt signed scores of pictures painted by his pupils and sold them from his shop as shop-work—he himself having put nothing upon them but the signature and date, with perhaps a parting lick or rub here or there."

The chapter of most importance in Professor Van Dyke's book is called "The Internal Evidence." To separate the wheat from the straw, to decide what pictures are wholly from the master's brush and what are the works which are largely by pupils or entirely by imitators, it is necessary to reject the support of signatures, documents and tradition and consider the spirit of the picture, the esthetic or what the writer prefers to call the emotional element. Brushwork and the individual methods employed by each painter are, of course, considered, but the emotion is the strongest test:

Rembrandt was profoundly emotional—

(*Continued on page 32*)

A LESSON IN ANATOMY
(Given by John C. Van Dyke as a genuine Rembrandt)

A British Novelist Talks of American Novelists

By Maxwell Aley

I MET him first in the office of Collins, the English publisher: a tall, spare man, keen and kindly of face, with direct gray-blue eyes that look out on life with an arresting frankness. I remember thinking how like he was to a certain type of English clergyman; an all-too-rare type: men who have given themselves to their church and their people with an understanding devotion based on a real philosophy of life. We talked only briefly then, but later, when he asked me to his house, I learned that J. D. Beresford came of a line of such men; for we had the afternoon before the fire in his study, and we exchanged everything from literary opinions to ancestors, schools, early struggles with "jobs," and the gossip of two continents!

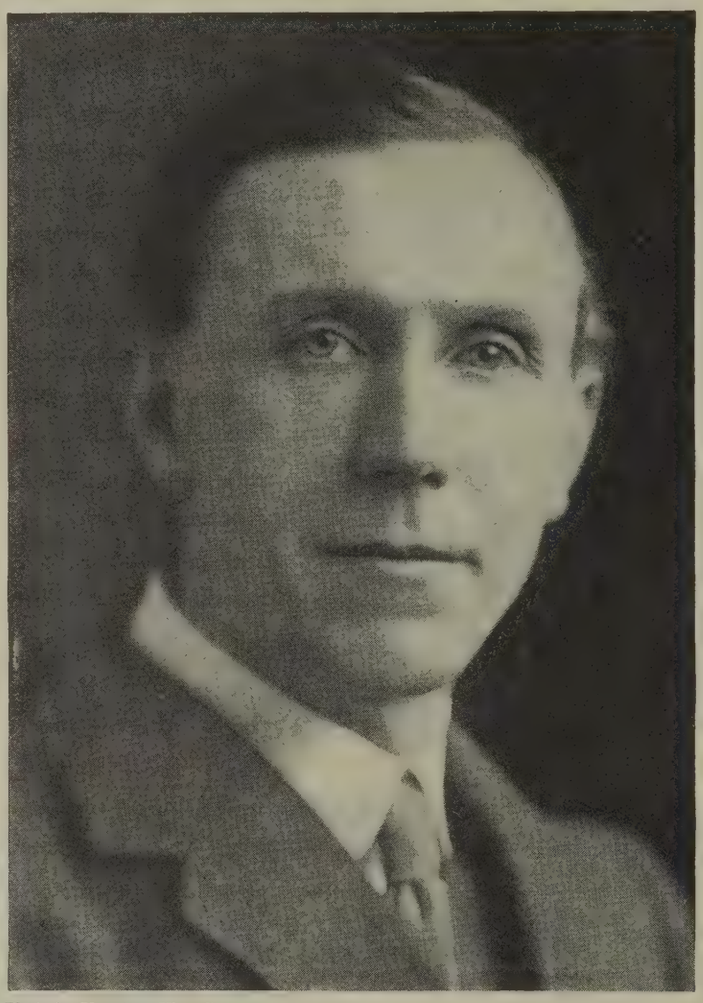


Photo by Keystone View Co.

JOHN DAVYS BERESFORD

I knew that he had begun life in an architect's office; but the clergyman idea persisted, and I asked him whether or no he had been educated for the church.

"That," he suggested, smiling, "is probably heredity of acquired characteristics—all the scientists to the contrary. For I am son and grandson of a parson. My grandfather, born in 1774, was Rector of St. Andrews, Holborn, and simultaneously of the parishes of Hoby and Ayleston in Leicestershire. My father, born in 1822, was a Precentor and Minor Canon of Peterborough Cathedral, and afterward Rector of Castor in Northamptonshire, where I was born in 1873."

There followed, then, the tale of his early experiences in London. Some day some one with a passion for statistics and tabulation is going to analyze the early struggles of the present generation of English novelists, and write an article on their "making": Wells, the scientist; W. L. George, who has had his day at a dozen professions; Bennett, Mackenzie, Rebecca West, Maxwell, Stephen MacKenna, each with much adventure to his credit. Beresford, as I said before, began in an architect's office, "articled" at the staggering stipend of thirty shillings a week. In 1903, at the end of eight years, he was getting but £3 a week, so, discouraged with the profession, he left it and went into life insurance.

"And all this time," he told me, "I was, of course, trying to write! It was really the American insurance scandals of 1905 that precipitated me into a closer touch with the book-world. The New York Life, for which I worked, reduced the number of its branch offices in London from twelve to two, and when W. H. Smith & Son providentially offered me the chance to edit an annual, I went with them. Later, when these publishers opened their great chain of bookstores, I managed their travelers. At the end of a year I gave this up. The reasons are set forth in 'A Candidate for Truth' and in the 'Jacob Stahl' books.

"I had a few months as a copy-writer in an advertising agency then I drifted, making a living anyhow. But I got the tip of my nose into the writing business—reviewing, editing, doing one-act plays for the halls,' writing brief sketches for magazines.

"'The Early Adventures of Jacob Stahl' was published in 1911. And since then—in thirteen years—I have published twenty-one volumes, fifteen of them full-length novels."

I was eager to get his views on our American novelists and their work, for I remembered how much of a god he had been to my own generation back in that remote pre-war era of 1912–1914; and I had always suspected that it was his influence which had most to do in starting the younger American group of self-revelationists. For that matter, he has been and is a novelist's novelist, both here and in England, tho he has his wide and appreciative general public, too.

I spoke of all this, and particularly of my idea that his had been an important influence on the American novel. He smiled, and took down from a shelf near by a copy of Floyd Dell's "Moon Calf," in which was inscribed:

> To J. D. Beresford, this story of an American cousin of your "Candidate for Truth"—with gratitude for your flaming candor, in the light of which I have written and shall write.

We fell to talking then of the American novel. I had found everywhere among English writing-people the half-exprest idea that the immediate future of the novel in English was in America. "Babbitt," which has taken a tremendous hold, is largely responsible. But, aside from that, English novelists are tired, and England herself is tired, and none of them feel particularly optimistic about either themselves, their contemporaries, or the probable literary achievements of the next decade.

Beresford seemed to me to have weathered the storm of war and its aftermath more calmly and sanely than any other novelist I had met. I had just then read his "Love's Pilgrim,"[1] which had been published in London that week, and I had found it fit brother to "Jacob Stahl"—again in the mood of its author's early and best work. Like all the rest of Beresford's novels, "Love's Pilgrim" is written on an intensely personal note. The "Jacob Stahl" books are closely autobiographical, of course and most of the other novels are projections of some phase of

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[1] LOVE'S PILGRIM. By J. D. Beresford. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $2.

Beresford's own experience. I refrained from asking how much of "Love's Pilgrim" was this, but he spoke of the fact that his hero, Foster Innes, was, like himself, lame. The book had left me with a feeling of having known Innes as one knows few people in real life; of having suffered with him, shared his ups and downs, and joyed in the final bright end of his long pilgrimage.

Innes, through his lameness, is barred from much of the common experience of mankind. He is over-sensitive, over-imaginative, and tormented by an elusive love-image that his earlier flouting by the radiant, glowing Tertia Westfield fails to kill. Throughout his pursuit of this elusive ideal his mother—"she and I were fated to love each other selfishly"—dominates him, thwarts him, determined to hold him for her own. She is a woman who has never known love, who faces the realities of life almost with cynicism; but for her Foster will never grow up. I can recall no more quietly dramatic scene than that where Mrs. Innes finally meets defeat, and takes it with cool aloofness. Here, as always, Beresford is master in the handling of subjective drama.

The book was illuminating to me as few others have been in giving a picture of England in the last ten years. It carries one through from the period directly preceding the war to the present. Beresford does not evade the fact that there has been a war, as is the fashion in fiction now. His hero is not actively in it, of course, because of his lameness; but through him one feels the pulse of England. His little episode with the girl Nita—a war-time Pagan—is strangely revealing. The brief section in which the four years of war are covered is like a sudden, rapid movement in a quiet, smooth-flowing symphony.

The novel is so sane psychologically, too, in this day of half-baked Freudians. Not once is a complex mentioned; and tho Foster's mother is one of the most cannibalistic of the maternal species, he depicts her without resort to clinical terms. Never was Beresford more the novelist's novelist than in the psychological aspects of "Love's Pilgrim." As an editor who must yearly read tons of unpublished material of Freudian inspiration, I would like to have a course in Beresford prescribed for all youthful aspirants to the novelist's estate.

But to return to his views on the American novel. Beresford, if any one, it seemed to me, could express opinion about us sanely and well. And he had read more American novels than most Americans ever read.

"The first thing that strikes me about the American novel," he said, "is the comparatively high level of the mass of popular fiction. As reader for Collins & Co., I see at least four or five American novels each week, submitted for English publication. And the general average of these books is unquestionably higher than the English productions in the same genre. By 'higher' I mean that the workmanship is better. The average American novel is better constructed, more brightly written, has altogether more the air of being done by a professional craftsman.

"I am, of course, speaking now from a commercial point of view. I must go on to admit that, so far as my own reading is concerned, all these slick, competent novels, turned out so admirably to specification, bore me unspeakably. But once having placed the 'type,' recognized the particular specification to which it is written, I can read any one of them in an hour.

"Many of the best sellers are in this class, but what it is in the books themselves that lifts the sales from 5,000 to 500,000, it is hard to say. A trifle more zest? A greater and more passionate belief exhibited by the author in his own gifts? A finer eye to the essentials that go to the building and solution of a dramatic situation? Or is it a greater capacity for dreaming—and putting into words—the same day-dreams as the dreaming mass of mankind?

"Now for the modern American novelists that I can read for my own pleasure. Sinclair Lewis comes first, because I can go to him for first-hand experience of life. Having read 'Babbitt,' I am not precisely the same man that I was before. I have learned something. I know that some Americans say that George Babbitt never existed, and I can't controvert that statement from personal knowledge of the average realtor in the United States. But I know that Babbitt exists, for me; and that if he did not exist before, in the flesh, he does now; because the minds of those who have read Lewis's book will see him now—see him everywhere, where they never saw him before. When I come to the States, I shall look for George Babbitt, and find him. I have been educated. And in the same way, I felt after reading 'Main Street' that I knew everything about the life of a small American town, and that I could write a book about it myself. I couldn't; but I felt like that. I had learned something. I used to have the same feeling after reading Frank Norris.

"I can not say quite the same about any other young American novelist. I admire the realism of Joseph Anthony, particularly in 'The Gang,' and of Floyd Dell; but they are not sharpened to quite so fine and instructive an edge—as yet. But Lewis wrote four (or was it five?) novels before 'Main Street,' and 'The Gang' or 'Mooncalf' will stand comparison with, say, 'The Job.' I am watching Floyd Dell and Joseph Anthony.

"In another class come those books which I read for quite another form of delectation, the books of Sherwood Anderson, Cabell or Hergesheimer. Theirs is a more imaginative art, and I take the liberty of disbelieving them. I read 'Linda Condon,' for example, with interest, but I never felt that the thing had happened or was likely to happen. Sherwood Anderson, too, I approach as a romantic; sometimes with the feeling that there is a little too much Art in his presentation. I can't forget his individuality, and I don't go to him to learn about life so much as about Anderson. He seems to me to be always inside his material.

"And I can read Scott Fitzgerald—for sheer amusement. There's a terrible lot of the clever Alick about his books, but it does not annoy me. He can write.

"The future? Well, at least five of the novelists I've mentioned have a future (I don't count Hergesheimer, because I think he did his best work with 'The Three Black Pennys' and won't touch that level again), and you never know when a new man may not crop up. And that five will stand comparison with any five of the same generation we can put up over here, even tho, just at the moment, you lack a Wells, a Galsworthy, a Conrad or a Bennett, to mention the best of those of an earlier generation who are still writing.

"Lastly, you have Eugene O'Neill. He isn't a novelist, but I go to him to learn about real, alive, suffering people. I get education from him."

He talked of "Anna Christie," which was a great success in London just then, and we might have gone on till dinner-time if I had not become suddenly aware that the patch of sunlight in the garden outside the study windows had climbed up on the mossy brick wall and that the study fire was almost burned out. I was due in Hempstead for tea, a good half hour from Beresford's house (which is on St. James's Terrace looking over Regent's Park), and I had to hurry off.

He saw me into the taxi, and stood there at his own garden-gate, a man who seemed taller than he is, smiling that quizzical and wise and kindly smile which I shall henceforth always feel behind the pages of his books.

In connection with the recent publication by Duttons of W. H. Hudson's early novel, "Fan: The Story of a Young Girl's Life," it is interesting to note that a copy of the first edition of this book brought seventy-one pounds at a sale in England not long ago. The book was originally published under the pen-name of "Henry Harford," and the copy just sold bore on its fly-leaf the inscription, "W. H. Hudson, from H. H."

There is a movement afoot in Russia to reestablish copyright for authors, which was abolished in 1917. It is proposed to fix the term of duration of a copyright at ten years, except for photographs, which will be copyrighted for only three years.

Giovanni Papini Competes with Dr. Johnson

By Lloyd Morris

WHEN you make some discovery about life with which humanity in general has long been familiar, it is disconcerting to find your emotions lost on your neighbors. They may agree with your conclusions, but they will hardly share your enthusiasm; we do not ordinarily hail the latest immigrant as a new Columbus. To the convert orthodoxy is an intoxicating stimulant, but to the congregation it is the wine of tradition and they are accustomed to its uses.

This, perhaps, is what accounts for the attitude of the Italian reading public toward Giovanni Papini, whose books they read with interest, but whose opinions and beliefs are less exciting to them than to him, and far less exciting to them than to us. If you and generations of your ancestors before you have lived within sight of the dome of Saint Peter's and the massive pile of the Vatican, if a long tradition has made you aware of their profound symbolic significance in human history, the mere view from your window makes a sensational announcement of their discovery by your neighbor seem a bit pretentious and impertinent. Short of that, it may occur to you that your neighbor is making a belated confession of his barbarian origin.

The very title of Papini's new book (1) appears to indicate that he has consciously assumed the position of a barbarian among the Romans. What is the intention back of this projected lexicon, of which the first volume—containing twelve prefaces addrest respectively to benevolent, hostile, pedantic and erudite readers, critics, philosophers, Jews, Protestants, women, worldings, Catholics and the superior authorities, together with nearly five hundred pages of text carrying the lexicon through the first two letters of the alphabet from "Abba, Pater" to "Byron (Lord George)"—has recently been published? The question is repeatedly answered in the prefaces:

> Our dictionary is not of the encyclopedic or historical type, and aims to attack the slippery ramparts of modern scientific, philosophic and social bestiality—not in order to defend the Church, which has no need of our defense . . . but in the hope of forcing into thought those minds—errant, but not lost; befogged but not blinded; recalcitrant, but not ruined—which are weighed down by the sooty clouds of five centuries of spiritual plague. . . . We ought to say that it was not our intention to make a compilation, but a disinfection; that this is not a dictionary of all words, but only of those which seem to us most useful in recalling to mind and recording certain profitable teaching; that our book is not to be informative but, with God's help, formative.

Such is the program of this remarkable polemic in lexicon form.

WHEN THE BARBARIANS (GAULS) CONQUERED ROME

The phenomenal success of Papini's "Life of Christ" in the United States has so far overshadowed his earlier work that his American audience is likely to forget Papini's former excursions into philosophy, poetry, fiction and criticism. Yet the curious may find, in the preface to the first edition of William James's "Pragmatism," issued in 1907, a reference to a forthcoming book on pragmatism by Papini. That book, "Pragmatismo," has, I believe, never been translated into English. Nor has Papini's volume of experiments in verse, nor his novel, "Un uomo finito," the somewhat dreary autobiography of a man who feels himself to be unlike all other men. But from "Four and Twenty Minds," a book of critical essays which has been published in an English translation, it is possible to gain an impression of those facets of Papini's own mind which find no reflection in "The Life of Christ." It is this earlier Papini who returns to literature in the "Dictionary," using the old methods in a new incarnation. But the pyrotechnic display is the same, tho for the Greek fire of skepticism Papini has now substituted the Roman candles of dogma.

In characterizing the book as an assault upon the ramparts of modern thought Papini has defined not only its intention but its method. In common with the books of his skeptical period, the dictionary has the singular quality of providing an explosion on every page. Never, perhaps, has a greater amount of vituperative expression been employed in the effort to persuade men to sanctity. The rhetorical catapult, always his favorite weapon, is constantly in play, and it discharges whatever missiles happen at the moment to be available. Personal abuse, ridicule, savage denunciation, invective, satire, prejudice and the protestation of piety maintain an incessant drum-fire upon the reader's brain. Few books are as exciting to read, and few are as amusing or irritating,

(*Continued on page 94*)

(1) DIZIONARIO DELL 'OMO SALVATICO. Volume Primo. A.-B. Redatto da Giovanni Papini e Domenico Giuliotti. Firenze: Vallecchi Editore. 521 pp. 15 lire.

Among the Gods of Modern Grub Street

By Richard Le Gallienne

THAT a writer must die to be appreciated used to be the consolatory unction with which neglected genius was encouraged to support its lot in a world which, according to Villon, ground its poets to the dust with poverty, and built them statues when they came to die. Critics were regarded as the natural enemies of new writers, and the "struggle for recognition" was popularly supposed to be one of the inescapable conditions of the literary calling. But perhaps Samuel Butler was the last considerable writer whose career justified these obsolete complaints, and we have now done so much to pacify his disgruntled shade that the time has perhaps already come which he himself foresaw when he wrote:

> But you, Nice People!
> Who will be sick of me because the critics thrust me down your throats.

At all events, any time during these last thirty years, the chance for any genius to be neglected, with searchlights of publicity to right and to left of him, has been small indeed. The struggle of the self-respecting writer nowadays is rather to escape fulsome and exaggerated recognition, and his talent is more likely to die of too much appreciation rather than of too little. Of too many contemporary writers, indeed, one fears it true, as the outspoken Mr. Mais says of Mr. Hugh Walpole, "success has done him no good." We have gone to the other extreme, and that old salutary struggle, which, with all its drawbacks, helped to preserve a writer's artistic integrity and saved him from premature self-satisfaction, has been too indulgently eliminated. "Brochures" are hurried forth about young writers while they are still in their growing pains, and they have barely time to put forth their first green shoots of promise before they are tenderly transplanted into hothouses of "appreciation," away from the hardier conditions of growth in which the classics of old fought their way to the full growth of their deep-rooted power. Your contemporary writer has hardly time to live at all before some one comes out with his biography, and he is invited to annotate himself with "introductions" to his collected works, when, instead of resting on his laurels, he should be strenuously engaged in adding to them. Well, perhaps it is a good fault in our critical attitude, and it is certainly more gracious to overpraise a contemporary than to belittle him just because he is a contemporary. However that be, we are undoubtedly given to contemplating "our noble selves" with very industrious complacency, and whatever be the verdict of the next generation or two on us and our works, there is no denying that we are very well pleased with ourselves, and it can never be said that the living Homers of our day begged their bread or languished in obscurity.

If any genius, or even modest talent, escapes us for "discovery" by subsequent literary antiquarians, it will certainly not be the fault of the three critics whose entertaining volumes have provoked these remarks. Many of these "Gods of Modern Grub Street" (1) are celebrated three times over in these three volumes, and there is scarcely a modern writer that escapes the eager laurel of one or another of them. The survey, indeed, of the contemporary literary scene is all but complete, and such writers as do escape here have been hunted down for immortalization elsewhere in that vast corpus of current "appreciations" in which these three volumes are, so to say, merely a drop in the bucket.

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FLEET STREET ("GRUB STREET") AS IT IS TO-DAY

It is really good to see such an exuberance of generosity toward their fellows as is displayed by contemporary men-of-letters. Such a prosperous mutual admiration society is certainly more agreeable than the spectacle which other eras have occasionally provided of small bickerings and petty jealousies among the children of the pen. These children of the type writer would seem to dwell together in a harmony such as has seldom obtained in the world of letters. The tribe of Christopher North, or even of W. E. Henley, would seem to be extinct. The storms that raged around the heads of Hazlitt and Keats, and even the much-coddled Tennyson, no longer

(1) GODS OF MODERN GRUB STREET: IMPRESSIONS OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS. By A. St. John Adcock. With thirty-two portraits, after photographs, by E. O. Hoppé. New York: F. A. Stokes Co. $2.50.

rage about our happy ground. The lion and the lamb lie down together with delighted pride in each other, and where the old fashion used to be to scalp a newcomer, the modern way is for all hands to log-roll him up Parnassus with hearty unanimity and the least possible delay.

And surely it is well that the contemporary should appreciate the contemporary, for in literary criticism we can never trust any future, howe'er pleasant, and if our contemporaries are not appreciated now, there is at least the chance that they never will be appreciated. The more so that in some cases it is their very contemporaneousness that appeals to us, and is sometimes the basis of our judgment. They are deliberately writing for us, not for those who will come after us. We are their audience, and it is for us to applaud.

Some of them, it may well seem to our fond eyes, have the stuff in them which will likewise win for them readers "still unborn," but of that it is never safe to prophesy—tho Mr. Mais is not so timorous.(2) Time and again his enthusiasm prompts him to predict for one and another of his favorites the fame "aere perennius." Of Mr. Middleton Murry's "The Things We Are" he is not afraid to aver, "It will live." Of a story by Miss Sackville-West he says: "It is one of the world's perfect love-stories." Of Mr. Walpole's "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill" he declares," It is the best public-school story ever written." Mr. Galsworthy's "The Forsyte Saga" is "a great book." Of Sir J. M. Barrie's "Dear Brutus," over which he becomes quite hysterical, he affirms: "There is not in our literature another dialog quite so poignant as that between Dearth and his daughter that might-have-been." I am not disputing these dicta. I merely cite them as characteristic. To dispute them would be to take them too seriously, to regard as judgments what are merely ebullitions of feeling, the sanguine enthusiasm of an easily moved, generously receptive mind, joyously prone to emphasis. The sense of proportion, the judicial temper, are merely not among Mr. Mais's critical virtues, but he would probably despise them as part of that body of "old beliefs" which he is anxious to see die. "We can make something of life once the old beliefs are dead," he says, in writing of one of his particular heroes, Mr. Sherwood Anderson, in whose writings he finds "a clarion call to a new sweet philosophy," the successor of Walt Whitman, "a literature of vitality," which "means something." Presumably all the great literature of the past meant nothing, and all "old beliefs" are for the scrap-heap.

We get another glimpse of Mr. Mais's "modernism" in his article on Mr. Somerset Maugham, whose "The Moon and Sixpence" he regards as "the model of what every biography in fiction ought to be," "a book which is the healthiest I have ever read." A passage from it in which the hero, Charles Strickland, exclaims: "God damn my wife. She is an excellent woman. I wish she was in hell," moves Mr. Mais to something like ecstasy. "That is so healthy," he says, "that we can scarcely credit it of an artist." And again, when Strickland says: "I know best; that's normal and healthy. Love is a disease. Women are the instruments of my pleasure. I have no patience with their claims to be helpmates, partners, companions. . . . Life has no value. Blanche Stroeve didn't commit suicide because I left her, but because she was a foolish and unbalanced woman . . . she was an entirely unimportant person," Mr. Mais comments: "This is, as Strickland says, a very healthy point of view."

One might expect such outspoken "frightfulness" either to bore or to anger one, but somehow in Mr. Mais it seems only highly amusing. It is so naively bugaboo. One thinks as little of disputing with him as of agreeing with him. He is so evidently not a critic whose opinion it is safe to take even tentatively, but so plainly an individualist, not to say anarchist. If one says that he is really not a critic at all, you will find from his preface that you can not offend him that way, for he has already anticipated you. He has, he tells you, become "a professional book-reviewer"—"further from being a literary critic than ever I was." And he thus states the object of his book:

> In the year 1922, 10,842 books were published; 1,931 of these were novels. It is fairly obvious that the general reader, the man or woman who reads for intellectual entertainment, can not sample every one of these. I am employed as a "Taster." It is my privilege to give here some indication of the merits of a few of the better vintages —that is all.

On his title-page he has placed this quotation from Mr. Lytton Strachey: "Perhaps the best test of a man's intelligence is his capacity for making a summary." Evidently Mr. Mais conceives that his own special excellence lies in this direction, and there he is absolutely right. Whatever we may think of his judgments on the various books he "tastes" for us, he is unquestionably a first-class summarist. Aside from an occasional brief and usually brusk comment, his method is to summarize his author, to tell his story, to give us the "insides" of his book, with the aid of copious quotations, and thus provide us with the means of coming to our own conclusions. And he employs this method with great skill, so well, indeed, that in many cases he saves us from the trouble of reading the book for ourselves. But, as well, he does it in so individual a fashion, with an almost cannibalistic gusto of enjoyment, that to watch him literally devouring book after book is a new exhilaration in reviewing.

Mr. Mais published a similar volume three years ago entitled "Books and Their Writers," which had for its motto: "The secret—which is also the reward—of all learning lies in the passion for the search." His passionate enjoyment of the books that please him is what he brings us, and mere differences of opinion or attitude are forgotten in his stimulating "passion for the search." He has also written a volume entitled "From Shakespeare to O. Henry," which I have not seen, but which should be good reading, and he confides to us in his preface that he is primarily a novelist,—"My true business in life is creative,"—and in that capacity it would appear that Mr. Mais thinks quite well of—Mr. Mais. "As a novelist," he says, "I have with some difficulty created a technique of my own which only about two critics have had the ability to discover." We learn, too, from his sympathetic account of his old professor, the late Sir Walter Raleigh, that at college he was something of an athlete, "a runner." And whatever else is lacking in his entertaining reviews, it is neither "speed" nor muscle. For one hyperbole I would like particularly to thank Mr. Mais, his characterization of "The Sailor," by the mysteriously neglected Mr. J. C. Snaith, as "a great novel." "Great" is a big word, but for once Mr. Mais uses it with something approaching discrimination.

Another example of the Passionate or Emotional School of Criticism is to be found in the essays of the late Dixon Scott, which Mr. St. John Adcock has brought together under the title of "Men of Letters."(3) But Dixon Scott had far more concern with esthetic values than Mr. Mais, and their only qualities in common are their literary avidity and their enthusiasm for their contemporaries. Mr. Max Beerbohm contributes an introduction to the volume, and Mr. St. John Adcock an editorial note in which he tells us something of Scott's too brief career, the great promise of which was cut short at Gallipoli, a name tragic for England alike in literary and in military annals. Scott, who was born in 1881, first attracted attention by his articles on books for the Liverpool *Courier* and the Manchester *Guardian*, where, as Mr. Beerbohm says, "from London the keen eye of Sir William Robertson Nicoll discerned him, and soon he was contributing essays in criticism for *The Bookman*."

It is from these sources that Mr. St. John Adcock, himself editorially associated with Nicoll on *The Bookman*, has made the present selection, and he tells us, from an editorial point of view, how hard it was for Scott, impossible in fact, to confine his characteristic exuberance of expression within space limits. Asked

(*Continued on page 88*)

(2) Some Modern Authors. By S. P. B. Mais. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.

(3) Men of Letters. By Dixon Scott. With an Introduction by Max Beerbohm. New York: George H. Doran Co. $3.

Galsworthy and May Sinclair in Friendly Rivalry

By Alexander Black

ALL of us have cause for gratefulness in the fact that, for the moment, there is less talk about essential form, that we may consider how things affect us without being quite so much distracted by the noise of discussion as to the shape in which the things come or should come. Form will never be unimportant, but it will never be so important as personality and ideas, those elements from which the importance of form arises. The young doctor is likely to know just how long measles lasts. At sixty he is not so sure. When literature was younger it had fixt notions of the short story, for example, not to speak of the novel. We were told of structure points that were indispensable. There was the effect of implying that tho we were profoundly moved, our chagrin at discovering that the form was wrong should rebuke our emotion. That putting across the emotion is the great job for the artist, and that in choosing his own form he is a free agent, are proposals representing a theory of liberty for which the artist has always had to fight. A work of art, in which art is but one element, acquires its special importance to us not only as an embodiment, as a thing, but as a carrier of the artist, his vision of life and the reactions stirred in him by that vision.

. . . DREW ITSELF AFTER HIM ALONG THE FLOOR

By Jean de Bosschère, illustration for "The Nature of the Evidence," in "Uncanny Stories," by May Sinclair (Macmillan).

Forgive these abstractions. Abstractions are implicit in every reader's point of view when there is really a point of view. And in the presence of two significant volumes of short stories theories naturally crop up. Nothing wrong, surely, about glancing at one's self-bestowed charter of privilege.

Oddly, I find myself challenged, after swinging at form, by resentment against the physical properties of Miss Sinclair's book.[1] It is dreadfully heavy—the physical book. Perhaps there is a symbolism here that champions of academic construction might seize eagerly. If the reader's emotions are the true objective, it is a pity to transmit a first impression of heaviness. However, the effect is strictly superficial. The book has a heavy body, because it is printed on the heaviest of paper, and it is so printed to carry scattered pictures, which strike me as a misfortune. When two arts are married and sent to live between book covers, there is an enormous hazard of incompatibility. To worry through, one of them should be submissive. The pictures should be what is known as a good wife to the text. In this instance the draftsman is not an illustrator. Jean de Bosschère is as much an individualist as Miss Sinclair, with frightfully discordant results. We seem to be hearing a piece played in two keys at the same time; worse than that, we are confronted by two quite contradictory expressions. "Illustrations by" becomes an annoying irony.

Miss Sinclair, it might have been pointed out to any "illustrator," is not a writer who is safely to be interrupted. Even a skilful obbligato would be difficult enough and dangerous enough in the present instance. Raw, freakish infusions are the more a calamity for a book in which are assembled "Uncanny Stories." Uncanniness somehow needs to be taken straight—or, as the English say, "neat." To be apprehended or enjoyed, it needs a singleness. Taken on its own ground—a ground that often becomes utterly vaporous, fantasmal—the book itself is sometimes a startling blend of psychoanalysis and metapsychics. Always it is a reflection of a free-moving imagination. Dream and reality—in the common acceptance—are woven through a texture of vivid terrors. The fearful reality of imagined things—that closest reality of the consciousness—is pictured with ruthless fidelity to an obvious conviction. Miss Sinclair is willing to have it appear that she believes in ghosts; not merely the ghosts that are generated in or intrude upon the individual consciousness, but honest-to-goodness, objectified ghosts. In giving these the support of subjective emotions she brings forward some curiously impressive analyses of temperament, of character, of complexes. She does this without philosophizing. Her story-telling style is here nakedly direct. Often it is fleshless, as if it were concerned in making its psychic point at any esthetic or other cost. In "Where Their Fire Is Not Quenched," the mental history of a girl who lost her real love, there is sex-study of a piercing yet always intellectually controlled sort. "The Token" is a plain ghost-story, written with a delicate fineness of spirit. "The Flaw in the Crystal," the longest and, it seems to me, most important of the studies, is not concerned with ghosts but with a psychopathic drama which the author penetrates in a mood of searching sincerity, and in which she reaches the crisis of a transferred mental possession without loss of an appalling plausibility. The artistry, capable as it is, would not have gone far toward this end if the imagination it is called upon to serve were less under the influence of sheer intuitive contacts, of a human-nature wisdom that often suggests the word uncanny. There are flashes of fatalism in which there is a progression as grimly horrific as Poe's pendulum. "The Nature

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THEN, SUDDENLY, THE ROOM BEGAN TO COME APART . . .

By Jean de Bosschère, illustration for "Where Their Fire Is Not Quenched," in "Uncanny Stories," by May Sinclair (Macmillan).

(1) UNCANNY STORIES. By May Sinclair. Illustrated by Jean de Bosschère. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

The Literary Digest
INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW
PUBLISHED BY FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
ADAM W. WAGNALLS, PRES.; WILFRED J. FUNK, VICE-PRES.;
ROBERT J. CUDDIHY, TREAS.; WILLIAM NEISEL, SEC'Y
354-360 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

NOVEMBER, 1923

The Glory of the Book-shop

AN OLD cavernous building, narrow and high-shouldered, once a private dwelling, then transformed into a store, as Fate has a way of doing with some buildings that happen to lie in the onward-sweeping current of metropolitan business. It was just a wedge of a place, jostled on either side by lofty warehouses, and gaining such light as it could from the none-too-clean windows and the glazed doors, usually held hospitably open, that looked out on one of New York's most crowded thoroughfares. Inside there was scarce room for the chance customer to find his way about among the heaped-up treasures gathered here from the four points of the compass for his delectation. Books everywhere, and of every description, mounting from floor to dusty ceiling in stately phalanx after phalanx; sprawled out on tables and boxes and chairs; overflowing even to the sidewalk, where they were seldom free from the curious inspection of the chance passer-by. It was a marvelous old place altogether—how imagination swells out its winding passageways into endless spaciousness!—its unkempt, unbrushed, unwashed appearance registering even now a certain charm for those who have a passion for delving among antiquities, and who relish the thrill when a genuine "catch" answers to the lure of patient angling in dark waters. Those of us whose memories go back of yesterday, and who have besides a fondness for things literary, will easily recall this old book-shop, and the chances are that we still look back on it as a worthy landmark of what was once New York's down-town life.

WITH the death of one of the brothers, "Leggat's" became a thing of the past, a bit of the bygone life of the city, to be cherished in the memories of old New Yorkers. But the significant thing about it is that, altho it was one of countless thousands of stores and business houses that have disappeared and been forgotten with the growth of the city, it still manages to escape oblivion. One can not help thinking that this is not due altogether to the intrinsic worth of this particular book-shop over other book-shops of the period. On the contrary, its collections were heterogeneous, chaotic in the extreme; one had to fish through an extraordinary pile of volumes oftentimes before landing the particular prize that one coveted. Memory lingers over the dingy old place rather as a sort of oasis, an intellectual playground where all else was flushed and grimed with the fret and hurry of money-getting. It was a bookstore, not a counting-house or a dry-goods shop. Here the business man stept aside for a moment from the absorbing routine of his day's work and took up in its place the thread of a life that was equally his and which he shared with the thousands of his fellows who find in "a little book and a quiet corner" just the respite and recreation that he needs to give depth and fulness to his finest endeavors. More than a bookstore, indeed, the little old shop on Chambers Street was an institution.

THE selling of books, of course, is a commercial transaction, and the bookstore is, in this view, a place of business. As a matter of fact, however, it is much more. By use, and owing to the distinctive nature of its wares, it acquires an institutional character that is not possible to any other business. Altho it is a place for buying and selling, it is also, as in the case of the vanished Chambers Street shop, a common meeting-ground for intellectual enjoyment, a community-center that is bound to radiate beneficence far more than it absorbs it. Since the days when the printing-press first brought books within reach of the million, instead of the few to whom the old vellum-bound parchments were necessarily restricted, the book-shop has enjoyed a fame that has itself occupied no small part in our literature of reminiscence. The Strand, Fleet Street, St. Paul's—what a lineage in book-shops they can show—how the memory flashes with delight at the savor of them! As we look back over the record that immortalizes them, we realize how thoroughly they lived up to the "community-center" idea, and then we fall to wondering how it is with the book-shop of to-day.

THE suggested comparison is idle, futile. Whether in the days of the Elizabethans, the Augustan age presided over by the majestic Doctor Johnson, or the latest years of this twentieth century of ours, a book-shop is a book-shop, a place where one deals with what we are pleased to call the things of the spirit as distinguished from the materialistic interests that are apt to encroach upon and environ our lives. It is here that one reaches the real heart of the community—a community idealized, perhaps, but all the more real for that—and here also, more than anywhere else in our complex modern civilization, the past of the race unites itself with the present and reaches out to the future. Retrospectively considered, we may regret something of the romantic atmosphere surrounding the old book-shops of bygone days and convince ourselves, if we can, that we have nothing of the kind to-day. It is the proverbial enchantment of distance, however, that gives us this view. Certainly there was a picturesque quality, a smack of literary authority, about these old-time book-shops; but after all, they were frequented by the comparatively few. They were not so nearly the "community-center" as the book-shop is to-day.

BACK in 1509 a frequenter of book-shops, a book-collector, was thus described:

> Still am I busy bookes assemblynge,
> For to have plentie it is a pleasant thynge,
> In my conceyt, and to have them ay in hande,
> But what they mene I do not understande.

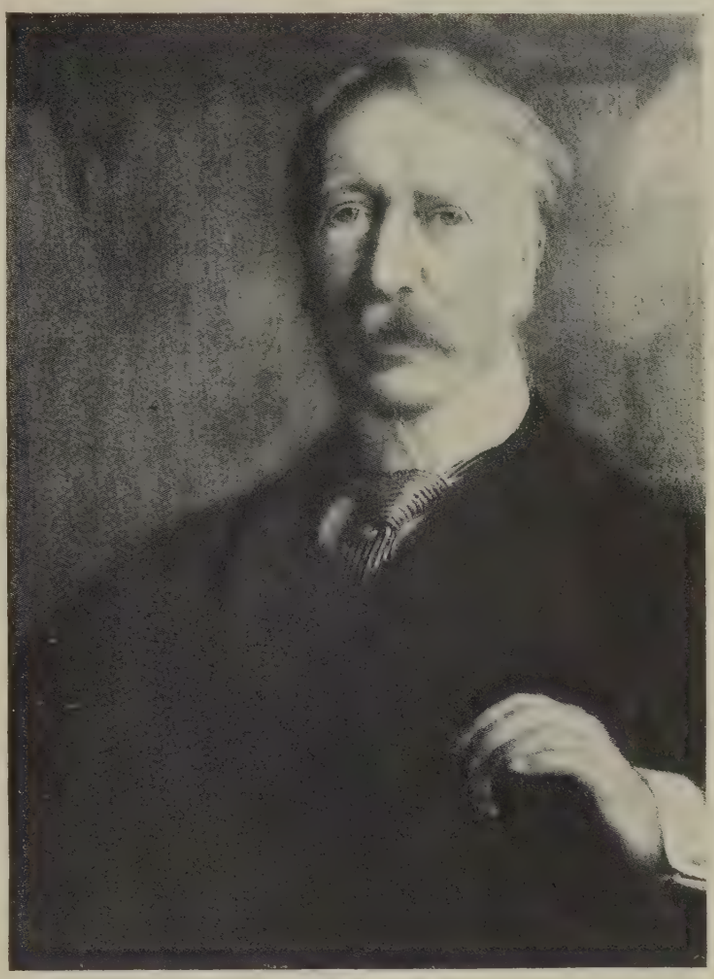
That could hardly be written of the frequenter of book-shops, the collector of books, to-day. Moreover, the difference marks the growth of intelligence in our use of books, and, by inference, the higher estimation in which the book-shop stands with us. There may be no Johnsonian autocrat of letters among us—and aside from its humorous possibilities, the anecdotal fillip it gives to so many a musty volume, the lack can hardly be lamented—but in place of this there is a more general appreciation, perhaps, of the value of books than in the days of the great literary dictator. And it is owing to this wider appreciation, to this dawning age of democracy in the reading and true enjoyment of books, that the book-shops themselves, scattered throughout our towns and villages, promise to become a more vital, unifying part of each community than ever before in the history of literature.

CLIFFORD SMYTH

Portrait of the Artist: Full Length

By James Branch Cabell

NO REASONABLY conceited author, if for the moment we may imagine any of the tribe to merit the adverb, would aspire to be perpetuated in a form more worthy than, in the Carra Edition, his American publishers have bestowed upon the Collected Works of George Moore.(1) It is true that I write with, of the promised twenty-one volumes, only fourteen at hand: but these I find in every nicety of book-making to be wholly admirable. Paper and binding and printing are of the sort describable as luxurious. The frontispieces most handsomely present George Moore in every imaginable phase of mustache and mental abstraction. And, tho for a while I had thought to lay finger upon one defect—that the lack of running-heads to the pages creates some difficulty in locating at once the especial subdivision of the volume for which you happen to be looking—yet reflection makes against such petty fault-finding, by revealing that, after all, it is as opulently remunerative to read in one place as another, in this longish book, which is devoted, after all, entirely to one topic.



GEORGE MOORE

For Mr. Moore, of course, has nowhere written except incidentally about anything except George Moore. To some this may appear a dubious axiom, in view of the circumstance that of these fourteen volumes no less than seven consist of the earlier realistic novels—comprising "Lewis Seymour and Some Women," "A Mummer's Wife," "Muslin," "Spring Days," "Esther Waters," "Evelyn Inness," "Sister Teresa," "The Untilled Field," and "The Lake"—wherein there is no explicit word as to George Moore. Yet, when seen in the entirety of the Carra Edition, and as component parts of the one longish book which every sincere literary artist perforce composes, and of which his various publications are each a chapter—when thus regarded, these novels fall into their proper niche. George Moore in youth was exposed to, among other perils, the corrupting influence of realism; and here are some of the results, directly valuable to letters, in chief, as the record of a phase through which passed, long ago, George Moore. These books, to-day, rank somewhat with the extracts which Balzac gives you from the writings of his auctorial protagonists—of Lucien de Rubempré, of Lousteau, of Canalis—and which Balzac very sensibly presents not as literature *per se*, but as useful lights upon their partly taken from life and partly imaginged author. So here, in depicting George Moore, does the compiler of the Carra Edition appear to illumine his subject with copious extracts from the novels of his hero, who, again, is partly taken from life.

These novels are quaint reading now. They seem faded, and somewhat pathetically droll, and they a bit too aptly illustrate the author's petted word *suranné*, the while that young George Moore toils conscientiously at a ruthless exposition of the race-track, or a fearless depiction of the evils of drink, or is daringly describing the temptations of stage life. Yes, it really is rather quaint as long as George Moore is playing up to his then current Vizetellean advertisements, and turning out "studies of degradation mercilessly done," or is endeavoring to convince the unwary that "you are in a moral dissecting room, watching the demonstration of a brilliant psychological surgeon." But the first moment he spies a chance to let his characters, at some breathing-spell between their disasters and their assignations, fall into talk about academic or esthetic matters which interest George Moore, then the style quickens, and fancy gallops. And the puppets discourse for pages upon pages the heresies and petulancies and "studied disrespects" of George Moore, and all advances briskly, undrugged by any narcotizing "drops of story." By and by, to be sure, the ghost of Germinie Lacerteux or of Bel-Ami (tho the Carra Edition tactfully omits "Mike Fletcher") arises to coerce the apostle—even then—of candor, with its gibbers about realism. But in a while the young puppet-master is again playing truant from his art's imagined responsibilities, and is contentedly expounding the notions of George Moore.

So one must not take these realistic novels over-seriously. That sort of realism—the realism of "the human document" and the selected "corner of creation," here to reecho that far time's old-fangled catchwords—was, as they said, the "trend" of that era. And even to-day, with the innate conservatism of youth, still do the immature laboriously transcribe the insignificant, in their exposures of the inadequacy of American standards and the loneliness of the budding artist in one or another parish of Philistia. These "trends" one, willy-nilly, must put up with. . . .

Of course, there is not, and never has been, in any important sense, any trend in literature. One says, in any important sense, because of the so amply attested fact that the only books which ultimately count, for their permitted season, are adequate expressions, not of any ideas just then in the air (to employ that delightfully two-edged phrase), but of the individual being who wrote that particular book. And personality seems a remarkably haphazard affair. You are born, for one inexplicable reason

(1) THE COLLECTED WORKS OF GEORGE MOORE. The Carra Edition. 21 volumes. Printed for Subscribers Only, by Boni & Liveright, Inc., New York: 1922–1923.

or another, as such and such a person, as a person endowed with private and especial faults and hallucinations. And if your book is ultimately to count, however transiently, you will in your book have managed to expose that person, very much as Mr. Moore came in the end to do, without talking or thinking any nonsense about "trends."

Meanwhile, to be sure, the popular styles in books for the intelligentsia must always be varying, somewhat as every season the styles a little alter in disbeliefs and neckwear, and give room to some other method of irritating the conventional. And all really competent manufacturers of reading-matter, whether as publishers or authors, must always be kept upon the alert to cater to the latest hebetude of serious-minded persons sufficiently cultured to assume that whatever they can not quite understand or read with reasonable pleasure is probably high art. But the philosopher recalls that, somewhat to emend the proverb, every vogue has its day; and that, also, all literary modes must pass, pass very often with a hullabaloo but always with rapidity.

It seems, in fact, only yesterday that both the books and the décolleté "sport shirt" of Blasco Ibáñez were the height of fashion, and "The Young Visiters" was a perdurable production. And now, in really literary circles, they tell me, the art of M. Maeterlinck is no longer spoken of in lowered tones, but rather with raised eyebrows: Stevenson has become just a working model for writers upon the art of selling the short story: and even Mr. Kipling has passed into the wan oblivion of being praised by Mrs. Gerould. Thus suddenly their fame is made a vain and doubtful good, and the shining gloss of all their glories is faded, in the bright prime of such impeccant prosateurs as Herman Melville and Joseph Conrad and Marcel Proust: and it is salutary to reflect that Sir Rabindranath Tagore and O. Henry, they also, were once upon a time immortal for several months. . . .

Well, and just so, in the departed youth of this George Moore, in the perverse Victorian 'eighties and 'nineties—when, as Mr. Moore now puts it, "we were all cowed by the spell of realism, external realism"—did many persons regard Zola and Flaubert and Maupassant and Huysmans with a seriousness which the considerate dare not wager that posterity will emulate, when it comes to appraising us and our own literary idols.

All of which seems rather Mooreishly digressive. It would be perhaps a neater adhesion to the point succinctly to inform you that, with the addition of some peculiarly delightful prefaces, the books which I have named of those that Vizetelly & Co. used to advertise as Mr. George Moore's Realistic Novels—listing them, one finds, with an invidious separateness from those of the firm's publications which, the *Sheffield Independent* was wont to guarantee, "may be safely left lying about where the ladies of the family can pick them up and read them"—that all of these, with the exception of "Evelyn Inness" and "Sister Teresa," have been rewritten throughout, alike with a view of stylistic improvement and of, as it is rather handsomely phrased, "returning from the conventions of 'Vanity Fair' and 'The Small House at Allington' to those that inspired the writing of Shakespeare's plays and the Bible." Mr. Moore, at last at ease in the exclusive company of one thousand subscribers only, can now speak freely without bothering about such finicking contemporaneous notions of delicacy and indelicacy as, we now learn, have until to-day somewhat hampered him. And for the rest, even in their most tedious passages of "brilliant psychology," Mr. George Moore's Realistic Novels really do remain interesting, as relics.

The going is immeasurably better, tho, when we come to the consistently important books, to "The Confessions of a Young Man," "Avowals," "Memoirs of My Dead Life," and to the Hail and Farewell trilogy. For here Mr. Moore is candidly, and without any vain pretense of ascribing real weightiness to anything else, expressing his own nervous reactions to painting and books and to the best examples of human thought and anatomy, and here he has turned most potently to ensnaring us with "nets woven of curious stuffs—of a singer's corset-lace, a forgotten dream, a strand of honey-colored hair, a phrase from Walter Pater, moonlight on a pillow in Orelay, a scrap from the Catechism translated by Verlaine, hopes, aspirations and, here and there, a faint, not too secret shame."

Now, it is in these books, to my finding, that Mr. Moore has made perhaps his only but his ineffably interesting addition to creative literature; and has caused to move like a corporeal, breathing being of flesh and blood his one great character, George Moore. How lavishly that character repays attention by the parodist was shown but yesterday when, in "Heavens"—that most trenchant of volumes from which I have just quoted—Mr. Louis Untermeyer wrote what is, actually, the very best and loveliest appreciation of George Moore yet given us by anybody outside of the pages of Mr. Moore. Then, too, there is the Beerbohm parody, not anything like so good, of course, but still containing its really superb sentence—"There are moments when one does not think of girls, are there not, dear reader?" This is the sentence which George Moore has not ever, quite, dictated to his secretary: but for some years now he has fluttered close to its perfections.

Yes, certainly, the character does lend itself to caricature. Yet I shall not here speak of the rôle's component oddities, nor prattle any word about the Nouvelle Athènes or the Celtic Renaissance. Nobody dare attempt in a brief paper to sum up George Moore after seeing a fine artist give over a lifetime to the task. So I can but refer you to the Carra Edition, as to a longish book which is devoted entirely to this topic, with the rider that I have found nowhere volumes more engaging.

Our human taste for the irrelevant provokes, of course, some natural speculation as to how much of this perverse, painstaking, fleering and inconsequential personality is based upon truth? How many facts, in short, has Mr. Moore at odd times woven into his scandal-mongering about George Moore? Well, nobody, by excellent good luck, can say; nor is it wholly to the point thus to appraise this portrait by lugging in the refrain of Edgar Allan Poe's most famous poem. For Casanova also, you will recall, indulged in the same sort of romancing; and secured his most admirable effects through mixing in some revelatory fiction with etymologically pure truth. But to me the George Moore of the Collected Works suggests—with, to be sure, a difference—that Thackeray who is really the main character of Thackeray's collective works, the Thackeray who is always interrupting his puppets, to edify you with the unaffected confidence of the author, as a shrewd and tolerant and tender-hearted man of the great world who, as we now know, existed nowhere outside of these books. Just so, I daresay, Mr. Moore has given us George Moore as he, not wholly spurred by either moral or esthetic criteria, would like to be: and I find—upon the whole, and if it a bit matters—both his aspiration and his artistry to be commendable. In that unending literary shadow-show wherein "all passes except Shakespeare and the Bible," George Moore should stay for a long while one of the great characters of English fiction: and in creating him, Mr. Moore, I take it, has quite actually—just as he says—"never cared for painting or music or literature, but has used them as a means of self-development." The upshot justifies him, rather prodigally.

The Poet of New England's Hill-Men

By John Farrar

WHEN most of us visualize Robert Frost, the poet, we visualize the stern granite hills of New England, we call to mind morbid bits of portraiture like "The Death of a Hired Man," we think of him as a grave and reverend gentleman solemnly driving a plow down some lonely hillside of New Hampshire or Vermont. Frost and his work are quite otherwise. Quaint, genial, humorous, wisely tolerant, he is not only a writer of grim dramatic portraits but of lyrics whose precision and beauty are overpowering, and of bits of Yankee whimsicality that are irresistible because they are both funny and true. As a man he is gentle, humorful and kindly. It is difficult for me to write sanely of Robert Frost; for, in my opinion, he is one of the few great poets America has ever produced.

ROBERT FROST

Mr. Frost, as he appears now, is a sturdy gentleman, with iron-gray hair, cold, clear blue eyes, and features that are clean-cut and rugged. That he was born in San Francisco seems to have made little difference in the fact that he is obviously and thoroughly a New Englander. I have been guilty of the statement that Robert Frost is, first and foremost, the farmer. It is true that he has practically always insisted on having somewhere near him a plot of ground which he can work with his own hands. Even in England, where he lived for some time, where his first volume of verse was published, as a matter of fact, he found his land and cultivated it. The reason for this is that Frost is a man seeking some permanence in a world of change. The soil is a symbol of calmness and fertility. There is the progress of seed to fruit; but it is a change which comes with the repeating rhythm of the spheres. For Robert Frost, as one comes to know him better and better, is a philosopher and poet. Farming is very much an avocation. As I remember him on the hill-farm in South Shaftsbury, he was the same: gentle, ruminative, walking to the village, working quietly in the field, but liking best to sit at the edge of a meadow, looking down over a purpling stretch of land, talking of life and of work, speculating on the whimsies and the fates of mankind.

Last year and the year before, Frost was a visiting professor at Ann Arbor. Now he has returned to Amherst, where he will teach "philosophy" and "English reading." Amherst is near enough to Vermont so that Mr. and Mrs. Frost can visit the farm often, where young Carol Frost insists on living and working the land. Two of Mr. Frost's daughters are learning the trade of bookselling. One of them, Leslie, has shown marked ability in writing; she uses a pseudonym in her desire to be quite independent of her father's fame.

The poetry of Robert Frost is great to me because it interprets the qualities of mankind that are universal. His people are the hill-people of Vermont and New Hampshire; but they are the hill-people of the world also. They are the shepherds of Vergil. They are the peasants of Wordsworth. They are human beings shorn of artificiality. They are true to type—and their type is time-destroying. After reading the poetry of Robert Frost for years, I have come to the conclusion that he is essentially a lyric poet, a nature poet. His philosophical and dramatic poems are, perhaps, more strikingly original than his shorter pieces; but there is a characteristic beauty of form and phrase, with, in his later work, an added ease and grace, that mark him as a superb singer of delicate and deep-ringing songs. You have only to compare any one of the lyrics in his first volume, "A Boy's Will," with any one of those in "New Hampshire" and you will realize the heights to which he has risen in the perfection of his art. There is no repeating of an old melody. It is a new strain sung with added beauty.

I have quoted before, and I'm going to quote here again, a passage from an earlier poem of Frost's, "The Black Cottage." It seems to me to epitomize his philosophy.

> It will turn true again, for so it goes.
> Most of the change we think we see in life
> Is due to truths being in and out of favor.
> As I sit here, and oftentimes, I wish
> I could be monarch of a desert land
> I could devote and dedicate forever
> To the truths we keep coming back and back to.
> So desert it would have to be, so walled
> By mountain ranges half in summer snow,
> No one would covet it or think it worth
> The pains of conquering to force change on.
> Scattered oases where men dwelt, but mostly
> Sand dunes held loosely in tamarisk
> Blown over and over themselves in idleness.
> Sand grains should sugar in the natal dew
> The babe born to the desert, the sandstorm
> Retard mid-waste my cowering caravans—

Only the other day here in New York he said, "Yes, I suppose I am a Puritan!" Then he went on to define, slowly, and as if he were thinking aloud, what a Puritan was to him. To Frost there is the need of *character* in the world. There must be standards on which to build life. The *family* means much to Frost. He is impatient of modern loosenesses. "A man says to me: '—but everything is change—change is progress—do you stand in the way of change?'" said Frost. "And my reply to him is: 'There are those who prefer the things which change more slowly to those which change swiftly.' This is *form* in art and life—this is what the Greeks had—what all great cultural movements have had!" And a regard for the precisions of life is, after all, beauty, isn't it?—and beauty is, in the final instance, character. This is Puritanism, if you will. This is, to me, the American tradition which we must preserve. Here, firmly rooted, stand Robert Frost and his work.

"I wonder if it helps a young writer to advise him, to work with him on his efforts," Mr. Frost was musing. He has spent much time, as I well know, aiding and advising the ambitious young poets who come to him with their manuscripts. Probably not, was the conclusion.

"I remember one man who really molded all my future by his advice," Frost told me. "I had sent him some of my verses. He returned them to me with his comment, which was that they were written too much in the way people talk. I considered this criticism

and decided to try to make my verses even nearer to the qualities of human speech."

This characteristic in Frost's poetry is annoying to some people. The clipt phrase, the occasionally jerky rhythm, the sometimes rather ponderous humor; but it is a part of the whole. It is probably largely on this very quality that the truth and wisdom of the whole depend.

The book, "New Hampshire,"(1) is, at root, a whimsical book. Its form is whimsical. (Incidentally its woodcut illustrations are dignified and beautiful.) The book is divided into three parts: Frost calls it a long poem, with notes and grace-notes. The notes, to which we are referred by footnotes in the initial poem, are dramatic portions of New England life. The grace-notes are lyrics. The long poem "New Hampshire" has not appeared elsewhere. Mr. Frost credits its inception to *The Nation*. They had asked him to write one of their series on the various States of the Union. He had grown weary of reading criticisms of States—so one night he decided that he'd like to write a poem in praise of New Hampshire. The idea grew on him. Altho he usually works slowly, this time it was with an almost furious rapidity that the poem progressed. He sat down in the farmhouse at South Shaftsbury, one evening at ten o'clock, and wrote through until ten o'clock the next morning. Later, he added the last line—

At present I am living in Vermont.

This long poem is Robert Frost at his mellowest. It is filled with biting observation, genial fun-poking, and wise tolerance. It has passages of great beauty.

"I paid off a few grudges in that poem!" Frost told me. But if that is his way of paying grudges, it is surely harmless enough. What the poem really is, I think, is evident enough. It is a statement of the philosophy of Robert Frost, which has not changed one whit since the day he wrote "The Black Cottage," but which has deepened and mellowed. A sensibilitist, he calls himself.

I'm what is called a sensibilitist,
Or otherwise an environmentalist.
I refuse to adapt myself a mite
To any change from hot to cold, from wet
To dry, from poor to rich, or back again.
I make a virtue of my suffering
From nearly everything that goes on round me.
In other words, I know wherever I am,
Being the creature of literature I am,
I shall not lack for pain to keep me awake.

If you wish to read the best poised and wisest diatribe against current literary smartness, read the last two pages of this poem. Frost has called "The Older Generation" (as our literary journalists name them) and "The Younger Generation" (again as our literary journalists name them) by their right names.

Choose you which you will be—a prude, or puke,
Mewling and puking in the public arms!

Prude or puke! Not a pretty phrase, perhaps; but how expressive!

Well, if I have to choose one or the other,
I choose to be a plain New Hampshire farmer
With an income in cash of say a thousand
(From say a publisher in New York City).

Of the dramatic lyrics which follow, there is no one, perhaps, quite as striking as "The Death of a Hired Man" or "Home Burial"; but what a new beauty is here—a beauty that comes from long converse with the hills. When Frost first came back to New England, he saw the passion, the stamina, the degeneracy of the dying hill-people; now he sees their wistfulness and their vision, the almost prophetic quality. There is a great and breath-taking irony in "A Star in a Stone-Boat," and almost Celtic fantasy in "Paul's Wife," pathos and tragedy in "The Star-Splitters," a perfect portrait of Yankee reserve in "Maple," terror and drama in "Two Witches," and the most delicate mixture of whimsy and sadness in "A Fountain, a Bottle, A Donkey's Ears and Some Books." Frost still loves the awkward phrase, the idiom that drags the reader suddenly to attention; but he has gained a new grace, both of line and of soul.

Turn to these lyrics and you find half a dozen poems at least that you'll remember forever. "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" is as simple as nature herself—as inevitable—as beautiful. "To Earthward" has a note of real passion that betokens a new Frost. "Looking for a Sunset Bird in Winter," "A Boundless Moment." They are all perfect in their way. This volume marks so great an advance over his previous work that it should be hailed with any amount of hand-shaking and cheers.

Perhaps this is the perfection of Frost's singing. Perhaps this is the fruit of his ripest powers. It is a book of which America may well be proud, which is quite above cavil and prejudice. I should like to quote one lyric from it in full:

THE AIM WAS SONG

Before man came to blow it right
  The wind once blew itself untaught,
And did its loudest day and night
  In any rough place where it caught.

Man came to tell it what was wrong:
  It hadn't found the place to blow;
It blew too hard—the aim was song.
  And listen—how it ought to go!

He took a little in his mouth,
  And held it long enough for north
To be converted into south,
  And then by measure blew it forth.

By measure. It was word and note,
  The wind the wind had meant to be—
A little through the lips and throat.
  The aim was song—the wind could see.

(1) NEW HAMPSHIRE: A LONG POEM WITH NOTES AND GRACE-NOTES. By Robert Frost. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The Latest News from Cape Cod

(*Continued from page 13*)

for during convalescence there is nothing that makes a patient forget his enforced imprisonment, and therefore hastens its end, more effectively than a good story. Therefore I advise all doctors, who are not too busy, to become familiar with modern novels, so that they can prescribe exactly the right novel for each particular case. I myself was cured of tonsillitis by reading "Treasure Island," and a United States naval officer told me that he was cured of the jaundice and was able to leave the hospital simply by reading "Pride and Prejudice." I can not guarantee that these books will invariably produce so happy a result; but the cure is worth trying, because in no case could it work harm; whereas with many medicines there is always the off-chance that the patient may become worse. Altho I am totally ignorant both of medical science and of anatomy, not being at all sure in what part of my body lies the liver, I have written out hundreds of prescriptions for patients, consisting of lists of the books best fitted for their particular malady; and, *en revanche*, doctors are now assuming the rôle of literary critic. This may be seen by examining that confident and interesting work, "The Doctor Looks at Literature," by Joseph Collins. Indeed, if certain authors and playwrights continue to have a free hand, the first question the physician may ask his client, may be "What novels have you been reading?" or "What plays have you seen lately?"

My respect for physicians is proved in the most practical way; whenever there is anything the matter with me, which alas! happens with annoying frequency, I immediately send for the doctor. I do not believe that I, any more than a physician, can heal myself; and I do not try, when there is some one within

(*Continued on page 94*)

Hall Caine's Pacifist Parable

By Louise Maunsell Field

"I'M NOT too good at the farming now, but, man, I love to preach," declares Robert Craine, father of the heroine, in the first chapter of Hall Caine's new book "The Woman of Knockaloe"(1), and the statement might well be taken as the author's own admission. He certainly does "love to preach." Through the medium of sentimental fiction he has been indulging this preference of his for very many years; and now he comes forward with what he describes as a parable, couched in novelette form.

HALL CAINE AND HIS TWO SONS, DERWENT AND RALPH, AT GREEBA HALL, ISLE OF MAN

Like so many of those who expected that the Great War would result, if not precisely in the millennium, at least in a scheme of things molded much nearer to their own particular hearts' desire, Hall Caine is not pleased with "the Peace," nor with the apparent outcome thereof, his opinion being that the nations of the world are "heading on to an apparently inevitable catastrophe," but it can not be said that there is anything especially novel or especially impressive in his way of expressing his dissatisfaction. The fate of his puppets leaves the reader cold; partly because neither the man nor the woman is particularly interesting or particularly appealing; partly because the fate to which they go was by no means inevitable. England, Germany and the United States are not the only countries in the world.

The incidents of the tale take place on the Isle of Man. Robert Craine is the tenant of Knockaloe, an extremely large farm—quite extraordinarily large, it would seem. He is a widower, with one son, Robert, and a daughter, Mona, who is the heroine of the book. When the war comes, Robert enlists. Some time afterwards, officials from the Home Office decide that Knockaloe would be the best possible place for an internment camp for German civilians—enemy aliens. Mona, who at this time is violently anti-German, objects but is overruled, and eventually Knockaloe is divided into five compounds, housing 25,000 civilian prisoners, besides the British commandant, his officers and guards. All the women employed on the farm have been dismissed, leaving Mona the only woman among some 27,000 men. Which is why the British commandant calls her "The Woman of Knockaloe."

Then comes the news that Mona's brother has been killed at the front. Her father suffers a slight stroke, becomes bitter and grief-stricken. Mona falls in love at first sight with one of the German prisoners, Oskar, a young man sent to fetch the milk with which the farm supplied the camp, and he with her. Her father finds them in each other's arms, and dies of the shock and the shame, but not before he has denounced his daughter, and cursed her in the good old-fashioned way. The remainder of the novelette develops this situation, with many incidents tending to show that the Germans are really no worse than any one else, that race is a great mistake and patriotism a greater. "Race, race, race! . . . When, oh, when would the Father of all living wipe that blasphemous word out of the mouths of Christian men?"

Knowledge of how and why her father died does not tend to increase Mona's popularity among her neighbors and former friends. And when the Great War is over, the somewhat fatuous Oskar discovers that an English bride would be no more welcome in Germany than a German husband among the English, while America requires that those who come to her shores bring with them a small amount of money, not much, but more than Mona and her Oskar possess. So they decide "to save the world from war, and the bitter results of war, by doing as he did who was the great Vanquisher of death and Redeemer of the soul from sin—give up their lives in love and sacrifice."

Most of the familiar arguments of the more sentimental among the pacifists and the pro-Germans and the German apologists reappear in this volume. We have the Christmas truce, the hymns sung in German and in English, the enemy soldiers aiding one another's wounded, with much emphasis upon the fact that there were bad and cruel men in the Allied armies. Oskar expresses what is evidently the author's view of the Peace Conference: "The world had its great chance at the end of the war, Mona, but then came those damnable old men" (what a crime old age has become!) "with their conferences making a peace that was worse than the war itself," while into the mouth of the British commandant is placed the desire to forget and forgive. It is Oskar again who cries: "War! What a damned stupid, idiotic thing it is! . . . Patriots? Criminals, I call them!"

Most of us will entirely agree with the author that war is all that is stupid, all that is brutal, and that the too-long-delayed Peace Conference did not accomplish as much as it should. But it would be interesting to know what he and those who share his opinions think would have been the fate of the world had Belgium

(Continued on page 91)

(1) THE WOMAN OF KNOCKALOE. By Hall Caine. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.75.

Progress of the Ten-Best-Books Symposium

Choosing Twentieth-Century Classics

READERS of the INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW continue to keep up a lively balloting on the "Ten Best Books of the Century," and their votes in the last month have developed several new features of interest. Each book-lover, it will be recalled, is invited to send in a list of what he regards as the ten best books published since 1900. As these lists pile up in the editor's hands they show a steady increase of votes for certain favorites, but also an equally steady spread toward new titles. Thus the first month's voting produced 108 different titles, the second brought the total up to 295, and now the third month adds 180 more, making a grand total of 475 books of the present century which one or more persons think worthy of immortality. And every day to the end of the contest, apparently, is destined to widen this total, thus revealing the multiplicity of tastes of the American reading public.

The voting, as now planned, will close with the first week in December, and the final list of "twentieth century classics," consisting of the ten books that receive the largest number of votes, will be published in the January BOOK REVIEW.

All the new titles that have emerged from the voting of the last four weeks are given at the end of the present article. A more significant list, however, is that appearing on this page. It is made up entirely of favorites in the present contest—books that have some right to be regarded as leaders in the voting thus far.

Mr. Wells's "Outline of History" is still ahead of all the other candidates, and not very far behind come "The Old Wives' Tale" of Mr. Bennett, and the "Jean-Christophe" of M. Rolland, running neck-and-neck. Mr. Hutchinson's "If Winter Comes" has fallen back to fourth place, and not far behind come "The Forsyte Saga," by Galsworthy, "Growth of the Soil," by Knut Hamsun, and "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," by Blasco Ibáñez, all with about the same number of votes. Papini's "Life of Christ" comes next, with Mrs. Wharton's "Ethan Frome" alongside, and followed closely by "Mind in the Making" (Robinson), "Queen Victoria" (Strachey), and "The Way of All Flesh" (Butler). After these follow "Main Street," "Maria Chapdelaine," "The Story of Mankind," "Jurgen," and the rest that are listed on this page and the next.

Many of the letters accompanying the individual lists contain comments on the books chosen. John W. Lethaby, of the *Oregon Churchman* at Portland, declares that since 1900 he has read well over four thousand books, an average of four a week, and that the one which has moved him most deeply of all is William James's "Varieties of Religious Experience." From among H. G. Wells's works he chooses not the "Outline of History," but "Tono-Bungay," a master-novel which, he believes, "will live as a Dutch painting by Douw by reason of its truth and its glamor." Mr. Lethaby chooses "Nostromo" from Joseph Conrad's works, testifying, as one acquainted with the West Coast of Central America, to the perfection of its atmosphere. Robinson's "The Mind in the Making," he thinks, will long survive Wells's "Outline of History" and all the rest of the Outline books now in vogue. "It is of the ages," he declares, "and like wine will turn golden and fragrant with years." For the tenth place he takes George Gissing's "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," because he finds it pure gold. "Read and reread it," he says, "and you shall see the serene autumn of a great mind, trailing clouds of glory down to the gates of death, and watching the end of the day with courage and thanks to the gods." Mr. Lethaby ends with this summary of his reading since 1900:

> The faces that gleam for me through the shadows tonight as among the immortals are Hardy, Wells, Bennett, Kipling, William James and his brother Henry, Shaw, Barrie, Sam Butler and George Gissing. Some of these ceased to write much after the dawn of the century, but for a desert island the above ten would keep me happy for many a moon—of course you give me the Bible and Boswell extra!

Speaking of desert island lists regardless of dates, a San Francisco girl offers this one after her regular ten: The

Leaders in the Contest Thus Far

Adams, Henry, "The Education of Henry Adams."
Angell, Norman, "The Great Illusion."
Anderson, Sherwood, "Winesburg, Ohio."
Atherton, Gertrude, "Black Oxen."
Bacheller, Irving, "Eben Holden."
Barbusse, Henri, "Under Fire."
Barrie, James M., "Dear Brutus," "Plays" and "The Admirable Crichton."
Belloc, Hilaire, "The Mercy of Allah."
Bennett, Arnold, "The Old Wives' Tale."
Bojer, Johan, "The Last of the Vikings" and "The Great Hunger."
Bok, Edward, "The Americanization of Edward Bok."
Boyd, Thomas, "Through the Wheat."
Brooke, Rupert, "Collected Poems."
Bryce, James, "Modern Democracies."
Burnett, Frances, "The Shuttle."
Burroughs, John, "Accepting the Universe."
Butler, Samuel, "The Way of All Flesh."
Cabell, James B., "Figures of Earth," "Cream of the Jest" and "Jurgen."
Canfield, Dorothy, "Rough Hewn," and "The Bent Twig."
Cather, Willa, "One of Ours."
Charnwood, Lord, "Abraham Lincoln."
Chesterton, Gilbert, "Orthodoxy," "The Innocence of Father Brown."
Churchill, Winston, "The Crisis."
Conrad Joseph, "Youth" "Rescue." "Lord Jim," "Typhoon," "The Shadow Line," "Chance," "Nostromo," "The Secret Agent" and "Victory."
Crane, Stephen, "Wounds in the Rain."
Cromer, Lord, "Modern Egypt."
D'Annunzio, Gabriele, "The Flame."
Dawson, Coningsby, "The Raft."
De la Mare, Walter, "Memoirs of a Midget" and "The Return."
Deland, Margaret, "Awakening of Helena Ritchie."
De Morgan, William, "Joseph Vance."
Dreiser, Theodore, "The Genius."
Drinkwater, John, "Outline of Literature."
Dunsany, Lord, "Plays" and "The Book of Wonder."
Egan, Maurice Francis, "Confessions of a Book Lover."
Farnol, Jeffery, "The Broad Highway."
Ferrero, Guglielmo, "The Greatness and Decline of Rome."
Fox, John, Jr., "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come."
France, Anatole, "Penguin Island."
Galsworthy, John, "Saint's Progress," "Loyalties," "The Forsyte Saga."
George, W. L., "A Bed of Roses."
Gissing, George, "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft."
Glasgow, Ellen, "The Deliverance."
Grahame, Kenneth, "The Wind in the Willows."
Grayson, David (Ray Stannard Baker), "Adventures in Friendship."
Hamsun, Knut, "Pan," "Growth of the Soil."
Hardy, Thomas, "The Dynasts."
Harrison, Henry S., "Queed."
Hearn, Lafcadio, "Interpretations of Literature."
Hendrick, Burton J., "Life and Letters of Walter H. Page."
Hergesheimer, Joseph, "Java Head," "Three Black Penneys."
Hichens, Robert, "The Garden of Allah."
Housman, A. E., "Last Poems."
Hudson, W. H., "Green Mansions" and "Far Away and Long Ago."
Hutchinson, A. S. M., "This Freedom," "If Winter Comes."
Ibáñez, Vicente Blasco, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."
Jacks, Lawrence P., "Religious Perplexities."
James, William, "Memories and Studies," "Varieties of Religious Experience."
Jordan, David S., "The Days of a Man."
Kaye-Smith, Sheila, "Joanna Godden."
Kilmer, Joyce, "Poems and Essays."
King, Basil, "The Conquest of Fear."
Kipling, Rudyard, "Kim," "Inclusive Verse."
Ledwidge, Francis, "Complete Poems."

(*Continued on next page*)

Bible, Shakespeare, the Iliad in Greek (with glossary), Greek Grammar (Yes, I have no Greek), Bowditch's Navigator, the year's Nautical Almanac, Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson, the Oxford Book of English Verse, Marius the Epicurean (Walter Pater), and Hakluyt's Voyages. This is somewhat different from the desert island list of Guy F. Rhodes, a college senior, Wilmington, Ohio, who thinks the ten best books ever published are the Bible, "Vanity Fair," "Les Miserables," "David Copperfield," "Don Quixote," "Three Musketeers," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Hamlet," "Pilgrim's Progress," and "The Marble Faun."

But to return to the subject. Florence F. Fletcher, of Detroit, gives a high place to Gertrude Atherton's "The Conqueror," a novel with Alexander Hamilton for its hero. She adds: "Gertrude Atherton makes me wish she had written the biography of more of our famous men." Charles Stanton, of Pasadena, beginning his list with Gissing's "Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" and A. C. Benson's "Beside Still Waters," says: "These two because they gave me that indescribable thrill that we get when we discover that an author has given voice to long hidden music in our own inner selves." In choosing "Three Soldiers," by Dos Passos, he remarks that this may seem a peculiar choice for an Army Lieutenant who hasn't a single grudge against the army. "I liked the book immensely," he adds. "Dos Passos is very wrong in condemning *all* officers; nevertheless, I think he has written a great book of the war." Elizabeth L. Cushing, a Wisconsin woman and an admirer of Zona Gale, thinks that "Birth" is Miss Gale's best book, adding:

> I know in my every-day life I am constantly reminded of Marshall Pitt. When I look at the wall paper, see a man digging a ditch, or meet a certain type of man who has been deserted by his wife, I instantly think of him. My whole sympathy goes out to him. He impressed me as a living character misunderstood.

James Huneker's "Steeplejack" heads the list of Hoyte D. Kline, of Oxford, Ohio, who is grieved at the apparent neglect of that departed author's works. Mr. E. L. Sumner, of Pomona, California, makes a special plea for "On Nature's Trail," by F. St. Mars, an Englishwoman: he finds it "infinitely superior to any of the Nature books written by any American, good as some of the latter are." Louise Brooks Westwater, a Columbus (Ohio) woman, writes: "I should like to give my ten votes to Havelock Ellis for his 'The Dance of Life.' It means more to me than any ten twentieth-century books I ever read." Another voter speaks up for Peter B. Kyne. Mrs. Nettie Vass-Steele, of Bluefield, West Virginia, says of Mr. Kyne's "Kindred of the Dust:"

> I consider this one of the most forceful novels I have read in a long time. Of course, it can not be put into the hands of the very young, but all the characters are real people such as are not often portrayed in present-day novels. I am surprised to note that so far Peter B. Kyne has not been among the authors named, as he is very widely read.

Mrs. Norma Knight Jones, of Council Grove, Kansas, a book-lover who helps to run a big farm, has chosen her list with a poignant realization that "it often takes several bushels of wheat and more of corn to buy a book." After choosing "Jean-Christophe," "Jurgen," and Arthur Machen's "The Hill of Dreams," she votes for Robert Cortes Holliday's "Walking-Stick Papers," or any other volume of that author's essays, and adds: "He is the one thoroughly American essayist you can love. He is the perfect comrade, take him on a walk over the autumn-draped hills or before the walnut blaze, or while you are churning—his charm never fails." Another on her list is Willa Cather's "My Antonia," because it is "an absolutely vitalized portrait," in which the author has "subtly captured the tradition and life of the foreigner transplanted to the Kansas fields." All ten books of her choice, Mrs. Jones adds, are on her shelves by the side of her poultry bulletins and are read as eagerly for results—"for who needs 'ecstasy' and a 'perfect comrade' for her mind and heart more than does the lady-who-lives-on-a-farm?"

No list would be complete, says Alexander Casauges, of Washington, D. C., without at least one book by a woman, and he has chosen May Sinclair's "The Three Sisters," because he thinks that she has risen to the greatest heights in that book. "No single one of the women writers of to-day has grasped the fundamentals of human psychology as has Miss Sinclair." Chester G. Wickett, of Guilford, Maine, a college freshman of nineteen years, places Wells's "Outline of History" at the head of his list because "it has caused more people to read and discuss history than any other book ever published."

Maurice Maeterlinck's "The Great Secret" is one of the books chosen by Ralph H. Altenberg, of Philadelphia. "Its influence in religious circles," he believes, "will be felt more and more as time goes on." He also names "Studies in Mystical Religion," by Dr. Rufus M. Jones, remarking: "It is a living, breathing thing. I defy any one to read the chapter on St. Francis of Assisi without being wonderfully moved." His list ends with Oliver

(*Continued on page 95*)

Leaders in the Contest Thus Far—*Continued*

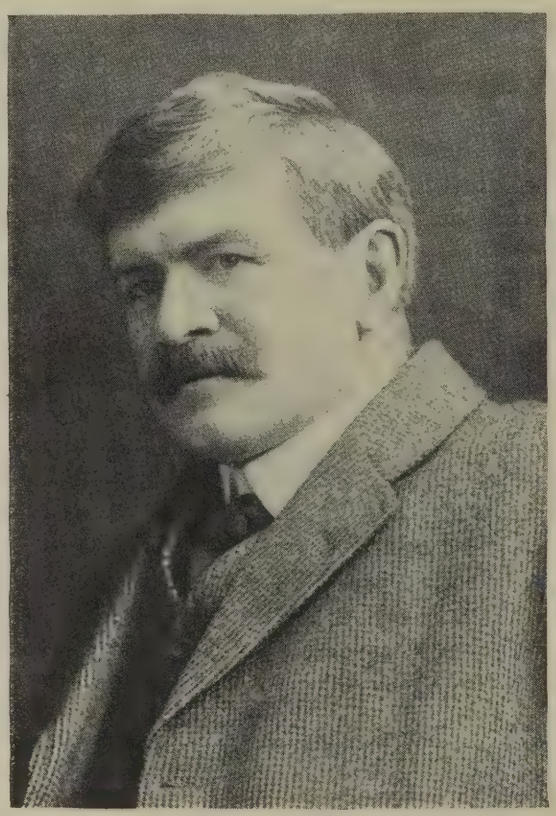
Lewis, Sinclair, "Main Street" and "Babbitt."
Locke, W. J., "The Beloved Vagabond."
London, Jack, "The Call of the Wild."
McFee, William, "Casuals of the Sea."
MacKenzie, Compton, "Sinister Street."
Machen, Arthur, "Hill of Dreams" and "Far Off Things."
Macy, John, "The Spirit of American Literature."
Maeterlinck, Maurice, "The Life of the Bee," "The Betrothal," "The Bluebird."
Maran, René, "Batouala."
Masefield, John, "Everlasting Mercy," "Poems," "Philip the King."
Masters, Edgar Lee, "Spoon River Anthology."
Maugham, Somerset, "Of Human Bondage."
Maxwell, W. B., "In Cotton Wool."
Mencken, H. L., "The American Language."
Millay, Edna St. Vincent, "A Few Figs from Thistles."
Moore, George, "In Single Strictness."
Murray, Gilbert, "Trojan Women."
Norris, Kathleen, "Butterfly."
Noyes, Alfred, "Poems."
O'Brien, Frederick, "White Shadows in the South Sea."
O. Henry, "Short Stories,"
Onions, Oliver, "In Accordance with the Evidence" (with the rest of that trilogy).
Osborn, Henry F., "Men of the Old Stone Age."
Ossendowski, Ferdinand, "Beasts, Men and Gods."
Papini, Giovanni, "The Life of Christ."
Parker, Sir Gilbert, "The Weavers."
Pirandello, Luigi, "Six Characters in Search of an Author."
Poole, Ernest, "His Family."
Quick, Herbert, "Vandemark's Folly."
Quiller-Couch, Arthur, "On the Art of Writing."
Riley, James Whitcomb, "Songs of Summer."
Robinson, James Harvey, "The Mind in the Making."
Rolland, Romain, "Jean-Christophe."
Roosevelt, Theodore, "Letters to His Children" and "An Autobiography."
Sandburg, Carl, "Smoke and Steel."
Shaw, George Bernard, "Three Plays for Puritans," "Love Among the Artists," "Pygmalion."
Simonds, Frank H., "History of the World War."
Sinclair, May, "The Tree of Heaven."
Sinclair, Upton, "The Jungle."
Stephens, James, "The Crock of Gold."
Strachey, Lytton, "Queen Victoria."
Swinnerton, Frank, "Nocturne."
Synge, John, "Plays."
Tarkington, Booth, "Monsieur Beaucaire," "Penrod," "The Magnificent Ambersons," "Gentle Julia," "Alice Adams."
Thayer, William Roscoe, "Life of John Hay," and "Theodore Roosevelt."
Thomson, J. Arthur, "Outline of Science."
Trevelyan, G. M., "Life and Times of Garibaldi."
Twain, Mark, "The Mysterious Stranger."
Van Loon, Hendrick, "The Story of Mankind."
Van Vechten, Carl, "Peter Whiffle."
Wagner, Charles, "The Simple Life."
Walpole, Hugh, "The Cathedral," "Jeremy," "The Captives," "Fortitude," and "The Duchess of Wrexe."
Washington, Booker T., "Up from Slavery."
Wasserman, Jacob, "The World's Illusion."
Wells, H. G., "Marriage," "A Modern Utopia," "Tono-Bungay," and "Outline of History."
West, Rebecca, "The Judge."
Wharton, Edith, "Ethan Frome."
White, Andrew D., "Seven Great Statesmen."
White, Edward L., "El Supremo."
White, William Allen, "A Certain Rich Man."
Wilson, Harry Leon, "Merton of the Movies."
Wister, Owen, "The Virginian."
Zimmern, A. E., "The Greek Commonwealth."

New Books Seen Over the Footlights

By Louise Closser Hale

BEFORE a reviewer can go deeply into the pleasant combination of words grown into phrases, phrases developing into paragraphs, and paragraphs marching along the pages in gleaming cohorts until a story of breathing men and women lies before us, such as is presented by G. B. Stern in her latest novel, "The Back Seat" (1), that reviewer—if she is an undisciplined person like myself—must step aside to marvel at—just—G. B. Stern.

Not to marvel at her lineaments, of which I know nothing, or her previous output, of which I know nothing except "The Room," but at the severity of her pen-name, which so illy presages her gentle understanding of humankind or her tolerance of their relationships to each other. When an agreeable woman whom I have never met, and who, for that reason, entertains a lively fancy for my own pitiful efforts, sent me as a Christmas present a copy of "The Room," I placed it on a shelf for the nonce between "Roman and Medieval Architecture" and a volume on the furnishing of "dens" entitled "A Thousand Ways to Please a Husband." My Christmas gift I took to be a treatise on period furniture, window-gardens, hook-rugs, goldfish and the beauty of the sun's rays through glass as set down by a strange, fierce interior decorator named G. B. Stern.



STEPHEN LEACOCK

It was not until the dried holly berries had been swept up for the last time, and the holidays were relievedly over, that I discovered an inscription written on the fly-leaf of the gift to the effect that this was the kind of book I could write myself if I would only try hard enough. The idea stimulated me into an immediate entrance to "The Room," there to spend a happy period until conducted beyond the door known as Finis, which exit I passed through reluctantly, fully conscious that even by a prodigious amount of "trying" I should never be able to do anything like it. The only possible improvement I could make upon G. B. Stern's books would be the luring of the potential buyer into a purchase of my wares by the bait of a name more fully exemplifying the character of my literary output. I would choose something beginning with Hildegarde for the author of a book feebly emulating Mrs. Holdsworth's, and I am not so sure but that I would employ Holdsworth, since the real person doesn't appear to be using it, for a catchy finish.

It is futile and presumptuous to make this suggestion, as G. B. Stern has gone successfully on offering "The Back Seat" to a sensible public more interested in narrative than in names. Yet—this title was also a misnomer to me, my lack of understanding the result of an early training lenient to a fault. For, at first glance, I felt "The Back Seat" to be a subject dealing with vehicles in which young lovers take the air, ranging from the surrey of four decades ago to the prized places of the sight-seeing automobiles going down to Chinatown. Along with discovering that it was, instead, a lowly position—as realized by the author—came the uneasy conviction that I have probably been in it for some time, but that the translation from escapades in surreys to the—figurative—uncoveted places in life is so gradual that one, leaning comfortably back, cares little whether the support is upholstery or the more impermanent arm.

Not that Leonora Carruthers, central character of the novel, would ever be so deceived. For Leonora was the little pig that went to market while her husband was the little pig that stayed at home, and a very pleasant pig he was with a sheltering piggy arm that should have reconciled any one but a trained pig—an actress pig—to the back seat. Yet in some terrible way (to abandon the farmyard metaphor) women, players, and often plain people, do not greatly appreciate arms always ready for ladies merely because they have no other way of employing them. And that Leonora remained comprehensively in love with, or at least loving toward, her non-wage-earning husband shows the cleverness of G. B. Stern in constructing a highly amiable woman who was also an artist.

In "The Back Seat" the author has created a number of plausible characters, with a certain little daughter of the house, Sally, pushing to the front every now and then through sheer force of personality, which may not have been in the original scheme. Characters have a way of doing that, just as a dull young lady at a week-end party sometimes bursts into an epigram so brilliant and so shocking one minute before her departure that she leaves the circle respectfully yearning for more. And one respectfully trusts that Sally will appear again, grown up to the leading part in a novel all her own, and even a better actress than her mother.

More than that, one dares to hope Sally, unlike the highly vitalized Leonora, will employ her time between a matinée and night performance with a view to saving her strength. Not that the doings in this interval as put down by the author are tedious, but that they are not honestly set forth. By careful reading one gathers that Leonora was still in the bill of "I.O.U.," yet she drove to Edwardes Square in time for tea, and a delayed tea at that; ran in for a half-hour at an afternoon reception; and then had a gown laid out for a dinner party, which she evidently attended before she went dashing into the theater for her night's work. I have known one actress to do this—but she is not a very good actress.

This mean contention may sound like quibbling, in view of the fact that "The Back Seat" makes excellent reading; but that it is excellent reading lends a slight importance to my contention. It is quite acceptable to readers not of the theater that Leonora should so employ her hour "between the shows," and as those of the theater are seldom readers verity is not essential to a successful stage novel. Verity is not invited. It is not interesting, and a

(1) THE BACK SEAT. By G. B. Stern. 240 pages. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

tale of artist life must introduce many little fakir side-shows to run up the sales.

One ponders over the reason for this. But from "The Mummer's Wife" of George Moore to "A Servant of the Public," by Anthony Hope (among many other honest stage stories), I, personally, know of none that has enjoyed more than a *succès d'estime*. "Trilby" is the only novel of artist life, a publisher recently declared, that ever brought real money to the pocket of the author. It must be that creatures who have to do with artificial, unreal conditions can not be taken seriously in their real loves by the general reader. And the world, tho avid to read of the inside lives of these servants of the public, shows but a languid interest when like characters are presented in fiction form, just because their prototypes are—in spite of careful researches as to their breakfast foods—forever as intangible as gossamer.

Mrs. Holsworth, it would seem, has circumvented this contingency by creating a true type of the theater and placing her in situations of sufficient improbability to make her story seem—dare I paradoxically say—plausible to the minds of what stage-folk call "the outsiders." With her full knowledge of the subject it induces one to wonder how she could reconcile her conscience to the triumphant teaching of a scene to a trembling novice on a "first night" while she was changing from her second to her third act gown. Yet again this idea is doubtless welcomed by the amateur, and as the amateur constitutes a large part of every community, "The Back Seat" may enjoy as great a vogue as has the immortal "Trilby" and her unlikely trio.

"The Back Seat" for daytime reading—a porch hammock in the afternoon, a wing-chair in the evening. But for another book treating far differently the theater—for Stephen Leacock's absurdities known collectively as "Over the Footlights"(2) I recommend from four to six of the morning in one's bed. This is a ridiculous time to be reading, but then it is a ridiculous time to be awake, and if awake is it not well to employ the hour in some remarkable way instead of going through worn-out formulas of counting sheep, ingratiating oneself with the Infinite, breathing deeply, light calisthenicsing, wool bed-socking, malted milking, or —as recently suggested to me—icing the ears?

I never spent the time from four to six A.M. more unusually than with "Over the Footlights," altho I have frequently been Behind the Footlights at that period suffering through a dress rehearsal. And it occurred to me as I lay in my old, old house that the room itself must have known much snoring in its confines during those pale hours, some quarreling, some weeping, prayers and dying perhaps, a great throttling of alarm-clocks, and an exasperated shaking of husbands into consciousness of the daily grind, but that no occupant before had ever laughed aloud alone. It is not easy to laugh aloud alone even when one is on the street and a man's hat blows under a motor's wheels, or when the banana-peel episode is reenacted, or even in the gloomy security of a moving-picture palace, when a fat gentleman, groping his way in the dark, sits down on a timid lady in black.

A. B. WALKLEY

(2) OVER THE FOOTLIGHTS. By Stephen Leacock. 285 pages. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

The night-watchman of MacDougal Alley knew that this making the welkin ring was unusual, accustomed as he must be to the will-o'-the-wisp of my night-light. There was a cessation of his measured beat. He whistled reflectively, altho if he had been a night-watchman in a small Spanish town, he would have bellowed out upon the air that the *señora sola* was laughing. There would have been no use justifying myself to him by reading out, for example: "All the audience want to shout: 'He's your son.'" There could be nothing funny to him about that. Nor would he have understood my breaking the rules of correct deportment, such as the old room had always managed, had I offered: "And so these twin souls join henceforth to walk life's pathway hand in hand. Next week Mutt and Jeff among the monkeys. Don't miss it."

G. B. STERN

These excerpts when so served are not amusing to the reader—if I still have one—but the mission of the approving reviewer should not be to collect readers for himself or herself, but to cull them for the author of the book reviewed. And should I meet in the future some well-regulated time-clock of a sleeper who tells me coldly that he was not amused by "Over the Footlights," I have other ways of winning him. I would craftily suggest that he might get something—not more, but *other* than a laugh—out of these little burlesques on plays and movies by stealing the plots so ingenuously offered to the public (most of whom are writing plays and scenarios themselves) and making ten million dollars out of them.

But is this offering ingenuous? To one whose invention is slight and whose sole talent, as has probably been recognized, is the expounding of the first person singular, they appear to be very good plots. And it occurs to me that a writer of serious drama would do very well to be a humorist also. He could then, upon finding his wares unmarketable in their original form, turn them into printed travesties, and gain a competence not controlled by the vagaries of an audience refusing to go out on rainy nights. It is a mere conjecture, of course, but is it possible that Mr. Leacock discovered this some time ago when he was wholly a preceptor by day, and shaped these same plots during his hours of ease with the idea of a soberer presentation? "Mr. Leacock please write."

The author further offers us enjoyment in a collection of "Fancies," as he calls them, resolved into print and confined in paragraphs. Two gave me cause for reflection. "My Last Dollar" stirred me into guilty activity over the fifteen cents I owe a kinswoman, and, opposedly, aroused a fine intention to collect the hundred dollars loaned to a literary gentleman to take a wedding-trip. I may even send him a copy of the book. The second fancy, "The Faded Actor," made its impression in that it is not a fancy at all, but a grim reality, rounding off a volume that has largely to do with players and the little false world they play in. Like the stories of W. W. Jacobs given to humor, the writer allows himself the luxury of a somber note at the end. The Englishman indulges in a "horror" alien to his other themes, but Mr. Leacock in this wistful presentation of the Faded Actor, "a mean parody of forgotten graces," as he puts it, makes a bow—consciously, one assumes—to that profession which has served throughout the pages

and which counts gibes as publicity and publicity as fame. "Damn me, if you wish," said the elder Boucicault, "but keep me in print."

No doubt however enthusiastically I shall "do" A. B. Walkley's volume of essays forbiddingly entitled "More Prejudice"([3]), he would "do" better an animadversion of his own handiwork. The business of criticizing is his metier, that of being criticized mine. There have been several gentlemen with the scalpel whom I have longed to have in my power, but "A. B." of the London *Times* is not one of them, altho twice I have been in his. Yet so bright is my admiration for his finely pointed talents that I can but deplore his waste of time on such a worm as I unless I have served him as "comic relief." Should he ever admit in one of his daily dissertations that I had the evening before produced a vacuity of ideas and emotions I should not have written myself down a failure; rather, since I am a reader, I should have been relieved that his quick-beating mental pulses were marking time as they gathered force for a penning of his wide glances about his sophisticated world.

It is the publisher of "More Prejudice" who has suggested on the jacket that this is a bedside book. Personally I think it is better as a commuting book. It has an erudite appearance, and at the same time is amusing. I should be proud to have any one see me read it, therefore I would not have to carry it amidst the sheltering folds of a newspaper, into which to take peeks now and then. However, if I were to place it in my guest-room, I should firmly mark the essays to be first read. This is irritating and liable to occasion controversy at the breakfast-table, but I should like all that large crew who have taken on critical airs in these United States to discover the horse-sensible knowledge of the stage which is Mr. Walkley's.

([3]) More Prejudice. By A. B. Walkley. 255 pages. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

I have ever felt with him, as I have with Mrs. Fiske, when acting, that no matter with what light touch either one of them is treating the subject in hand, underneath are layers and layers of understanding of the theater; that neither with him nor with her can you scratch away the gravel of polite adventuring into their field and find a stratum of mental inclination which might better have been applied to pig-iron, sheep-raising or the brokerage business. It takes more than an intimate acquaintance with an orchestra chair to acquire this fine foundation. It is as deeply rooted as the drama itself.

It is with great appreciation that we of the theater discern in "A. B.'s" critical approaches a certain deference which he may not have for the individual, but which he undoubtedly entertains for the calling. And as he is generally right—which means that I generally agree with him—I suggest that this little book of varied essays be carried about as a châtelaine, along with the keys to the wine-cellar. So divers are his subjects that if at a loss for a topic of conversation one could surreptitiously consult it and become the brilliant guest of the evening.

At the end of a weary season I once asked myself if I had the daring from that date to refuse ever to make a new acquaintance, and to concentrate wholeheartedly on the large circle I already knew, loved, and seldom saw. In his paper on "The Letter Writer" the author speaks of Hazlitt's hatred of reading new books, expressing himself sympathetically with this ingrown trait of a misanthrope; and while I shall be content if Mr. Walkley has drawn the line at any further reading of essays on his essays which may be forced upon him by his press-clipping bureau, I am happy that "More Prejudice" came within my ken before I myself was tempted to put a padlock on my book-shelves.

A Champion of Rembrandt's 'Prentices

(*Continued from page 15*)

> the most profound perhaps, of all the Northern painters. I do not mean just now emotion in the sense of pathos or sadness or ecstasy or delight, but, rather, that which he so often exprest in the ordinary portrait—intense human sympathy and feeling. There he stands quite alone. None of his pupils ever reached up to him. He was universal, worldwide in his sympathy, where they were merely local or perhaps wholly unresponsive. Their pictures and his show, each for itself, the depth or the superficiality of the emotional. To distinguish it in their canvases may require more patience than is necessary in the mental or technical test, but it is there for those who can see and is a large factor in rightly judging art.

Capacity to grasp this highest point in pictures requires an exceptional nature, while comparisons of brushwork, taste and flair belong to lower planes. And certainly this author is convinced that he has the necessary endowments.

In chapter VI, "Pictures by the Master," we get the result of these destructive criticisms of canvases by or attributed to Rembrandt in the great museums—the Louvre, the London National, the Reyksmuseum, the Cassel, Berlin and Dresden, the Hermitage, the Metropolitan, and others. Those that are allowed to be entirely by Rembrandt are forty-eight in number, but not every one of them is entirely without question. Under "Rembrandt Shop Pictures" there are only twenty-seven. To such paucity has shrunk the mass of paintings dubbed "Rembrandt," that bulky list of many hundreds to which the name of the master has been attached so long!

When we take a mental survey of Rembrandt's long life, and recall the impression got from contemporary records concerning him, the most salient feature is the industry of the man as painter and etcher. From youth to old age he seems ever at work. Frugal and content, a hardworking master surpassing all his pupils in the love of painting, he appears to have indulged in the minimum of recreation. Apparently he never traveled; certainly he never visited France or Italy, as so many Dutch architects, sculptors and painters did. Now, if this is all of his output which Professor Van Dyke allows him, what did he do with his time? Or else what has become of the great mass of pictures which a man such as he must have painted? If we are to accept this tremendous slaughter of the innocents, we shall have to change our view of Rembrandt and regard him as a slothful *fainéant*, who only now and then roused himself to perform some grand feat like the group of magnates of the Clothiers' Guild or the exit of Captain Cocq's company from their armory, or the Jewish Bride (all in Amsterdam). In his intensive study of Rembrandts, near-Rembrandts and pseudo-Rembrandts, this author has encountered various puzzles, and often solved them cleverly. But this puzzle which he has raised is the greatest of all. Shall we test these paintings for finger-prints?

With Rembrandt it was not as it is with an unappreciated artist whose work accumulates and can not be sold while he lives or even after he is dead; when the entire stock disappears in time through fire or neglect. Tho Rembrandt had his ups and downs, suffered from the changes of fashion and intolerance in matters of morals and religion, had to sell all his bric-à-brac, and so on, yet all the testimony goes to show that he was supremely serene and philosophical, cared little or nothing for the world, and was perfectly content so long as he could keep at his vocation. His pictures were sought for at home and abroad. What gulf has devoured them? Many thousand paintings and sculptures once in churches of Holland and Flanders were destroyed; but Rembrandt did not paint for churches and the iconoclasts were before his day. Truly the iconoclast has come upon them some three centuries later.

Be this as it may, Professor Van Dyke has stirred the stagnant art pool with a most opportune book. If it does nothing more than recall the public to the silliness of "big money" in art works, it does much. His exposure of the weakness of trusting to signatures, documents and tradition is well; and what he says about emotion is to the point, tho it must be Hebrew to the unsensitive. One could wish a more convenient format for his book; also that it had a bibliography and an index; but these are minor matters in a volume which shows courage and research.

Maligning Our Neighbors in Fiction

A Trio of Protests

Romance in all its forms has a tendency to develop certain hackneyed types and to do an injustice to the nations from which some of these types are drawn, as well as to take liberties with historical facts. Protests against three separate forms of this tendency are embodied in the three articles here grouped together. The accusers seem, on the whole, to make out a rather strong case against the present-day romancer.

Canada As She is Pictured

By H. Glynn-Ward

WHAT kink in the mind is it that causes the would-be depictors of Canadian life to picture it always as a land of eternal snows, peopled entirely by Indians, wicked French-Canadians drest in the same old furs, a few girls with only one blouse apiece and red handkerchiefs knotted loosely round their necks, and Royal Canadian Mounted Police (which, by the way, they insist on calling by their obsolete name of Royal Northwest M. P.) drest all wrong?

They depict it as a land where the only means of locomotion is a husky dog, where the only roads are devious trails through boundless prairie or rocky paths through endless forest: where the only places of amusement are log-built bars, showing a company hilariously drunk: where nobody lives in anything but a one- or two-room log-cabin with pelts and saucepans decorating the walls. Canada, as shown to the world in pictures and magazine stories, is a land where there are no towns and where it is always December.

Your pictorial Canadian hero is a ruffian possest of superhuman strength, accounting for never less than half a dozen others in one fight, out of which he always emerges utterly unruffled himself. By the same token, your pictorial Mounted Police, as for instance in "Cameron of the Royal Mounted," are entirely ignorant of their duties, their customs and their dress. They salute with child-like solemnity when their hats are off; the inferiors take it upon themselves to pardon or not pardon, without any reference at all to the demands of the law, and they are all most uncomfortably clad in their summer uniforms in the height of winter.

The average American is surely too well-balanced to be hoodwinked into believing that directly one steps over the border the snow never melts. In July, 1922, I was over the Canadian northern boundary line into Hyler in Alaska; this July, 1923, I was over the southern U. S. A. border-line into Tia Juana in Mexico. I wore exactly the same amount of clothes in each case, and the temperature was just about the same. North of fifty-two the summer months are as long and lovely as they are in Southern California.

But the "eternal snow" illusion is wide-spread. I once wrote a book about Vancouver Island, which lies off the southernmost part of the British Columbian coast, and offered it to a London publisher. He sent for me to tell me personally that he could not find it according to his conscience to publish a story so basically untrue to actual conditions; that he had had a friend who had been to Canada, and that said friend had found himself unable to wash for six months on account of the Arctic cold. I assured him that I, I who spoke, had lived for many years in British Columbia, and, unlike his anti-abolutionist friend, had found pleasure and no difficulty in washing frequently. But he looked at me with a jaundiced eye, even when I reminded him that British Columbia itself was as large as Europe, and that one did not crab Monte Carlo because it was sometimes cold in Christiania! He bade me begone, me and my "propaganda." *He* knew better.

Nearly 75 per cent. of the stories and pictures about Canada are produced by people who have never been there, and who steal their "local color" from stories and poems by Robert Service and Gilbert Parker. Kipling himself, quite unintentionally, gave Canada a black eye, from which she has never recovered, by calling her "Our Lady of the Snows." Why does one never see on the screen the boundless prairies in their mantle of waving yellow grain, or dotted with hillocks of hay, instead of forever under a carpet of snow that never melts?

There are whole districts in British Columbia where it is cheaper to build a log-cabin than to haul lumber for a frame house, but the average Canadian house, even on the prairies, is a frame one and two-storied at that. Many are the families wherein the women of necessity have to help with a man's work, but will the directors of the movies never believe that they are only too willing to change into the most feminine and fetching clothes whenever they can, and the big department stores in Winnipeg, Toronto and Montreal, whose catalogs reach unto the uttermost parts of the Canadian hinterland, see to it that they get them? Nor

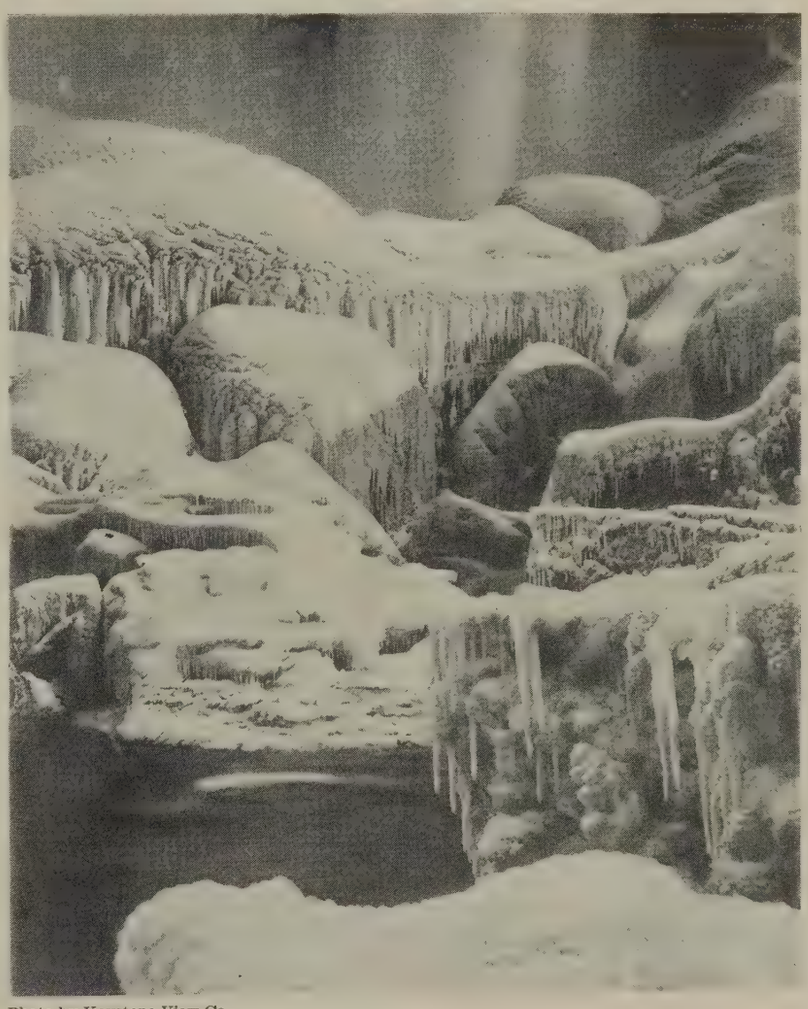


Photo by Keystone View Co.

CANADA AS IT LOOKS TO THE AMERICAN WRITER OF POPULAR FICTION

have Canadian womenkind as much surplus time on their hands as the dauntless Nell Shipman would have us believe, to go fishing and shooting and generally cavorting around while the menfolk are waiting for their suppers.

The real life of Canada as it is lived still remains to be pictured: the lumberjack's life, the life among the great salmon and halibut fisheries of the coasts, the life of Canadian towns, the life of the farmer as distinct from the rancher, and of the pioneer settler as distinct from both.

But, no! editors and producers still spoon-feed the public with the old, hackneyed, traditional life of the "Lady of the Snows" type: with the stories of the James Oliver Curwood type, where the local color is laid on so thick that your real Canadian can't see through the paint. Stories wherein the beautiful but homeless "miss" sleeps out pathetically under a tree and stars, where the superhumanly invincible man of the woods—vide Art Acord in "The Oregon Trail"—in due course finds her just in time to rescue her from the bestial villain drest in furs: Whereafter they all shoot impossible rapids, leap across cañons that would daunt a Railway Engineering Company, ride wild horses and waste more ammunition than they could possibly have carried in a wardrobe trunk, and Reel Five finds them living a peaceful if deadly dull existence, far, far from supplies and a post-office, with bears and lynxes and cougars dropping in for tea, so to speak.

Photograph by courtesy of Metro Pictures Corporation

A QUIET DAY IN A PIONEER TOWN—ACCORDING TO THE WILD WEST ROMANCERS

The Canadian backwoods picture is, more blatantly than any other, made to a standard order. There must be a hero, a villain, and a prettyish girl who can do "stunts." They must be drest in furs, there must be snow, ice, husky dogs, sleighs, wolves—alternated by bears—log-cabins with saucepans on the walls, and enough drinks and "silent Indians" thrown in to go round. There must be a murder, with a French-Canadian mixed up in it, some thrills in the shape of ice-floes, rapids, or falls down vast cañons. And in the end, the hero *must* marry the girl-lead.

The public have stood it for a long, long time. But the public are getting increasingly restless and captious and critical. Some of them have even traveled farther than the publishers and producers, and have been to Canada. Why can we not, therefore, have something truer to life? Editors and film producers often say that they desire "something new." That would be decidedly new.

Faults of Our Wild West Stories

By Stuart Henry

READERS of the late Emerson Hough's "The Covered Wagon" can now enjoy his "North of 36,"(1) tho its appearance in book form, unfortunately, comes too late for the author to enjoy the popularity and profits that it may bring.

Parallel 36, lying across the middle of what is now Oklahoma, furnishes the title for this story of the fortunes and misfortunes of the lovely young heroine, Taisie Lockhart, and her herd of forty-five hundred Texas steers and cows and their cowboys. Their devious course, fifty-six years ago, stretched from the Red River to the once notorious but now forgotten cattle capital, Abilene, Kansas, on the new Kansas Pacific Railroad. Miss Taisie's route ran generally along the then equally notorious but also forgotten Chisholm Trail—the south - and - north cattle-trail from Texas in the days just after the Civil War. It was a unique trail, yet it has never before entered into Wild West fiction; and, in spite of its importance, the Chisholm Trail has also been neglected thus far by the historians.

As a thriller, none but fair and complimentary words can be said for this last romance of Mr. Hough's. It has all the tearing action provided by hostile Indians, raging floods, cattle-stampedes, fatal contests with pistols, rough cow-punchers on woolly mustangs, and a conventional Mary Pickford love-story developed amid the excitements and spectacular hardships of a long cattle-drive. Yet, after all merited praise is awarded, may one not protest against the giving-out of the idea that such narratives reflect the real history and life of the West that was? As one who knew intimately the scene and period of Mr. Hough's story, I wish to express my regret that our school children are deriving their notions of the Western pioneers and their times from such extravaganzas.

Historical writers, responsible students, the few remaining frontiersmen, are beginning to protest. The Pioneers of America, Inc., has recently been organized for the purpose of calling a halt to such pseudo-pictures or histories, with their misguiding information, superheated imaginings, spurious hues, spread before Americans for profit. Are not our people entitled to know what those progenitors of the West were really like; how their deeper problems were solved; how the foundations of our mighty Western Empire were actually laid; how the trick was turned of transforming the forbidding Great American Desert into a rich, inviting farm land?

The trouble is that few of those pioneers now survive. Almost no one now lives who saw the Chisholm Trail or that early village of Abilene, Kansas, once the famous cattle emporium. And very few of those roving inhabitants of half a century ago could write down what they experienced or knew. Rumors, yarns, lies, soared about. Every time a tenderfoot appeared, such as the author of "North of 36," who did not go West until that frontier epoch had ended, he was filled with amazing tales designed to flabbergast green Easterners. Thus the fantastic legends have swollen into colossal and money-coining proportions and been made to seem true. Wild romance revels in a full fling.

The prefatory note, as well as the jacket, of Mr. Hough's book

(1) NORTH OF 36. By Emerson Hough. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 429 pp. $2.

declares that the author's aim is to reconstitute the coloring, the aspect, the "feel," of actual existence—to pen the essential truth; that his picture of the time is authentic and dependable. May one venture to test these statements?

Mr. Hough says that he "has followed or crossed the old cattle (Chisholm) trail at perhaps fifty points between the Gulf and our northern boundaries." So has any old Western commercial traveler. No cattle trails, however, extended from the Gulf to Canada or within six hundred miles of the Canadian line. There was no need that they should. The parent Chisholm itself only reached from the Red River to the center of Kansas, where it connected with a railroad. The railways, of course, were not yet extended to the Pacific at that time.

While the author, whose vivid imagination projects things into vast, vague, misleading outlines, avoids in general precise facts or dates, he centers the attention on July 4, 1867, as the final turning-point of his cattle-drive story. But is his picture "authentic and dependable"?

In the first place, the language he makes his characters use is a curious mixture of what was then current and what is now current. Twentieth-century slang and colloquialisms are wedged in plentifully, and at once disconcert a pioneer of the region. Again, as an authority on Western cattle life, Mr. Hough errs strangely in representing that so large a herd as forty-five hundred could be driven over the Chisholm Trail in '67. That was a very exceptional number for any year under the best conditions. One thousand would have been quite enough for verisimilitude. And how could such a big drove be financed by a "dead-broke" youthful lady? Only experienced drovers with considerable money or credit could get through.

And no women could be found on that trail. It had no place for them. Nor were there, in '67, any prostitutes in Abilene. One woman did live on the outskirts—a pious and worthy Methodist, far from the corrupt type set forth. Abilene had no dance-halls, no brass band, no bridge, no hotel, no livery stables, only one or two saloons instead of several. It was a hamlet of perhaps ten mud huts.

Nor did Fourth of July celebrations take place until after the cattle men left—years later. To represent Texans as dominating in such a festivity is to mistake the temper of the Texans of that day. They considered themselves Texans, not Americans. They saw no excuse for recognizing the glorious Fourth. The Alamo provided the single historic date they worshiped, the Lone Star supplied their only emblem, and they had little use even for the Stars and Bars.

The one historical character appearing by name in "North of 36" is Wild Bill Hickok. But Wild Bill was not marshal in '67, nor was he in the village then. Abilene had no marshal. The picture that the author draws of him here is suited to youths eager to become gallant wild men out West; but Wild Bill was not that kind of man, nor did he later lead any such career in the steer metropolis. (Steer, not cow, was the generic term used.) Hickok passed his time gambling in his saloon headquarters and manifested no interest in laws or jails. Instead of being sentimental about his white wife somewhere back East, if she existed, he dwelt in marital bliss with a squaw.

It would be ungracious to enlarge on these discrepancies. Danger to historical truth, to living facts, lies inevitably in the path of rapid romantic writing. Gloss and glamour can not well be harmonized with the grim life of those wiry frontiersmen of the cattle camp and "prairie schooner." They were gaunt, homely, hungry, leading a rawbone and rawhide existence. Many excellent traits had they, but their life was necessarily hard, even to sordidness. They and their few women-folk furnished figures too weazened, weary, forlorn, for the buoyant pages of adolescent pageantry. They would not feel at home in the West that Mr. Hough depicts.

As a romance for the unsophisticated, "North of 36" is of the best prevailing order. As anything like true history, however, one may regretfully confess that it is—to employ the term used by one of our popular Presidential aspirants—very like "bunk." The time will come, no doubt, when serious historical romancers, patient investigators, will, with the gift for the truth that is stranger than fiction, depict more adequately the Wild West of our former Great American Desert.

Fair Play for the Spaniard

By Enrique Blanco

Department of Romance Languages, University of Wisconsin

ANGLO-SAXONS, generally speaking, are probably the most conceited people in the Universe; and they enjoy parading their conceit and "rubbing it in" for the edification of every one who is not Anglo-Saxon. I was reminded of this fact while reading "The Real Story of the Pirate," an article reviewing a book by that title, in the September INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW.

For centuries England and America have been flooded with literature describing the superiority of the English over every one else. And the ancient rivalry between Spain and England has made of Spain the main goat of this propaganda. This literature does not, of course, say anything about the abject surrender of some British armies during the American Revolutionary War, nor does it mention the splendid whippings the Boer farmers inflicted upon the "unbeatable" English not so many years ago, or the many other examples in history where the English have found themselves at the end of their rope, the most recent of which is, perhaps, the "backs-to-the-wall" confession of the English leaders during the last German offensive in the World War, when England and France would very probably have been annihilated if it had not been for the aid of America.

There is a certain type of literature in which the long-suffering Spaniard always gets it in the neck. It is always "the swarthy Spaniard" did this, or "the treacherous Spaniard" did that, quite disregarding the fact that Spaniards are

Photograph by courtesy of Metro Pictures Corporation

THE SPANISH VILLAIN AS DEPICTED IN AMERICAN MELODRAMA AND FICTION

(*Continued on page 92*)

Discovering the Soul of New York's Ghetto

By Francis D. Gallatin

NO man is more spiritual, no man is more materialistic than the Jew. Yet even at the very summit of spiritual exaltation he does not altogether forget the glories of the flesh! In the depths of moral degradation, he can not altogether forget that he is of the chosen of Jehovah. He of all men knows best that man does not live by bread alone, but he also knows full well that bread he must have if he would live. Tho he glories in the lightnings on Mt. Sinai, he can still take pride in the blaze of the precious stone that gleams on his finger. In these respects he is superlatively human. In him all qualities are exaggerated. He is the man typical.

A GLIMPSE OF GHETTO LIFE

For this cause his book, the Old Testament, has become indeed *the* book of a large portion of the civilized world. In it man sees himself painted as nowhere else. The characters are tremendous in righteousness and evil, in humility and pride.

Who, on reading the pages of this world-old book, has not stood amazed at the vivid contrasts it presents between blind savagery and blind love? Who has not wondered when he has turned from the blood, rapine and lust of Exodus and Kings to find in the Prophets love, sweetness, purity and gracious kindness? The jealous, vengeful judge is forgotten as the student reads of the fatherhood of God. He who would learn to know the Jew, let him read this Old Testament, and when he has learned to know the Jew he shall have learned to know man.

These preparatory remarks have been called forth by a most unusual book, "Haunch, Paunch and Jowl," (1) which, more than any book I have ever read, exemplifies these truths, and this with a finality and inevitability which, combined with its vivid descriptions and terse style, make it a book not soon to be forgotten. In form this narrative is the anonymous autobiography of a Jewish boy, Meyer Hirsch, from New York's great East Side, who from poverty rose to wealth, prominence and power.

Altho in form an autobiography, it is evident to one conversant with contemporary local history that it is in fact a most artistic and subtle piece of fiction, based in large measure on actual happenings. These happenings, some of common knowledge, others less well known, have been combined with imaginary occurrences, and shaped and colored with consummate art to fit the author's design. The characters, true to life, are not portraits. They are rather composite photographs. So skilfully are they made that we seem now and again to recognize the features of some well-known East-Sider, only a moment later to be undeceived. These elusive likenesses are not the least of the charms of this altogether remarkable tale.

Into the midst of our great East Side we are plunged. With keen and masterful strokes we are shown its noble faith and sacrifice, its grinding oppression and ruthless cunning, its miseries and joys, its high spirituality and ignoble degradation. We see the petty politician, the shyster lawyer and the professional Jew, the child, the mother and the rabbi. All play their parts, not as mouthpieces for the author's theories; not as puppets to exemplify certain types, nor yet as instruments to carry on the tale, but as living beings who act according to their nature. We can hear the children playing on the sidewalks, we can participate in the battles of the gangs. We know that a picture is being painted, that the soul of a race is being revealed, that a tale is being told of deepest interest to every American; yet all parts are so interwoven that we are unable to untangle the web. The East Side itself is here in its diversity and unity. The pages seethe with the weltering human tide.

The material and intellectual problems which confront the newly arrived immigrant are depicted in all their poignancy. His endeavors to adapt himself to new conditions and yet keep to the faith of the fathers are pictured with compelling force. We hear Rabbi Zucker warn: "Beware, this new land, with its freedom, is but a snare and temptation to wean away your youth from Judaism." We become aware of the dependency of the immigrant on his children, through youth's greater knowledge of the language and customs of the new country. As the writer says:

> "We boys lived several kinds of lives, traveling from planet to planet. First there was the queer relationship of American street gamins to our old-world parents. Indeed, an ocean separated us.

Photo Brown Bros.

IN A BUSY STREET OF THE EAST SIDE, NEW YORK

(1) HAUNCH, PAUNCH AND JOWL. Anonymous. New York: Boni & Liveright.

> And distance does not encourage confidings and communings, but creates misunderstanding and leads to contempt and intolerance."

I shall make no attempt to outline the story, but shall content myself with describing some of the episodes, and with giving a few excerpts. Where all is so good it is difficult to make a choice. However, let us take the scene where Rabbi or Rov Zucker denounces the brothels in Allen Street—a scene of biblical intensity.

From Grodno the rabbi had recently arrived, imported by the synagog named for that city. A man of learning and piety, he brought renown to his congregation. Attracted by this renown, many of the rich of the neighborhood flocked to hear him. They listened to his preaching, but those who owned the profitable houses in Allen Street were loath to change their tenants. At length the rabbi learned of these facts. Unswerving in his principles and belief as a prophet of the Old Testament, he cared not whom he offended in the cause of righteousness. He questioned his congregation, but met with evasive replies. Let the author continue:

> The following day was Sunday, Allen street's busiest day. About noon Rov Zucker stood at the corner of Canal and Allen streets, a picturesque figure amid the shifting crowds. He then strode up and down the middle of Allen street, his hands upraised as in prayer, and soon a number of men and boys collected around him.
>
> He stood still, and a hush fell upon the street. He spoke in tones of exhortation, and his words fell with the crushing cadence of Biblical curses.
>
> "Hear ye, Children of Israel, heed the voice of the Lord and turn away from evil. . . . May your tongues become as molten lead in your mouths and choke and stifle you, even a thousand times a thousand times. May your limbs wither and rot —— "
>
> The *rov's* eyes, turned heavenward, did not see a hand clutching a blackjack strike out. Just one blow, well placed, and Rov Zucker toppled to the gutter. A wounded cry went up, not from the rabbi, but from the onlooking people, as blood gushed from the old man's forehead.

Photo Brown Bros

WHERE SOME OF THE MYRIADS OF NEW YORK'S FOREIGN-BORN POPULATION SPEND THEIR DAYS

It must not be thought that this narrative looks only at the sad side of things. On the contrary, a strong element of humor pervades it. The "Singing Waiters" episode is of the finest comedy; in fact, it is more than comedy, for with it is mingled the tale of the love of the prostitute "Billie" for Davie the chaste, the ideal, the beloved poet. The death of Davie with his head on the breast of Billie, in whom he had found fulfilment and happiness, is as sweet and pathetic a story as can be found in the reading of many books.

The other love passages, and they are many and various, are full of interest in their vividness and in the knowledge they display of the deviousness of human longings. Some are the expression of brute passion, some of the tenderest love, and some of both combined, but all are drawn with delicacy and discernment. The beautiful and saintlike Edith is the Beatrice of the narrative. For her Meyer longed with all his heart, but in her absence he could well content himself with grosser food. Yet back of her sanctity he had discerned her womanhood. Her story and Meyer's marriage with another woman of a coarser type are but other expressions of the *leit motif* of the book, the struggle between the fine and the gross which is each man's life history.

Of boys born in certain social strata we can predict about what their careers will be. These will be either lawyers, doctors or bankers, these merchants or clerks. In the East Side it is different. Any boy may become anything. In this lies the greatness of America, which the Jew has been so quick to recognize. The equality of opportunity.

To give but one example: The writer shows us two brothers, the Wotin boys, dying on the same day, one a gangster, as a murderer in the electric chair, the other a respected doctor, as a martyr to science. Good and evil, indeed, spring from the same seed and are nourished in the same soil. Let me quote again:

> She feared the good Wotin father and mother would soon have another loss, another death, another son snatched away. Harry had volunteered to submit to experimental inoculations. . . . The Wotin boys, Harry the doctor, and Archie the Cannon—so different, sprung from the same seed, nurtured in the same soil . . . so different . . . but were they really different? Fearlessness, self-immolation were their common characteristics. . . . I remember . . . early in the trial . . . Archie saw it looked bad for the three of them. He said there was no use in the whole bunch being "croaked." He would be the "fall guy," assume all the blame and exonerate the other two. . . . He made up a story that he thought would clear his companions and implicate him alone. Dago Jack refused the sacrifice—and offered to make a similar one.

I have only touched on the salient points of this engrossing story. I have necessarily discust but few of the problems with which the author deals. He seems to have entered into the very heart of the matter, and has left nothing untouched. He deals with the defective delinquent and points out the cause of the rivalry between the German and the Russian Jew. There is no animus, no bitterness even when he treats of such delicate subjects as anti-Semitism and race-consciousness. There is no diffuseness, no pedantry. All is fairness and deep understanding. The problems are not dragged in, they are of the substance of the narrative itself. There is no taint of professional sociology, no trace of the spirit of "holier than thou." Yet for these very reasons the book will aid us to meet with kindness and knowledge the difficulties which necessarily arise from the mingling of the races. To know all, the French tell us, is to forgive all—and may I add to love all? And by patient love must our country's future be assured.

Giving American Playwrights Their Due

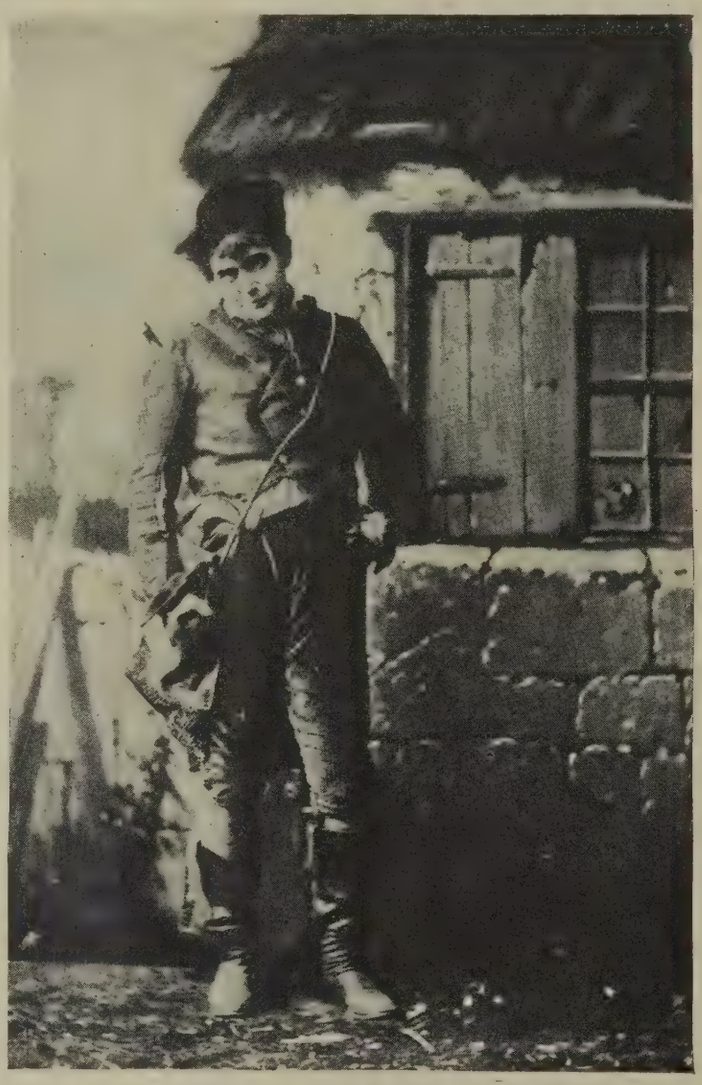
By Brander Matthews

IN PETIT DE JULLEVILLE'S cooperative history of the French language and literature the chapters devoted to the dramatists are many, and they are almost equally divided among the eight volumes, since the drama has flourished in France continuously from Hardy and Corneille to Hervieu and Brieux. In the ampler but less adequate Cambridge History of English Literature, the medieval, Elizabethan, Jacobean and Restoration dramatists were treated rather as men of letters than as playwrights, composing plays to be performed in a special theater, by special actors and before special audiences—the articles on Shakespeare having been confided to a scholarly critic who gave no evidence that he had ever witnessed a performance of any one of Shakespeare's comedies or tragedies or histories. Moreover, there is a blank period in the English drama from the withdrawal of Sheridan to the coming of Robertson and Gilbert, Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones, Barrie and Shaw. In England in the first seven decades of the nineteenth century there was a divorce between the drama and literature, and as I have asserted elsewhere (and perhaps too often) the plays which were actable were unreadable and the plays which were readable were unactable.

What was the case in Great Britain in this period of penury was the case also in the United States; and in the Cambridge History of American Literature a single chapter was found sufficient for the consideration of the American drama prior to the beginning of the twentieth century. The writer of that single chapter has now profited by his later and ampler researches to prepare a solidly documented "History of the American Drama,"(1) a volume of four hundred pages. It is an excellent piece of work, far more thorough than any book which has yet been written about the British drama of the same period. Professor Quinn has done well what was well worth doing. He has toiled manfully in accumulating and in mastering his material; he has organized the results of his researches in a series of chapters having each a unity of its own; he has taken into account the influence exerted upon our American playwrights, first of all by the playwrights of Great Britain, and then by the playwrights of Germany and of France; and he has resolutely stuck to his main theme, resisting all temptations to waste time upon the sporadic closet-dramas, which always lack the vitality of the plays devised for actual performance.

Here are two paragraphs of the preface in which Professor Quinn explains his purpose and his plan:

> In the absence of a chart, the method of treatment of the material becomes important and the writer has been guided rather by his desire to present a helpful survey than by any worship of mere uniformity. Certain of the playwrights have their special significance, but as the subject develops, the type of play becomes usually of more importance than the individual playwright. A compromise has been effected, by which the work of the most significant dramatists has been made the center of a group of plays of similar nature. Thus while the greater dramatists have been treated as a unit, the minor playwrights may appear in more than one chapter, depending upon the nature of their contributions.
>
> The drama has been considered throughout as a living thing. No attempt has been made to treat the unacted drama except incidentally, and except for the Revolutionary satires, attention has been concentrated upon the plays which actually reached the stage. From another point of view it has not been so easy to define the limits of our theme. The term American drama presupposes native origin, and yet the interwoven threads of our early stage history make this term uncertain if we are to observe the spirit rather than the letter. It has seemed best to include those playwrights who, while born abroad, remained here and became identified with our stage and whose work has taken its place, however humble, in the progress of our drama. When, like Boucicault, they have become vital forces in that development, it is easy to select for discussion those plays which were written in this country, leaving the balance to their proper position in British drama. In the case of playwrights like Burton and Brougham, where their plays remained largely foreign in spirit and indeed were frequently revamping of earlier plays, the distinction is not made so easily, but it has seemed best to disregard their contributions unless they come definitely under one of the types into which our native drama runs. On the other hand, the work of men like Ralph and Bernard, who were born in America but who became identified with the stage in England, seems to lie outside our province. It is the nature of the play and the circumstances of its production that determine the nationality of drama and not the accident of birth.



DION BOUCICAULT IN "THE SHAUGRAUN"

My own interest in our native playwrights began all of fifty years ago; and I was then able to pick up for a dollar, or even half a dollar, the original editions of Dunlap's pieces which have now soared to prices beyond the reach of my modest purse. I have never lost my interest in our earlier playwrights; and forty years ago I joined with Laurence Hutton, J. H. V. Arnold, and Thomas J. McKee in founding the Dunlap Society to preserve the

(1) A History of the American Drama: Down to the Beginning of the Civil War. By Arthur Hobson Quinn. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1923.

records of the American theater; and I have been gratified to observe that Professor Quinn has had frequent occasion to cite one or another of the publications which appeared in our three successive series. As a result of my own humble investigations I believed myself to have a modest familiarity with the field covered by Professor Quinn's volume; but as I read his successive chapters, I was delighted to find that he had possest himself of many facts of which I was unaware and that he presented in a new angle many facts of which I had not seen the importance. He has not only placed William Dunlap in a clearer light than I had hitherto seen that industrious playwright-manager, but he has raised my opinion of "André" and of several of its fellows.

Professor Quinn has also made plainer the reasons for the long-continued success on the stage obtained by the "Brutus" of John Howard Payne, a play which I knew to be a reworking of half a dozen earlier dramas on the same theme, but which Professor Quinn has proved to possess a more adroitly articulated plot and a richer emotional content than any one of the pieces that Payne laid under contribution. It may interest some readers of this review to be informed that the author of "Home, Sweet Home" was also the author of the first American play to be performed in Paris—by Edmund Kean in 1827; and I may note that it kept the stage until about forty years ago, when I saw John McCullough as *Brutus*.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

The chapter on Dunlap is properly preceded by one on "The Drama and the Theater in the Colonies," by another on the "Drama of the Revolution," and by a third on the "Coming of Comedy" (in which proper praise is paid to the "Contrast" of Royall Tyler). After the evaluation of Dunlap, there is a consideration of "Tragedy and Politics, 1788-1805"; and this brings us to the earliest of the playwrights of Philadelphia, J. N. Barker, whose "Indian Princess" (i. e., Pocahontas) was the earliest American play to be produced in London. After the narrative of John Howard Payne's adventures as an adapter, there is a discussion of the transition "From Melodrama to Tragedy." This brings us to the record of another Philadelphian, "Robert Montgomery Bird and the Rise of the Romantic Play, 1825-1850." It was Bird who wrote "The Gladiator" for Edwin Forrest; and it was Bird who wrote the long popular tale, "Nick of the Woods," the father of many of the dime novels of the Civil War period.

With the same skill and learning Professor Quinn then deals with "American History on the Stage, 1823-1860," and with "American Comedy Types, 1825-1860," under which head we have an account of the many "Yankee" plays, of Mrs. Mowatt's "Fashion," and of the perennial "Rip van Winkle." And this brings the author to a third Philadelphian, the most gifted of them all, George Henry Boker, whose "Francesca da Rimini" is, to my thinking, not only the most effective drama on that ever popular theme, but also the finest blank-verse play written in our language between 1825 and 1875, surpassing any one of the poetic dramas of Sheridan Knowles and Bulwer Lytton. Professor Quinn fills a chair in the University of Pennsylvania; but in his praise of Barker, Bird and Boker there is no excess of local predilection. I may add also that he does not allow himself to exaggerate the importance and the significance of the American drama as a whole. For the most part, he holds the scales even; and it is partly because of his moderation in statement and partly because of his dexterity in analyzing dramatic effectiveness that he has led me, for one, to have a higher opinion of our dramatic literature than I had arrived at as the result of my own more cursory study.

Professor Quinn has wisely decided to close his record with the outbreak of the Civil War, after which conditions changed swiftly and widely. His final chapter is devoted to "The Influence of Dion Boucicault," a subject upon which he has many interesting suggestions to make. It is to be hoped that Professor Quinn will be encouraged to continue his task and to give us in due season an account of the development of the drama in the United States in the final decades of the nineteenth century, at the end of which we found ourselves in a period of rich and abundant productivity, when we continued to import the most successful plays of European authorship, but when we had also begun to export our plays not only to Great Britain but also, altho less frequently, to Germany, to Italy, and to France.

Perhaps I can not better illustrate the moderation and the philosophic insight which Professor Quinn has exhibited throughout this "History of the American Drama" than by quoting here from his concluding pages a summary of the conditions under which that drama came into being:

> Born in the minds of a few college boys in the mid-eighteenth century, it struggled under discouraging conditions for many years before it received even a tardy recognition. Without the enthusiastic national approval that supported the Elizabethan drama, or the favor of a court which patronized the plays of the Restoration or of the days of Goldsmith and Sheridan, it had to meet almost all the difficulties which the British drama experienced in the nineteenth century. In addition to these, it encountered foreign competition, unprotected by the shadow of law. For many years it had to beg for consideration at the hands of managers and actors who, being of foreign birth, were not warmly interested in the encouragement of American art. Hardest of all to bear was the native indifference which distrusted all artistic effort on the part of an American, and the critical stupidity which followed foreign standards in expecting that he limit his themes to his own country, a standard never demanded of any other race.
>
> Yet, notwithstanding these conditions, a devoted band of playwrights treated with skill and sympathy the history of their country, touching with loyal fidelity the great figures that founded the Republic, endowing with romance the aboriginal natives and even transferring, warm from action, the heroic episodes of conflicts with man and nature that were establishing firmly the far-flung limits of the United States. Others brought to the stage the types of character that delighted with their comedy audiences which saw themselves reflected in a mimic world. Others sought in distant lands and loves the freedom of choice which enabled them to depict intense emotions, sublime self-sacrifice, or tender fidelity to a hopeless passion.

When Pierre Loti Entered the Navy

By T. R. Ybarra

WHEN the news flashed out of France a few months ago that Pierre Loti was dead, people all over the world paid tribute to him in their thoughts as a writer of books of magical beauty, poetry rather than prose; as a traveler in many strange lands; as an ardent lover and champion of the Orient, particularly of Turkey; as a gallant and patriotic Frenchman. How many ever thought of him as an acrobat in a circus? He was that—once. Pierre Loti's brief circus experience is one of many early episodes in his career, which he narrates in the fragments of the diary of his youth, which lay forgotten in his home at Rochefort, in the south of France, until his son collected them together after his death.(1)

PIERRE LOTI

It was at Toulon, the great French Mediterranean naval base, far back in 1876, when Pierre Loti was a light-hearted young French naval officer, that he had the audacity to do "stunts" as a circus performer. It was no amateur performance, mind you, at which he, who was later to be one of the most famous of French writers, disported himself, but a genuine professional circus performance. Somehow or other, he had become intimate with the director and the rest of the company, and they had humored his desire to become an acrobat—not so strange, after all, if we bear in mind how Loti, in later life, loved to array himself in exotic costumes, smoke strange Oriental pipes, strive to make his French home look like the residence of a Mussulman.

He made serious preparations for his début. To an acquaintance he gravely wrote:

> Tomorrow I shall appear at the "Etruscan Circus" as a masked performer dressed in yellow and green tights. I feel that I shall do nothing remarkable, that I shall be greatly frightened in my new rôle . . . Be so good, madame, as to keep this escapade secret.

On the night of the performance Loti's friends filled his quarters aboard the warship on which he was serving as a naval cadet with enormous bouquets, which looked, he writes in his diary, "like Breton cakes," and filled the room with "exquisite perfumes." Some of these friends went to the circus that night to see Loti perform—he could see them seated in the boxes as he stood behind the scenes with "Pasqualine, known as the 'Star of the North,' who has not her equal at turning back somersaults on horseback."

After being carefully drest by two other acrobats—in his yellow and green costume, and fortified with assurances that success would attend his endeavors in the ring, Pierre Loti tript forth and made his bow to the public.

Loud applause and outcries from his friends, male and female. Then

> Leaps, dangerous somersaults, forward and backward, human pyramids, dizzy balancing feats, all arranged so as to make my talents shine forth in all their dazzling brilliancy . . . It was a genuine success, bouquets were showered upon me, likewise oranges and children's toys. Three recalls . . .

And, while Loti was in his dressing-room later, changing into his uniform, the circus director poured humorous reproaches upon him. "You have come among us," he said, "and shown yourself the equal of those who have nothing but our profession as circus performers, nothing to do to-night but go to bed in our wagons. How glorious, sir, if I could take your place to-night on board your man-of-war, and wake up tomorrow an officer in the French Navy!"

But the most delicious part of this circus episode in Loti's life was what his mother thought and said about it. Sitting far away at home, watching with proud and anxious heart the career of that budding young naval officer, her son, she was by no means prepared for the letter from him which gaily recounted his doings as an acrobat. One can imagine the feelings of the good lady as she read the graceless scamp's unblushing narrative, and as she gravely penned, in her answer to it, these severe words:

> It is impossible, my poor darling, for me to rejoice at the success which you have won in the circus . . . This success, I must confess, is not of the sort which I have dreamed about for you . . .

Fortunately for her peace of mind, her son never again trod the sawdust ring in emulation of professional builders of "human pyramids" and the like—or, if he did, there is no record of it in his diary. He had plenty of other adventures, however—all duly recorded in the pages of the diary which his son has just rescued from oblivion, after they had lain nearly half a century in the old house where the great French writer's life began and ended.

His diary tells of trips to Algiers, to the coast of Africa, around Cape Horn. In describing these he gives many glimpses of the sensitive nature and unerring instinct for beauty which were afterward to contribute so strongly to his literary style. One entry tells of a trip made by him as a naval cadet, on which he

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(1) Un Jeune Officier Pauvre (A Poor Young Officer): Fragments of an Intimate Diary. By Lierre Loti, of the French Academy. Compiled by his son, Samuel Viaud. Paris: Calmann-Levy.

and his comrades saw a young seal, which followed fearlessly in the wake of the ship, indulging in all sorts of antics as if to amuse those on board, snapping up morsels of food thrown to it by Loti and the others. Suddenly there was a shot; the young seal looked up as if in surprize, did a last pirouette, and then slowly expired, in the midst of the waves reddened with its life-blood.

> There was a murmur of rage among the crew [writes Loti], but it was quickly stifled because the lucky marksman, who had just killed such a fine piece of game, was a naval cadet. As for me, I avoided making a scene for the moment, but bided my time for telling that comrade of mine what I thought of him. Later I sought an explanation from him which almost ended in an exchange of blows between us!

In 1873 Loti made a voyage on the French warship *Petrel* to the west coast of Africa, in the course of which he visited the port of Dakar and met an old gentleman who, when he heard the young naval officer's name, appeared deeply moved. He told Loti (Viaud) that he had known his father many years before in France; they had been close companions during their boyhood and youth, and had written a comedy in collaboration. Then the old gentleman spoke of Loti's mother and was more deeply moved than ever; in fact, tears came to his eyes. Whereupon Loti, suddenly connecting the name of the old gentleman with the past, remembered the story of his life, which he had heard at home in France.

Many years before, somewhere around 1830, the old gentleman, then a young doctor in the French Navy, had been deeply enamored of the girl who later became Loti's mother. But, when he asked her to marry him, he learned that she had been engaged for a long time to Loti's father. The young doctor was struck to the heart; he gave up his position in the Navy and buried himself in the solitudes of the French colonies in Africa, hoping that time and distance would make him forget his unfortunate love affair. And there, forty years after he had abandoned his home and his career, the son of his old sweetheart and of his fortunate rival suddenly appeared, to bring back to him all the sweetness and bitterness of the past.

As every one who knows of Pierre Loti's career is well aware, he loved passionately and frequently. Like the sailor of tradition, he had a sweetheart in every port, and many were the sighs and tears that the tender passion brought to him in the years of his wanderings. He had begun to dabble in love back in the seventies, when he was writing his diary. There is, in particular, one sad and mysterious affair which keeps bobbing up in its pages and those of his letters. He never says much about it—merely enough to whet the curiosity of the reader—but what he does say suffices to show that his heart was very much upset by a certain French girl whom he met in the colonies of Africa, followed to France, and then apparently lost forever. Over and over again he indulges in sentimental outbursts about this fair one.

> The drama is over, and I am alone, exhausted, awaiting, with the calm of a corpse, the terrible final punishment! . . . I try to regain my taste for living, but I cannot succeed! One tires of everything, even of suffering, and my suffering is going away, but nothing is taking its place, nothing but the feeling of emptiness, the immense ennui of having to continue living!

In these hitherto unknown pages of Pierre Loti we obtain, by the way, the first glimpses of Aziyadé, his lovely sweetheart of Constantinople, concerning whom he wrote pages of poignant beauty in some of the works which later gave him literary fame. In fact, Loti used portions of the diary, the forgotten fragments of which have just been published by his son, in painting his word-pictures of Aziyadé, which are already known to his readers. Among his writings devoted to her which now appear for the first time is a letter, written to his Turkish sweetheart by Loti from France, which is particularly characteristic. Answering the appeal of Aziyadé that he marry her and take her to live with him among his kinsfolk in France, Pierre Loti, then a young naval officer—it was way back in 1878—wrote, in Turkish, from on board the French warship where he was serving:

> Oh, my beloved Aziyadé! I have received your despairing letter. I answer your appeal.
>
> No, I have forgotten nothing. I have not forgotten you, whom I love better than life and the light of the sun, nor Stambul, nor my sacred oath.
>
> What I swore, I swear anew, by the God of the Christians and the God of the Moslems, by my soul, by the soul of my dead forefathers; what I swore I shall fulfil. All you need do is speak and I am ready to obey. . . .
>
> But this is a serious and terrible moment for us two; in this supreme moment, when you are about to decide our fate, listen to the counsel of love that I am going to give you—listen to it, before you speak, before you call to me. . . .
>
> Even if you can overcome all the impossibilities in your path, have you bethought yourself what it would mean to you to become my wife? Do you know what it would mean for you to come alone, like a fugitive, to a faraway country, where nobody would understand your language; . . . where you would go about without a veil like a woman of the "Franks"; where you would share my misery, do your share of the hard tasks of the household, as your servants do them; where, during the years when I am sailing the distant seas, you would remain alone. Through long winters, longer than those of Stambul, in this land which is closer to the cold star, you will be condemned never to see your own country any more, nor your kinsfolk; never to hear even the sound of a friendly voice.
>
> Yet, should you accept all this, oh! my beloved!—If you love me so much that you are willing to endure all this, if you wish to flee . . . then come to me, for I adore you, and am waiting for you. . . .
>
> Come, my beloved! I swear to you by thy God and the God of the Christians that thou shalt be my wife in France, that thou shalt be mine before men and before the laws of my country!

This posthumous volume from Pierre Loti is naturally fragmentary. It is, at best, a mere succession of sketches, dashed off haphazard, without real form or continuity. But there is in it much of the appealing beauty of style which became so characteristic of the Pierre Loti of later years. Often, in the scattered passages jotted down by the young cadet and officer, one detects the grace and sweetness of the celebrated prose-wizard that was to be. Reading these jottings one realizes that the style of Pierre Loti, like the loveliness of a flower, depends especially on two things: color and perfume.

VILLAGE OF BOFFA, IN TROPICAL AFRICA, WHERE LOTI WAS STATIONED FOR A TIME

(*From an aquarelle drawing made by the author in his youth*)

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION HELD IN INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, 1787

From a painting by J. D. Stearns, N. A. By permission—Robert Fridenberg Galleries

The Constitution Among Friends

By Raymond G. Fuller

THE book by James M. Beck on "The Constitution of the United States"(1) has found high favor with the National Security League. This is no reflection either on the book or on the League, but it does reflect the fact that the two are very much at one in their general attitude of respect, not to say reverence, toward what we are accustomed to call our fundamental law. Or is it so much an attitude of respect and reverence for the Constitution itself, as a desire to revive and further develop such an attitude on the part of the public? For, in common with the constitution makers of 1787, Mr. Beck and the National Security League are more than a little skeptical, and apparently a bit afraid, of the popular rule which the frame of government decidedly limits. Mr. Beck would have the people hold fast to the Constitution, or at least let go but slowly; it should be said, however, that he is more concerned for the spirit of constitutionalism and of law abidance than he is for the preservation of the exact letter in which our governmental system is written down.

A second reading of this volume leaves the reviewer with the feeling that sometimes Mr. Beck's conservatism is misunderstood both by "radicals" and by "reactionaries." (Quotation marks are used because these terms mean so many different things to so many different minds.) The three chapters originally delivered as lectures in the Hall of Gray's Inn, London, are temperate, critical, judicial; one may find in them an exaltation of the Constitution as it is, together with sufficient material for a very strong argument for the extensive revision of that document. The fourth chapter —the "annual address" of 1921 before the American Bar Association—is a speech, not a lecture. It is a plea for what the "radicals" derisively, and the "reactionaries" worshipfully, call "law and order"—but it contains this striking passage:

> Too little consideration has been paid by the legal profession to questions of moral psychology. These have been left to metaphysicians and ecclesiastics, and yet—to paraphrase the saying of the Master—"the laws were made for man and not man for the laws," and if the science of the law ignores the study of human nature and attempts to conform man to the laws, rather than the laws to man, then its development is a very partial and imperfect one.

A new and special edition of this really notable volume, with an introduction by the late President Harding, has just been published under the auspices of the National Security League, primarily for distribution among school-teachers in connection with the courses on the Constitution which the League is promoting in educational institutions. Two paragraphs of Mr. Harding's interesting introduction, one of his last utterances to the public, read as follows:

> We are accustomed to the truism that popular government depends on universal education. But it is not easy to define education and determine the relative importance of the many branches of learning which may properly be the subject of study by those who would call themselves educated.
>
> Let me offer this suggestion: We live under a government of and by the people. The source of power is the people. The people rule. Is not the supreme purpose of education, therefore, to train men and women to rule? Under other forms of government, it has always been thought necessary to educate the ruling class in the science of government, that they might have knowledge and understanding of the institutions which they would be called on to administer. Here, we are all the ruling class.

This is an excellent statement of the importance of universal education in a political democracy. But in spite of what we regard as our democratic tradition and ideal of universal education, the facts remain that more than one-sixth of the boys and girls of school age in the United States are not enrolled in any school and that the average daily attendance is only sixty-five per cent. of the enrolment. Only forty per cent. of the children enrolled in school ever complete the grammar grades, while only eight per cent. finish high school. These figures vary greatly with different localities, but they certainly do not indicate a very adequate prepara-

(1) THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. By James M. Beck. New York: George H. Doran Co. 280 pages.

tion for life—for work, parenthood, or citizenship. Some educators believe that, in view of existing conditions as to school attendance and school leaving, we should try to cram as complete an education as possible into the elementary curriculum; others believe that the main effort should be to lengthen the school life of the average child. Both points of view involve the problem of education for democracy; the second emphasizes the problem of a democratic distribution of minimum educational opportunities.

Turning now from the suggestive topic of democracy and education to the equally suggestive one of democracy and government, and going back to the American Constitution, we find that this document, so commonly looked upon as a bulwark of democracy, was intended to serve as a bulwark against democracy. Its framers, with few exceptions, distrusted the people; the almost unanimous sentiment in the convention of 1787 was that the less the people had to do with government, the better. James Bryce remarked that the Constitution was framed and adopted at the only period in American history when such a thing would have been possible. Democracy was, so to speak, unpopular. Yet the people as a whole, the mass of the people, had very little to say or do about the making and adoption of the Constitution. Professor J. Allen Smith has written:

> Of one thing we may be reasonably certain—the Constitution as adopted did not represent the political views of a majority of the American people—probably not even of a majority of those entitled to vote. Universal suffrage, we must remember, did not then exist, and both property and religious qualifications limited the right to hold office. This of itself is evidence that those who then controlled politics did not believe in the right of the people to rule. And when we take account of the fact that this was a time of political reaction, when the government of the country was largely in the hands of those who despised and feared democracy, we can easily see that the natural effects of a restricted suffrage may have been intensified by those methods of "practical politics" which not infrequently defeat the will of the majority even to-day under universal suffrage. That it was the intention of the framers of the Constitution to bring about, if possible, the adoption of a form of government of which the majority of the people did not approve, is clearly established by the record of their proceedings.

Mr. Beck, too, recognizes that, "measured by present-day conventions of democracy, the Constitution is an undemocratic document." He speaks of its "many striking negations of the principle of majority rule." These do not shock and disappoint him so much as they do, for instance, the humble reviewer. With regard to the Constitution and its limitations on democracy and majority rule, the question is, what degree of restraint and what degree of democratic expression are desirable? A question of degree. Direct participation of the people in national government—town-meeting style—is, of course, impracticable. "Time may yet indicate," says Mr. Beck, "the theory of the framers that the limit of democracy is the selection of true and tried representatives." But our representative system is not, perhaps, sufficiently responsive to public opinion; perhaps our representatives are not sufficiently responsible to the people who elect them. A Congress or an Administration, or both, may remain in control of affairs a long while after they have been repudiated at the polls and new policies demanded; they may be in political conflict with each other, or the House with the Senate; and so many and confusing are the issues involved in elections that it is often hard to tell just what it was that the voice of the people said, after all—often, indeed, impossible for the people to say clearly what they want to say on any given issue.

With special reference to the Presidency, Mr. Beck has a word or two to say on this subject:

> If a parliamentary form of government, immediately responsive to current opinion as registered in elections, is the great desideratum, then the fixed tenure of offices is the vulnerable Achilles-heel of our form of government. In other countries the Executive can not survive a vote of want of confidence by the legislature. In America, the President, who is merely the executive of the legislative will, continues for his prescribed term, tho he may have wholly lost the confidence of the representatives of the people in Congress. While this makes for stability in administration and keeps the ship of state on an even keel [does it?], yet it also leads to the fatalism of our democracy, and often the "native hue" of its resolution is thus "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Take a striking instance. I am confident that after the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the United States would have entered the World War, if President Wilson's tenure of power had then depended on a vote of confidence.

Some one might retort that Mr. Beck's example is unfortunate for the constitutional theory that the judgment of the people is not to be trusted in moments of great excitement and stirred emotions. Of the governmental system of checks and balances, Mr. Beck says:

> This system of checks and balances again illustrates that the Constitution is the great negation of unrestrained democracy. The framers believed that a people was best governed that was least governed. Therefore, their purpose was not so much to promote efficiency in legislation as to put a brake upon precipitate action.
>
> Time does not suffice to state the intricate system of checks and balances whereby the legislature acts as a check upon the executive and the executive upon the legislature, and the Supreme Court upon both. When the Republic was small, and its public affairs were few, this system of checks and balances worked admirably; but to-day, when the nation is one of the greatest in the world, and its public affairs are of the most important and complicated character, and often require speedy action, it may be questioned whether the system is not now an undue brake upon governmental efficiency, and does not require some modification to insure efficiency. Indeed, it is a serious question with many thoughtful Americans whether the growth of the United States has not put an excessive strain upon its governmental machinery.

It certainly has put an undue strain upon the physical endurance of our Presidents. There ought to be some check in that direction.

The power exercised by the Supreme Court to declare laws unconstitutional has been the subject recently of much controversy. One justice in a five-to-four decision may nullify the wish and will of a unanimous Congress, or even the desire and demand of a hundred million people. The remedy for that may be obtainable through legislative action, without constitutional amendment. Decisions of the Supreme Court in matters of social legislation—particularly the adverse decisions in the child-labor and minimum-wage cases—have led, however, to considerable demand for amendment of the Constitution. It will be unfortunate if the Constitution is cluttered up with numerous amendments, especially if they contain rather than authorize legislation. Statutory provisions have no place in a written Constitution, which should merely enumerate and distribute powers, leaving their exercise to the appropriate agencies. That was the error of the Prohibition Amendment. If that amendment had simply conferred on Congress the power to legislate against liquor, it would have conformed with the purpose and functions of a written Constitution. The only form of child-labor amendment worth considering would merely give Congress the power, concurrent with that of the States, to limit or prohibit the labor of children under a specified age. Many of the Federal laws that the Supreme Court has declared unconstitutional have been held invalid as invading States' rights. Maybe they invade States' rights only because the people have not yet, by amendment of the Constitution, exprest their sovereign will as to relative spheres of State and Federal action. So far as the people are concerned, the doctrine of States' rights has largely given place to the doctrine of paramount national necessity. Even in constitutional law, States' rights are not what they were in 1789; their further modification may be expected, possibly through judicial decisions, probably through constitutional amendment, which may be too much of the piecemeal variety—certainly not through another Civil War. Mr. Beck says:

> Originally, the States were the principal political entities, and the central government a mere agent for certain specific purposes; but, in the development of the Constitution, the nation has naturally become of overshadowing importance, while the States have relatively steadily diminished in power and prestige. These inevitable tendencies in American politics are called "centralization," and while for nearly a century a great political party bitterly contested its steady progress, due to the centripetal influences above indicated, yet the contest was long since abandoned as a hopeless one, and the struggle

(*Continued on page 90*)

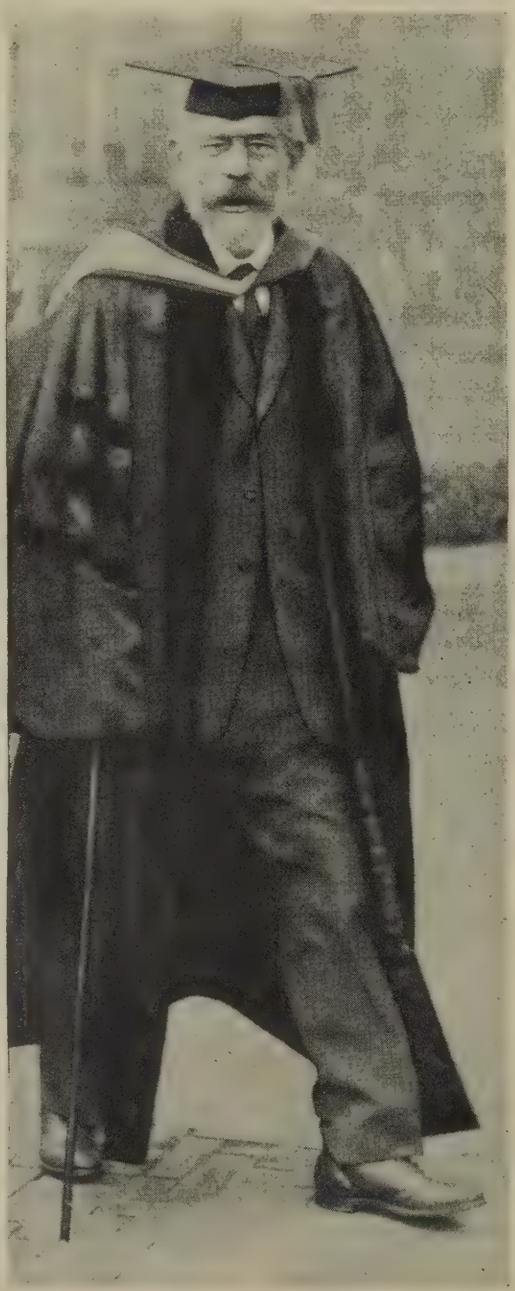
Brander Matthews as a Dramatic Critic

By Clayton Hamilton

"PLAYWRIGHTS ON PLAYMAKING," by Brander Matthews—a book which takes its name from its initial chapter—is a collection of fourteen essays on widely different aspects of the drama.[1] In this volume the critic has extended his field of operations, but has not altered his method of attack. The topics which are brought up for discussion are new; but the principles by which these topics are elucidated are, of course, the same principles which this author has steadily applied in all his previous studies of the stage. The book, therefore, may most justly be regarded as a sort of suffix to its many predecessors; and it will be most appreciated by readers who, because of their familiarity with Mr. Matthews's biographies of Molière and Shakespeare, and his several volumes of collected essays on the drama, have already become mentally habituated to his theory of the theater.

In itself, this theory of the theater is, of course, more important than any specific application of it to a single play, a single author, or a single period; and the publication of the present volume affords a fit occasion for recalling Mr. Matthews's many other books that have dealt with the drama, and for summing up his entire contribution to the philosophy of dramatic criticism. The author must have felt this himself; for he has relieved his reviewer of a rather difficult task of analysis and codification by furnishing this new book with the following Prefatory Note, which will be quoted in full:

> As I have trod the long trail which leads slowly to the summit of three score years and ten, and as I am now swiftly descending into the dim valley beyond, this sheaf of essays is probably the last that I shall garner; and my septuagenarian vanity prompts me to set down here the theories of the theater that I have made my own after half a century of playgoing and of persistent effort to spy out the secrets of stage-craft. To me these theories appear so indisputable and, indeed, so obvious that I am ever surprised when I chance to see them challenged. They are not many, and they can be declared briefly.
>
> I. The drama is an art, the laws of which (like those of all the other arts) are unchanging through the ages, altho their application has varied from century to century and from country to country.
>
> II. The drama (again like the other arts) has its conventions, that is to say, its implied contracts between the artist and his public, without which it could not exist; and while some of these conventions are essential and therefore permanent, others are local and accidental, and therefore temporary.
>
> III. The dramatist, whether he is truly a poet or only an adroit playwright, has always composed his plays with the hope and expectation of seeing them performed, by actors, in a theater, and before an audience; and therefore what he has composed has always been conditioned, consciously or unconsciously, by the players, by the playhouses, and by the playgoers of his own race and of his own time.
>
> These three theories may be more or less implicit in the "Poetics" of Aristotle and in the "Dramaturgy" of Lessing; and it would ill become me not to confess frankly my indebtedness to Francisque Sarcey, for first calling attention to the necessity of dramatic conventions. Among the moderns the influence of the audience seems to have been hinted at first by Castelvetro; James Spedding saw clearly the probable influence exerted upon Shakespeare by his fellow actors in the Globe Theater; and Gaston Boissier pointed out the probable influence exerted upon Plautus and Terence by the theaters of Rome; but I venture to believe that I had no predecessor in utilizing all three of these influences to elucidate the technique of Sophocles, of Shakespeare and of Molière—to say nothing of the dramatists of our own day.
>
> IV. I believe that I was also the first to show that the principle of Economy of Attention, which Herbert Spencer applied only to Rhetoric, was applicable to the other arts and more particularly to the drama.
>
> V. Perhaps I may claim a share in the wide acceptance of Brunetière's "Law of the Drama"—that the drama is differentiated from the other forms of story-telling by the fact that an audience desires to behold a conflict, a stark assertion of the human will, a clash of character upon character.
>
> These theories of the theater, which I feel to be mine, wherever I may have derived them, I have discussed now and again in the present volume, as I discussed them earlier in the "Principles of Playmaking," in the "Development of the Drama," in the "Study of the Drama" and in my biographies of Shakespeare and Molière. In many years of lecturing to graduate classes I have found them useful in arousing the interest of students always eager to acquire insight into technique. What a dramatist meant to do—that is something about which we may endlessly dispute. What he actually did—that is something we can test and measure.



BRANDER MATTHEWS

This statement is so succinct, and has been phrased so modestly, that the uninformed or inconsiderate reader might fail to grasp the great importance of the accomplishment which it covers; but the fact is that the science of dramatic criticism which is now in practise in both America and England has been derived almost entirely from Brander Matthews.

In one of his political addresses President Coolidge said: "Men do not make laws. They but discover them." This aphorism is particularly true in the domain of criticism. In the evolution of any art, creation always precedes criticism, since criticism is merely an analysis of what has been created. Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides created plays. Then, and not till then, did Aristotle, by analysis of these created works, discover the fundamental laws of the Greek drama. By the process of his philosophic mind, he made explicit what had been implicit, and made clear to the consciousness of future dramatists essential

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[1] PLAYWRIGHTS ON PLAYMAKING, AND OTHER STUDIES OF THE STAGE. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1923.

principles which, for the most part, had been applied unconsciously by the creators of Attic tragedy. But after a law has been discovered and formulated and announced, it soon works its way into the common consciousness and public custom and ceases to remain, in any special sense, the property of its discoverer. Moses was referred to by the Hebrews not as a law-maker but as a law-giver. There is no copyright upon a critical idea; and the more wide-spread a critic's principles become, the less likely is he to be duly credited for having launched them.

Mr. Matthews's theory of the theater, as he himself has stated, is, in the main, a synthesis of contributions culled from several antecedent centuries. He has acknowledged his indebtedness to Aristotle, to Lessing, to Sarcey, to Castelvetro, to Herbert Spencer, to Brunetière, and to many other critics; but he was the first to reconcile and harmonize these various contributions, to arrange them into a consistent code, and to prove in practise that this code was unfalteringly applicable to the drama of every nation and of every period, from Euripides to Eugene O'Neill, and from Aristophanes to George M. Cohan. None of the points in his critical system has ever been successfully combated; and the principles which he has discovered and formulated and announced have so thoroughly worked their way into the common consciousness that they are now regarded as obvious by nearly every one who has devoted any attention to the drama. Even the smart and supercilious young reviewers of the theater who, never having read his books, presume—in accordance with the custom of the time—to speak of Brander Matthews with disparagement because he happens to be over seventy, make constant, tho unconscious, use, in their own writings, of his principles.

For three decades Mr. Matthews has occupied the first Professorship of Dramatic Literature which was created by any university in the English-speaking world; and, throughout that time, he has taught his doctrine of dramatic criticism to thousands of students. Several of his students have become practising playwrights; for it may be said in passing that many more dramatic authors have graduated from Columbia into the American theater than from any other American university, not excepting Harvard. Several more of Mr. Matthews's students have become writers or teachers in their turn; and this is the reason, doubtless, why his critical principles have been made familiar to innumerable people who have never read his books.

It was nearly a quarter of a century ago that I took my Master's degree under Brander Matthews at Columbia; and, when I went forth to earn my living by my pen, I proceeded to apply to the current theater the same principles which, in his lectures, he had applied to the study of Sophocles and Shakespeare, of Molière and Ibsen. I like to think that, in those early days, I had some share in giving general currency to a theory of the theater which, at that time, was still comparatively unfamiliar. It was at Mr. Matthews's suggestion, for example, that I applied the principles enunciated in Gustave Le Bon's "Psychology of Crowds" specifically to a study of the psychology of theater audiences—thereby evoking a derisory retort from my friend, Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton; and it was also at Mr. Matthews's suggestion that I first worked out in detail the application of Herbert Spencer's Principles of Economy of Attention to theatrical performances.

I have gone into these personal details for the sake of leading up to a little anecdote. Three years ago, I went to California for the purpose of studying at first hand the comparatively new craft of making motion pictures. I undertook this task with a humility of spirit which I soon discovered to have been excessive; and, at the outset, I informed the genial gentleman who was in charge of the studio that I knew nothing about motion pictures and had come out to learn the business from the bottom up. Thereupon, this gentleman, who, only a few years before, had been a manufacturer of gloves, proceeded to tell me that, in making motion pictures, it was always necessary to take into account "the psychology of the audience" and that, in planning a motion-picture story, it was necessary to keep constantly in mind the principle of "economy of attention." I received these precepts with a smile; for it occurred to me at first that the head of the studio had paid me the compliment of reading my book on "The Theory of the Theater" in advance of my arrival, and had sought to flatter me by quoting passages which I had written and published ten or fifteen years before. But I soon learned that the former glove-manufacturer had never heard of any of my books; he was merely telling me, for my instruction, what every maker of motion pictures was supposed to know.

The principles which Mr. Matthews has summarized under five enumerated heads in the Prefatory Note, which has been quoted, are now so current in the thoughts and on the lips of thousands of people in the theater, on both sides of the footlights, that they might be dismissed as commonplace, and consequently unimportant, by a reviewer who did not know that none of these principles existed in the general mind so recently as forty years ago. Tho both the science and the art of dramatic criticism flourished in France throughout the nineteenth century, they were not seriously cultivated in the English language; and tho, in England and America, there were several good reviewers of plays in practise previous to 1890—such reviewers, for example, as George Henry Lewis and William Winter—it is not excessive to state that there was no dramatic criticism—in the theoretic, philosophic sense—until Brander Matthews formulated his code in the last decade of the century. In the world-wide history of dramatic criticism, the contribution of America is, almost entirely, the contribution of Brander Matthews; and, not only in this country but in England as well, he has led the thought of his time. Such leading British critics as William Archer and Henry Arthur Jones are followers of their American forerunner—a fact which Mr. Archer acknowledged in dedicating his "Playmaking," and which Mr. Jones acknowledged in dedicating his "Foundations of a National Drama," to Brander Matthews.

The catch-phrase, "No struggle, no drama," is now employed by every reviewer of the theater. It is therefore a little hard to realize that this phrase had never been heard, and the thought behind it had never been formulated, until so recently as 1893, when Ferdinand Brunetière announced his "Law of the Drama," and that Brunetière's announcement might never have been noticed outside of France if Brander Matthews had not immediately given it a general currency in this country and in England. Brunetière's Law, to be sure, has not remained immune from attack; for William Archer has argued that the element of *crisis* is even more essential to the drama than the element of *struggle*, and, in a rejoinder to Mr. Archer, I have argued that the element of *contrast* is even more indispensable than the element of *crisis*. But Brunetière's theory is unquestionably applicable to ninety nine plays out of every hundred, regardless of their period; and it is safe to predict that that informative phrase, "the dramatic struggle," will never be deleted from the dramatic criticism of the future.

Perhaps the most important service that has been rendered by Brander Matthews to the cause of criticism is that, by insisting that the drama is not a subsidiary department of literature but a separate art, he has succeeded in establishing the corollary that the methods of dramatic criticism must be sharply distinguished from the methods of literary criticism. Until 1890, nearly all the criticism of Shakespeare in the English language was merely literary in its method and might be labeled with a humorous phrase which Mr. Matthews has coined, namely, "Undramatic Criticism"; but, in his own biography of Shakespeare, Mr. Matthews, while according due appreciation to the poet, has never lost sight of the fact that Shakespeare's dramatic works were devised to be presented by actors on a stage before an audience. Shakespeare, with all his transcendent merits and his equally astounding faults, is far better understood to-day than he was in those preceding periods when his work was studied merely from the literary point of view, as if he had been a non-dramatic poet like Homer or Dante.

Mr. Matthews's contribution to the dramatic criticism of the world constitutes, of course, only a part of the life-work of a man

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General Lee as a Tragic Hero

By Archibald Henderson

SOME time ago a debate occurred between some historians over the length of time which must elapse before the ultimate facts of a great historic struggle can emerge to light. One thought fifty, another a hundred, a third even two hundred, years must pass before truth itself would stand clear and indisputable in the annals of history. Now that more than fifty years—years of ceaseless discussion and the writing of countless pages—have elapsed since the close of the War between the States, we may begin to look for that *dévoilement* of the major figures in that titanic struggle which time and the relaxation of sectional prejudices and animosities will ultimately admit. Perhaps it is not strange or mysterious that the larger aspects and deeper implications of that brothers' strife are soonest divined by representatives of the other branch of the English-speaking peoples, who live beyond the sea and far removed from the theater of passion. It is at least noteworthy that the ablest biography of any military leader, North or South, was written by an Englishman—Lieutenant Colonel Henderson's "Life of 'Stonewall' Jackson"; and the most memorable picture of Lincoln was drawn by another Englishman, Lord Charnwood.

It is a source of regret that for his "Robert E. Lee" (1) Mr. Drinkwater had no such biographical prototype as he had for his "Abraham Lincoln" in Lord Charnwood's biography. It is well known that Drinkwater based his Lincoln, not on history, but on Charnwood's interpretation. Perhaps that explains some of the singular ineptness and marked foreignness of that extraordinarily successful play. And yet—aside from the prophetic and mystic gestures of Drinkwater's Lincoln, which distort the true American image of that shrewd manipulator of men and events—the Lincoln of Drinkwater is a credible, a dramatic figure of striking characteristics and impressive force. The Lee which Drinkwater has given us is grave, simple, almost elementary in his parts. In him is none of the complexity, depth, and incomprehensibility of the great man—such as some great biographer may yet limn for the eyes of the future. The play is a tragedy—opening with a decision thrust upon Lee by the offer of the command of the armies of the North, which is quickly resolved by Lee's decision to stand with Virginia. From that point the play moves in an atmosphere of gloom, of hopelessness, of impending disaster and ultimate failure. According to Drinkwater, Lee is caught in a network of the weaving of destiny; and he sees that for him and Virginia there is no escape. His tragedy is a double one: he must espouse the cause of slavery while abhorring slavery; he must support secession, in which he did not believe. Involved in this deeper antinomy is the lesser abandonment of sure success as leader of the armies of the North for espousal of the precarious cause of Virginia without even the assurance of the supreme command of the armies of the South. There is no doubt that Lee abhorred slavery, was in favor of gradual emancipation, and long before the War between the States freed his slaves. Moreover, there is no doubt that Lee did not give his sanction to the idea of secession; and indeed preferred a peaceable solution of the differences between North and South. In a letter, for a copy of which I am indebted to Dr. C. L. Minor of Asheville, North Carolina, Lee writes to General George W. Jones: "I was not in favor of secession and was opposed to war. . . . I was for the Constitution and the Union established by our forefathers." And elsewhere in the same letter he refers to "our struggle for States' rights and Constitutional government."

ROBERT E. LEE

(As Felix Aylmer represents him on the London stage)

The fundamental weakness in Drinkwater's play, as a record of the historic Lee, is his feeble and inadequate presentation of Lee's reasons for his fateful decision. In an interview some years ago, Drinkwater used these words:

> Lee really felt that liberty and democracy were inconsistent with the continuance of what he believed the coercive powers of the central government. This was the burning and mastering conviction in the man, and . . . his noble and beautiful stand in defense of a principle must be respected.

Yet in the play Lee's decision is merely Virginia's decision: his not to reason why. Says Lee to Scott:

> I am two things, sir. I am not a statesman, nor do I in any other way control public policy. I am a soldier. But before that I am a citizen of Virginia. If my State decides to dispute the authority of the service in which I have for so long had the honor to be, I may regret the decision, but I may feel it my duty to respect it in my action.

According to Mr. Drinkwater, Lee goes with Virginia against his personal convictions—simply because he is a native of Virginia—"my Virginia." And he puts into his mouth such a phrase as: "You may be wiser than Virginia, but your wisdom doesn't matter till she doesn't need you any more in her quarrel. I can see it in no other way." Lee, the Drinkwater-tragedian, subjective in dramatic subtlety, speaks in the lines, wholly alien to the straightforward soldier: "A tragic mystery. But inescapable. And a mystery not without beauty, strangely not without."

Nor are the paraphernalia of the tragedy particularly well ordered. The South went into the struggle with debonair lightheartedness—sure that "every Southerner could whip three Yankees." And to be sure they did—for a time. Yet, despite the dancing at Arlington, the nonchalant attitude of the young

(Continued on page 93)

(1) ROBERT E. LEE: A DRAMA. By John Drinkwater. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

A RECENT GATHERING OF FOREIGN DELEGATES TO THE P. E. N. CLUB, LONDON

Reading from left to right, the members present are: 1, Fabra, Spain; 2, H. Heijermans, Holland; 3, Johan Bojer, Norway; 4, de Ayala, Spain; 5, Charles du Bos, France; 6, Edwin Arlington Robinson, America; 7, John Galsworthy, England; 8, Thomas Hedberg, Sweden; 9, Cippico, Italy; 10, August Brunius, Sweden; 11, Brabescu Voinesti, Roumania; 12, Cappelin, Norway; 13. Marcu Beza, Roumania; 14, Maxwell Aley, America; 15, M. Rawrell, Spain.

The First International Club of Writers

By C. A. Dawson Scott

THE Cornish moors are stretches of wild land on the sides of big rounded hills. From the top of these you look over a wide land of rivers to the western sea. "There is nothing between us and America," say the people, and they evidently believe that the great continent is just below the horizon. After a busy time in London I had gone to the moors, to the tiny village of Rosenannon, for quiet. I come of a very large family (I have about sixty cousins), and each branch was mourning a son killed in the war. The unassuageable grief of these mothers had imprest me deeply. I longed for a durable peace, for the time when there should be "no more war."

Lying on the hill-ridge looking over Padstow, it occurred to me that out of social intercourse comes understanding; and that if the great writers of the world met in friendship and exchanged ideas, a nascent kindliness would deepen till it appeared in their books. How to bring about their meeting was the problem. I felt that if groups could be formed in each capital town, which should welcome the stranger in their midst to some entertainment, the difficulty would be solved. Therefore I had leaflets printed making this suggestion and putting forward the idea that membership of one group should mean membership of all. Thus, by forming a group, the country that did so would commit itself to a program of friendliness.

I also wrote to all my literary friends and acquaintances. The poor postman was not used to carrying so heavy a bag, for the village consisted of a few cottages gathered about a farmhouse. The fact that I wrote so many letters seemed to the people a sign of craziness, and I became known in local parlance as "Mrs. Hick's Mad Lodger." However, the poor postman brought me many encouraging replies, and forty writers agreed to come to the first meeting. Among these was Mr. John Galsworthy. He said the scheme embodied an ideal in which he had long been interested.

On the 5th of October, 1921, we met at the Florence Restaurant, in London, and, with a little demur on Mr. Galsworthy's part, elected him president. Since then, he has with consummate tact and wisdom, steered the P. E. N. between the shoals of national differences. A committee was also elected from among the forty at that first dinner, and Horace Shipp, C. S. Evans and I were deputed to draw up some rules.

We arranged to have a dinner the first Tuesday of every month, a dinner to which we would invite any foreign writers who were on a visit to England. The seating at the dinner was to be done by a small hospitality committee. People were to be placed, men and women, at small tables; the hostess of each sitting, in modern fashion, in the middle instead of at the end. As far as possible each group was to consist of writers who were strangers to each other. In this way we hoped to bring about friendships and further social intercourse. Also we had no speeches . . . no music . . . no entertainments. The program was dinner, talk and friendliness. P.E.N. stood for *P*oets, *P*laywrights, *E*ssayists, *E*ditors, *N*ovelists—this in order that the club might consist of creative writers of established reputation.

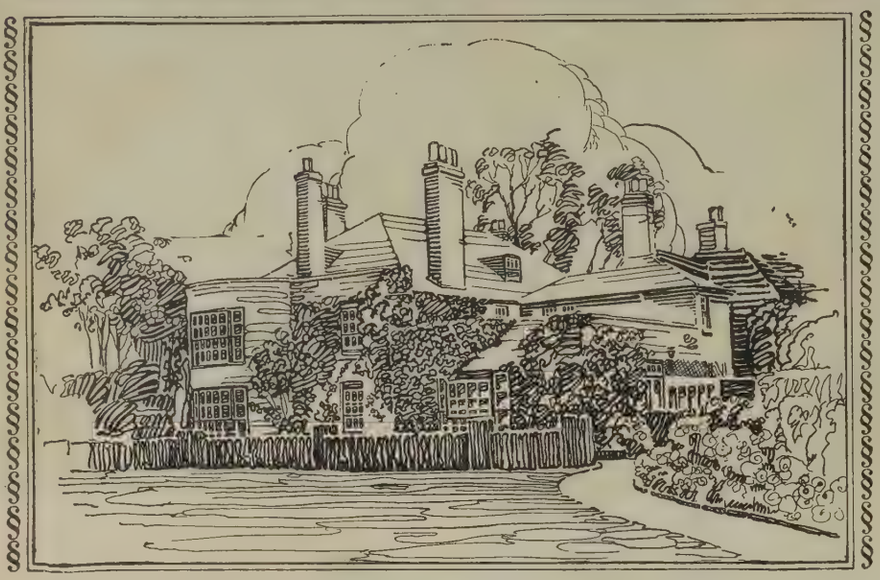
To the first meeting came Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, brought by Miss May Sinclair. Both joined, and the former, on her return to America, did her utmost, in spite of uncertain health, to found a center in New York.

The club—the first international club for writers—is purely democratic and non-political. Each country makes its own rules and arrangements, with one rule in common, i. e., that membership of one branch shall be taken to mean membership of all. The first nation to form a center was, I believe, Spain; but New York and France joined the same week, the president of the former being Booth Tarkington, of the other, Anatole France. The greatest writers of each country had been invited to become honorary members of the London center, and their response was most encouraging. In time, their membership reacted—it was the beginning of friendliness—on the countries concerned, and one after another (till there were fifteen) the different nations formed centers. Only the other day we received this letter from Liang Chih-Chao, now our honorary member for China:

> He desires to express his deep sympathy with the objects of the P. E. N. Club and to congratulate those who have helped to found

(*Continued on page 54*)

Doubleday, Page & Co.: *Fall List, 1923*



Joseph Conrad's home, Bishopsbourne, Kent, England

A drawing of Mr. Joseph Conrad's home at Bishopsbourne, Kent, England. It was in this house that the famous author wrote his latest romance, THE ROVER, a story of Napoleonic times, which tells of the last adventure of an old brother of the coast, Peyrol, who—drawn into an intriguing romance—sails unafraid against Nelson's guns.

THE ROVER will be published December 1st.

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The Country Life Press

Garden City New York

Fall List, 1923: Doubleday, Page & Co.

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Garden City New York

How It Feels to Write a Best Seller

By Homer Croy

ALL my life I had wanted to write a "best seller." It seemed to me it would be the most splendid thing in the world to do. Sometimes I dreamt of it; heaven seemed to come down and take me into its arms. I thought of the thrills; how wonderful it would be—people shouting my name, reading it on trains. I even pictured myself going up to some tired woman on the train, as she was buried in my book, touching her lightly on the arm and saying, "Are you enjoying the book? You may be interested to know that I am the author of that book." Then I would square my shoulders and let her look at me. It was wonderful!

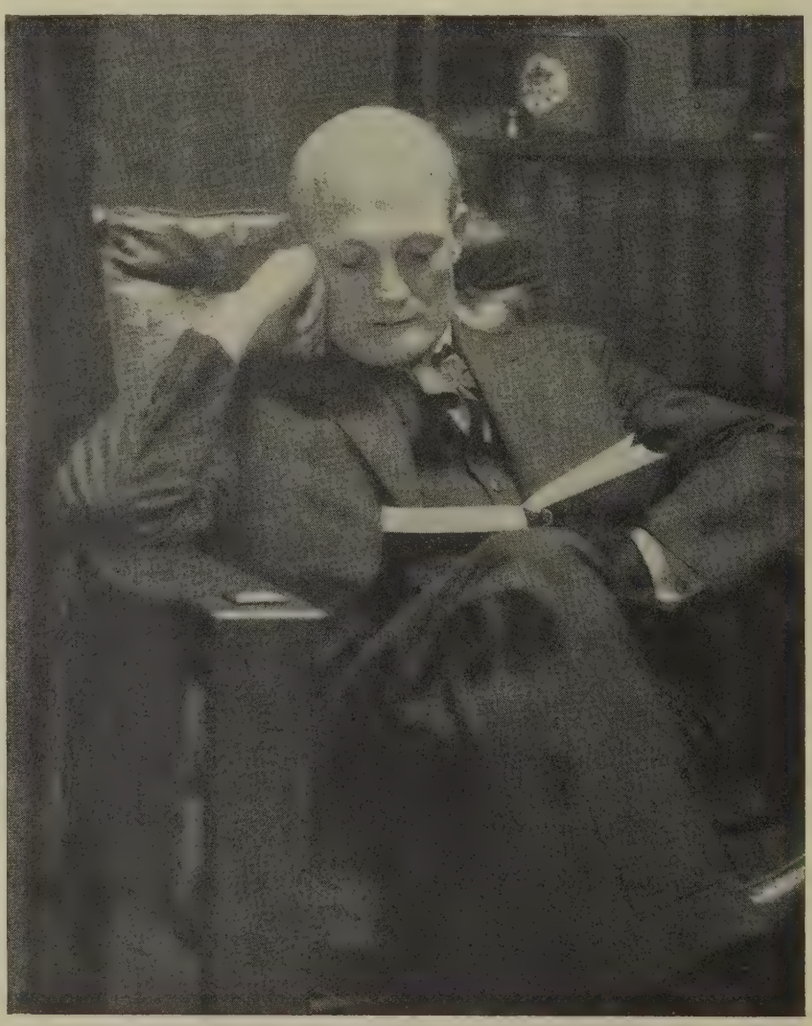
I thought about the great and powerful new-made friends who would call us up and take us out to dinner; of the banquets we would attend, of big motor-cars driving up before our humble door and of fashionable people coming to see us; even yachting parties—I had heard of it. I could hardly wait to finish my book. Pushing the accumulation of bills aside, I worked harder than ever. As it neared completion I began to worry: Should I really go on those motor rides? What clothes should a person wear on a yacht?

I finished the book—I poured my life's blood into it. Then I had my picture taken and sat down to wait for the book to be published. I had to earn a living at something else; but when the work was hard I cheered myself up by thinking about what a wonderful time I would have when the book leapt into the class of best sellers. (In thinking about it I always used the word "leapt.")

The book was published. Feverishly I bought the papers; it seemed to me the reviews would never appear; more papers, more waiting . . . just a few days more and the world would be astonished. Finally the reviews began to appear, but the world was not astonished. In fact, the world took it with surprizing calmness. I began to recognize recurring phrases: "a book of promise . . ." "bits of interesting character depiction . . ." "has passages that will bear rereading . . ." Was this what I had bled and died for? I began to hear of it personally. Now and then I saw it in a window; a woman getting on a bus had it under her arm. I saw a few pictures of a staring-eyed individual in the papers with my name under the pictures; one paper even had a three-column cut; it was splendid—except that my last name was misspelled. A library in Missouri wrote in for a free copy; a woman in Tennessee wanted to know what the moral of the story was; a boy in Iowa asked for my autograph, enclosing a printed slip saying that already he had over ten thousand autographs and would I kindly add mine to the list? All I had to do was to put a stamp on the self-addrest envelop and return it. At last, I received my first royalty statement. I was staggered. I could have made more plastering.

Time went on. I wrote another book. I was now older; I had read more, knew more about the ways of the literary world. I was no longer so confident as to my own stuff. I started on the new story with great enthusiasm. I had a splendid idea; I worked feverishly, but unexpected difficulties arose; its faults stared me in the face; its shortcomings began to loom up. One chapter I rewrote seven times from beginning to end—and then I didn't know whether or not it was right. I worried about the ending; I worried about everything—my first fine confidence had put its tail between its legs and slunk away. But I worked on, all winter, all summer. At last it was finished, but it did not seem half so wonderful as the first one had seemed.

I sent it to the publishers. A week went by; I did not hear from them; two weeks, three weeks, four. Five weeks. I knew what was the matter—I had missed it and they hated to tell me. The faults of the novel loomed up greater than ever. I became despondent about it. At last I came to the city and finally got up courage enough to see the publishers. They explained the delay: they had had outside readers going over it; especially women readers. Yes, they would sign a contract, but they wanted to publish it anonymously. Anonymously! I could hardly believe my ears. Was it so bad as that? No, they explained; I had done "light fiction" heretofore and this was "heavy"; book-reviewers would dump it in the "hammock" pile and let it go at that. The publishers wanted the book to be taken seriously. . . . After a while I understood. The contract was signed—I wasn't even to have the thrill of seeing my name on the book. I began to go down in the mouth.



HOMER CROY

The book was published. The first reviews were favorable; others came in; they were even better. Who was Anonymous? There was some curiosity as to that. One day the telephone rang—the publishers were getting out a second edition. Other editions followed; the book began to pick up. It became a "best seller." I was amazed . . . the book I had once thought a failure! And my masterpiece, the one I had poured my life's blood into, hadn't sold. It wasn't right. People simply didn't know. I began to hear about "reorders," "heralds," "posters," "broadsides," "campaigns," "peak of interest"—those were all new words to me. I had thought a herald was a newspaper. My name

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was announced. The big time had now come—I was the author of a "best seller." I felt proud of myself. That was a new thrill; it would be wonderful.

I now began to find out things that before I had never dreamed of. I was called on to be photographed, interviewed, cross-questioned on every conceivable subject. A writer for a large newspaper syndicate took down in shorthand what I thought was wrong with the young girl of to-day. I didn't know what was wrong with her; in fact, I didn't know anything was wrong with her until the lady came to interview me: but the publishers advised it—in fact, they sent her to see me. So I told her what was wrong with the young girl of to-day. Her pencil flew—when I got through the poor young girl of to-day was torn to shreds. I left her bleeding on the ground and tried to slip away. But the publishers were moving that day; they had corraled three or four "house" authors and wanted to have a picture taken showing the same helping to move. There was mention of "roto" sections, wide circulation, good business. We were taken into a room full of boxes and packing-cases and I was posed with my coat off and my sleeves rolled up, carrying an armload of books—with a spittoon on my head!

It was a wonderful feeling, the day my name was announced, but I did not know what was in store for me. People called up, just as I was in the midst of work; yes, they wanted to see me personally. Letters came from all the people I had ever gone to school with, from people in all the towns I had ever lived in, from all the people I had met during the war; they had heard about the book and congratulated me enthusiastically, but they hadn't read it—where could they get a copy? Their bookstore didn't have it. Would I please get a copy, autograph it for old times' sake, and then send it on to them and let them know how much it was and they would send a check? I sent the books, without charge.

More letters, more books. An author gets only six free copies; the rest he has to buy. There was a local church fair; would I help by donating a few books for the sake of charity?—thirty-five books more gone. People I hadn't heard of in fifteen years called up; just in town for a few days, would so much like to see me. I invited them to dinner. Relatives I never heard of before wrote; they were going on an automobile trip and if I found it convenient they would come by. I found it convenient and they came, with the running-boards of their cars piled with suitcases, folding-chairs and tents. It was wonderful, they said, to stay with relatives instead of going to a cheerless hotel or camping by the roadside. How long had I been married? How many children did I have? Well, well, they thought it splendid to hear from me after all these years! . . . About noon the next day they drove away. I do my work of mornings. If I don't get it done by noon . . .

More people came to see us—people who had been meaning to for years, but some way or other hadn't just got around to it. They hadn't yet read the book; did I happen to have—well, of course, that was asking too much, but did I just *happen* to have a copy in the house they could glance through? More copies went. I couldn't keep one in the house. My charge account with the publishers mounted steadily, higher and higher.

The speaking engagements began. I am particularly poor at after-dinner talking. For twenty-four hours before making a speech I suffer tortures; my wife has a racking headache; during this time, when she sees me coming, she slips quietly away and washes the car—she would rather do it. The publishers made some of these engagements; others came from societies, clubs, alumni organizations, short-story classes. I would go to the telephone with my mind fully made up to say, "No." When finally I did work myself up to such a pitch that I could turn down a speaking engagement, I usually found that it was the wrong one. Then, in a frantic effort to make up for it, I would accept the next batch that came along.

A motion-picture company bought the picture rights to the book—and if there is anything a director hates it is for people to come around when he is making a picture. Most of them put up composition-board fences to keep outsiders away. Everybody was thrilled that I had sold the film-rights—could they see the picture being made? Oh, that would be splendid! What day? When the picture was put on in the theaters, could I give them a pass? Would it be possible, they wanted to know, for them to be in the mob scene? They had once known somebody who was in a mob scene. It would be such good fun to see themselves on the screen. Could I arrange it? It would be splendid of me. Also they had a niece who was very clever—everybody said so, was there a part for a little girl in the picture? If the director just saw her once he would want her. Could I take her in some day and talk to the director about her? Maybe the director could *make* a part for her—it would help build up the picture.

So here I now am, dreading to hear the telephone ring, flinching when a horn honks, hating the sight of a dinner-coat, afraid to see the motion-picture version of the book . . . it was heartrending enough to read the scenario. Oh, the things they have done to the book! Oh, the things the book has done to me!

What a Neighbor Thinks of Homer Croy

By Cleveland Rodgers

HOMER CROY stands out in a crowd of standardized human products with the conspicuity of the Maryville Water Tower against its prairie background. He is as tall as Nodaway bottom corn. His individuality is as pronounced as the protest of a Missouri mule. Without a hat, he might easily be mistaken by a passing airman for Bill Nye or Robert Ingersoll. Wearing a hat, properly adjusted, makes the fact that he is under forty and over sixteen appear credible, even to strangers.

For some months now critics and the reading public have been praising the anonymous novel, "West of the Water Tower" (Harper & Bros.). The novel has jumped into the best-seller class. Famous Players paid $25,000 for the motion-picture rights. Croy, who wrote "West of the Water Tower," has all the clippings about it in his scrap-book, and Mrs. Croy has the movie money in her bank. Thus, another writer from the famous Middle Western corn belt has arrived, and the fact is cause for rejoicing. The appearance of a new novelist whose report on Main Street is shot through with humor and tolerance for the usual may do something to help reestablish a proper perspective on the relation between literature and life.

"West of the Water Tower" was published anonymously because Harpers were dubious of the reception that might be accorded the novel if it were put out as the work of a humorist. They wanted to introduce the author as "a serious novelist of the realistic school"! Will some one please tell those of us who know Homer Croy and his work when it is permissible to laugh? There is about as much chance of making a serious realistic novelist out of Croy as there is of finding humor in a serious realistic novel. Charlie Chaplin may turn tragedian, as he threatens to do; Emma Goldman may end by marrying a policeman; Henry Ford may become President; but the odds are that Homer Croy will remain himself. Croy has been doing stunts ever since he was twenty-two. Up to that time he plowed corn out in Nodaway County, Missouri, where he was born. He says he got through the University of Missouri "by the skin of his teeth." Long before that he had made up his mind to be a writer. He was the first person to

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register in the first school of journalism in the country. When he left college he "lit out" for St. Joseph to become a reporter. He got a job on the St. Joseph *Gazette*, but was soon fired.

Next to writing, Croy's main ambition was to travel. He turned hobo to satisfy this hankering. He once went to Cuba and back with 65 cents and a safety razor. He was caught in the coal-bunkers and put to work. His longest journey was taken some years ago when he carried a motion-picture camera around the world and made comedies with foreign settings. The pictures were no good, but Croy had a wonderful time. When he came home he got married before the movie camera. His wife is Mae Belle Savell, a magazine writer and author of several books on practical housekeeping, the care of children, etc. The Croys live at Forest Hills, Long Island, and have two lively children, as well as a new Ford sedan and a motion-picture projecting machine. On wedding anniversaries they run off the film showing their marriage, the first real wedding to be filmed.

When I met Homer Croy, fifteen years ago, he was running *The Magazine Maker*, a publication for writers. He knows practically every one in the writing game in this country. He has written for nearly every American publication. He was one of the first writers to go into the movies, and his book, "How Motion-Pictures Are Made," is one of the few authoritative works on the subject. He also wrote the article on motion-pictures in the Encyclopedia Britannica. Subsequently he took up radio in a casual way and has contributed many articles to magazines on this invention. More recently his stuff on automobiles in the motor magazines has helped to keep the pot boiling. This is the funniest thing I know about Croy, for he is the least mechanical person on earth. He writes successfully about the movies, radio, automobiles, oil-wells, and almost everything else under the sun because he is primarily a humorist, with an unfailing instinct for the things that interest people.

Individuality means degree of development. Most of us spend half of our lives learning to conform. After that we may or may not develop our individuality. Croy has never lost time trying to conform. He began to develop his unique personality out in the Missouri corn-fields, and it has been growing like Osage hedge ever since. By the time he left the farm Croy had acquired a wide-eyed curiosity and a fully individualized point of view. He looks on people and on life from this unusual angle, and from no other. He says he sees things microscopically. That is true, and when he reads or hears discussions of classes and mass movements and sociological divisions, he doesn't know what it is all about. He doesn't notice similarities in people; he only notices differences. People are not just people to him. They are individuals. He notes their peculiarities of appearance and behavior, and makes his deductions as to motives from his study of personal attributes.

I spent three hours with Mr. Croy the other night, attempting to draw him out on various subjects, including his ideas about himself and his work. The following jumble of facts and views was given me to go under a caption, "The Truth About Homer Croy":

He knows nothing about politics, international movements, the tariff, dollar-wheat, or what's wrong with Russia; but he is an authority on how to curry a mule below the knees.

The first time he saw a street-car, he thought men were running along inside pushing it.

He wrote two novels before "West of the Water Tower": "Boone Stop" and "Turkey Bowman." He thinks "Boone Stop" was "fairly good."

He has no plot-inventive facility. He thinks his stories, as to plots, puerile. He can not draw a picture of a pretty girl to save his life. In fact, he "probably has more shortcomings than any other American writer."

He has never been able to finish but one of Dickens's novels—"Oliver Twist." He has never read one of Scott's novels, or a book by Thackeray or Richardson. He thinks he has "the poorest literary equipment of any man writing to-day." He is an Arnold Bennett enthusiast.

He has many moods and is often difficult to live with. A good deal of the time he acts like a spoiled child. He hates to shave. His socks always have holes in them. He dislikes to change shirts.

He is especially kind to chauffeurs, street-car conductors and elevator boys, and usually insulting to people who could be of help to him.

He has no business ability. He thinks land is the only safe investment, if it is above water. He has no mechanical ability whatever. His wife has to repair the water-taps.

He cares nothing for sports. He never goes to a baseball game. And he has never heard grand opera.

These are some of the reasons why it would be futile, as well as absurd, to try to make a "serious novelist of the realistic school" out of Homer Croy.

By degrees we are getting away from the melodramatic conception of character in fiction. It is no longer necessary to paint heroes and heroines as utterly spotless, or to depict villains unrelieved of inky blackness to make them acceptable to the American reading public. But so far it is not quite the thing to leaven "realism" with the true humor that gives life reality and makes it endurable. Even H. L. Mencken, who has done so much to lighten up our fiction villains and to foster verisimilitude in character-drawing, seems to be afraid of mixing humor and "realism." In his review of "West of the Water Tower," Mr. Mencken says Croy "still has one foot in the sugar barrel." The sage of Baltimore seems to want our novelists to keep both feet in the vinegar.

The American conception of humor is still vague and confused. Most of our so-called humor is only wit. Wit is at bottom cynical. It is a slapstick to be applied to the seat of the other fellow's trousers. Humor, in the traditional sense, is instinctive good spirits, the manifestation of irrepressible playfulness. That is why it creeps in next to pathos and is always just around the corner when there is anything serious going on. Homer Croy's humor is of this kind. He is almost entirely lacking in wit, in the ordinary sense of the word. He never makes a pun. He is never smart or clever. He is never cynical or bitter. His characters and situations are usually commonplace. But they ring true, and readers smile in recognition of the humanness of the author, whose humor is the humor of normality. To me the hopeful thing about the success of "West of the Water Tower" is that a new American humorist of exceptional power has found a wider public.

The First International Club of Writers

(*Continued from page 47*)

it. He only regrets that the enormous distance that separates London and Peking has prevented his being present at the special meeting of May, which it is perhaps not extravagant to call an historical event, as signifying a closer bond in spirit of the different peoples thereat represented. Mr. Liang is especially happy to notice, that perhaps for the very first time the East and the West are truly co-operating in literary and artistic concerns, which ought to prove of greater value and help in promoting the spirit of universal fellowship all over the earth, than any other form of internationalism. It may interest your London members to know that the poet Rabindra Nath Tagore, who also belongs to the club, has promised to come to China in a month or two.

That special meeting in May was Mr. Galsworthy's suggestion. We invited the other centers to send delegates; we also invited our honorary members, and we prepared for them a banquet and an expedition to Stratford that they might hear a Shakespeare play, where he was born and lay buried; and also a reception, to which was invited scientific and artistic London. Thomas Hardy felt he was too frail to attend the dinner, but sent us a telegram saying: "In the exchange of international thought lies the salvation of the world." A dozen nations sent delegates. It was amazing that people should have come from far Roumania, from Scandinavia, from America, out of sympathy with the ideal of world peace.

The organization of the club has, of course, meant a great deal of hard work for Mr. Galsworthy, for me, and for the secretary, Miss Marjorie Scott; but it has, at the same time, given us a great deal of pleasure. We meet the most interesting writers in existence, and discover, as we converse, that human nature all the world over is more alike than different. Ours is a community of souls, and altho such great things as liberty and love come slowly, we can hear their tread advancing through time. If in any way the P. E. N. centers help toward fellowship among the nations, how amazingly well we shall be repaid—overpaid—for the work we have done!

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Going A-Sheiking in the Wilds of Sahara

Dr. Traprock's Latest Adventure

READING the new Traprock book(1) reminds me of an incident in the history of that celebrated organization, the Lambs' Club of New York. Its members, many of whom are the leading actors of the country, some years ago got up a play which was intended to be, and actually was, a weird burlesque — an outrageous travesty of the more heated melodrama of the so-called legitimate stage. The burlesque was received with wild and prolonged laughter. But a theatrical man who was present, and who had an eye for business, immediately secured the road-rights for the burlesque, and making no change in it except the title, put it on practically as it was, as a serious piece of melodrama, and made a success of it.

"TWIN BEDOUINS OF THE EAST"
Dr. Walter E. Traprock and Charles Whinney, Scientist

Several times, at the movies, where a "rank" comedy has been presented, which grotesquely burlesqued a conventional hero and villain, I have noticed a similar result: nearing the climax, the hero would be applauded to the echo, the audience being for the moment quite oblivious to the element of farce. The fact is, that this should always be the test of a good burlesque. We ought to be concerned about the story as much as about the burlesque. And it is a very nice art that preserves the correct balance between the two.

Now in this new book of Dr. Traprock's, which I hasten to say is quite enjoyable, I am going to be frank enough also to say that the illustrations (over which the author has undoubtedly labored) detract from the grand result aimed at. They fall flat, and help to destroy an illusion that we want to keep up almost parallel with what sense of humor we have to enjoy the burlesque. I say this because I have a sincere admiration for the author's gifts and want him to improve instead of falling away from the high standard that he set in his first book, "The Cruise of the Kawa." It may be objected that that book was open to the same criticism we are leveling at this one. Not so. The Kawa book struck town at the psychological moment. And it dealt with a subject which for the author's purposes was distinctly new; and in those circumstances you could do things and use pictures which now, at this stage of the burlesque game, require much more fine work. Altho an explorer and a traveler of wide range, Dr. Traprock is yet a young man. He has several unconquered fields ahead of him. He is, so to speak, our great white hope in the American burlesque line. We need him —oh, how we need him—to lambaste a whole lot of subjects. For this reason we want him to get better and better. In this book I am almost ashamed to say how unpatriotic I was, thinking every once in a while what Max Beerbohm would have done with a theme like this one.

The point that I wish to make is that, in a work like this, the laughs lie not alone in the verisimilitude with which the thing is done, but also with the interest in the tale. I was disappointed in the description of Lady Sarah Wimpole, and Azad the Terrible ought never to have posed for his photograph. A desert hound like that ought to be unlimited in one's imagination.

The story, however, held me pretty well. I chuckled over it a good deal, while wishing at times that Traprock hadn't tried so hard to spoil it. Think of the difference between Traprock and Dickens.

About half of the sentiment of Dickens was burlesque, and he didn't know it. That is the way it should be with Traprock.

T. L. M.

(1) SARAH OF THE SAHARA: A ROMANCE OF NOMAD'S LAND. By Walter E. Traprock, F.R.S.S.E.V. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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A New Nature-Classic for Children

By Hugh Walpole

WALDEMAR BONSELS, in his "Adventures of Maya the Bee,"(1) has created one of the classics of modern literature for children—for the children of the world, and not only for the children but for every one alive who sees, beneath all that is apparently so ugly, so restless and so selfish, the persistent good-will, kindliness and charity that, so it seems, will never perish from the human heart.

One word about the author. Waldemar Bonsels was born in Schleswig-Holstein in the little town of Ahrensburg near Hamburg in February, 1881. His ancestors on his father's side were Normandy-French, his mother was Danish and could not speak German as a child. He himself tells us, as we can indeed feel assured after reading "Maya," that he always loved the open air, evaded his lessons when he could, and fell, therefore, into the customary conflict with his father, who wanted him to develop into a steady, hard-working citizen. The result of this was that he ran away from home when he was seventeen, and began a life of wandering. The history of that life is to be found in the two books, "Notes of a Vagabond" and "India," the latter a classic in modern Germany. He wandered everywhere — Europe, Egypt and India—writing both prose and poetry, living a life that has something in common both with Maxim Gorky and W. H. Hudson. At length he married and settled down, devoting the rest of his days to his art, to the proving of those words of Schiller: "What we have felt as beauty, will some day confront us as truth."

MAYA THE BEE MEETS A FLY

Bonsels is the most popular writer of Germany to-day. "The Adventures of Maya the Bee" has sold half a million copies. Then there is his story, "Heaven Folk," with animal characters, but written definitely for adult minds, and "India," to which I have already alluded.

We are, perhaps, only incidentally and never very justifiably concerned with the personality of an author; but in such a book as "Maya" we are unable to escape that personality, nor do we wish to do so.

We have a sense as we read that, like the little girl in William Strang's beautiful etching, "The Story," we are sitting forward in our chairs, breathlessly held, while the fire crackles and the narrator thrills us with his wonderful art. We are brought into direct personal contact.

One of the first things that we must notice here is the extraordinary difficulty of the author's theme. There is nothing harder than this human interpretation through dialog and story of animal life. "Alice in Wonderland," Kipling's "Jungle Books," the stories of Carl Ewald, the fairy-tales of Grimm and Hans Andersen—here are some triumphant examples of this same genre. But how few they are, how many failures there have been! Indeed, in the last ten years I can recall only one successful thing of this kind, Hugh Lofting's "Dr. Dolittle."

The author's task in "Maya" has been the harder because he believes in charity and loving-kindness. There have been I know not how many attempts in our time to show us the cruelty and ruthlessness of nature. Life, after all, whether it be animal or human, is for all of us largely a matter of choice. We can look upon this picture or on that. But in our time the revolt against the earlier Victorian optimism and complacency has been such that the new generation has its eyes too firmly fixt, I can not help thinking, upon the terrible, the sterile, the cruel elements of a drama that is nothing if it is not diverse and many-sided.

Maya's historian nowhere shirks the harsh truths of natural history.

Where will you find in the pages of Fabre himself anything more terrifying than the episode with the spider, anything more vivid or true? And the hornets' nest is no pleasant fairy-tale of a perpetually happy countryside. He takes us all up the scale, giving us the point of view of the meanest fly and the carelessness of the largest drinking human, and he is one of the few writers I know anywhere who can write of sprites and fairy creatures as tho they were both beautiful and real.

But most remarkable of all is the art with which he gives little Maya herself personality and individuality, and yet keeps her inside her bee-world.

He has for his story one of the oldest plots in the world, but he transforms it into terms of bees and hornets without for one moment clothing it in absurdity. He has very wisely refused to dress up his characters. Any little bee flitting on a sunny morning from flower to flower may be Maya, any ladybird Alois, any beetle Bobbie.

Maya herself is extraordinarily convincing, and when we have read her history we know not only much more about bees than we knew before, but also more about ourselves and our fellow humans.

Very remarkable, too, is the exciting quality that inhabits the little story. We feel that something very dramatic is going to happen to Maya, and we are as deeply expectant as tho we were in the thick of the conflict of the most able of modern novels. Maya's own curiosity and interest become ours, and we are, while we read, part of her own animal kingdom and can scarcely hold back a cheer when she saves her people and is embraced by the Queen.

The beautiful backgrounds of nature, the night scenes, the rising moon, the warm summer weather, the streams, the flowers and the bees, all these are part of the author's greatest gift. He is a poet, and the quiet fidelity and simple rhythm of the translation give all his poetry its true advantage.

He is not only a poet, he is a philosopher also, and the better a philosopher in that he is not forever emphasizing his philosophy. But as you read you can not but feel with him the burden of the refrain that runs through his book:

> My soul is that which breathes anew
> From all of loveliness and grace;
> And as it flows from God's own face,
> It flows from his creations, too.

It is good for the peace and happiness of the world that "Maya" should be finding everywhere so true a welcome.

(1) THE ADVENTURES OF MAYA THE BEE. By Waldemar Bonsels. New edition. Illustrated. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

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New Books for Boys and Girls

THE week of November 11 to 17 marks the fifth anniversary of Children's Book Week, and it is quite appropriate that I should be able here to introduce a number of children's books decidedly worth owning. They are books, for the most part, which can stand not only one reading, but many readings. The building of a child's library these days can not help but be a joyous pursuit, for more and more good things keep on coming along, while the poor books seem to be fewer.

Carl Sandburg has written another Rootabaga book. Its title is "Rootabaga Pigeons."(1) It is little short of being a work of genius, altho there is uneven writing here and there. But I must confess I felt most relieved that it was not too uniformly brilliant. It is as tho Carl Sandburg brushed aside every old idea upon which to build a story and proceeded to make his own out of new materials which he had discovered. The children, the animals, the creatures of actuality and fancy gaily skip through these pages. Clouds "shouldering each other's shoulders," the "running winds" and the sky are so depicted that they swing you up to their heights and carry you along in the story, too. There are so many points that stand out in the book, high peaks of beauty. The illustrations by Maud and Miska Petersham are decidedly alive, and one brief passage I can not refrain from quoting:

> Far away where the sky drops down, and the sunsets open doors for the nights to come through—where the running winds meet, change faces and come back—there is a prairie where the green grass grows all around.
>
> And on that prairie the gophers, the black and brown-striped squirrels, sit with their backs straight up, sitting on their soft paddy tails, sitting in the spring song murmur of the south wind, saying to each other, "This is the prairie and the prairie belongs to us."

"Tinker, Tailor," by A. P. Herbert,(2) is a slim book of clever verses for somewhat older children, as the humor contained in this "Child's Guide to the Professions" is of a rather sophisticated quality. Adults will like this book, and the illustrations by George Morrow are delicious! I particularly enjoyed the banker. You will surely pity him:

> Life is very, very trying in that multitude of cheques,
> Such a lot of multiplying, such a lot of truck with *x;*
> What with adding and dividing, and the lunacies of *y,*
> I'm afraid he'll die of Algebra—oh, what a way to die!

"Brier-Patch Philosophy," by William J. Long,(3) is a new edition of a volume of natural history observations presented in chatty fashion by a philosophic rabbit. Older boys and girls who are at all interested in animals and life as it is led by the outdoor creatures will want this book.

"The Vagaries of Tod and Peter," by L. Allen Harker,(4) is a book of stories *about* children. Parents and all who find children interesting will want to read it. I had a strange, shivery sensation when I read the speech of little Barbara at the children's fairy-tea during war-time, when another child mentioned rationing—"'There's no war in fairy-land,' Barbara answered serenely."

Francis Lynde has written another book for boys. It is entitled "The Golden Spider,"(5) and it is a tale of a mining quest. The boys' adventures are so plausible and so compelling that while I began the book very late one night, intending only to read a dozen pages or so at that time, I continued reading until I had finished it—way into the early morning hours.

"Fighting Westward," by Aline Havard,(6) is another adventure story—for both boys and girls. In this the adventures are linked with the history of the settlement of the West and of encounters with Indians in the steady march Westward. The characters in the book are satisfyingly normal. This is the first of a promised series, and if the forthcoming volumes sustain the interest as does this one they will prove a welcome addition to the library shelves of American boys and girls.

For some time I've been hoping I would come across a good school-story for girls, and here it is! "Billie-Belinda,"

---

(1) Rootabaga Pigeons. By Carl Sandburg. Illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham. 218 pages. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.

(2) Tinker, Tailor. By A. P. Herbert. Illustrated by George Morrow. 67 pages. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

(3) Brier-Patch Philosophy. By William J. Long. Illustrated by Charles Copeland. 294 pages. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.

(4) The Vagaries of Tod and Peter. By L. Allen Harker. 300 pages. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

(5) The Golden Spider. By Francis Lynde. Illustrated. 210 pages. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.60.

(6) Fighting Westward. By Aline Havard. Illustrated. 274 pages. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.60.

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES, OR FROM

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THE MOUSE BIT THE KNOT AND CUT IT LOOSE

From "Rootabaga Pigeons," by Carl Sandburg. (Harcourt, Brace)

by Marguerite Curtis,(7) is a gay, spontaneous tale with the same freshness in its contents as there is in the book's quite irresistible cover

"Puzzling Pepita," by Nina Rhoades, (8) is a story for younger girls. Pepita is half-Spanish, and I felt at once her foreign charm. Her ignorance of what a bull-fight really was and her sudden realization of the sickening horror of it are well portrayed. Her monkey, Abdul, is a delightful character, and I was quite sorry he had to miss his smoke because Isabel thought it best not to offer him her father's pipe. "My father smokes," she said, "but I don't believe he would like to lend his pipe to a monkey." "Puzzling Pepita" is sure to be a favorite.

"Dorothy Dainty's Castle," by Amy Brooks, (9) is an innocuous tale for small girls. It lacks outstanding merits or demerits.

"Action Poems and Plays for Children," by Nora Archibald Smith,(10) offers material for dramatic and tableau presentation. It arrives upon the scene most conveniently for the Christmas season and all details of action, costumes, settings and properties are clearly given. The illustrations by Anne Merriman Peck are also good.

Mr Beston's "Starlight Wonder Book"(11) is just as alluring as its title indicates. Every story is a gleaming, merrily twinkling, wonder tale, but "The Wood Beyond the World" is my favorite with "The Two Millers" running a close second. Maurice Day, who has illustrated the book, has quite caught the author's spirit.

"The Sleeping Beauty and Other Fairy Tales from the Old French," retold by A. T. Quiller-Couch, (12) and "Stories from Hans Andersen,"(13) are beautiful books, both illustrated by Edmund Dulac. These stories will always be popular, and to have them illustrated so exquisitely will be a source of joy to those who wish to give "something really nice in the way of a book." Imaginative children will appreciate the pictures more than children who crave the obvious, and there are many of these "imaginative" children. They live in little worlds of their own, and not only will they read the stories these pictures illustrate, but they will make up stories of their own around many of these colorful representations of artistic fancy.

A gay book for small children is "The Pied Piper in Pudding Lane," by Sarah Addington,(14) but I can not help wishing that the author would turn her attention to new characters, for she writes with apparent ease and she has imagination. There is something a little confusing about all these old characters brought into new surroundings and mingling together with so much community spirit.

"Adventures in the Old Woman's Shoe," by Maude Radford Warren and Eve Davenport,(15)—a most attractive book in appearance—also introduces old character favorites. A number of Mother Goose stories are retold, but with additions which are not found in the original. Thus they lose their familiar and time-tested climaxes, and destroy the dramatically complete quality of the Mother Goose characters. Nor do I care for the children in this book to whom these stories are told. They "ran laughing and talking to bed" right after having heard the story of Cock Robin. Poor Cock Robin! Your untimely end deserved at least a moment's regret.

"The Tale of the Enchanted Bunnies," by Ruth Sawyer,(16) would doubtless interest children in Boston, for this book relates in fairy fashion the histories of a collection of toy bunnies to be found there. But it is not so enchanting as its title. At the end the Lady Rabbit, who had been listening to the children's account of their visit to the "Top o' the World," said, "Oh, my dears, I wish I might have been little and gone, too." In that sentence, curiously enough, is to be found the trouble with the whole book. The author has not succeeded in reaching the childhood-land.

"The Kitchen Porch," by George Philip Krapp,(17) is a perfect example of a real book for children. The little red hen is one of the most engaging characters I have met in a long time. One is completely captivated by her. Her observations, her amusements, her adventures, her romance and her own delightful brood of chicks, Good Cook, Watch Dog, Silversides the fish, all contribute their share to this interesting, simple and charming story.

I wish Children's Book Week "Many happy returns," and may there be as many good books in the years to come as are being brought out this season!

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

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(7) BILLIE-BELINDA. By Marguerite Curtis. Frontispiece by Thelma Cudlipp Grosvenor. 198 pages. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.75.

(8) PUZZLING PEPITA. By Nina Rhoades. Illustrated by Elizabeth Withington. 325 pages. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.50.

(9) DOROTHY DAINTY'S CASTLE. By Amy Brooks. Illustrated by the author. 242 pages. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.25.

(10) ACTION POEMS AND PLAYS FOR CHILDREN. By Nora Archibald Smith. Illustrated by Anne Merriman Peck. 169 pages. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $2.

(11) THE STARLIGHT WONDER BOOK. By Henry B. Beston. Illustrated by Maurice Day. 263 pages. Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press. $3.

(12) THE SLEEPING BEAUTY AND OTHER FAIRY TALES FROM THE OLD FRENCH. Retold by A. T. Quiller-Couch. Illustrated by Edmund Dulac. 227 pages. New York: George H. Doran Co. $3.50.

(13) STORIES FROM HANS ANDERSEN. Illustrated by Edmund Dulac. 249 pages. New York: George H. Doran Co. $3.50.

(14) THE PIED PIPER IN PUDDING LANE. By Sarah Addington. Illustrated by Gertrude A. Kay. 97 pages. Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press. $2.

(15) ADVENTURES IN THE OLD WOMAN'S SHOE. By Maude Radford Warren and Eve Davenport. Illustrated by Charles A. Federer. 309 pages. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.50.

(16) THE TALE OF THE ENCHANTED BUNNIES. By Ruth Sawyer. Illustrated. 138 pages. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

(17) THE KITCHEN PORCH. By George Philip Krapp. Illustrated by Thelma Cudlipp Grosvenor. 165 pages. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

"Van Tassel and Big Bill" is the title of a book of short stories of political life in New York to be published this fall by Scribners. The author is Henry H. Curran, who has been an Alderman, a Borough President and a candidate for Mayor of New York, and who is now Commissioner of Immigration.

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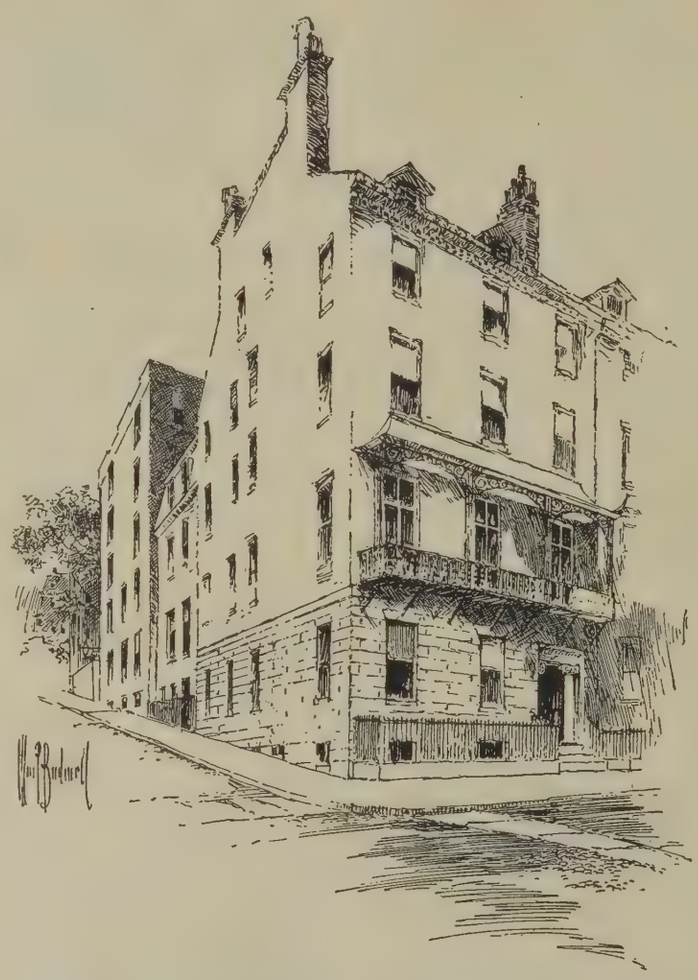
With the Makers of Books in America

VII. *The House of Little, Brown*

IN RECOUNTING the history of publishing in Boston, it would be an unworthy act to neglect the part which the bookstore played in fostering the literary tradition of that city. It would be more than unworthy, it would be incompetent: for the two notable publishing houses of Boston not only evolved from bookstores, but each developed its respective and divergent policy along paths already determined by the individuality of the bookstores from which they originated. In this sense, Little, Brown & Co. and the Houghton Mifflin Company could never be called rivals.

It happened that at one time these bookstores occupied diagonal corners on Washington Street, and during those early years of the nineteenth century each of the shops was patronized by its own particular group of customers. The Old Corner Bookstore, which later became the Houghton Mifflin Company, was the gathering place of the Hawthorne-Longfellow-Emerson coterie, while the shop of Little, Brown & Co., which more or less specialized in legal publications, naturally afforded a fertile browsing ground for the more legally inclined litterateurs, such as Daniel Webster, Chancellor Kent, Chief Justice Story, and Rufus Choate.

It is easy to see how from these nuclei the two present-day publishing houses derived the figments which enabled them to supplement each other in the shaping of the New England literary tradition.



PRESENT HOME OF LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, BOSTON

But the history of Little, Brown & Co. begins long before the days of the Old Corner Bookstore. It begins, in fact, in the eighteenth century—in 1784, to be exact—when Ebenezer Battelle opened his book-shop on Marlborough Street. The business changed hands several times, passing into the ownership of Samuel Cabot, and then, in 1797, under the management of William P. and Lemuel Blake, it ventured on the business of publishing as well as selling books. This makes the present firm of Little, Brown & Co. one of the oldest publishing houses in the country, and the oldest, in both branches of the business, of the Boston publishers.

In 1827 the firm became Hilliard, Gray & Co., and this designation remained until ten years later, when the present firm was established. Both Charles C. Little and William Brown received their training in the book business under Hilliard. Little came into the firm as a clerk, while Brown had at one time conducted the University Bookstore at Cambridge, where Hilliard was the senior partner.

The immediate success which accompanied the reorganization of the firm under Little and Brown was due in a large measure to the former's acute judgment. It was he who expanded the legal aspect of the bookstore into the publishing business, and under his direction the law department brought out the works of Justice Story and of such noted authorities on English law as Kent, Blackstone, and Coke.

But the first great publishing achievements of Little, Brown & Co. were made in the early years of the nineteenth century, when Jared Sparks's "Works of Benjamin Franklin" was brought out. This was followed by the twenty-five volumes of his library of American biography. The prestige of having sponsored such historical works made it fitting that this firm should follow up, at a later date, with the works of the great American historian, Francis Parkman. Sparks's works, however, were not the sole publications of distinction which Little, Brown published at that time, for their list also included the works of John Adams, Edward Everett, Daniel Webster, and Bancroft's ten-volume history of the United States.

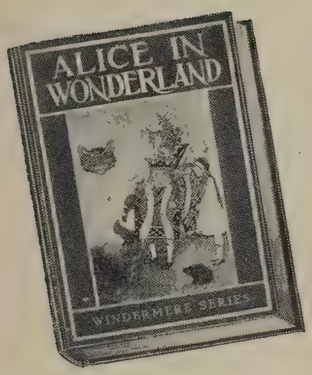
While Little was busying himself at home with the building up of a list of distinguished and weighty titles, Brown, who had charge of the foreign importations, did some extraordinarily successful things with the English classics. At that period the country was struggling to recover from an inundation of cheap paper reprints of the great English writers which had been at first eagerly bought up by the public for their cultural content, as Brown correctly assumed, rather than for their esthetic appeal. He made arrangements with English publishers to import good editions of their authors for the American market which were put on sale at little over the cost of paper and printing. The courage of this enterprise proved well justified. Americans, it turned out, really appreciated good-looking books, and the result was, as J. C. Derby has observed, that Little, Brown & Co. rightfully achieved the credit for having created the market in this country for the best editions of English literature.

It was not until many years later, however, that the firm took its inevitable excursion into the field of fiction publishing—inevitable because the steady growth of business was bound to lead to wider activities. Every one knows the astonishing success which met the publication of the Hutchinson book, "If Winter Comes"; but before this, in 1896, the firm met with a similarly sensational triumph in the publication of the novels of Henryk Sienkiewicz, which were introduced to American readers through the translations of Jeremiah Curtin. When "Quo Vadis" was brought out it attained within two years a sale of three-quarters of a million copies, in editions ranging in price from twenty-five cents to two dollars.

(*Continued on page 91*)

The Spirit of Childhood

ONCE UPON A TIME * * * when you were little * * * the stories that were told you * * * and the stories that you read * * * went far to make you what you are * * * Do you remember * * * the big thoughts that you thought * * * and the dreams you dreamed * * * Now * * * there is an end of dreaming * * * perhaps * * * but the dreams go on * * * in other minds * * * your children * * * Eyes wide open * * * wonderin' about the world * * * and fairies * * * and the sea * * * and things. . . . .



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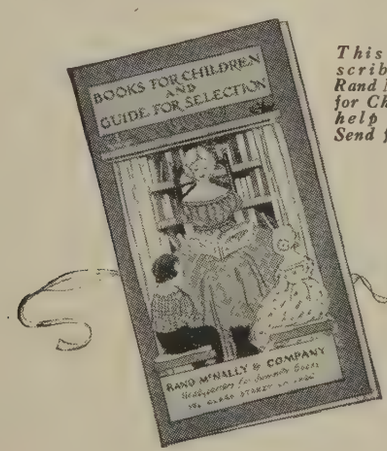

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In This Month's Fiction Library

Luther Nichols

There must be classes. . . . The difference was inevitable, theorize as you chose. But the thing to do was for the classes to let each other alone; nothing was wrong with the system, but something might be monstrously wrong with the individuals.

HERE, in a few words, is the theme of Mrs. Watts's new novel—a story of the ruin which came upon Luther Nichols when he was brought into contact with members of a class different from his own, a class, one woman of which amused herself by experimenting on his emotions, that she might see in what way and to what extent his reactions would be unlike those of the men to whom she was accustomed. Luther had no chance whatever against Juliet Ordway, armed at all points with weapons he did not know how to meet or counter, of whose very existence he was often ignorant. Pathetically enough, he fancied himself a conqueror on the verge of triumph; and he was in truth only a puppet, dancing on the strings a girl pulled, jerked this way and that by one who merely wished to see what response she could evoke from this member of a class that was "different."

Not that Luther Nichols is a puppet in the usual sense; on the contrary, he is a very real person, with an environment as real as he. An American boy of German descent, born on a truck-farm in the Ohio Valley, with little education and less imagination, he drifts along through life, good-humored, priding himself on a certain shrewdness, unambitious, not caring very much for anything or anybody, with the possible exception of his big, slow-witted, generous friend, Roy McArdle. It was simply because it happened that way, because it was the obvious, easiest thing to do, that he sought employment in the garage run by a family friend, Emil Schulte. It was the same easy yielding to circumstances that brought about his marriage to Ellie Siefert. And he might have slipt along into old age easily and comfortably enough, had he not been tall and good-looking, and possest a kind of flair for what Emil Schulte called "niftiness."

It was this which made him learn to carry himself well, and to salute smartly. The army training he received during the war emphasized this "classiness" of his, and then came the employment as a private chauffeur, which brought him into contact with a kind of civilization he had never known, and which he liked immensely: "He had grown so used to big, costly houses, hordes of well-appointed, stylishly mannered servants, loose spending, gossip, gaiety, newspaper mention, that any other, less spectacular way of life did not interest him." Some of us will be inclined to regret that Mrs. Watts has not emphasized this part of her theme rather more, developing it simply and without the complications introduced by the wiles of Juliet Ordway—an American "Countess Julie." The situation is one which the average American novelist is inclined to shirk, since to admit that there exists well-defined classes here in these United States is by no means a popular thing to do, and it seems rather a pity that it should be entangled in this novel with a kind of perversity which, tho it undoubtedly occurs, is a thing apart. But in many ways Mrs. Watts has managed her contrasts admirably, especially in the interview between poor Ellie and Mr. Ordway, when, in reply to her tirades: "He spoke with the courtesy that builds a stone wall in a moment; and Ellie, in victory, knew herself defeated . . . this manly and unaffected good-breeding somehow turned aside every weapon in her poor arsenal."

In this, as in her other novels, it is with the delineation of character that Mrs. Watts most evidently and effectively scores. Ellie is at once individual and a type—the shrewd, hard-headed business woman, whose weakness is her infatuation for the husband who cares little or nothing for her, and of whom she is furiously jealous. Equally well done is the unlucky Joe Ordway, whose fate it was to be always negligible. He is a type we meet more often in real life than in books, and Mrs. Watts has drawn him with a sympathy and fidelity which give him the interest he could not have for any superficial acquaintance. She shows us the workings of his mind, and because we see them so clearly we are able to give him more of liking and attention than he ever received from any of the people he met, or even from his own family. There is not more convincing proof of a novelist's gift than this ability to take a dull, weak, commonplace or ineffective character, and by force of insight, understanding, and the power to reproduce what has been seen and understood, make that character interesting to the reader.

More conventional and easier of interpretation, but no less real, are Emil Schulte, the tolerant, worldly-wise owner of the garage where Luther worked, who always managed to prosper, and whose remarks are well worth quoting, did space permit, and the members of Luther's family, especially his bustling, hectoring, yet kindly mother. The book is slow in getting started; Mrs. Watts always prepares her groundwork thoroughly, and in this instance she has prepared it a little too thoroughly before actually going to work on the theme of her novel. But the book is interesting, well written, and presents questions which are too often ignored by our modern American novelists. LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD.

LUTHER NICHOLS. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.

Cross-Sections

THIRTEEN is a lucky number for the reader when it is attached to one of Julian Street's books. "Cross-Sections" is his thirteenth, and is, next to "Rita Coventry," the most interesting so far. Each of the stories included in the volume is a clear-cut bit of writing, neat in its characterization, swift of action, and with a colorful setting which is not only convincing, but satisfying in the artistic sense as well. The stories are built each about some one personality, and in the more satirical of the skits, the chief character represents a well-known type in an equally familiar setting. The plots are well carpentered, tho coincidence sometimes takes longer strides than one expects in his own affairs. Vengeance overtakes a carping husband or a domineering mother almost too aptly. The very fate which one would have chosen for the villain descends upon him and guillotines him neatly at the moment known as psychological.

The first story, "Living up to Letchwood," does no more than change the names of a few people of popular renown and then give them a logical and amusing dose of consequences. The fun is less rollicking than Leacock's, and the points of satire are whittled more sharply. "A Voice in the Hall" hoists a vengeful-minded spiritist with her own petard. "The Jazz Baby" applies some glove-fitting epithets to the jazz-afflicted young people of both sexes. "Hands" reveals, through three characters, the growth of an artist's soul; "The Bird of Servia" might be called an allegory. "The Lost Columbine" and "The Englishman" do not go beyond character studies, while "The Silk Hat" takes a savage fling at sensational newspapers.

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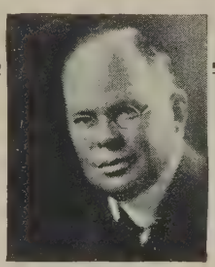

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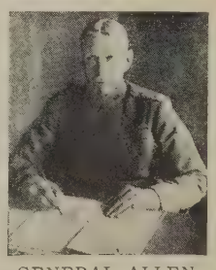

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poet, Noel, carries off the bewildered and fascinated Hilda from her comfortable, small-town setting, and sets her down in a two-room Greenwich Village flat, he proceeds to show her the inside of his character, the cords and wires of his magnetism, the incompleteness of his idea of partnership. Her own reaction reveals as unlovely a side of her unimaginative, affectionate, dependent nature. Both Hilda and Noel are charming young people—apart; but the north wind and a kitten could not find less in common to last them a lifetime. So Mr. Street calls on his ally of circumstance to produce a happy ending with a sting in it.

Julian Street in his present phase is so up to the minute that some of the interest of his satires and situations must inevitably evaporate when the minute has passed. One may predict, however, that his final niche will be somewhere between Joseph Hergesheimer's and Harry Leon Wilson's—not quite half-way between, but a few inches nearer to the latter. HELEN IVES GILCHRIST.

CROSS-SECTIONS. By Julian Street. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page Co. 314 pages. $2.

Love and Life

LYNNETH FREAR comes almost as an outsider into the old, deep-rooted, conservative New York setting, which she finds unwholesome. But under the gentle urging of its quiet luxury she begins to develop into something that promises to be more healthy than her cousins, Valerie and Lisa. These two, in their meanness and vindictiveness toward each other, are extremely unpleasant characters in Miss Field's new novel. Lisa is vivid, and at times pathetic in her insistence on making life, which, in the person of Valerie, has treated her badly, as unhappy as possible for herself and those closely connected with her. The scene on her wedding day between herself, her husband and Valerie is memorably unpleasant.

Glimpses are given of the life of the younger set, emerging from the control of the "old New York family" tradition. When Lynneth leaves the shelters of this adopted home on Washington Square North and the social life which that allowed her, for the slightly harsher world of business, she joins Joan, who is a different, not to say, advanced, woman, according to the standards of the "old aristocracy." The world of the book-shop she works in is pictured as a small one, but Joan is a large person and one who, the reader feels, has a still larger personality than is given in the confines of the book. When love comes beautifully and swiftly to Lynneth she is transported, as happy lovers are, to a heaven of her own. Then, when death comes swiftly to her adored husband, she tries still to stay in that heaven, and it is something very difficult to do.

There are some who will say that her belief that love can deny death and time is a beautiful one, and there are those who will say if it is thrust too strongly into the foreground of one's life and all one's relationships, it may be a form of selfishness. Perhaps it all depends on how good a working belief it is for the one who still lives. Lynneth is pictured as striving very hard to make it a reality; indeed, it is the controlling force of the rest of her life, so much so that she dwells apart in spirit from those who are living and loving and struggling about her. A second lover receives scant consideration. The reader wonders if she will continue on the lonely road she has chosen, without home and children, which seem her natural environment. To this reviewer it seems that Lynneth is too concerned with the tangible, worded belief in the enduring quality of love, and not so much with the reality of the enduring *influence* of love on one's life. As the book becomes less a story than the expression of a belief, it becomes a less enduring and vital piece of work.

The novel has atmosphere, and its word-pictures of various parts of New York are the work of one who knows the city well. The writing, of course, is good, as readers of Louise Maunsell Field's fiction-reviews would expect, and the sincerity of the author commands respect. Dignity and poise, conservative qualities, are maintained throughout. ELIZABETH STEAD TABER.

LOVE AND LIFE. By Louise Maunsell Field. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Feet of Clay

MOST of the elements of popular success have been achieved by Margaretta Tuttle in "Feet of Clay," and have been combined into a better story than is often possible where these elements are lavishly and candidly employed. Tho quite innocent of any literary quality, and unashamedly sentimental from start to finish, it is not, except occasionally, dreary reading.

The tale begins in Springfield, Ohio, and ends in New York, and from beginning to end is violently emotional, with passions torn to tatters in almost every chapter. There is, now and then, an amusing conversation of the more unsophisticated variety, and there is enough well managed detail to create a degree of atmosphere. In spite of a young man who is given to quoting Rossetti and presenting little green books to the young ladies whom he admires, the Ohio chapters are fairly vivid, and the milieu shifts from there to the Atlantic seaboard by means of the sudden widowhood of Mrs. Loring, mother of Amy, whose story is the main theme. After a period during which Mrs. Loring occupies the rather ambiguous position of housekeeper and chaperon in the summer home of Anthony Channing and his children, her marriage to her employer brings about an important decision for Amy. Considering the extreme youth of the latter, she proves herself almost abnormally independent in this crisis. But that is quite as it should be, for this is a tale of saints and villains, of delightfully wicked, heartless women (notably the mother of the heroine), of brave, chivalrous young men, and of a maiden who, because of the height of her own ideals, manages to be almost always in distress. Her distress, it must be said, is more appealing at that than some of the mid-Western psychoanalytical distresses which have attempted art and failed. There is a tense ending, preceded by a death scene in which "shadowed wings" with "silver strands" are among the accessories, and virtue is suitably—no, magnificently—rewarded by countless millions from a bachelor uncle, to be used chiefly for the benefit of mankind. And we are really pleased when Amy and her young man are made happy, for they have amused us as often, and annoyed us as seldom, as is possible in a novel of this kind.

FEET OF CLAY. By Margaretta Tuttle. 368 pages. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.

Ponjola

"PONJOLA," it would seem, is the South African name for whisky, or, perhaps, for alcoholic drinks in general. At any rate, the consumption of this fluid is, if we may believe Cynthia Stockley, the chief industry of Rhodesia. There are farms and gold mines, it is true, but these are mere side-issues to which the men of the country devote what little time they can spare from their drinking.

The story tells of two broken lives and how they were mended. Lundi Druro has attained the proud preeminence of being the hardest drinker in Rhodesia, but it is not drink that has ruined him. The woman he loved has played him false, and Druro is trying to drink himself to death. It is a slow process, but fairly certain if one perseveres, and Druro is not one to do things by halves. The other victim of misfortune is a titled English girl who, by reason of a chain of circumstances apparently discreditable to her, has found it necessary to conceal her identity. She comes to Rhodesia disguised as a man, meets Lundi Druro, and undertakes to save him from himself. Her adventures on the veld in company with the rough miners and prospectors and her self-effacing efforts in Druro's behalf form the plot of the story.

The author has made a curious slip in her account of the murder trial, where the attorney for the defense refuses to put the defendant on the witness stand, and then, in his summing up, refers to evidence which has not been produced in court and which could not have been given by any one but the defendant. However, since the verdict is all that could be desired, this is a matter of minor importance. What is more to the point is that,

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International Book Review, November

with the trial over, every man in the court-room is free once more to resume his favorite occupation of "flattening" whiskies and sodas. But this time Druro will not be with them, for he has quit drinking. What a blow to the ponjola industry that will be!

PONJOLA. By Cynthia Stockley. 362 pages. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

Family

ANCESTOR WORSHIP as practised in New England is the theme of the novel "Family," by Wayland Wells Williams. Nathan Deere has imbibed family traditions with his mother's milk and has been made to feel that it is his duty to live up to them. His great-grandfather, who was the most distinguished of the line, had been Governor, Senator and Cabinet Member, and Nathan's widowed mother intends that her son shall go equally far, if not farther. But when Nathan's mother attempts to influence his choice of a wife, he rebels and chooses for himself, going outside the select circle of the "first families."

After the marriage a long struggle ensues between the elder Mrs. Deere and the younger. Nathan has already begun to practise law, and he now makes a modest beginning in politics. But his wife knows that neither law nor politics is his true vocation. She tries to make him see that he would be happier if he would follow his real bent, but family tradition, as represented by Nathan's mother, is too strong. The author aptly likens the struggle between wife and mother to a chess-game between a novice and an experienced player. The advantage is all with the veteran, and it seems almost certain that she will win. Fortunately, Uncle John, who is not a Deere, but a Joblin, and who has very little respect for ancestral tradition, comes along and, metaphorically speaking, kicks over the chess-board.

Mr. Williams has succeeded admirably in creating an atmosphere of hide-bound family tradition and of that form of snobbery which consists in ignoring the existence of people who "do not belong." Before the story is ended, the reader is quite ready to exclaim, with one of the characters, "Ancestors be damned!"

FAMILY. By Wayland Wells Williams. 307 pages. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $2.

Mystery and Tricks of the Law

TWO novels by J. S. Fletcher and a book of short stories by Arthur Train! Who wouldn't be a book reviewer? To be sure, it is not every day one has such luck. There are times when one must be content with much less palatable fare.

Unlike most writers of mystery tales, Mr. Fletcher does not make his detectives supermen, or at least he has not done so in "The Markenmore Mystery" and "Rippling Ruby." There are detectives in both these stories, but in neither one do they succeed in solving the mystery before the reader does. They are not able to deduce from a waistcoat button or a pinch of cigar ashes the height and weight of a criminal and the color of his eyes. It is quite probable, however, that they are fair representatives of the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard; and it is more than likely that Scotland Yard would be stumped if it were ever set the task of unraveling a J. S. Fletcher mystery.

In "The Markenmore Mystery" Guy Markenmore returns to his old home after an absence of seven years, during which time he has held no communication with any member of the family. He remains in the house but a few moments, seeing only his brother and sister and the butler, Braxfield. He refuses to see his father or to permit his presence to be made known to him, altho the latter is on his deathbed. Early the next morning Guy's body is found in an abandoned chalk-pit. He has been shot through the head, but no weapon is found. There are clues a-plenty, but they all seem to lead in different directions. The final revelation, when it does come, is a complete surprize.

"Rippling Ruby" takes its name from a race-horse that figures in the story. James Cranage, a young and unsuccessful actor, finds himself out of a job and out of money. He is offered a sovereign to deliver a message to the proprietor of a certain shop in Portsmouth. By undertaking this commission he involves himself in a series of strange and perilous adventures. Four murders are committed, the victim being in each case a person connected with the enterprise with which the message has to do. Cranage's connection with the case becoming known, he is questioned by the detectives, but is able to give them very little help. Cranage has, in the meantime, found employment as private secretary to Lady Renardsmere, the owner of Rippling Ruby. She is a former actress, very eccentric and rich enough to indulge her two hobbies, racing and collecting precious stones. Certain strange happenings lead Cranage to believe that Lady Renardsmere has become involved in the chain of events beginning with his delivery of the message in Portsmouth. He confides his suspicions to Reggie Manson, who is training Rippling Ruby for the Derby, and who proves a sympathetic and helpful adviser. The story comes to a dramatic close with the running of the Derby. Both in "The Markenmore Mystery" and in "Rippling Ruby" Mr. Fletcher has succeeded not only in sustaining the mystery interest to the end, but also in creating characters that live and breathe like real human beings.

The stories which Mr. Arthur Train has collected under the title "Tut, Tut! Mr. Tutt" do not come under the head of detective fiction. They are episodes in the career of Mr. Tutt, that delightfully chivalrous old lawyer who is familiar to the readers of Mr. Train's earlier books. Mr. Tutt has a passion for championing the cause of the under-dog, and when he finds the law of the land arrayed on the side of the oppressor, he does not hesitate to resort to the tricks of his profession in order to serve the ends of justice. And he has some very ingenious tricks at his command. In the opening story, "The Bloodhound," an innocent man who is unfortunate enough to have a prison-record is being "framed" by the Assistant District Attorney at the behest of a political boss. The prosecutor follows the not unfamiliar tactics of asking the defendant questions which, no matter how he answers them, will give the jury the impression that he is a desperate character. Mr. Tutt awaits a favorable opportunity, puts the prosecutor on the witness stand, and gives him a dose of his own medicine to such good effect that the case against the defendant falls flat. Another particularly satisfactory story is "Saving His Face," in which Mr. Tutt digs up a forgotten statute and uses it to deflate a pompous old windbag who considers himself above the law. But all the stories are so good that it is useless to try to select the best. Mr. Train deserves the thanks of the community for creating such an unusual lawyer as Mr. Ephraim Tutt.

THE MARKENMORE MYSTERY. By J. S. Fletcher. 320 pages. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

RIPPLING RUBY. By J. S. Fletcher. 325 pages. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

TUT, TUT! MR. TUTT. By Arthur Train. 315 pages. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

Jeeves

IT MAY be true that a man can never be a hero to his valet, but a valet, if he chances to be such a one as Jeeves, can easily be a hero to his master. For Jeeves, as his master, Bertie Wooster, so eloquently expresses it, is "a most amazing cove." He is all that a perfect valet should be, and he is more. He is guide, philosopher and friend to Bertie, who frequently needs his services in all these capacities. Bertie is no intellectual giant, but it may be said to his credit that he is wise enough to lean heavily on Jeeves in time of need. Jeeves advises Bertie not only in such matters as what to wear and when to wear it, but on weightier problems connected with horse-racing and love.

Even Bertie's friends share in the services of this prince of valets, for it is Jeeves who comes to the rescue when Bingo Little falls in love with a waitress and wishes to soften the heart of his uncle, upon whose generosity his livelihood depends. In this

instance, however, Jeeves is not entirely unselfish. He has his own reasons for wishing to convert old Mortimer Little to the idea that difference in social station should be no bar to the uniting in matrimony of two hearts that beat as one. And while the outcome is not precisely what Bingo has anticipated, it is probably better so.

Jeeves is something of a tyrant, too. Wo betide Bertie Wooster if he ventures to wear a tie or a pair of socks of which the valet disapproves. Until the offending garment is discarded for good and all, Jeeves remains a valet and nothing more. Discipline must be maintained, and Jeeves knows how to maintain it.

The book is a series of episodes in which the valet extricates Bertie and his friend Bingo from one predicament after another. It was written evidently with but one purpose in view—to make the reader laugh, and there can be no questioning the fact that it accomplishes that purpose.

JEEVES. By P. G. Wodehouse. 288 pages. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.

The Black Parrot

THE Far East is, to our western eyes, so mysterious in itself that it forms an ideal background for a story of mystery, romance and adventure such as "The Black Parrot." In such a setting anything can happen—nothing seems improbable. The plot of Mr. Hervey's novel centers about an American girl who bears the unusual name of Lhassa Camber. From childhood she has felt an irresistible desire to visit Asia, and when her last remaining relative dies, she yields to this desire, traveling alone except for the companionship of a Filipino servant. She goes in search of adventure and romance, and she finds both in full measure. At Singapore she meets Captain Remy Barthélemy of the French Annamite Army. It is he who first tells her the strange story of the Black Parrot. The man who first bore that name died under the guillotine at Cayenne, but his name lives on, and so do the activities of the Black Parrot.

At Bangkok, Dr. Garth, an old friend of Lhassa's grandfather, is murdered. The police suspect a servant who has disappeared, but Lhassa has reason to believe that the crime is the work of the Black Parrot. She goes to Saigon in search of the murderer, and then, against her will, to Borneo. Here she is the guest of Stephen Conquest, who calls himself the Rajah of Kawaras. In his employ are two white men, Garon and Salazar. From the time of her arrival at Kawaras Lhassa becomes involved in a series of swift and perilous adventures which culminate in the clearing up of the mystery of the Black Parrot.

The author has succeeded to an extraordinary degree in capturing the charm and mystery of the Orient and in delineating characters whose apparently contradictory traits keep the reader in suspense until the very end. The action of the story never slows up, and the mystery remains a mystery until the final chapter.

THE BLACK PARROT. By Harry Hervey. 337 pages. New York: The Century Co. $1.90.

The Enchanted Garden

HENRY JAMES FORMAN, author of "The Man Who Lived in a Shoe," has gone far afield for the setting and theme of his latest book. "The Enchanted Garden" is a sea-yarn compounded of a shipwreck, a bit of exciting villainy, tropical islands, an irate parent determined to marry his daughter to the wrong man (à la cinematograph), and a lad in search of experience.

The tale opens on the wharves of Boston town, where Roderic Whitford, a youth who has barely shaken the dust of his teens from off his restless feet, is looking for a vessel in which to ship before the mast. He has decided to turn his back on women in general and to fit himself for the noble pursuit of manhood. After being refused by a number of ship-masters he is finally accepted

(*Continued on page 73*)

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A Close-up of Books and Authors

ADMIRERS of the exquisite craftsmanship of the Mosher Books will be glad to learn that Thomas Bird Mosher's work did not die with him. The publication of the Mosher Books is to be continued under the direction of Flora M. Lamb. No new titles will be added to the list, but reprints of earlier books in the original form will be issued when called for. The last addition to the Mosher list was "A Free Man's Worship," by Bertrand Russell. This volume was in preparation when Mr. Mosher was taken ill, and was completed under his direction.

Frank G. Carpenter, who is in Constantinople gathering material for a book on Turkey, to be published as a volume of his "World Travels" (Doubleday, Page), reports that there is talk of establishing a national library in Constantinople to take care of the many ancient manuscripts now scattered among the mosques of the city, where their custodians have little idea of their real value. It is thought possible that some early manuscripts of the books of the Bible may be found among these accumulations, few of which have ever been properly arranged or classified.

A prize of $13,500 is offered by Dodd, Mead & Co., *Pictorial Review,* and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation for a novel suitable for publication in book form and as a serial, and for motion-picture adaptation. The competition is open to any writer resident in the United States who has not yet had a novel published in book form, and the winning competitor will receive book royalties in addition to the prize. Manuscripts should be submitted to Curtis Brown, Ltd., literary agents, 116 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City, before June 1, 1924, and all inquiries about the contest should be sent to the same address. A decision will be reached by September 1, 1924. Such manuscripts, in addition to the winning one, as are considered worthy of publication will be accepted on the usual terms.

What is believed to be a record in translations of a modern novel is reported by A. C. McClurg & Co., who inform us that "Tarzan of the Apes" has been published in fifteen languages, including Finnish, Polish, Roumanian, Icelandic and Arabic.

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Leland Stanford Kemnitz of Detroit is offering, through the Bookfellows, a prize of $100 for the best sonnet or group of sonnets submitted before April 1, 1924. All inquiries concerning the contest should be addrest to Flora Warren Seymour, clerk, 4917 Blackstone Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Robert Nichols, author of "Fantastica," a collection of three tales just published by Macmillan, is Professor of English Literature in the Imperial University at Tokyo.

The George H. Doran Co. has secured the American publication rights for Howard Carter's book, "The Tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen," which will probably be published in December. The book will contain over sixty illustrations from official photographs.

Wallace Irwin, author of "Lew Tyler's Wives" (Putnam), has purchased an old Colonial house near Port Jefferson, Long Island. The house was built in 1740 by Gamaliel Strong, and Mr. Irwin has appropriately christened it "The Strong Box." It was once a coaching tavern, and it contains a now superfluous taproom and a room once occupied by George Washington.

The Yale University Press announces the publication of Parts I and II of "The Memoirs of Alexander Herzen," translated from the Russian by J. D. Duff, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, England. Mr. Duff says of these memoirs: "They paint for us an astonishing picture of Russian life under the grim rule of Nicholas—the life of the rich man in Moscow, and the life of the exile near the Ural Mountains; and they are crowded with figures and incidents which would be incredible if one were not convinced of the narrator's veracity."

It is announced by Houghton Mifflin Co. that the publication of Amy Lowell's Life of John Keats has been postponed for another year. Such an unexpected wealth of material has been found to exist in this country that the time allowed for getting it together had to be extended. One "find" is the identical passport which Keats carried on his journey to Italy. This document is the property of an American collector, who has given Miss Lowell permission to print a photographic reproduction of it in her book.

In This Month's Fiction Library

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by the captain of the *Alice*, a "newly painted green and white schooner," after the mate has looked him over and said he has "made sailors of worse material."

Supposing the schooner's destination to be England, Roderic finds to his amazement that she is headed for the South Seas, and that her destination is Suva. He further discovers that it is not so easy to escape the fair sex, either, for, with land far out of sight, he comes face to face with a lovely maiden journeying home with a stern father to their tropic island. Adventures follow in due course. Cast up by the sea when the *Alice* is lost in a tornado, Roderic finds himself on a beautiful island, the mysterious home of the girl he had met on shipboard. The scenes which follow are full of the charm and lure of tropic life, a fitting background to a course of wooing which runs none too smoothly.

THE ENCHANTED GARDEN. By Henry James Forman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.

Butterfly

KATHLEEN NORRIS has returned to her usual type and style of novel with "Butterfly," a tale of two sisters, one silly and selfish and spoiled, the other noble and self-sacrificing as heart could wish. Hilary and Dora Collier were the orphan daughters of two musicians, and from the time she was four years old great things had been predicted for Dora, the younger and the Butterfly of the title. But Hilary was far more interested in Dora's career than Dora was; the Butterfly cared more for a good time than she did for her violin, even tho it was an Amati, and found it easy to fancy herself in love with the very rich and eligible young man by whom Hilary also was strongly attracted. Indeed, considering how very different the two sisters were, they showed a quite extraordinary propensity for falling in love with the same man.

The tale meanders along familiar paths in a way which shows less of narrative skill than a Kathleen Norris novel usually displays. Of course, the disaster which threatens for a time is eventually avoided, and every one is happy in the end, Hilary included. She is more likable than such heroines generally are, and there are moments when the reader sympathizes with her quite warmly.

"Butterfly" has the atmosphere of luxury, with which Mrs. Norris so often invests her novels, as well as that Cinderella element which is always popular. As usual, there is a good deal of moralizing about the superior advantages of poverty, and how much better it is for a woman to have to do her own cooking and look after her own offspring, but the author nevertheless takes care to leave her characters extremely, even excessively, well provided with the goods of this world.

BUTTERFLY. By Kathleen Norris. With frontispiece. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Girl in the Fog

IN "The Girl in the Fog" Joseph Gollomb has created a novel that is unusually full of swift action. From the moment that a "death fog" envelopes London, in the opening scene of the book, to the final page, there is a breath-taking sequence of events and of horrors that keeps the reader engrossed. During this heavy fog the heroine's father, on his way to join his daughter at Piccadilly Palace, is murdered. The daughter, Eileen, is in the ballroom of Piccadilly Palace, many squares away from the scene of the murder, yet she seems to hear her father crying out. Her companion of the evening, with whom she is in love, disappears. Later, strong evidence leads to the imprisonment of the lover. Fast upon the shadow of the double tragedy—the father's death

(*Continued on page 75*)

McBride Books for Autumn

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Books Talked About in Literary Europe

THE learned French literary historian, M. Emile Magne, whose studies of Cyrano de Bergerac and of Scarron are highly prized for their truth and grace of style, has completed a noteworthy volume on La Rochefoucauld—"Le vrai visage de La Rochefoucauld" (Paris: Ollendorff, 15 francs). With the aid of many hitherto unpublished letters and documents he throws new light upon the psychology of the famous moralist and maker of maxims, whose early life was passed amid the political and social storms of seventeenth-century France. The fierce rivalries that then centered about the Louvre; the amours, disgraces, pardons and wild speculations of the time; the rôle played by women in the troubles of the State—all these and La Rochefoucauld's part in them are brought into vivid relief in the first half of the book. The "Maxims" naturally furnish the theme for much of the latter half. M. Magne apparently agrees quite fully with the opinion recently exprest in the INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW by Blasco Ibáñez as to La Rochefoucauld's wholesale plagiarism; but he brings out more fully than before the dependence of the maxim-maker upon a little-known English diplomatic Minister, Daniel Dyke. He says that a French translation of Mr. Dyke's book, "The Plummet of Conscience," not only influenced the moralist but also furnished large sections of matter for his volume. Tho La Rochefoucauld lacked imagination and originality, M. Emile Magne credits him with rare skill in compressing and giving a finer point to the ideas that he appropriated from others. Especially apt was he in using hostile criticisms of his embryonic maxims to grind these to a keener edge.

Edith Wharton's new novel, "A Son at the Front," has been running serially in French in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* since September 1, a rare honor for a novel by an American.

"The Life of Mrs. Humphry Ward," written by her daughter, Mrs. Tevelyan, gets its due of praise from the London critics, but *The Nation and Athenæum* makes its publication the occasion for some remarks on Mrs. Ward's novels that would have shocked her many readers on both sides of the Atlantic a quarter of a century ago. Listen to this:

> None of the great Victorian reputations has sunk lower than that of Mrs. Humphry Ward. Her novels, already strangely out of date, hang in the lumber-room of letters like the mantles of our aunts, and produce in us the same desire that they do to smash the window and let in the air, to light the fire and pile the rubbish on top. Some books fade into a gentle picturesqueness with age. But there is a quality, perhaps a lack of quality, about the novels of Mrs. Ward which makes it improbable that, however much they fade, they will ever become picturesque. Their large bunches of jet, their intricate festoons of ribbon, skilfully and firmly fabricated as they are, obstinately resist the endearments of time.

The reviewer just quoted thinks that the "depressing effect" of Mrs. Ward's books must be attributed to the fact that while her imagination always attempts to soar, it always agrees to perch; and that this is why we never wish to open her novels again. At the same time he admits that there is a living and interesting woman to be found in the pages of Mrs. Trevelyan's biography. (London: Constable).

The certainty with which Italian fiction writers grasp the life of the peasant, as contrasted with the uncertainty that seizes them when they deal with the life of cities, is again illustrated in Mario Puccini's volume of short stories, "L'Inganno della Carne" (Rome: Mondadori). In classic Tuscan, and in tales of irreproachable taste and content, Signor Puccini depicts those practical but childish country folk who have been for centuries the strength of Italy. As a reviewer in the London *Times Literary Supplement* remarks, his characters lack the spontaneous humor of the Irish rustics endeared to us by Miss Somerville and Miss Ross, yet they are genuine creations, whose counterparts may be recognized in any Italian village. The journey of Nonno Isola to serve on a jury at Viterbo when in the clutches of fever is one of the best episodes in the collection. One of the most tragically lifelike, entitled simply "Caratteri," places in contrast a greedy old grandmother, an impoverished daughter, and a little granddaughter who refuses to bend her neck to the grandmother's tyrannies.

Eugene O'Neill and his plays are the theme of a recent article by a German dramatic critic, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, in *Das Tagebuch.* After reading "Emperor Jones" and "The Hairy Ape," he declares that "these plays and certain others that preceded them have given Mr. O'Neill the foremost place among living American playwrights." All these pieces, he finds, are purely acting dramas, through and through, each with a sharp outline and a solid constructive strength, qualities that are heightened rather than weakened by certain American methods or mannerisms, such as the rhythmic repetition of situations, motives and words. Herr von Hofmannsthal admires especially the strength and directness of the dialog, and what he calls its "brutal and picturesque lyrical quality."

The historical facts that inspired Joseph Conrad to write "Lord Jim" have recently been the theme of an interesting correspondence in the London *Times Literary Supplement.* Frank Swettenham, who was in the Far East at the period in question, writes to correct a statement that the place where Lord Jim finally worked out his salvation was on the Sumatra coast. In making his point he retells the whole episode, as recorded in the Singapore courts. It appears that an Arab in Singapore named Seyyid Muhammad Alsagoff, a rich man, was the principal owner of a steamer called the *Jeddah* which carried Moslem pilgrims from the Dutch East Indies to Jeddah and back. She was old, heavily insured, and the master was part owner. She left Singapore with about 900 pilgrims, and while in the Arabian Sea, during heavy weather, the master and all the officers except the second mate (who was not quick enough) abandoned the ship in the darkness of night and left the pilgrims to their fate. They pulled away to Aden and reported that the steamer had gone down with all the pilgrims. But a ship of the Blue Funnel Line, sighting the *Jeddah* wallowing in the trough of the sea, sent men aboard, manned the pumps, and ultimately navigated the ship into Aden with all the pilgrims and the second officer—the Lord Jim of Conrad's tale—safe on board. Sensation and scandal at Aden! The master got away out of jurisdiction, but "Jim," the hero of the story, as shown by the voluminous record of the inquiry which followed, was taken to Singapore, where, according to Mr. Swettenham, he found work in a ship chandler's store, grew fat, and prospered. That was how he really "worked out his salvation." Mr. Swettenham, after delving in the archives of the case, adds a picturesque touch which Mr. Conrad must have missed, else he surely would have used it. All the Moslem pilgrims, as customary on such a journey, were provided with winding sheets in which to be buried in case of accidental death, and when they discovered their plight they all left the decks for a while and then reappeared clothed in their shrouds. What a picture! A waterlogged ship, rolling in a heavy sea, the passengers deserted by all those responsible for their safety—except Jim—and then silently the decks covered by 900 figures, wrapt in white graveclothes, waiting for their doom!

In This Month's Fiction Library

(*Continued from page 73*)

and the lover's implication—follow horrors which threaten to unbalance the girl. It is only by the aid of a strong intellect and tenacious courage that she is able to struggle with the evil forces, mental and physical, which are directed against her, and to carry the story on to its surprizing end.

The author attempts no feat of style or of philosophy. He has a story of thrills to relate, and he relates it in a simple and direct manner. Yet his work of character-creation is not carelessly done. In Hutch, the highly intelligent beast; Dargan, the man of sinister nervousness; and Pete, the butcher-like creature of the underworld, Mr. Gollomb creates characters that are the materialization of bestiality and crime. In contrast to these are Eileen Goodrich, around whom the action revolves; Hugo Garra, a man of sensitive and devoted nature; and Hawley, the straightforward, clear-thinking Scotland Yard inspector. The chief merit of the story, however, is its rush from one thrill to another.

THE GIRL IN THE FOG. By Joseph Gollomb. 255 pages. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.

The Bird of Passage

Ever since he could remember, an open road had haunted him. Ever since he could remember, the names of far-off cities had rung like bells in his ears. As a boy in a straw hat . . . he had been an avid listener to tales told by ragged travelers who dropped off to change freights at the watering tank. At sixteen he followed the trails of his fancy. . . . When the damp March winds began to blow and the hoot of the engine whistle was soft in the mellow air, he was off again. . . . The time came when he cast his lot for good with those land mariners who criss-cross the American continent as sailors travel the seven seas.

HE WAS called Springtime, and he was a real hobo, a brother of the wild goose. He was neither a ballyhooer nor a thief, but he hobnobbed with both; all the royalty of the road were his brothers. He learned their cunning without their cupidity, and every bum from York to Frisco knew that Springtime could be trusted.

All this romance of the road is sweet to us who have not the courage to answer when we hear the call. We are quick to jump aboard the first imaginary freight train and make for the open spaces of the mind. "The Bird of Passage" is a convenient freight train. It takes us through broad fields and deep ravines. But, as real freight trains always do, it heads for the town, and, unhappily, it spends a good deal of time on dingy side tracks, and now and then loads up with such unromantic cargoes as "early Osborne beans." Finally, to the disappointment of all vagabond readers who have followed its steely tracks, the car is taken off and turned into a stationary dwelling, its restless soul buried forever beneath the cement foundations of an ordinary home. And so what might have been a saga of the art of American vagabondage becomes a commonplace novel to be browsed over by the autumn fireside.

THE BIRD OF PASSAGE. By John Schoolcraft. 295 pages. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

The Bulletin of the Associated Mountaineering Clubs of North America for 1923 lists fifty-five clubs and societies which, in addition to their outdoor activities, have a common interest in the creation, development and protection of National Parks and Forests. Besides presenting a complete directory of the officers of the various clubs, the Bulletin tells what these clubs have accomplished, not only in mountain climbing, but also in educating the public to an appreciation of the value of our forests and the importance of the preservation of wild life. The secretary of the Associated Mountaineering Clubs is Mr. Leroy Jeffers, Librarian of the American Alpine Club, New York City.

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NEW YORK TIMES—"Throughout this intimate diary of Lord Northcliffe's tour of the world, one has the sensation of listening to this eminent British journalist instead of merely turning over page after page of reading matter, with its story of where he went, what he did, and his very private thoughts on many subjects. This posthumous publication of what he called his 'World Whirl has been carefully edited by two of his brothers, Cecil and St. John Harmsworth."

CHICAGO POST—"To the thousands who have been interested in Lord Northcliffe's success this intimate glimpse into the inner circle of his mind is most compelling. To the many who stay at home, it is a rare treat to see the far-away places of the world and their peoples through his unprejudiced mind and alert intellect."

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GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON *By Patrick Braybrooke*

With an introduction by Arthur F. Thorn. This is a comprehensive survey of the work of this most prolific and, in many senses, most interesting of contemporary writers. Chesterton has probably done more to stimulate and preserve the primitive sense of wonder and joy in human life than any other living writer. His witty paradoxes show a keen insight into human motives. His philosophy is that of the real, the true and the good. Qualities such as these have made him almost a universal favorite. This interpretation of his life and works by one of his kinsmen who knows him intimately should therefore prove exceptionally popular. *Frontispiece of author. 120 pages.* $2.00

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MONTE FELIS. By Mary Brearley. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.

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A HISTORY OF ORNAMENT: RENAISSANCE AND MODERN. By A. D. F. Hamlin. Illustrated. New York: The Century Co. $5.

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THE HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA. By Miguel de Cervantes. Based on Shelton's translation of 1620. With illustrations by Jean de Bosschère, and an essay by J. B. Trend. New York: George H. Doran Co.

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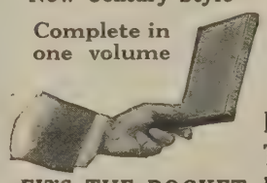

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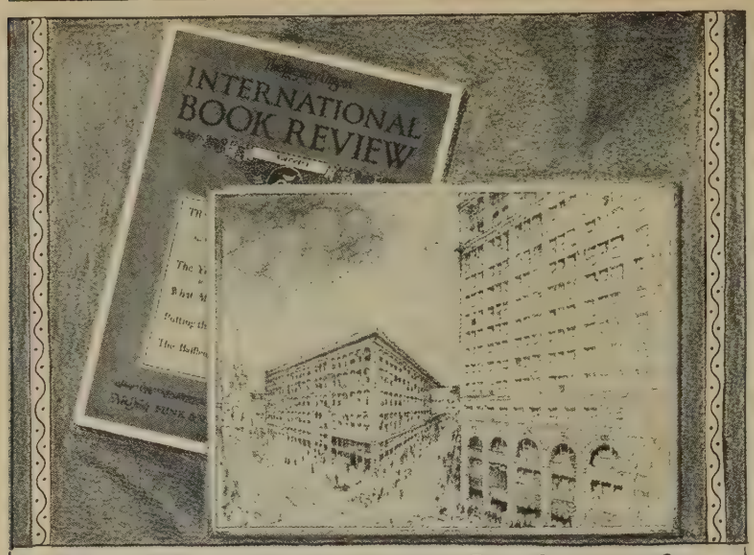

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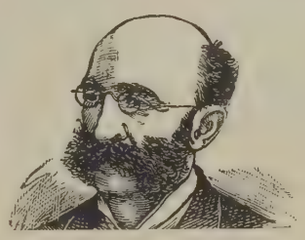

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The Literary Question Box

QUESTIONS

THE purpose of this Department is to develop self-service. Readers will aid each other in tracing and locating elusive literary quips, poetic phrases or lines, popular rimes, aphorisms, ballads, maxims, proverbs, etc. All communications should be written only on one side of the paper, and should be addrest to The Literary Question Box, International Book Review. Replies are printed in the order of their receipt and credit is given to other correspondents in rotation. The space limits imposed on the Department allow the consideration of questions only of wide interest. Such as can be answered direct will be so treated by the Editor on receipt of a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous correspondents.

Along Erin's Green Shore

A W. A., Los Angeles, Calif.—I wish to ask if any one can irnish me with the following songs, ne of Ireland, beginning "One vening as late I wandered, down by fair flowing stream, . . . I dreamed saw a pretty, fair maiden, liberty as the emblem she bore . . . Re-ain: Round, round with the rose nd the shamrock, that grows along rin's green shore." It was sung bout the same time as Lord Lovell. Another I would like to get is ntitled "The Dear Young Folks t Home." It begins

'Twas in a southern grove I dwelt,
No sorrow there I knew;
o fast I scarcely knew the hours,
That fairly o'er me flew.

CHORUS

I'm sad; no joy for me;
Why did I ever roam?
Oh, shall I never see
The dear young folks at home?

Behold This Ruin

R. I. C., Chicago, Ill.—Please t me venture to call your attention o the lines printed on page 687 of ne excellent latest edition of Hoyt's ew Cyclopedia of Quotations. I refer to the lines beginning "Be-old this Ruin." These are taken om the "Ode to a Skeleton," rinted in 1816.

One of my friends tells me that is first made its appearance in the ondon *Chronicle* in 1816, and at-acted so much attention that a eward of 50 guineas was offered for nformation that would lead to the iscovery of the author.

Later in the same year, Novem-er, 1816, it appeared in the London *uropean Magazine*, signed with ne initial "V." This initial was ne that was used by Miss Anna J. ardill, a lady who wrote for the bove magazine over the initial.

However, I am told that she de-ied the authorship, and apparently ne coincidence of the initial was the nly thing to connect her with the oem.

I am somewhat curious to learn ist how well-founded this informa-ion is. Can any reader of The iterary Question Box throw light n the subject?

In the Gloaming

L. L. McK., Springhill, La.—A good many years ago, while I was n school, I read a poem which was ery beautiful, and two lines of hich have rung through my mind ll these years. In all my browsing round, however, I have never een able to find this poem again. an any one help me? The two nes referred to are:

t started in the gloaming, and busily
all the night,
illed every field and highway with
a silence deep and white.

Memnon's Lyre

Mrs. R. T., Eagle Pass, Texas.—Can any of your readers tell me the author of the following lines?

And Memnon's lyre hath lost the
chord
That breathed the mystic tone
And the strains (songs) at Rome's
high triumphs poured
Are with her eagles flown.

Also of the following quotation:

An idle brain is the devil's workshop.

That Wind that Blows

R. L. M., Richmond, Va.—There is a haunting meter in a little piece whose fragments long have been in mind. My efforts to find the complete poem and the author's name have been without fruit; I appeal to you, therefore, for the benefit of your erudition. The fragments run like this:

Which e'er way the wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
Blow it East or blow it West,
That wind that blows is best.

I quote from treacherous memory and the weakness of the last line convinces me of the fact. There are, I think, four stanzas.

A Northland Story

W. B. T., Prospect, Ohio.—For several years I have been searching for a story with an ancient Northland setting, and which concerns a party snowbound in a castle. There is also a poison-containing ring which one character uses to dispose of himself or another. I am unable to say whether this is a long epic poem or is in prose, but have a vague recollection of having run across it somewhere. Can any one help me find it?

Chartless on the Sea

Mrs. W. T. H., Albuquerque, N. M.—In 1893 at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, on one of the pillars of the Peristyle, was an engraved poem a few lines of which were as follows:

. . . but bolder they who first off cast
Their moorings from the habitable
past
And ventured chartless on the sea
Of . . . mentality.

Can any one tell me the name of the author, the name of the poem, and where it may be found?

Also the author and complete poem of which the following lines are a part:

I love to gaze on a scene like this,
It makes the heart grow young.

Faithful Pompey

H. F., Oklahoma City, Okla.—Can any of your readers give me the author and the complete poem of which the following lines are a part:

Move my arm chair, faithful Pompey,
In the sunlight, bright and strong,
For the world is fading, Pompey,
Massa won't be with you long.

ANSWERS

This Way Home

Dorothy Green, Lincoln, Nebr.—The poem asked for in the August number by "A. M.," Redlands, Calif., is "Jobson's Amen," by Rudyard Kipling. It may be found on page 571-572 of the inclusive edition of Kipling's verse, published in 1920 by Doubleday, Page & Company, New York. The first and second stanzas are as follows—

Blessèd be the English and all their
ways and works.
Cursèd be the Infidels, Heretics and
Turks!
"Amen," quo' Jobson, "but where I
used to lie
Was neither Candle, Bell nor Book to
curse my brethren by:

But a palm-tree in full bearing, bowing
down,
bowing down
To a surf that drove unsparing at the
brown,
walled town—
Conches in a temple, oil-lamps in a
dome—
And a low moon out of Africa said:
'This way home!'"

This poem consists of eight stanzas.

Some Fireless Cave

Frances M. Vaughan, Columbus, O.—The poem requested by "O. W. A.," Brooklyn, N. Y., is "Evolution," by Langdon Smith. It consists of ten verses, the first and last of which are—

When you were a tadpole and I was
a fish,
In the Paleozoic time,
And side by side on the sluggish tide
We sprawled through the ooze and
slime,
Or skittered with many a caudal flip
Through the depths of the Cambrian
fen—
My heart was rife with the joy of life
For I loved you even then.

Mindless we lived, mindless we loved,
And mindless at last we died;
And deep in the rift of a Caradoc drift
We slumbered side by side.
The world turned on in its lathe of
time,
The hot sands heaved amain,
Till we caught our breath in the womb
of death
And crept into life again.

Fling at Life

Mrs. J. A. Mack, Kansas, Ill.—I am sending you a copy of the poem asked for by "G. I. McI.," Little Rock, Ark. It appeared in *The Santa Fe Magazine* for November, 1915 (p. 82), and is entitled "The Price He Paid." Ella Wheeler Wilcox is the author, and the poem consists of seven verses, the first of which is—

I said I would have my fling,
And do what a young man may;
And I didn't believe a thing
That the parsons have to say.
I didn't believe in a God
That gives us blood like fire,
That flings us into hell because
We answer the call of desire.

(The copy made and sent to the Question Box by our correspondent has been forwarded to "G. I. McI.," Little Rock, Ark.—*Editor.*)

Thanks are due for answers received also from Rev. Joseph Francis Hughes, Saranac Lake, N. Y.; Katherine S. Moore, Columbia, S. C.; Francis C. Leupold, Philadelphia, Pa.

Better Five Guilty Escape

George H. Crass, Muskegon, Mich.—The quotation sought by "L. E. B.," Bessemer, Ala., will be found in "Hale's Pleas of the Crown," page 289, where it is said: "In some cases presumptive evidence goes far to prove a person guilty, though there is no express proof of the fact to be committed by him; but then it must be warily expressed, for it is better five guilty persons should escape punishment than one innocent person should die."

The same sentiment is exprest by Chancellor Fortescue in "Praise of the Law of England," page 59, where it is said: "Indeed, one would rather, much rather, that twenty guilty persons escape punishment of death, than one innocent person be condemned and suffer capitally."

Both of these passages were quoted by John Adams in his speech in defense of the British soldiers, accused of murder in the Boston Riot of 1770, which can be found in "A Library of the World's Best Orations," Vol. 1, page 46.

Among the Gods of Modern Grub Street

(*Continued from page 20*)

for an article of 5,000 words, he would hand in 14,000 words, but the words were so acceptable to his editors that they were constrained to humor him, and sometimes print his articles in two instalments. He was evidently a critic who, like the late Watts-Dunton in *The Anthenæum*, needed a great deal of sea-room, and, while scarcely to be called a defect, even in the papers as now more comfortably provided with space in book form, one does feel a certain excess, an undue flamboyance, of method. They would have been the better had Scott been able somewhat to restrain his eager volubility and concentrate rather than expand his points of view. And the emotional rush of them becomes at times a little overpowering.

Yet Mr. Beerbohm agrees that the faults of his manner are more than redeemed by the merits. "His boisterousness is never of that kind—that Futuristic kind—which doesn't strike one as having a corresponding vitality to back it up. There is always behind it a strong-rushing current of thought and feeling." And Mr. Beerbohm continues with this admirably just appreciation:

> One often wonders which of these two things, the power to feel strongly and the power to think strongly, plays the greater part in the making of fine criticism. Feeling, of course, comes first in point of time. First the surrender to a work of art, the sensitive delight in it and passionate absorption of it. There are critics who never get beyond that stage—and very good critics, too, many of them; but incomplete. We are grateful to them for having rapture and for passing it on to us; but we want to know *why* they and we are in such ecstasies. In other words, a critic ought to be able to use his brain as well as his heart. Dixon Scott kept a powerful and subtle brain working at high pressure for us. You will find nothing tentative in these pages, and nothing left to chance. Before he put pen to paper, he always knew what he was about; he had always gone to the root of his subject, grasped the whole range of it. It is true that in every essay he seems to be setting out breathlessly on a wild and mysterious adventure fraught with all manner of difficulties and perils which he will not disguise from you, his companion. But you need have no fear. He knows the way. He has been over all the ground. He knows just where the goal is, and will punctually set you down there.

Dixon Scott is mainly, tho not entirely, concerned with his contemporaries. For those who simply can not read enough about those sorely neglected super-journalists, Scott has papers on "The Innocence of Bernard Shaw," "The Artlessness of Mr. H. G. Wells," "The Commonsense of Mr. Arnold Bennett," "The Guilt of Mr. Chesterton"—a style of title of which we are somewhat weary. For those interested in modern English drama he has papers on "Mr. Granville Barker and an Alibi," "The Real Stanley Houghton" (the untimely lost author of "Hindle Wakes") and "The Ambitions of Sir James Barrie, Bart." He has a laudatory paper too on Sir James Barrie's creator—and his own "discoverer"—Robertson Nicoll, that astutest of literary "boomsters," who was, indeed, the inventor of the "boom" in literature and the whole gentle art of the inflation of literary values as we now know it. "Greatest of living Scotsmen" he was dubbed by some amusing, grateful soul, and certainly of all Scotsmen he was the canniest. All these papers are packed with the vitality of rather boyish hero-worship, but subjects possibly of more central and lasting interest are "The Meekness of Mr. Rudyard Kipling"—to whom perhaps of all living writers, with the exception of Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. Joseph Conrad, the term "genius" is alone properly applied, if, to quote Mr. Mais, "by that strange word we mean a man whose mental processes completely evade us"—Henry James, Beau Beerbohm, "The Art of Mrs. Meynell," "The Homeliness of Browning," "The First Morris," "Walt Whitman."

Perhaps of all these papers that on William Morris has the most permanent value, tho here again he could profitably have developed his thesis in half the space. If Scott seems to have missed the value of Morris's longer narrative poems and his wonderful prose romances, one is grateful for his masterly study of Morris's first strange volume of poems, "The Defense of Guenevere," always by some good judges accounted his best. In this essay Scott's rare understanding of poetical technique and of the evolution of poetical style is remarkably displayed, a gift doubtless quickened in him by his discipleship to Professor Oliver Elton of Liverpool University, to whose at once broad and exquisite critical method his own has an evident affinity.

Of these three volumes, Mr. St. John Adcock's "Gods of Modern Grub Street" is the most companionable, the most "human." While one enjoys Mr. Mais for his gusto, his truculence and frequent wrong-headedness occasionally provoke our opposition and Dixon Scott's ecstasies are too overwrought for us to enjoy more than a few pages at a time. But, for all his sympathies with "modernity," there is something of eighteenth-century "level-headedness" about Mr. St. John Adcock's writing that is very welcome after all the twentieth-century "Sturm und Drang." One can imagine that Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" was his model for these admirable little biographical-critical papers, tho he is more catholic in his judgments and sympathies than the Great Cham of the original Grub Street. He is all-round in his appreciation, and enjoys the good in all sorts and conditions of good work. He is committed to no theories or formulas, and the mystery stories of Mr. Phillips Oppenheim are as much to his liking as the ruthless pessimism of Mr. Somerset Maugham. With most of his "gods," too, he is intimately acquainted, and is thus able to enliven his pages with much illuminative and entertaining anecdotage. There are thirty-three "gods" of all ages and every kind of literary cult in his volume, from Mr. Thomas Hardy to Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, and there are few writers who have "arrived" during the last thirty or forty years whom we miss from his contemporary Pantheon. Of the poets represented, his account of Mr. William Henry Davies, that "super-tramp" of Parnassus, will perhaps have most novel interest to American readers, to whom his picturesque career is largely unfamiliar. His discrimination between the good and the less good in the work of his Grub Street deities is keen as it is friendly, and his book has, therefore, real critical as well as biographical value.

Galsworthy and May Sinclair in Friendly Rivalry

(*Continued from page 21*)

of the Evidence," the most daring and most fantastic of the tales, tells us what happened to Marston when he married a second time, which was, in fact, the appearance of the first wife's ghost in the bridal chamber. It is a mother's ghost that threatens another bridegroom in "If the Dead Knew"—this time a weak-sister person who is not worth the effort of the story. "The Victim" has a ghastliness that has the effect of being casually if not carelessly presented. In "The Finding of the Absolute" Miss Sinclair has fun with a three-dimensional state of consciousness, Einstein, Kant, Mr. Spaulding, Mr. Spaulding's wife, who ran away, and heaven. She leaves us in heaven.

Mr. Galsworthy never leaves the world. And to this master of drama the world is by no means always a stage, in any play sense. Evidently he is concerned not at all about any short-story quarrels. I fancy he would avoid these by the simple expedient of not characterizing the elements except as studies, which, indeed, most of them are, tho certain others are perfect-faceted gems of pure story form. "The Feud," for example, which opens the volume of "Captures,"[2] is a finely coordinated dramatization of human motives, an example of the amazing ease with which Mr. Galsworthy attains that curve of mounting emotions in which one feels the force of destiny. Men who look squarely at life are open to the hazard of being called fatalists, with every chance, of course, that the word will be used without much of perceptive intent behind it. Mr. Galsworthy is very far from being a fatalist. Even when he is giving to shadows the color of a profound inevitableness, there is always the glint, as from himself, of a British

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[2] CAPTURES. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

faith in favor of a blundering through to the light. His disenchantment may seem to be complete. He can not always escape at least the closer use of the much-misused word cynic. Yet his crises of calamity are never stated as if he were winning a bet.

It has always seemed to me that the tragic twist which so frequently closes Mr. Galsworthy's dramatic curve differs sharply and provocatively from the droop of even an enlightened pessimism, if there is such a thing, by the fact that it secretes a protest. If romance is the realism of the imagination, realism can be the bitter complaint of romance. Basically Mr. Galsworthy is a romantic—a romantic in revolt against the sordidness, the stupidities, the injustices, the hypocrisies of the world, even in revolt, on occasion, against Providence. His curve may have the final turn imposed by a philosophy of consequences. The hand that draws the story curve is never harsh, and the characterizations do not merely betray, they proclaim, a responsive spectator with a tolerance that is not a compromise with justice, a persistent if not always a submissive sympathy. When he is satirizing middle-aged sentimentalism in "The Hedonist," or paying tribute to breeding in "The Man Who Kept His Form," a chance reader might erect a theory of his facility in a special field, he is so much at home in translating conventions. In following the perspectives of formal society he is here as always easily in command of the human implications. "Stroke of Lightning" and "A Long-Ago Affair," one a bit of drama with the disaster of an excoriating passion, the other a glancing reminiscence with a quick illumination of feminine character, both have this quality of high apprehension and graphic portrayal. But we are reminded anew that the excursions of Mr. Galsworthy's mind have no field limits. His sense of motive is bred of understandings deeper than class. His sureness with all sorts and conditions is the thing that gives a comfort to reading him, not simply because it imparts a symmetry, but because it makes you forget symmetries in an assured sense of reality. "The Broken Boot," the story of an actor down on his luck, is as stark as any Russian record, with a hovering humor not touched by any such likeness. "Santa Lucia" is sheer romance, and "Salta Pro Nobis," which Mr. Galsworthy explicitly calls "a variation," is even more markedly a change of mood. We inevitably think of "The Duchesse de Langais." Balzac would have made "Salta Pro Nobis" longer. He could not have made it more vivid. The girl who dances for the nuns before her dying time, and Sister Marie, wistfully the prettiest in the convent, fascinated by the expression of a life forbidden and fateful, are figures out of romance's endless gallery. "Acme" is a whimsy; "Virtue" is a piece of life with all the inconclusiveness of life; "Blackmail" is an ironic revelation, or rather, an ironic question mark planted in the midst of a groping world.

For me the outstanding triumph of the book is "Late—299," the story of a doctor released from prison after serving his time for malpractise. A peculiar suspended terror is imparted to the homecoming of a man upon whom the sarcasm of social pressure has left its disfigurement. Wife, children, father, are etched with a consummate intensity, bitten into a picture that carries the desperate, unanswerable implications of private suffering under the wheels of public machinery. The doctor is a piercing creation from which you shrink, but by which you are stirred to inordinate pity. This is the Galsworthy way—to leave you at the end with pities multiplied, with bigotries chastened, with the social vision more responsibly cleared.

It does not matter much whether we classify Mr. Galsworthy's style or philosophy as this or that. Definitions, we may admit, can be important. There are many men in jail to prove that definitions are deeds. But art classifications—even work of art classifications, which are a larger consideration—are less vital than a sense we may have of significance in the artist himself. Neither the stress of the world nor the gestations of his product have shaken Mr. Galsworthy's serenity. As an artist he can reach creative anger, but he manages to avoid exasperation. He himself is likely to end happily; that is to say, in consistent accord with a fine creed and a fine code. To filch his own interpretation of the term, he will ever be The Man Who Kept His Form.

"Bound to make a sensation on both sides of the Atlantic."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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The Constitution Among Friends

(*Continued from page 43*)

to-day is rather to keep, so far as possible, the inevitable tendency measurably in check.

It is with the duality of our form of government that Charles W. Pierson is mainly concerned in "Our Changing Constitution."(2) The sun do move, and so does the constitution. It has changed by interpretation and amendment. And by usurpation? So far as Federal power has grown at the expense of the States, it has been either by the words of the Supreme Court or by the thrusting of additional responsibilities upon the central government of the people. The people are demanding more of the central government than ever, more than it can well perform, more, too, than it can constitutionally perform. Mr. Pierson regrets exceedingly that the constitutional equilibrium between the general and State governments is not being preserved. "Some will say that this is an age of progress, and we are improving upon Hamilton. Others, however, think we are forgetting the wisdom of the Fathers." Mr. Pierson is of the latter number, and his final words are: "Back to the Constitution!"

Mr. Pierson quotes the warning contained in an address delivered by Elihu Root in 1906:

> The governmental control which they [the people] deem just and necessary they will have. It may be that such control would better be exercised in particular instances by the governments of the States, but the people will have the control they need either from the States or from the National Government; and if the States fail to furnish it in due measure, sooner or later constructions of the Constitution will be found to vest the power where it will be exercised—in the National Government. The true and only way to preserve State authority is to be found in the awakened conscience of the States, their broadened views and higher standard of responsibility to the general public; in effective legislation by the States, in conformity to the general moral sense of the country; and in the vigorous exercise for the general public good of that State authority which is to be preserved.

If not in "constructions of the Constitution," then in amendments to the Constitution will be found the answer to the public demand for adequate action. But amendment of the Constitution is a slow, tedious, difficult process. As Mr. Beck observes:

> Nothing is more striking in the Constitution than the care with which the founders sought to remove the powers of legislation from the direct action of the people. . . . Even an amendment to the Constitution could not be directly proposed by the people in the exercise of their residual power or adopted by them. It could only be proposed by two-thirds of the House and the Senate, and then could only become effective if ratified by three-fourths of the States, acting, not by popular vote, but through their chosen representatives either in their legislatures or special conventions. Thus they denied the power of a majority to alter even their form of government.

It is noteworthy, perhaps, that to-day a bare majority in the legislatures of thirteen States having a total population of less than five and a half millions, out of more than 105,000,000 in the whole country, is competent to defeat an amendment proposal submitted for ratification.

Most of us who have been to school remember, out of our early lessons in history and civics, what Gladstone once said about the American Constitution—"the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." Mr. Beck's comment on this oft-quoted estimate is that, tho the founders of the Republic did not have the inspired wisdom to create by sheer intuition, *de novo*, a wonderful constitution, they did have the practical capacity to create one from the materials furnished by study of English and colonial history and by experience with the inadequacies of the futile Confederation.

> It was as much the result [he says] of slow, laborious and painful evolution as was the British Constitution. Probably Gladstone so understood the development of the American Constitution, and recognized that its framing was only the culmination of an evolution of many years. . . .

> The Constitution of 1787 is, in most of its essential principles, still the Constitution of 1922. This surely marks it as a marvel in statecraft and can be explained only by the fact that the Constitution was developed by a people who, "as children brave and free of the great mother-tongue," had a real genius for self-government and its essential element, the spirit of self-restraint.

One can not but wonder if a people possessing such a genius for self-government and such a spirit of self-restraint will not eventually see fit to trust itself with fuller participation in responsive and responsible national government.

(2) Our Changing Constitution. By Charles W. Pierson. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. 181 pages.

Brander Matthews as a Dramatic Critic

(*Continued from page 45*)

of letters who has been active in many other fields, as a playwright, a novelist, a writer of short-stories, a biographer, an essayist, a poet, a reviewer, and a scholar; but I think that, a century or two from now, it will be his one accomplishment that will have proved to be most lasting. Even if nobody reads his books at that far distant date, his principles of dramatic criticism will still be used by others, as a natural and necessary factor of the common currency of thought. Meanwhile, his books—the present one, for instance—are eminently readable. He is never "academic," never "professional," in the forbidding senses of those formal adjectives. Like Andrew Lang, he wears his learning lightly, as a suit of comfortable clothes, instead of clanking it about him, and rattling around within it, as if it were a suit of formidable armor. His writing is easy and anecdotal and has the flavor of choice conversation. Above all, he is always lucid. He knows precisely what he means and says precisely what he means; and he never utilizes language, according to that quip of Talleyrand's, to conceal his thoughts.

There is one phrase in the Prefatory Note to "Playwrights on Playmaking" which I find it impossible to pass by without a word of comment, even tho I shall be forced to sacrifice that apparent attitude of impersonality which is proper to the reviewer of a current book. This is the phrase: "I am now swiftly descending into the dim valley beyond." It has been the privilege of Mr. Matthews to know intimately nearly all the noted artists of the last half century, in America, in England, and in France; and perhaps his finest contribution to the civilizing cause of art has been the unfailing friendliness, the unselfish assistance, that out of his great heart he has given to hundreds of his fellow-workers. Ask any of the thousands of his students at Columbia what they think of Brander—for on the campus he is never spoken of by any other name; ask any of the younger authors he has started on their path—the playwrights, the essayists, the story-writers, the fellows who are just beginning and are not yet noted and maybe never will be noted. They will tell you that he has taught them common sense, and held out to them a high example of clear thinking, simple utterance, hatred of all shams and freedom from all affectations, and those four cardinal qualities which Lowell enumerated as indispensable to the critic—culture, equipment, disinterestedness, and sympathy. For my own part, I can not forbear saying that all that I have done in letters has been due to him, and I wish that I had done much more and done much better, for the sake of my sometime teacher and my all-time friend. And surely it must be a noble thing, when a man has reached the peak of threescore years and ten, to be able to look downward from the summit over the traveled path and to see a host of followers treading upward with their faces toward him and the sunlight of his leading in their eyes.

Those who, in their school days, have recited "The Burial of Sir John Moore" (and who has not?) should be interested in learning that Appletons are publishing "The Life and Letters of Sir John Moore," by Beatrice Brownrigg. It is the story of an interesting man who was an outstanding figure in British military history.

With the Makers of Books in America

(*Continued from page 64*)

Then two years later the firm took over the publishing business of Roberts Bros., and with it they acquired the works of Louisa M. Alcott, Helen Hunt Jackson, Edward Everett Hale, and Miss Wormley's translations of Balzac, among other titles. It was this acquisition that gave Little, Brown & Co. a national standing as publishers of general literature.

If the sale of a book is any criterion of its worth—particularly if the sale is sustained over a period of years—then this firm has scored high in the publication of books for children and housewives. It has sold 3,000,000 copies of Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women," while "The Boston Cooking School Cook Book" has for a long time far outstript its competitors. This book has even appeared recently on lists of the best selling non-fiction publications. Its sales have averaged more than seventy-five thousand copies a year since it was first published, twenty-eight years ago. Another book that has taken its place among the indispensable household possessions is Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations." The author was connected with the firm for many years.

Webster's speeches are said, by the way, to have been the only published volume of oratory that has ever been a financial success. Certainly these speeches established a record for the time, as the author's royalties on the first edition alone amounted to approximately $40,000.

Successes of this kind, which mark the history of Little, Brown & Co., were not by any means confined to the nineteenth century. In the field of modern fiction this firm published Jeffery Farnol's "The Broad Highway" after the manuscript had been turned down by various publishers, and it was a spectacular success from the day it appeared in 1911. Another well-known author on the Little, Brown list is E. Phillips Oppenheim, whose tremendously popular books the firm has been publishing since 1904. Then there is "If Winter Comes," which has lately reached its 407th thousand.

The bookstore out of which this publishing business grew has been growing apace. It occupies the front portion of the present building at 34 Beacon Street. The house, with its long French windows, which open on to a little balcony and overlook the Common, is known as the Cabot house, and is typical of the Boston dwelling of a century ago. In this respect the present occupants have preserved its atmosphere with admirable fidelity. Practically no changes have been made in the large, high-studded rooms. The carved woodwork, the marble fireplaces, the wide staircases with their mahogany balustrades preserve the air that belongs to the world of books and felicitously suggest the colophon of the firm: "It matters not how many you have, but how good they are."

Hall Caine's Pacifist Parable

(*Continued from page 27*)

and France, England and the United States refused to fight, and allowed Germany to do with them according to her pleasure! The world of to-day may fall far short of what it ought to be, but it might be well occasionally to stop complaining over what is, and give a few minutes' consideration to what might have been.

In a long "Editorial Note" the publishers explain that Hall Caine was "an advocate of the Allied cause" throughout the war, and was knighted for his services, so that he really must not be regarded as one whose patriotism can be called into question, while to their explanation the author adds a "Preface," assuring us that the book was written to relieve his feelings, and that the story came to him in a dream. Altogether, they would seem to have felt that "The Woman of Knockaloe" required a good deal of explanation—and of explanation which is very like excuse.

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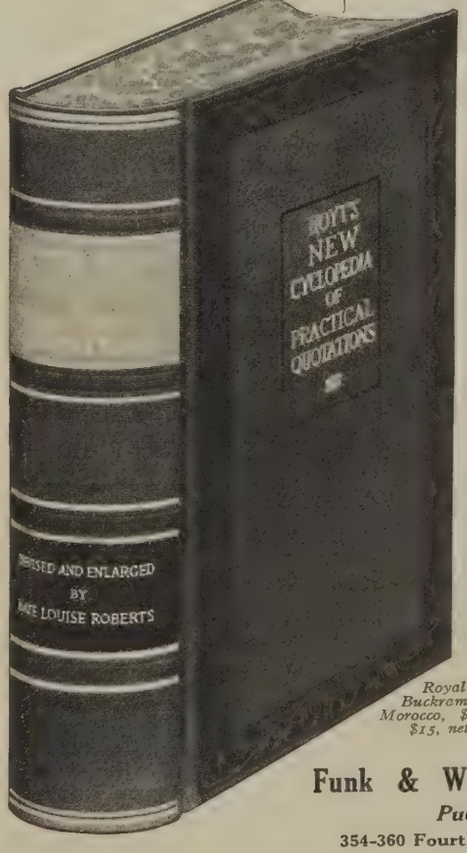

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Maligning Our Neighbors in Fiction

(*Continued from page 35*)

neither as swarthy nor as villainous as some people would have us believe.

In the "Real Story of the Pirate" there is an account of how less than one hundred English pirates captured eight Spanish vessels manned by 278 men. The author does not explain the real situation; he leads us to infer that the 100 English jumped on the entire 278 Spaniards, all at one time, and defeated them and captured the ships. We are not told that 278 men divided among eight ships make an average of about thirty-four men to each ship; we are not told that the Spaniards did not know the English were coming, and that when they saw a few boats loaded with armed white men approaching them, they very likely took for granted that these men were Spaniards coming from some of the settlements along the coast, and therefore did not fire upon the boats; we are not told that the English did not start firing from a distance, either, but simply drew alongside the nearest Spanish vessel, swarmed upon her deck, one hundred strong, if you please, and overpowered the thirty-four astounded Spaniards. Determined men, who were ready, they could overpower one ship after another in this fashion rather quickly; yet, the author confesses the English lost eighteen men killed and twenty-two wounded. Not such an abject surrender on the part of the surprized Spaniards, after all.

In a fight like that, the element of surprize makes all the difference in the world. We often read in the papers about the deeds of bold robbers here in America. Two well-armed thugs will enter a pool-room, or a bank, or some such place, where there may be as many as twenty-five or thirty men, or even more. Suddenly, the two robbers pull out their automatics and command every one to hold up his hands; hands go up in a hurry. The robbers then relieve the people of their valuables and depart. Now, would we say that those twenty-five or thirty men who have thus been robbed are abject and impotent cowards? Would you hail the robbers as wonderful heroes?

The World War proved that bravery is not the exclusive property of any one nation. Before the war the pages of history were full of incidents proving the very same thing. Cortés conquered Mexico with a handful of men, but before those men started on the conquest they did one of the most heroic things in the world: As soon as they landed on the coast of Mexico they burned their own ships, so that they would never be tempted to go away before the job was finished. In those ships those men destroyed their only chance to return to their loved ones. Yet, they set fire to the ships with their own hands and turned around to face what must have appeared as certain death at the hands of hundreds of thousands of Indians. Coming down to our own days, we saw how the mighty German fleet, a splendid aggregation of war machines that could have given the Allies a terrific fight, sailed out of its home-ports like a flock of sheep and surrendered without firing a shot. In contrast to that, only twenty-five years ago a little Spanish squadron left the harbor of Santiago de Cuba to face an American fleet three times stronger, and fight until every Spanish ship was destroyed.

No doubt there are many chapters in Spanish history where the Spaniards did not do what they should have done. But can not the same be said of other nations? America owes nearly as much to Spanish culture and civilization as it owes to English culture and civilization. If you don't believe that, just take a little trip to your own South and Southwest. Nearly half the States and the towns in the Union have Spanish names, and Spanish is the every-day language of tens of thousands of Americans.

Let's be fair, gentlemen. A nation that has produced a Don Quixote, a nation with a sublime literature and art, a nation that produced the Conquistadores and gave to the world twenty independent nations where the Spanish language and culture are supreme, a nation that even in defeat preserves its dignity and ideals and does not sell itself to a shameless materialism, can not be altogether a nation of impotent cowards.

General Lee as a Tragic Hero

(*Continued from page 46*)

nen who surround Lee, a pall of doom overhangs the opening cene of Drinkwater's play. The Three Musketeers—Buchanan, Warrenton, and Penner—with Peel as a philosophic D'Artagnan, Southern Greek Chorus, suffice to carry the dialog, but are ather mechanical in their theatric conventionality. The conersation is English, not American. Southerners were not "all ne soldiers"; they didn't say "just" when they meant "quite o" or "to be sure"; they didn't sing "Dixie" in the Drinkwater nanner.

The significance of this criticism is: Drinkwater's "Robert E. Lee" is not a drama, but an epic. Were it a drama we should see t the outset the bright, hopeful, buoyant South, full of confidence n victory; Lee deciding to fight with the South because he believed n State Rights and constitutional government, tho not without eep suffering over severing his connection with the United States Army; the mighty commander, one of the greatest captains of the English-speaking race, winning victory after victory with insuffiient numbers by the exercise of a superb strategy; the climax of Gettysburg coupled with the no less momentous debacle of Vicksurg; the accelerating decline of the star of the Confederacy; the ragedy of Lee, a far greater captain than Grant, deserted by his oldiers until he had but a handful to surrender to Grant's host t Appomattox; and last of all, the glorious loyalty of Lee after Appomattox—the winning of his greatest battle, the teaching of the efeated and embittered South the immitigable lesson of the esumption of whole-hearted allegiance to the national governnent.

But no! Mr. Drinkwater gives us Lee the Virginian, fighting for Virginia. It is the North against Virginia. There are insignificant llusions to other men and other States; but to Drinkwater's Lee he South means only Virginia. The poignancy of his tragedy is eightened by the loss in turn of his great captains—"Stonewall" ackson and "Jeb" Stuart, Virginians. The scene between Lee nd the President of the Confederacy is a libel on Jefferson Davis —a pitiful misrepresentation of the high and noble relationship etween those two men. For all his obstinacy, his haughtiness f spirit, Davis was a gentleman of great loftiness of character; nd his discussions with Lee were always on a high plane. Had ee been willing to accept the post of commander-in-chief of all he armies of the Confederacy, with a general staff—a lesson the llies were so slow to learn in the Great War—the outcome of the Var between the States would not unlikely have been different.

There is no grander, no more majestic figure in American history han Robert Edward Lee. He was as great in defeat as in victory —a universal figure, a man triumphant among adverse events. Drinkwater has called him "the grand figure of the Civil War." But in this play he has made Lee a wooden tragedian who never oped for victory, stalking fatefully beneath the cloud of impending disaster. Altho he slurs incomprehensibly Lee's reasons or espousing the cause of the South, altho he never shows him s a great commander in the moment of triumph, at least Drinkvater makes Lee a noble character—which is surely little enough o say. The play might better have ended with Lee's words, ttered after Peel has spoken of the service in the field, and asked: Is the quarrel over now, sir?"

LEE—To learn that, to teach it—that is the other service. Duff and his thousands have given their all for the quarrel. They have died for Virginia. We live, and again we are just Virginians no longer. We were that, and we, too, would have died for it. But we have now to live for America.

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With one voice the critics and book reviewers of the United States have praised Emily Post's brilliant book, "Etiquette," which has come to be known as the blue book of social usage. And they are equally unanimous in acclaiming Emily Post as not only specially competent to write such a work, but a supreme arbiter on social conduct in America.

Mrs. Post an Authority — As the Philadelphia *Record* says, "Mrs. Post is unquestionably an authority on the customs and manners of polite society and her suggestions may be followed with confidence."

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Giovanni Papini Competes with Dr. Johnson

(*Continued from page 18*)

tho the specific effect depends largely upon the reader's convictions. Even tho Papini's early fiction makes fairly dull reading, the new dictionary shows what considerable resources he might bring to the writing of fiction were he so disposed. In addition to the twelve prefaces previously mentioned, the actual text of the dictionary is likewise prefaced by a series of sixteen literary portraits of as many fictitious collaborators. These unfortunate characters, two women and fourteen men, are citizens of the imaginary town of Bagoghi and the imaginary city of Lonza.

> With twenty Bagoghis one can create a Lonza [writes Papini]; with the twentieth part of Lonza, a Bagoghi; and by reuniting all Bagoghis and all Lonzas, any modern nation you choose. . . . Thus all our collaborators belong to the best society, rural or urban, of the two places; that is to say, of all places. And their ideas (prudent ideas!) express the dead level of the middle class.

The sixteen objects of Papini's satire play, throughout the dictionary, the dual rôle of devil's advocate and straw-man. It is they who enunciate what Papini wishes to emphasize as the prevailing views and the accepted opinions of "the dead level of the middle class." It is they who defend modernism, materialism, science, the cult of rationality, democracy, journalism, the automobile and an innumerable host of other things upon which Papini directs an incessant stream of vitriolic contempt. But, like all devil's advocates, they are arguing a prejudged cause. Their sole excuse for existence is that of the clay birds in a shooting gallery, their own destruction. And it must be admitted that the execution, while perhaps logically unconvincing, is a hugely amusing spectacle. Judged purely from this point of view, as a satiric indictment of contemporary mediocrity, the dictionary becomes an effective burlesque highly charged with Rabelaisian extravagance. From Saint Augustine to Buffalo Bill, and from Abyssinia to Broadway, neither person nor place is exempt from use as a target for Papini's verbal fireworks. No more uncomplimentary analysis of the contemporary mind could possibly be achieved than that which is afforded by the opinions of the fictitious sixteen upon the large variety of subjects indexed in the dictionary. The literary portraits of the characters are in similar vein. Satire is perhaps a misleading description of them, for they are nearer pure caricature. There is no delicacy in the painting, and no disagreeable or ludicrous feature has been left in shadow or to the reader's imagination. One feels that the unfortunate models have been requested to pose, and that the artist has thereupon hurled his palette at them and beaten them about the head with his canvas.

It is the very success of the book as a vehicle for exuberant and primitive humor which defeats whatever serious purpose Papini may have had in writing it. There is, of course, the possible question of whether he had any serious purpose whatever, and many Italian critics have been disposed to doubt it. The statements of the prefaces point to such a purpose, but it is the sad fate of the acknowledged humorist never to be taken seriously. On the other hand, to take his polemics on piety, his respect for dogma, and his insistent medievalism as in themselves expressions of his humor would be to credit Papini with the perpetration of a joke so ghastly as presumably to cause even Papini to refrain. It is, however, safe to say that, assuming the prefatory statement quoted above to be sincere, the new dictionary fails to make any positive conquest of the reader's mind. Its virtues, like that of satire in general, are largely negative; to ridicule certain ideas is not equivalent to converting men to others.

To any reader desirous of ascertaining Papini's opinions upon an extensive number of unrelated subjects, the new dictionary offers a soliloquy over five hundred pages in length and the assurance that there are twenty-four additional letters in the alphabet as a source of future material. Here, perhaps, is the true Papini; somewhat unaccommodated to the associations of the faith which he has espoused, and hopefully employing for the purposes of its dissemination the same methods which he once employed to undermine it.

The Latest News from Cape Cod

(*Continued from page 26*)

reach who knows so much more about my body than I do. I never question the bill presented by a physician or surgeon, for I set on my own physical welfare even a higher estimate than they.

I am glad that Mr. Lincoln has taken for his hero the "general practitioner." There may come a time when this most useful of all citizens will be extinct. The financial rewards of the successful office-specialist and operator are so infinitely higher, that the general doctor, who makes his round of calls every day, may become obsolete. Let me stop then for a moment and pay him a tribute. The old-fashioned doctor, who drove out in his buggy every morning, visiting his patients at two dollars a head, was an enormous blessing to every community. He accomplished many things that the greatest specialists can never do. He knew his patients and knew them well; he knew their entire family history, and understood perfectly not only what was the matter with them, but whether the immediate case was serious or not, and whether, according to their temperament, they should go away and rest, or whether they should continue their daily work. For with some men, rest in the form of travel is imperative; whereas with others, it would be the immediate prelude to final and eternal rest. The specialist can not be so sure of this as the old family doctor, who brought the man into the world, and knows his ancestral inheritance. And every one should hold high in his heart the country doctor, who traverses in winter and summer immense distances daily, going into humble homes, having to rely entirely on himself, making major operations in miserable cottages in the worst possible light, with no nurses, and no other doctor to consult. Such men and such professional services are becoming rarer and rarer; how is the countryside to get along without them?

Doctor Nye is the village doctor in North Ostable, Cape Cod. He differs from most of his professional brethren in having served a sentence in State prison; and altho the real reason for this is perfectly evident to the average reader quite early in the course of the story—for only a dull reader could miss it—this in no wise detracts from the charm of the novel; because the villagers do not guess it at all. One or two stand by him, as true friends should stand by, caring not what he has done; for if your friendship is given only to those whose characters are flawless, what reward have ye? Even his very few friends do not guess the real reason for the doctor's imprisonment, which, in my judgment, makes their friendship all the finer. The remaining inhabitants of the town are his outspoken enemies, and they are amazed at his audacity in attempting to practise again in a village which he had left in the company of the police.

Well, it is a rattling good story. The house of Montague and the house of Capulet are there, and Romeo and Juliet settle their affair in a happier and more reasonable way than it was managed in Shakespeare. And while Lincoln's language is not so beautiful as Shakespeare's, there is always poetry in love. The gossip-mongering old maids, the bluff sea-captains, the Justice in fair round belly with good capon lined, the village vagabonds, all are represented in the admirable manner that readers of Mr. Lincoln's novels have a right to expect of him. But while this story is as full of humorous conversation and humorous "types" as all its predecessors, it is even better: because as a novel it is so admirably constructed, and because the dialog discloses the traits of human nature with such exactitude.

There is nothing forced in this book; upon analysis, we can see that the author used the resources of his art; yet it sounds as natural and spontaneous as tho it had somehow written itself. It is a good novel, and deserves its enormous circulation.

Progress of the Ten-Best Books Symposium

(*Continued from page 29*)

Elton's "A Survey of English Literature," of which he says: "I go to it again and again, and always get the same satisfaction. It is like the blueberry pie at a certain restaurant in Boston, always better than you expect."

Commenting on the ten books she has chosen, Miss M. E. Arnold, of New York City, says they are her favorites because she finds a remedy for every mood in some one of them:

> Whenever I am tired or feel rather discontented with the world in general, the wistful sweetness of Edna St. Vincent Millay's sonnets smooths the wrinkles from my mind. If I am bored with the commonplace small talk that flows around me, I pick up "Penguin Island," or "Jurgen," or Max Beerbohm's "Seven Men," or one of Shaw's merciless scathings of human stupidity, and the chatter of this season's gowns and last season's scandal fades into unreal vapor. If I am tired of the puny personalities with whom I come in contact, Frank Harris's verbose but nonetheless fascinating and amusing "Contemporary Portraits" of the great men he has met and studied put me in touch with the giants of the later nineties and the early nineteen-hundreds.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Ackerson, of Wellsboro, Pennsylvania, give a high place to Winston Churchill's "The Crisis" as a truly American book that one can return to with pleasure. Their list contains several books on the war and on the folly of war. They regard "Three Soldiers," by Dos Passos, as the great novel of the war—"the tragedy of intelligence alone when confronted with horrible facts and duties." Rupert Brooke's poems, they find, include the most poetic utterance of the great conflict.

Mr. Amado J. Fernández, of Havana, Cuba, justifies the less widely known books on his list with these pointed comments:

> "Nach Paris," by Louis Dumur, is, as Blasco Ibáñez says in the preface to the Spanish edition, the best novel of the Great War. Unamuno is one of the most famous thinkers in the world, and his "Tragic Sense of Life" has been received with praise in many countries. "Psychological Types," by Jung, comes to soothe the Freud-fever. "La Philosophie du Bonheur," by Paul Janet, is a beautiful, serene, and deep work, such as only the French mind is able to conceive.

Many voters are finding difficulty in measuring the comparative worth of books so different as a novel and a work of science. Thus Mr. Frank H. Peterman, of Alexandria, Louisiana, like several others, confines his list to fiction with this prefatory protest: "How can one make an intelligent comparison between the 'Encyclopedia Britannica' and 'The Call of the Wild,' or between Beveridge's 'Life of John Marshall' and 'Sister Carrie'? It can't be done." Another correspondent strikes almost the same note: "How compare 'Creative Chemistry' with 'San Cristobal de la Habana,' or 'Quiet Talks on Prayer' with 'Three Soldiers'?" A Brooklyn book-lover, however, suggests a standard broad enough to cover even these disparities: "The greatest art is that which gives the most lasting pleasure to the greatest number of people."

The date-limit at the beginning of the century inevitably furnishes some puzzling problems in the choice of books for these lists. One correspondent calls attention to the fact that James's "Psychology" was inadvertently named in the September Book Review as eligible. It is not, as the records show it to have been published in 1892. Selma Lagerlöf's "Gösta Berling," which received a recent vote, has to be barred out, as it was published in 1891. When books come as near to the line, however, as Dreiser's "Sister Carrie" and Miss Johnston's "To Have and to Hold," which appeared in 1900, the editor is inclined to look the other way if they creep in under the canvas.

The new titles introduced in this month's voting are all given below. This list, added to the two that appeared in the September and October issues of the Book Review, completes the catalog of 475 books of the present century thus far mentioned by voters in the symposium:

Adams, Henry, "Mont St. Michel et Chartres"; Atherton, Gertrude, "The Conqueror"; Barker, Elsa, "Letters from a Living Dead Man"; Barrie, James M., "Tommy and Grizel"; Barrington, "The Ladies"; Beebe, William, "The Edge of the Jungle" and "Jungle Peace"; Beecher, Willis P., "The Prophets and the Promise"; Beerbohm, Max, "Essays" and "Seven Men"; Belloc, Hilaire, "The Path to Rome"; Bennett, Arnold, "Buried Alive" and "The Book of Carlotta"; Benson, H. C., "Beside Still Waters"; Benson, R. H., "By What Authority?" Bergson, Henri, "Creative Evolution"; Blackwood, Algernon, "John Silence"; Blunt, William S., "My Diaries"; Bose, J. C., "Responses of the Living and Non-Living"; Bramah, Ernest, "Kai-Lung's Golden Hours"; Brown, Alice, "Plays"; Bryan, William J., "In His Image"; Bunin, Ivan, "A Gentleman from San Francisco"; Byrne, Donn, "Messer Marco Polo"; Cabell, James B., "Beyond Life"; Canfield, Dorothy, "Raw Material"; Carpenter, Edward, "Towards Democracy"; Cather, Willa, "The Song of the Lark"; Catholic Encyclopedia; Chambers, Robert W., "Cardigan"; Churchill, Winston, "The Inside of the Cup"; Clements, Colin, "Plays for a Folding Theater"; Comfort, Will L., "Child and Country"; Conkling, Hilda, "Poems of a Little Girl"; Conrad, Joseph, "The Arrow of Gold," "Heart of Darkness," "Mirror of the Sea," and "Romance"; Croce, Benedetto, "Ariosto, Shakespeare and Corneille"; De la Mare, Walter, "Poems"; Dehan, Richard, "One Braver Thing"; Deland, Margaret, "The Iron Woman"; Dell, Floyd, "Moon Calf"; Dreiser, Theodore, "Sister Carrie"; Dumur, Louis, "Nach Paris"; Einstein, Albert, "Theory of Relativity"; Ellis, Havelock, "The Dance of Life"; Elton, Oliver, "A Survey of English Literature, 1830–1880"; Ewarts, "The Way of Revelation"; Fabre, Jean H., "Social Life in the Insect World"; Farnol, Jeffery, "Beltane the Smith"; Fogazzaro, A., "The Saint"; Fosdick, Harry E., "Christianity and Progress"; France, Anatole, "The Revolt of the Angels"; Gale, Zona, "Birth"; Galsworthy, John, "The Dark Flower" and "Justice"; Gissing, George, "By the Ionian Sea"; Goldenweiser, "Early Civilization"; Good, John W., "The Jesus of our Fathers"; Gosse, Edmund, "Father and Son"; Grayson, David (Ray Stannard Baker), "Adventures in Contentment"; Gregory, Lady, "Plays"; Harris, Frank, "Contemporary Portraits"; Hergesheimer, Joseph, "Linda Condon" and "San Cristobal de la Habana"; Hewlett, Maurice H., "The Queen's Quair"; Hodgson, Ralph, "Poems"; Holliday, Robert C., "Walking-Stick Papers"; Hough, Emerson, "The Covered Wagon"; Housman, A. E., "A Shropshire Lad"; Hudson, Jay W., "Abbé Pierre"; Hudson, W. M., "The Book of a Naturalist"; Huneker, James C., "Steeplejack"; Ibáñez, Blasco, "Blood and Sand" and "Mare Nostrum"; Irwin, Will, "Seed of the Sun"; James, Henry, "The Ambassadors"; Janet, Paul, "La Philosophie du Bonheur"; Jensen, Johannes V., "The Long Journey: Fire and Ice"; Johnson, Lionel, "Poems"; Johnston, Mary, "To Have and to Hold" and "The Long Roll"; Jones, Rufus M., "Studies in Mystical Religion"; Jung, Carl G., "Analytical Psychology" and "Psychological Types"; Kaye-Smith, Sheila, "Sussex Gorse"; Keable, Robert, "Simon Called Peter"; Kirkpatrick, George R., "War, What For?" Lawrence, D. H., "Sea and Sardinia" and "Sons and Lovers"; Lea, Homer, "The Valor of Ignorance"; Le Gallienne, Richard, "Vanishing Roads"; Leslie, Shane, "The End of a Chapter"; Lewisohn, Ludwig, "Up Stream"; Lofting, Hugh, "Story of Dr. Dolittle"; London, Jack, "Valley of the Moon"; Lowell, Amy, "Pictures of a Floating World"; Lubbock, Sir John, "Peace and Happiness"; Macaulay, Rose, "Potterism"; MacKenzie, Compton, "Youth's Encounter"; Machen, Arthur, "Hieroglyphics"; Maeterlinck, Maurice, "The Great Secret" and "Plays"; Mannix, W. F., ed., "Memoirs of Li Hung-Chang"; Mansfield, Katharine, "The Garden Party"; Margueritte, Victor, "La Garçonne"; Masefield, John, "Plays"; Mencken, H. L., "In Defense of Women"; Millay, Edna St. Vincent, "Second April" and "Poems"; Moncton, Capt. C. A. W., "Taming New Guinea"; Moneypenny-Buckle, "Benjamin Disraeli"; Moran, Paul, "Ouvert la Nuit"; Nathan, George J., "The World in Falseface"; Nichol, Sir William R., "The Incarnate Saviour"; Nicholson, Meredith, "The Hope of Happiness"; Nitobé, Inazo O., "Bushido"; Norris, Frank, "The Octopus" and "Vandover and the Brute"; Norris, Kathleen, "Saturday's Child"; Noyes, Alfred, "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern"; O'Brien, R. B., "Life of Charles Stewart Parnell"; O. Henry, "The Voice of the City"; O'Neill, Eugene, "Anna Christie" and "Beyond the Horizon"; Oppenheim, E. P., "The Great Impersonation"; Orr, James, "The Problem of the Old Testament"; Ouspensky, P. D., "Tertium Organum"; Owen, Wilfrid, "Poems"; Paine, Albert B., "Mark Twain, a Biography"; Palmer, George H., "Life of Alice Freeman Palmer"; Parker, Sir Gilbert, "The Right of Way"; Ponting, Herbert G., "The Great White South"; Porter, Gene S., "Laddie" and "Her Father's Daughter"; Prévost, Marcel, "Les Don Juanes"; Proust, Marcel, "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu"; Robinson, Edwin Arlington, "Collected Poems"; Rodó, José E., "Ariel"; Rolland, Romain, "Pierre et Luce"; St. Mars, F., "On Nature's Trail"; Santayana, George, "Character and Opinion" and "Life of Reason"; Sassoon, Sigfrid, "Counter Attack"; Schnitzler, Arthur, "Casanova's Homecoming" and "The Road to the Open"; Seeger, Alan, "Poems"; Sedgwick, Anne D., "A Fountain Sealed"; Service, Robert W., "The Trail of '98"; Shaw, George B., "Heartbreak House," "Man and Superman" and "Plays"; Sinclair, May, "Mary Olivier" and "The Three Sisters"; Slosson, Edwin, "Creative Chemistry"; Snider, Carl, "The World Machine"; Stearns, ed., "Civilization in the United States"; Sudermann, Herman, "The Joy of Living" and "Regina"; Tagore, Rabindranath, "Gitanjali;" Tarkington, Booth, "The Conquest of Canaan" and "The Turmoil"; Tawney, Richard H., "Acquisitive Society"; Thompson, Francis, "Poems"; Trevelyan, G. O., "The American Revolution"; Unamuno y Jugo, Miguel de, "The Tragic Sense of Life"; Undset, Sigrid, "The Bridal Wreath"; Van Dyke, Henry, "Poems, 1922"; Walpole, Hugh, "The Golden Scarecrow"; Wells, H. G., "Men Like Gods," "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," "Research Magnificent" and "The New Machiavelli"; Weyman, Stanley J., "Count Hannibal"; Wharton, Edith, "Age of Innocence"; Whitlock, Brand, "Beligum"; White, Stewart E., "The Rose Dawn" and "The Leopard Woman"; Wilson, Harry L., "The Boss of Little Arcady," "Ruggles of Red Gap," and "Wrong Twin"; Wylie, Ida A., "Toward Morning"; Yeats, William B., "The Celtic Twilight"; Yeomans, E., "Shackeled Youth."

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